

The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—James Russell Lowell.

No. 280. Vol. XLVII.

JANUARY, 1915.

Price Sixpence.

6d. net monthly. Special Numbers 1/- net and 2/6 net.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS: British Isles, Canada and Newfoundland, 12/- per annum, post free. Other places abroad, 14/- per annum post free.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

Despite the War, the Christmas Number of THE BOOKMAN has met with the most gratifying reception, and we offer our sincere thanks to the numerous readers who have written to congratulate us and to express the pleasure the Number has given them. Although we printed a larger issue than in any other year, it went rapidly out of print, and we regret very much that so many correspondents have been unable to secure copies. We have explained before that certain mechanical difficulties make it impossible for us to print a second edition, and we would again strongly urge all our readers and the trade to place their orders for next Christmas Bookman as early in the year as possible. Last year's Number was over-subscribed some months before publication, and though we afterwards increased the size of the edition the demand for it has still been larger than we anticipated.

Mr. Albert Kinross, the well known novelist, has joined the British Expeditionary Force as an

Interpreter; and Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, whose poems and nature stories have gained him a world-wide reputation, has just been gazetted first lieutenant in the King's (Liverpool) Regiment. Mr. Roberts is a Canadian who has for some years past been living in England; he was a private in the Legion of Frontiersmen, and it is after only a few weeks' service in the Remount Department at Southampton that he has received a commission.

Mrs. Clare Jerrold has completed a book of "Stories of the Kaiser and his Ancestors," which Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. will publish. From the same firm we are to have a study of Leonardo da Vinci, "The Admirable Painter," by A. J. Anderson. Both books will be ready during January.

An annotated bibliography of the already very numerous books and pamphlets on the War will be published shortly by Messrs. Grafton & Co. It is being prepared by Mr. F. W. T. Lenge, librarian of the St. Bride Foundation and Librarian of the War Book Club, with the help of his assistant, Mr. W. T. Berry. The volume will contain a preface by Mr. R. A. Peddle, of the Technical Library,

Messrs. Pitman are publishing shortly an "Artist's Who's Who," edited by Mr. Leonard Stowell.

will give the main facts in the careers of artists of distinction in all parts of the world, with additional matter relating to art in general.

Having made one reputation as a brilliant and popular romancist, Mr. Max Pemberton turned aside to make another with two of the most successful of recent revues: "Hullo, Ragtime!" and "Come Over Here." Now one is pleased to hear he has returned to his earlier art and written a stirring romance of war, "The Great White Army," which Messrs. Cassell are publishing. It is a story, related by a certain Surgeon-Major Constant, of the Napoleonic invasion of Russia, and closes with the capture of Moscow.

One of the most interesting and certainly the most beautiful of the many volumes occasioned by the War is "King Albert's Book," which is published by Messrs Hodder & Stoughton for *The Daily Telegraph*, *The Daily Sketch*, and *The Glasgow Herald*. It is a magnificent tribute of admiration and sympathy for Belgium by some three hundred



Photo by H. J. Jarman.

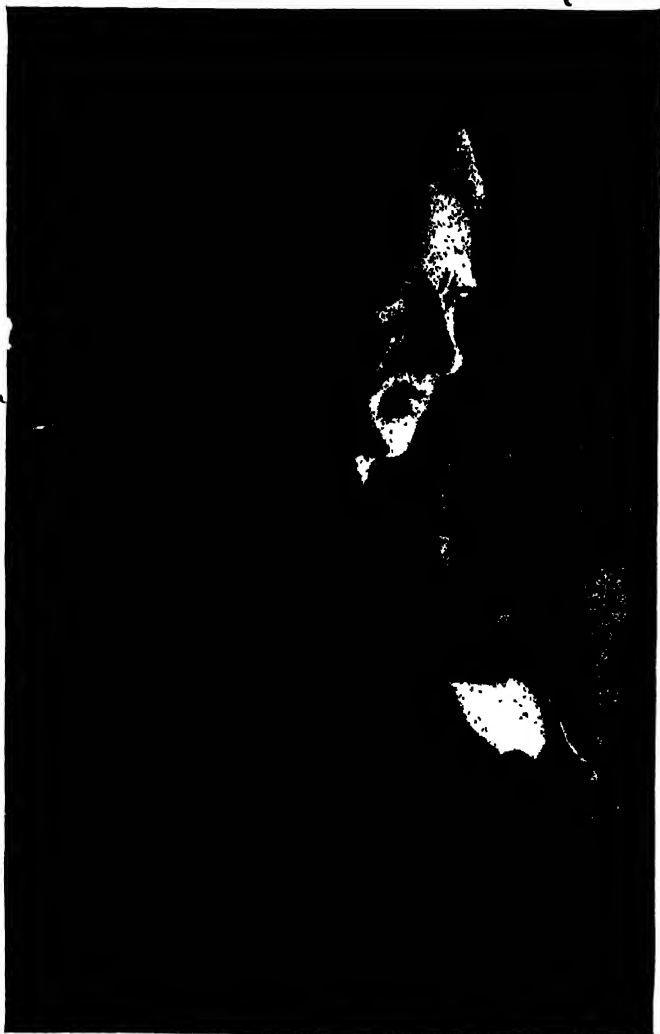
Mr. Max Pemberton.

of the most representative men and women of the civilised world, including poems by Rostand, Kipling, Thomas Hardy, Alfred Noyes, William Watson, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Alice Meynell, Sidney Low, Maurice Hewlett, Marie Corelli, W. L. Courtney, Annie Vivanti Chartres, Austin Dobson, Walter Crane, Sir Owen Seaman, Edward H. Sothorn, May Sinclair, Walter Sichel, Edith Wharton, and Hall Caine; music, and sketches, and tributes in prose by leaders in the musical, literary, political and social life of most nations except those which are at war with us; and a number of full-page engravings in colour and monochrome by Frank Dicksee, Arthur Rackham, W. L. Bruckman, Sir Luke Fildes, Sir E. A. Waterlow, Solomon J. Solomon, Briton Riviere, Sir Thomas Brock, Joseph Pennell, the Hon. John Collier, Raven Hill, J. J. Shannon, and other well known artists. There is a frontispiece portrait, in photogravure, of King Albert.

Of the very large additions to the literature of the War that reached us during last month some of the most interesting books are:

"The Confessions of Frederick the Great," with Treitschke's "Life of Frederick the Great," now for the first time translated into English. Edited with an excellent topical and historical introduction by Douglas Sladen. 1s. net. (Hutchinson.)

Lloyd's "Who's Who in the Great War." 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)



Mr. Alexander Irvine,

whose striking autobiographical volume, "From the Bottom Up," has been published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

"From Recruit to Firing Line." By F. A. M. Webster. 1s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

"Warships at a Glance," illustrated with silhouettes of the world's fighting ships. By Fred T. Jane. 1s. net. (Sampson Low.)

"The Case of Belgium in the Present War." 1s. net. (Macmillan.)

"England, My England." One of the best anthologies of old and new war poems. Compiled and edited by George Goodchild. 2s. 6d. net. (Jarrold.)

"Germany's Case Tried in Court." By James M. Beck. 6d. net. (Newnes.)

"Britain's Case Against Germany." By Ramsay Muir. 2s. net. (Manchester University Press.)

"Poems of War and Peace." By S. Gertrude Ford. 1s. net. (Erskine MacDonald.)

"The War Stories of Private Thomas Atkins. (*Daily Chronicle* and Newnes.)

"War and Christianity." 6d. net. (Jarrold.)

"The German Danger." By Bart Kennedy. A reprint of a striking book that was suppressed by the Kaiser on its first publication. 1s. net. (Holden & Hardingham.)

"The Third Great War, in Relation to Modern History." By Laurie Magnus. 1s. net. (Arrow-smith.)

"Fighting in Flanders." By E. Alexander Powell. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

"The German Doctrine of Conquest." A French view. By E. Selliere. 2s. net. (Maunsel.)

"How Germany Crushed France." By Adolf Sommerfeld. 1s. net. (Everett.)

"Nietzsche." By J. M. Kennedy. 1s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

Nietzsche's "Beyond Good and Evil." 1s. net. (Foulis.)

"Marching Songs and Tommies' Tunes." 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)

"A Book of British Heroes." 1s. net. (Grant Richards.)



The Hon. Mrs. Dowdall,
author of "The Book of Martha," whose new book, "Joking Apart," has just been published by Messrs. Duckworth.

"The War and Democracy." By R. W. Seton-Watson, J. Dover Wilson, Alfred E. Zimmern, and Arthur Greenwood. 2s. net. (Macmillan.)

"Secrets of Success in War." Edited by Edmund Dane. 2s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Killed in Action, and Other War Stories." By Noel Fleming. 1s. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

"Nursery Rhymes for Fighting Times." By Elphinstone Thorpe. Illustrated by G. A. Stevens. 1s. net. (Everett.)

"The Soldiers' and Sailors' Hymn Book." 4d. net. (Dent.)

"Songs of the War." By Maurice Hewlett. 6d. net. (Poetry Bookshop.)

"The Economic Strength of Great Britain." By Harold Cox. 1d. (Macmillan.)

"The Rubaiyat



Mrs. Mary Gaunt,
whose new book of travel, "A Woman in China" (Werner Laurie), is reviewed in this Number.



Photo by Walter Jerrold.

Mr. Richard Whiteing,
whose volume of reminiscences, "My Harvest," will be published shortly by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

of William the War Lord." By St. John Hamund.
1s. net. (Grant Richards.)

"Keep the Flag Flying." Messages of hope,
sympathy and courage. 6d. net. (Simpkin
Marshall.)

"The Story of Servia." By Leslie F. Church.
1s. net. (Kelly.)

All book-lovers will have learned with much regret of the death of Mr. Bertram Dobell on December 14th. Mr. Dobell was born at Battle, in Sussex, on January 9th, 1842. He first issued a catalogue of second-hand books in 1875, and soon became known to book collectors as a man who knew more than the average bookseller of the literary value of the books he sold. Some four or five years ago he published an admirable little book of his own poems, "A Century of Sonnets"; he made a valuable addition to English literature by his discovery and publication of the poetry and prose of Traherne; he discovered and published also the poems of another seventeenth-century poet, William Strode; and was the friend and sympathetic editor and publisher of James Thomson, the author of "The City of Dreadful Night." A bookman of the best kind, his familiar figure will be sadly missed from his shops in the Charing Cross Road. The business will now be carried on, we understand, by his two sons, Mr. Percy and Mr. Arthur Dobell.

Two books that Messrs. Allen & Unwin are publishing early in the New Year are "The War: Its Origins and Warnings"; and "Rain Before Seven," a first novel by a new novelist.

"With the Allies," in which the distinguished American novelist, Mr. Richard Harding Davis, gives a graphic account of his experiences in the War, will be issued shortly by Messrs. Duckworth. The book contains accounts of the burning of Louvain, the entrance of the Germans into Brussels,

the bombardment of Rheims Cathedral, of which the author was a witness, and of how Mr. Davis was arrested as an English spy.

One of the most suggestive and inspiring books that have been written on the war is Sir A. Conan Doyle's "The German War: Some Sidelights and Reflections," which was published last week by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. In a series of nine essays Sir Arthur discusses the causes of the War; the evidence that Germany had long premeditated it; the strange mental and moral factors that have influenced the German people and their leaders in bringing it about. There is a thoughtful essay on "Great Britain and the Next War," and some "Afterthoughts" in a concluding chapter that move Sir Arthur to feel that, "One is more hopeful of our Britain, and more proud of her, now that the German guns can be heard from her eastern shore, than ever in the long monotony of her undisturbed prosperity."



Mrs. Victor Rickard,
whose successful novel, "Dregs," is published by Messrs. Alston Rivers.

by Mr. Humphrey Milford (1s. net).

We have received the 1915 "Hazell's Annual," that most useful of Year Books. Special articles deal with the outstanding subject of the day, and it admirably fulfils its customary work as a reliable "Enquire Within" on the social, political, commercial and general movements of the time.

For much help in connection with this George Gissing Number we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. Clement Shorter, Mr. George Whale, Mr. Edward Clodd, and Mr. H. G. Wells. Our thanks are also due to Mr. Morley Roberts for the loan of the long letter from Gissing which we publish on another page, and to Mr. Algernon Gissing, on behalf of Gissing's executors, for permission to print it.

THE READER.

GEORGE GISSING.

SOME PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS AND OPINIONS.

By EDWARD CLODD, A. C. BENSON, COULSON KERNAHAN, W. J. LOCKE, JANE H. FINDLATER, G. B. BURGIN, CHARLES MARRIOTT, FRANK SWINNERTON, AND CONSTANCE SMEDLEY.

NOTHING much is gained by the inevitable comparison of Gissing with Dickens; the two men had little in common, except that both wrote about London life. It is true, as Mr. G. K. Chesterton has said, that in bringing about great social reforms, in moving the world at large to sympathy with the unfortunate and the poor, Dickens's work has had far more practical effect than has the work of Gissing. "Both agreed that the souls of the people were in a kind of prison. But Gissing said that the prison was full of dead souls. Dickens said that the prison was full of living souls. And the fiery cavalcade of rescuers felt that they had not come too late." But, of course, the whole truth is not in Dickens's pictures any more than it is in Gissing's; each is true to life as he saw and knew it; Dickens has the wider range, but he missed some phases of London life that Gissing drew vividly, because they made a particular appeal to him. There *are* dead souls in the prison, and, without any sacrifice of his art to humanitarian ends, Gissing served humanity by portraying them. There are men and women who cannot take trouble lightly, who feel that poverty is an unmitigated curse; they realise only the gloom and squalor of their surroundings and have no buoyancy of spirit that enables them to laugh under the bludgeonings of circumstance; and our sympathies remain imperfect if we are not brought to an acquaintance and understanding of such people.

It is no use saying that Dickens began life under greater disadvantages, and in his youth went through harder, more humiliating experiences than fell to the lot of Gissing; the temperament and training of the two men were so widely different that though Gissing would have suffered as deeply as Dickens did in the blacking factory, Dickens would have found the joyous side of the Grub Street life that overwhelmed Gissing and would have revelled in it. They looked on life from almost opposite angles, and each, therefore, saw in it things that were invisible to the other. Dickens was everywhere a large-hearted man among men; Gissing was a scholar with the scholar's limitations and preoccupations, and when he was forced to live in poverty among the poor he

was altogether out of his proper environment and miserable, and he naturally painted the life of mean streets as it really is to the many men of his kind who have to live in them. But to say, as some do, that he loathed the common multitude and felt no sympathy or pity for them is to misinterpret him. True, they were his companions, but not his fellows; he studied them as other scholars might study worms and beetles, but he studied them closely enough to arrive at an intimate understanding of certain types, and to feel a poignant compassion for them, a passionate indignation against the disadvantages and the wrongs that had warped them and made them what they were. Read his fierce denunciations of those dreadful, barrack-like model dwellings in which the poor are compelled to herd; or that description in "The Nether World" (one of the greatest, if not the greatest of his novels) of a railway journey, on a gloriously sunny day, through East London: "across miles of a city of the damned, such as thought never conceived before this age of ours; above streets swarming with a nameless populace, cruelly exposed by the unwonted light of heaven; stopping at stations which it crushes the heart to think should be the destination of any mortal." That is not the language of contempt, or even of indifference.

Born at Wakfield, in November, 1857, George Gissing was the eldest son of Thomas Waller Gissing, a pharmaceutical chemist, who was, Mr. Frank Swinnerton

tells us in his admirable critical study,* "an enthusiastic botanist, and a man of considerable individuality. It is difficult for us to know anything about his early years," Mr. Swinnerton adds, "although we know that his interest in books may be said to date from the time when, at the age of ten, he read 'The Old Curiosity Shop.' Mr. Wells says that Gissing's father was 'in a double sense the cardinal formative influence in his life. The tones of his father's voice, his father's gestures, never departed from him; when he read aloud, particularly if it was poetry he read, his father returned in him. He could draw in those days



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

George Gissing.

* "George Gissing: A Critical Study." By Frank Swinnerton. (Martin Secker.)

with skill and vigour—it will seem significant to many that he was particularly fascinated by Hogarth's work, and that he copied and imitated it—and his father's well-stocked library and his father's encouragement had quickened his imagination and given it its enduring bias for literary activity." Before he was fifteen Gissing won a scholarship and went from a boarding-school at Alderley Edge to Owen's College. When he was only seventeen he "matriculated with high honours in the University of London, and in the following year he achieved the almost unique distinction of gaining, in the examination of honours following the Intermediate B.A., the first place in the first class with the University Exhibition in both Latin and English. He also won the Shakespeare scholarship." He paid a heavy price for this incessant labour. "The penalty came," as Mr. Wells puts it, "not in a palpable definable illness, but in an abrupt, incongruous reaction and collapse. He truncated his career at Owens, with his degree incomplete . . . and from that time his is a broken and abnormal career." Some two months before his death he wrote from France to Mr. Edward Clodd, one of the most intimate of his friends, "It must be a great satisfaction to you to sit down under that ancestral roof, and feel that you have renewed its strength, and that beneath it is peace for you to the end of days. The one thing I greatly envy any man is the possession of a home. I never had one since I was a boy, and now, I fear, I never shall." Of what life meant to him, especially during his dreary earlier years in London, one has glimpses in "New Grub Street," and other of his books; notably in "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," which, without being exactly autobiographical, does reveal himself, his thoughts, opinions, idiosyncrasies, experiences, frankly and faithfully. Read this and Mr. Swinnerton's critical study—"Swinnerton is the best authority on G. G." writes Mr. Wells—and you will recognise that what the world seems in his novels is what it was in reality to him.

In the following pages Mr. Edward Clodd touches revealingly on a lesser-known side of Gissing, and other distinguished writers, who knew him personally or have studied him in his books, have set down something of their personal impressions and opinions of the man and of his work.

EDWARD CLODD

speaks of the lesser known side of Gissing.

During the years that I had the privilege of Gissing's friendship, that which most appealed to me was his craving for sympathy. The unfortunate incident of his college life had increased a hypersensitiveness which was an undesired portion of his mental endowment, yet this was in keeping with the joy and eagerness into which he flung himself when in the company of his fellows. Such lighter mood comes out in the following lines which were written by him at a Whitsuntide gathering at my house in 1895:

The - Lanes - on a sunny reach,
And friends about her, frankly human
Chattering all the time can look
Of human earth, of men & women
Are idly in the silent flow
Of days & years that bear us - thither
We know not; but so well to know
We spend this sunny day together.
E.C.

Whitsuntide, 1895.

George Gissing.

Benjamin W. Richardson

E. F. Austin
Ed. Clodd
Grant Allen.

Clement Shorter
George Whale

Facsimile of MS. kindly lent by Mr. Edward Clodd.

Leaving others to speak in more detail as to his personality, what I would like to say is that in most of the "appreciations" of him which have appeared at intervals, undue prominence to his portrayal of the seamy and squalid side of life has obscured what had more abiding attraction for him than the slums of New Cut and Whitechapel. Homer and Horace were among his well-thumbed books; he was more at home in Athens than in Chicago, and never came more joyful fulfilment of desire than when he was able to pass beneath the arch of Titus, and roam through "Magna Græcia" with the letters of Cassiodorus for company. Here is a sentence or two from a letter written to me from Siena in 1897: "I have not been able to see very much here, but this is not my part of Italy. I have, I am sorry to say, comparatively little interest in the Renaissance. On the other hand, I shout with joy whenever I am brought very near to the old Romans. Chiefly I am delighted here with the magnificent white oxen with huge horns, which draw carts about the streets. Oxen and carts are precisely those of Virgil. I am in a great hurry to get into Calabria before much snow falls on the mountains."

Arrived there, he sent me this little picture of Cotrone: "The town is on the site of the old Acropolis; indeed,

there has been a town here since Pelasgian days. To the south the long Lucanian promontory, with one last column (twenty-six feet high, visible from afar like a lighthouse) of the great temple of Hera. Three hundred years ago an ecclesiastical scoundrel demolished the temple to build his disgusting Palazzo here. Strange to be walking on the shore—a ghostly region."

This extract tempts to quotation of the last sentence in his delightful "By the Ionian Sea":

"Alone and quiet, I heard the washing of the waves; I saw the evening fall on cloud-wreathed Etna, the twinkling lights come forth from Scylla and Charybdis; and, as I looked my last towards the Ionian Sea, I wished it were mine to wander endlessly amid the silence of the ancient world, to-day and all its sounds forgotten."

Hence, for myself, and for some others who knew him, there is pleasure in turning from "Born in Exile" and "New Grub Street" (which to him had meant at times "No Grub Street"), to those serener days when he gave us "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" and "Veranilda," a novel which, in my hearing, George Meredith advised him not to write, but by which he set so great a store. And there is gladness in the reflection that, after storm-tossed years with their carking cares, there came a season when the distracted soul could rest beside green pastures and still waters.

EDWARD CLODD.

A. C. BENSON

on Gissing's books.

I had no real personal knowledge of George Gissing. I met him once, when he appeared silent and abstracted. There was something decidedly impressive, rather than exactly attractive, about his face and mien; and an almost unnecessary dignity and remoteness, as if he were walking in a world of foes, or at least of possible foes. He was courteous and gentle, but it was all a *guarded* kindness, conducted, so to speak, from entrenchments! But this is, of course, nothing more than a passing impression of a single meeting, and may be quite a mistaken one. I am a great reader of his books. I possess them all, I believe, and there are two in particular which I constantly read—"The Whirlpool" and "New Grub Street." It is very difficult to say what the precise attraction is. There is no charm of style. Gissing seems to me in these books deliberately to eschew and avoid all literary effect and adornment. Neither can they be called truly realistic. I cannot believe that Gissing was very observant, nor do I think that he

always observed the right things. Moreover, when he deserted the paths which were familiar to him and tried to draw, let me say, fashionable or semi-fashionable society, or club life, then I think he generally failed to give any accurate representation of the real thing. But, on the other hand, when he is dealing with the by-paths of literature, or life of a certain grade, whether in London or the suburbs, he seems to me very lifelike indeed. Again, as to his character-drawing, I feel the same incompleteness. He thoroughly understood a certain type of vague, half-cultured, not very practical man, like Harvey Rolfe in "The Whirlpool"; and, moreover, there are certain women in his books, notably Alma Rolfe in "The Whirlpool," and Mrs. Edmund Yule in "New Grub Street," who seem to me to have a quite relentless verisimilitude. They are, of course, totally different women. Alma is the neurotic, would-be artistic type of temperament, who cannot do with

out applause and admiration, and is in many ways very pretentious. Yet I always feel that all her little and big hypocrisies and diplomacies, disagreeable as they seem, have a real guilelessness about them which evokes compassion; Mrs. Yule is a woman who is trying to keep up an appearance of fashion on a very inadequate income, and fighting with a ruthless gallantry. Nor should I forget the figure of Alfred Yule, the professional author, who in his



Kindly lent by Mr. Clement Shorter.

George Gissing at Marlowe.

This photograph was taken by the late Harold Frederic at the railway station, after an Omar Khayyâm Club dinner at Marlowe. Mr. George Whale, who is seen on the left, was a great friend of Gissing's, and Mr. Balfour, then Prime Minister, appointed him, with Mr. H. G. Wells, a trustee of the Civil List Pension Fund for Gissing's two boys.

pedantry, bitterness, self-pity, and general tactlessness, has a wonderful air of life

I find myself writing about these people as if they were living human beings; and I believe that this is the secret that the books have a poignant and vivid *life of their own*, though not exactly like real life, and at best a very partial presentment of it. I can't call it a justifiable view exactly. It is pessimistic, and deeply touched with an essential dreariness; but the books are real *creating*; they give just the sense of having really lived, and of retaining their own rather bare and harsh life unabated.

I used to like "The Papers of Henry Ryecroft," and "By the Ionian Sea"; and I still think them graceful and beautiful bits of craftsmanship. "By the Ionian Sea" has all the repressed yearning of the scholar unsatisfied, and is a romantic picture. "Henry Ryecroft" represents a tired and almost artificial mood, and now that I am older it seems less real to me than the novels, particularly those I have mentioned, which are finer and more vigorous pieces of creative work than this rather fatigued, dreamy and contemplative figure.

Gissing's life was a sad one, and his experiences might easily have extinguished a less robust gift. As it was, I think his experiences gave a real and virile toughness to an art that might easily have lacked actuality; but, for all that, there is a sense of something thwarted and almost stunted about the whole product—a passion turned devouringly within.

A. C. BENSON.

COULSON KERNAHAN

gives two word pictures.

When one says one "knew" a man, I take it, that one has foregathered and exchanged views with him on several occasions.

My acquaintance with Gissing was so slight that I prefer to say I have "met" rather than that I knew him. It was my friend Mr. Clement Shorter who made the two of us first known to each other, the occasion being a dinner of the Omar Khayyám Club, of which all three of us were members, and outside which I do not remember meeting Gissing. His was, I think, with the single exception of that of George Meredith, the most delicately sensitive face I have ever seen, the face of a man so exquisitely highly strung, that one felt instinctively his sympathy meant a sorrow shared as well as a sorrow felt. Susceptibility to the sorrows of others, indeed, inevitably implies susceptibility to sorrow in oneself; and without knowing anything of George Gissing, I should have marked him, on sight, as a man who felt everything—pain as well as sorrow, sorrow as well as pain—keenly, even poignantly.

His was a beautiful face, too beautiful almost for a man, fair in colouring, with soft silky hair, brushed back straight from a high forehead, and with a profile so fine and even so faultless as to suggest a cameo.

The eyes were bright and eager, but with not a little of care and anxiety, and (so it seemed to me) of sad foreboding in their eagerness. And in the eye was a light and on the cheek a flush that struck me as hectic, as that of a man who was feverishly anxious to grasp at Life's goblet and lift it to his lips, lest it be snatched away too soon.

The last time I saw Gissing—it was not long before his death—I was sitting at the window of Groome's famous Coffee House, facing Chancery Lane. He was on the other side of the road, and wished to cross, but—possibly he was already failing in health and nerve—essayed to do so, not once but five, six, or seven times, and then faltered and turned incontinently back. Mr. David Williamson, then the editor of the *Windsor Magazine*, was my companion, and we agreed sadly, for, notwithstanding his pessimistic outlook on life, we are both admirers of Gissing's somewhat gloomy genius, that all was not well with him if crossing a road (and that, remember, before the coming of the motor) meant so serious and so anxious an undertaking. The next news I had of him was that he had crossed and threaded a darker and wider highway, and that George Gissing, but for his work, must be to us no more than a memory and a great and honoured name.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

W. J. LOCKE

prefers "Henry Ryecroft" of all Gissing's books.

I would with the greatest willingness write an appreciation of George Gissing's work did I feel myself qualified

to do so. But I never met him personally, and my memory of his novels, all of which I think I read as they came out, is too vague for me to speak of them now with any critical judgment. At the time, though fully appreciating Gissing's deep sincerity, I was repelled by the greyness of his outlook. The only book of his that satisfied my own temperament and compelled my whole admiration was "Henry Ryecroft."

W. J. LOCKE.

JANE H. FINDLATER

and Gissing's attitude to life.

I never met George Gissing, but I think one gets a very distinct impression of what his personality must have been from his books. Six or seven years ago I wrote a long article on Gissing in the *National Review*, but since then I think my admiration for his books has rather diminished. The veiled biography which came out a short time ago rather helped towards that. Still, if one can forget all this, Gissing's work is admirable in its own profoundly depressing way. As the mouth-piece of a certain kind of squalid misery, he is unsurpassed; but the value of his work is a little decreased by the fact that we now know how autobiographical it was. The "Odd Women," however, shows a marvellous insight into the mind of woman which cannot be autobiographical! I think his whole attitude to life is too abject, too cringing, to ensure for his books a very abiding immortality.

JANE H. FINDLATER.

P.S.—My sister does not answer your letter, as her opinions quite coincide with mine.

G. B. BURGIN

relates a personal recollection of Gissing.

The only time I ever met Gissing was many years ago at a garden party given by my friend Morris Colles, the literary agent, at his house in St. John's Wood. Gissing had lived for a number of years at Wakefield, a quiet country town in the North of England, where some relatives of mine were his intimate friends, and, on the strength of this, we had a long chat together.

Gissing's personality was at once arresting and appealing. It was a trifle more of the artist and dreamer than might have been expected from one who burrowed deep to the bedrock of sordid reality to gain material for his work. He was curiously, and I should think unconsciously, picturesque, his loose, easy clothes and slouch hat seeming a part of his own personality, more than a studied pose, and looking rather at variance with the smart "get up" of the London crowd which filled the little garden. He had a soft drooping moustache of auburn tint, deep-set eyes with a gentle, far away expression, and a look which indicated early ill-health.

During our conversation, he alluded to the fact that many authors wrote with ease and facility, but, he added, "I grind it out with infinite pain and labour." When I hinted that most of his material was saddening, "Yes," he said thoughtfully, "it's dreary stuff—dreary stuff!"

As for the value of his work, I am inclined to think that it will live. It has all the minute detail of Zola and, although in many cases it depicts with painful fidelity the dreary lives of dreary people, the truth of it

will cause it to endure. My own impression of him was that circumstances had conspired to rob him of the due exercise of his great talent. Had his early days been happier, his youth less cradled in misery, he would have sought a more cheerful outlook. As it was, he suffered greatly, and his sufferings tinted the spectacles through which he regarded life.

G. B. BURGIN.

CHARLES MARRIOTT

ranks Gissing fourth among late Victorian novelists.

I never saw George Gissing, but the tributes of his friends and such biographical notes as I have read confirm the very definite impression of personality that I get from his books. That his novels will take a high and permanent place in English literature I have no doubt whatever; but I believe they will have to live down their false reputation, partly the result of Gissing's own queer notion of the nature of his genius, partly the result of shallow criticism, before their real merits are generally appreciated. To put it briefly, like all fine imaginative work, Gissing's novels are distinguished by truth rather than accuracy. This character has been obscured by calling him "the English Zola"; the work of Zola being distinguished by accuracy rather than truth. As pictures of lower middle-class life the novels of Gissing are probably inaccurate; but as records of the reactions of noble and sensitive temperaments to the circumstances of that life they are poignantly true. Gissing was too great an artist to be judged by his "observation": he felt.

Personally, I should put Gissing fourth on the list of late Victorian novelists. "Veranilda" I could not read; it struck me as the work of Gissing the scholar by some perversity divorced from Gissing the creative artist; and "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" might have been written by any one of half a dozen of our gentler essayists. But "New Grub Street," "Born in Exile," and "The Whirlpool" are big novels; too full of generous indignation to be depressing. I have not read "By the Ionian Sea," but I am told by competent critics who knew Gissing that in it Gissing the creative artist, Gissing the scholar and Gissing the man, are perfectly reconciled.

CHARLES MARRIOTT.

FRANK SWINNERTON

discusses the art of Gissing.

The point about Gissing's work which now seems to me its quite extraordinary virtue is—not its beauty, nor its wisdom, for in these qualities the work may have been deficient, but its uncompromising and pathetic sincerity. It was as true, as scrupulously true, as Gissing could make it. There was no passionate imaginativeness in Gissing, because he was an intellectual; he was not a master of intuition or of imaginative understanding, but an intelligent idealist; and yet I think his sincerity was as deeply passionate as his nature would allow. Practical experience of life hampered him, as did his hardships, because these things prevented his imagination from receiving proper nourishment. Yet he did not seek the easy path of which conventional novelists make

The return of the probationer.

At 11.25 pm Miss Wagnfleete decided that she had done her duty. Lord Wagnfleete had been giving a ^{rather} political dinner and it had been followed by a very political at home, & his daughter had behaved & acted as hostess in her mother's absence, and had talked to a familiarity of dull old gentlemen, and introduced ~~introduced~~ stood at the top of the stairs for an hour and a quarter, after which time she came to the conclusion that there was limit even to this. Her daughter demanded of the daughter of a minister. Besides Jim Ashburnham had come today for the first time to her, and she wanted to talk to him.

Facsimile of half first page of MS. of Gissing's short story "The Return of the Probationer."

The original MS. is the property of Mr. Clement Shorter, who kindly lent it for the purposes of this reproduction.

such ready use—he did not, that is to say—pretend to think people other than he believed them to be. Even when his books did not sell he clung to his true vision of life, and continued in spite of every discouragement to write those melancholy, rather powerful novels which we nowadays praise so highly. If he did not *know* as swiftly and as surely as do some of his successors, it was because of his inexperience: he knew the character he wanted to portray, and he did not flinch from it: if he could not show that character in action he fell back upon a *catalogue raisonné*. The point was, he persisted, keeping close to the extreme limits of his knowledge by the sheer force of his indomitable sincerity, imposing his conviction upon us with an almost painful integrity of purpose. It is impossible to read a book by Gissing without extreme apprehensiveness, a sense of inevitable disaster brooding over jangled personalities, because that was how life seemed to Gissing.

Other novels may have greater qualities of imagination or of beauty or of emotional intensity, for the schools of novelists are astonishingly diverse; but even those who are depressed by reading about Gissing's heroes and heroines cannot fail to see that Gissing's books raise acutely the whole question of the intellectual mood. If the novel is to be a toy or a sweet, as Thackeray called it, then Gissing's books are morbid growths. If the novel is, as the modern writer claims, the most sensitive and intimate instrument yet devised for the revelation of our entire social life, then Gissing must stand to the novel of to-day as a definite guide. He broke deliberately with the Victorians, and while I believe his peculiar temperament as well as his personal misfortunes warped his mind and distorted his vision, it is none the less of the highest significance to the modern novel that Gissing should have sought so bravely to describe life as he honestly believed it to be lived. The pity is that he was not a humourist. He had no detachment. That lack of humorous detachment seems to give a malignant air to some of his best portraits; it increases our sense of unrelieved apprehensiveness without producing tenseness or intensity; it impairs the value of the novels as social pictures. Yet for his bold stand for truth as he saw it—however limited that truth may have been—and for his unconquerable seriousness of purpose, Gissing will continue to deserve all the admiration which we accord to men of intellectual and artistic integrity. We may not love his work, but we can and do admire and respect it for distinguished qualities.

FRANK SWINNEKTON.

CONSTANCE SMEDLEY

discusses George Gissing's influence To-day.

To consider Gissing's influence to-day is to test the function of the realist school in literature. The pessimist of his own times becomes an object-lesson for optimists. Gissing fell into the common error of realists—he confused human nature with the conditions he found it in, and setting down facts, no doubt correctly, could not believe in the possibility of improvement. He was mesmerised into a profound conviction of their permanence. And yet it is in this very hopelessness that to-day should find encouragement for its apparently hopeless aspirations.

A seer and thinker of the intellectual grasp of Bertha von Süttner tends to depress us by the fact that the world is still so far below her intellectual level, that it has not yet begun to grasp the significance and truth in "Lay down your Arms." She saw so far beyond her times that most of our leading thinkers have not yet caught up with her, but remain in the quagmire of tribalism. Gissing only saw from the standpoint of the immediate to-morrow, in many questions, and we of the immediate to-morrow rejoice that the blight of "ladyhood" is rapidly disappearing from women, especially those whom he would call "advanced"; the most thoughtful of his women were still a prey to sex dishonesty, to abnormal sex sensitiveness, to the instinct that man was the natural provider, the economic world a hard and hopeless business, and woman's work a *pis-aller* for the cushioned snugness of husband, home and family.

Nor could Gissing get away from the Victorian ideal of material security as the best for man's development.

Through those terrible pictures of economic drive and pressure one yearns with him for an income that will enable Man to retire (or Woman either), and, with a deep breath of relief, start to live. To-day, work with and for one's fellows is becoming the test and expression of true manhood or womanhood. And this wider sense of Man, the increasing sense of generic rather than the purely personal Man, is permeating the novel that counts to-day. Gissing saw Birmingham exactly as the inhabitants of Birmingham saw it; and knew how compressed the local vision was. But the novelist is seeing Birmingham more and more in its relation to the world, and its inhabitants in relation to humanity. The novelist is seeing more and more clearly that snugly-income people are not the highest concept of Man, nor is ease the best expression of living. This selfish personal ideal is ceasing to be the pocket into which each ball yearns to roll. And Gissing can never, therefore, be the leader his intellectual gifts and fearless honesty should have made him. The novelist of to-day is setting his or her face towards broader horizons, whence the dawn is breaking; the dawn of the brotherhood of man. "*Good observation consists not in multiplicity of detail, but in co-ordination of detail according to a true perspective of relative importance,*" says Arnold Bennett, and the possession of this "*true perspective of relative importance*" constitutes an essential part of the novelist's claim to greatness.

Gissing's passionate fidelity to facts as he saw them, his stern honesty and adherence to his Art, give his work the sincerity which has always interest and beauty, even as the portraits of the early centuries in the National Portrait Gallery have a force for all time. He proves relentlessly the state of his own times; he resisted the sentimentality which hocuses civilisation into the somnolence from which it is aroused to the equally animal state of combativeness when its material security is threatened; he stood for justice and judged justly.

We need Gissing to give us courage to hope for that future which seems as impossible and visionary to many of us as our conditions would have seemed impossible to him. It is an inspiring paradox that Gissing's influence should be hailed as a helpful factor in the turmoil of to-day.

CONSTANCE SMEDLEY.

GEORGE GISSING AND HIS CRITICS.

(A letter from Gissing to Mr. Morley Roberts, published by permission of George Gissing's Executors.)

EVERSLEY,
WORPLE ROAD,
EPSOM.

February 10th, 1895.

MY DEAR ROBERTS,—What objection could I possibly have—unless it were that I should not like to hear you reviled for log-rolling? But it seems to me that you might well write an article which would incur no such charge; and indeed, by so doing, you would render me a very great service. For I have in mind at present the careful and well-written attack in the current *Spectator*. Have you seen it? Now I will tell you what my feelings are about this frequent attitude in my critics.

"The general effect is false, misleading, even libellous, it is in essence caricature"—"the brutish stupification of his men and women"—"his realism inheres only in his rendering of detail"—etc. Now I maintain that the writer exhibits a twofold ignorance; first, of the life I depict, and again of the books in which I depict it. He speaks specially of "*Jubilee*"; so for the moment we'll stick to that. I have selected from the great mass of lower middle-class life a group of people who represent certain of its grossnesses, weaknesses, etc., peculiar to our day. Now, in the first place, this group of people, on its worst side, represents a degradation of which the critic has obviously no idea. In the second place, my book, if properly read, contains abundant evidence of good feeling and right thinking in those members of the book who are *not* hopelessly base.—Pass to instances. "The seniors live a . . . life unglorified by a single fine emotion or elevating instinct." Indeed? What about Mr. Lord, who is there precisely to show that there can be, and are, these emotions in individuals? Of the young people (to say not a word of Nancy, at heart an admirable woman), how is it possible to miss the notes of fine character in poor Peachey? Is not the passionate love of one's child an "elevating instinct," nor yet a "fine emotion"? Why, even Nancy's brother shows at the end that favourable circumstances could bring out in him gentleness and goodness. And Samuel Barmby—but this is a crucial case, and of him I must speak at length.

"A dull, sententious fool, who spouts platitudes at suburban debating societies, and interlards his familiar talk with dry chips of trite didacticism or irrelevant general information." Now if this gives the faintest idea of Samuel, I am strangely misled. To begin with, the man is distinctly amusing, with his comical and characteristic habit of quoting scraps from *Tit-Bits*. Then again, he is, morally, a very favourable specimen of the men of his class. But read the description lately given in *The Sketch*. "In his capacity as executor of an estate, he proposes to condone the evasion of the will by immoral relations with a

married woman." Now this, if you like, is libellous. That whole scene of his with Nancy, one of the most important in the book, exhibits with the utmost care Barmby's essential *naïveté* and incapability of baseness. The whole point, the humour of the situation, lies in the fact that *all he wants from Nancy is a recognition of his moral excellence, of his superb generosity*. This, for him, is sufficient reward for his connivance at her dishonesty—a connivance in itself anything but gravely criminal. No, the man is anything but a "dull, sententious fool." He is not a bit of a caricature, but mere humanity through and through.

"The general effect is false," etc. Why, yes; to a very rapid skimmer of the book. Precisely as the general effect upon a rapid observer of the people themselves would be false. I want to insist that if people think it worth while to write at length about my books, they must take the trouble to study them seriously. In this section of the lower middle class, the good is not on the surface, neither will it be found on the surface of my narrative. But there it lies, to be found and recognised by a competent reader. I can't allow that my "vision" is "distorted," and assuredly my



Paradise Street, Lambeth.

Luke Ackroyd, of Gissing's "*Thyrza*," lived in Paradise Street. From "*The Booklover's London*," by A. St. John Adcock (Methuen).

"rendering of detail" is not my only "realism." If the man had instanced an individual; if he had said, "There exists no woman so base as Fanny French"; he would have been on safer ground; for it is undeniable that the possibilities of goodness in Fanny are microscopic. Such women there are in plenty, but he knows not of them. To class the whole group of characters as he does is to show either carelessness or incompetence.

Thus much of this particular book. Now I want to say something of my books in general.

The other day James Payn had a paragraph about my work, as a whole, in the *Illustrated London News*. "The subjects for his pen are, for the most part, at best genteel, and not so very genteel. Their lives are not worth living. He contrives to interest us in them in spite of ourselves. Their views are commonplace and sordid" etc., etc. Now, pray tell me, does this give a fair idea of my books, taken altogether? I don't think so, but the mischief of it is that this impression is getting fixed in people's minds.

My books deal with people of many social strata. There are the vile working class, the aspiring and capable working class, the vile lower-middle, the aspiring and capable lower-middle, and a few representatives of the upper-middle class. My characters range from the vileness of 'Arry Mutimer, to the genial and cultured respectability of Mr. Warricombe ("Born in Exile"). There are books as disparate as "The Nether World," and "The Emancipated." But what I desire to insist upon is this: that the most characteristic, the most

important part of my work is that which deals with a class of young men distinctive of our time—well educated, fairly bred, but *without money*. It is this fact (as I gather from reviews and conversation) of the *poverty* of my people which tells against their recognition as civilised beings. "Oh," said someone to Bullen, "do ask Mr. Gissing to make his people a little better off!" There you have it.

Now think of some of the young men, Reardon, Biffen, Milvain, Peak, Earwaker, Elgar, Mallard. Do you mean to say that books containing such a number of such men deal, first and foremost, with the commonplace and the sordid? Why these fellows are the very reverse of commonplace: most of them are martyred by the fact of possessing uncommon endowments. Is it not so? This side of my work, to me the most important, I have never yet seen recognised. I suppose Payn would class these men as "at best genteel, and not so very genteel." Why 'ods bodikins! There is nothing in the world so hateful to them as "gentility!" But you know all this and cannot you write of it rather trenchantly?

I say nothing about my women. That is the moot point. But surely there are some of them who help to give colour to the groups I draw.

No, people are running off on a side issue. Do try to put the other view of the case.

I write with a numbed hand. I haven't been warm for weeks. This weather crushes me. Let me have a line about this letter.

Ever yours,

G. G.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JANUARY, 1915.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR DECEMBER.

—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Lesbia Thanet, of West Bank, Menston, Leeds, for the following:

IN TIME OF WAR.

I dreamed (God pity babes at play)
How I should love past all romance,
And how to him beloved should say,
As heroes' women say, perchance—
When the deep drums awake—
"Go forth: do gloriously for my dear sake."

But now I render, blind with fear,
No lover made of dreams, but You,
O You—so commonplace, so dear,
So knit with all I am or do!
Now, braver thought I lack:
Only God bring you back—God bring you back!

LESBIA THANET.

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best epitaph on Militarism in four lines of original verse.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.



From a crayon drawing by Mrs. Clarence Rook.

George Gissing.

This sketch was made at Sandgate, and is signed by Gissing and by Mr. G. H. Wells, with whom Gissing and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Rook were staying at the time.

We also select for printing :

INTERCESSION IN WAR-TIME.

I.

"*Forgive them! For they know not what they do!*"
Even thus, in His last strait of mortal strife,
He judged the foes who leagued against His life,
And the fair fabric of His work o'erthrew.
... Vain loss, that, in three days, would turn to gain!
Vain malice, that could only speed His reign,
And, from the life it crushed, see life spring new!

II.

But, on *our* heads, what drearier doom descends!
We, with no prescience Divine, must face
The marring of the life-work of a race!
Not *His* our prayer, though still with *His* it blends!
From depths of ruin irretrievable
He bids us pray—for those who know too well
The thing they do, and have achieved their ends.

III.

Aye! Since on us they force this infamy,
This crowning shame—to pay their wrong with wrong,
And with their evil strength ourselves make strong,
Till e'en our very prayers were blasphemy,
Unless Thou grant, for Thy compassion's sake,
That still we loathe the sword we can but take,
And bear it, cross-like, up our Calvary!

(G. M. Hort, 27, Wendover Road, Harlesden, N.W.).

REQUIEM.

Oh! Morning Glory bend and twine
Thy fingers in the Holy Sign
All blood-red, as the Wondrous Tree
Where hung the Christ on Calvary.

Oh! Noontide, in thy beauty lean
And gild each spot with tender sheen;
They hardly waited for life's noon . . .
Oh! blight, that touched them all too soon.

Oh! evening hour of sacred rest,
Enfold in silence, calm and blessed,
Each stoneless, far off lonely bed . . .
Where sleep, ah, God! our dear young dead.

For women's sake, who may not press
Their pillows with a last caress,
(Oh! Son of Woman, be Thou nigh
To nameless graves, where loved ones lie.

(Ivan Adair, 54, Palmerston Road, Dublin.)

THE MEANING.

I used to think that Love meant fair Romance,
Gilding with glamour this grey world of ours,
Serene and sure through Change and Circumstance,
A primrose-path of never-fading flowers!

I used to think Love meant eternal union,
That nevermore our ways should lie apart—
A life-time spent in intimate communion
Of sympathy and spirit, heart to heart!

I used to think that Love meant Happiness,
I dreamed of rapture that should never cease,
Long years of joy that never could grow less,
A future bright of blessedness and peace!

Then came the day when the rude shock of War
Broke through my dreams,—and Duty's sudden call,
The stern necessity that knows no law,
For England's honour bade me yield my all!

The cost of victory is high, I know,
And only tears and blood will pay the price;
But when I said goodbye and watched you go,
I knew at last that Love means *Sacrifice!*

(Violet Chapman, Sorrento, Burnham, Somerset.)

Many of the other lyrics received are very good, and we select from them for special commendation those written by E. A. Page (Burgess Hill), Madison Cawein (Louisville), Ruth A. Leng (Newbury), Emily Yeo (Reigate), Evelina San Garde (Accrington), Helen Sichel (London, S.W.), H. Fryer (Reading), E. A. Potter (Birmingham), Guy Chester (Penarth), Enid Woolright (Chelsea), W. B. Furniss (Birmingham), W. Siebenhaar (Perth, Western Australia), Phyllis T. Reid (Birmingham), G. H. Browning (Watford), Beatrice Bunting

(West Hartlepool), M. C. (Herne), Mrs. J. A. Morison (New Brunswick), O. H. R. Layton (Westgate), Laurence Tarr (Upminster), Walter G. Priest (Norwich), David Conrad (Canning Town), S. B. Irene Bell (Highgate), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), Hilda Ridley (New York), Mary Ohm (Conway), Beatrice Craig (Straidanan), Peggie Lawford (Newton Abbot), Mary F. Alloway (Bristol), B. Stewart Nicholson (Cupar Fife), W. Van Dusen (Philadelphia), Hilda K. Taylor (Liverpool), Elsie M. M. Briggs (Birmingham), May Walpole Smith (Luton), Martin Dexter (Nottingham), Harry Eyden (St. Helens), David J. Darlow (Corsham), E. D. Bangay (Chesham), Patrick Buchan (St. Albans), Doris G. Stephens (Carmarthen), Gladys Mary Tuckett (Barry Docks).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mr. Llewellyn E. Williams, of Upwood, Bridle Road, Purley, for the following :

TREITSCHKE, HIS LIFE AND WORKS.

(Jarrold, Allen & Unwin.)

"Every symptom tends to show
You're decidedly *de trop*."

W. S. GILBERT, *Life*.

We also select for printing :

A WOMAN IN CHINA. BY MARY GAUNT.

(Werner Laurie.)

"Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care!"

T. HOOD, *Bridge of Sighs*.

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 159, Holly Lane,
West Smethwick, Birmingham.)

CALLISTA IN REVOLT. BY OLIVIA RAMSEY.

(John Long)

"She stood upon her head on her little truckle-bed,
And then began hurrying with her heels."

E. V. LUCAS, "*There was a Little Girl*."

(Florence K. Robinson, Gibraltar Crescent, Parnell,
Auckland, New Zealand.)

BUT SHE MEANT WELL. BY WILLIAM CAINE.

(John Lane.)

"At every word a reputation dies." POPE.

(Lilian M. Macklin, 1, Cochrane Street, Comely Park,
Falkirk.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best New Year Greeting to our soldiers at the Front is awarded to Miss V. D. Goodwin, of Lyndhurst, Gillingham, Kent, for the following :

GREETING.

May God, Who giveth us the victory,

Whose Holy Name we bless

Whether in triumph or in tribulation,

In joy or wretchedness—

May He be with you whom we love and honour,

That you go on your way

Unswerving, steadfast whatso'er befall you :

This is our prayer to-day.

We also specially commend the New Year Greetings by Erl (Durham), Alex. G. McClellan (Edinburgh), E. A. Jones (Haywards Heath), Florence Hall (Newcastle), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), James White (Hampstead), Alice Wise (Leicester), W. Hamilton (London, W.C.), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), Leslie D. Cockerill (Forest Gate), Florence Whitley (Bridgwater), S. Pagden (Ramsgate).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Douglas Harrison, of 9, North Street, Bromley, Kent, for the following :

NIETZSCHE. BY J. M. KENNEDY. (Werner Laurie.)

This is a popular revised edition of "*The Quintessence of Nietzsche*," published some years ago. It is obviously an attempt to do for Nietzsche what Mr. Bernard Shaw did for Ibsen in his well-known study of the great dramatist. As the book consists almost entirely of long and carefully-selected passages from Nietzsche's own works, it is to be particularly recommended to those who are only acquainted with the philosophy of Nietzsche as it is interpreted through the newspapers. After reading this book one may still abhor Nietzsche's philosophy, but one cannot help respecting the man.

We also select for printing :

* OLD ANDY. BY DOROTHEA CONYERS. (Methuen.)

A charming Irish story just like Ireland—all smiles and tears, pathos and mirth—until one must perforce sympathise with both in turn! It is a story which breathes forth, in a wonderful way, the fascination of that mysterious country, whose enchantment is so inextricably bound up and expressed in the character of its people. It sets out to be a hunting-story, and it ends by being a story of a renunciation so complete that one is staggered thereby. The note of tender appreciation that pervades the whole makes it a book that one is glad to have read.

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, 196 Hamstead Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.)

THE CITY OF DANCING DERVISHES. BY H. C. LUKACH. (Macmillan.)

In large towns dancing Dervishes are charlatans who go through acrobatic performances to extract money from hood-winked strangers, but, at Konia, where the Chelebi lives, the rites are strictly devotional. The dancers wear dresses of long pleated skirts, and green and white Zouave jackets; they

dance to music coming from drums and flutes. The account of the Khoja of Aqshehir is very amusing, while that of Sabatai Sevi, a Smyrniote Jew, who, in the seventeenth century, proclaimed himself the Messiah, is distinctly interesting. Mr. Lukach describes graphically certain features of an Empire which will very soon disappear into geographical oblivion.

(M. A. Newman, 19, Sudeley Street, Kemp Town, Brighton.)

From amongst the numerous other reviews sent in we specially commend the twelve written by Marie Russell (Glasgow), John Witherington (Sutton), A. C. Grieve (Liverpool), Lucie G. Chamberlain (Llandudno), M. E. Kennedy (Dublin), M. Marshall (Birmingham), E. Percy Adam (Nottingham), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), Leo Delicati (Bristol), C. Bunt (Balham), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), Florence Parsons (Altrincham).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss N. Protheroe, of The Croft, Tenby, South Wales.

THE SOUL OF GALAHAD.*

BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

THE issue of Mr. Waite's Collected Poems at the present moment, and at twenty-one shillings when most people are hesitating at four-and-sixpence for an exciting novel, is something of a challenge. The courageous move is justified. To-day, when spiritual and materialistic forces are striving for the mastery, "it is well to remember"—to quote from the author—"that God is always speaking; the only desirable thing is that the soul should always listen." They are the poems of an inspired, out-spoken mystic, nothing more or less, the visions of a man who honestly believes that the "things which are not seen are eternal," and are, therefore, of ultimate importance. Mr. Waite certainly has the courage of his convictions. He combines a practical business avocation with this pursuit of a dream of unfaltering and lofty beauty. To quote an earlier notice of his work he is "Nature's ideal interpreter," and "sees past the glory of the world with something of the soul of Galahad." At the present moment even the man in the street is faced with the cynical affirmation that "might is right," and that any higher view of human conduct is a tearable scrap of paper. Here, thanks to the courage of author and publisher, is a challenge to this savage, crude philosophy.

The resentment of the average Englishman against the "mystic" is a compliment the latter would not easily forego; for at the root of it lies the flattery of envy. "Do you *really* feel and see these wondrous things you claim, or is it just a mediæval and primitive imagination turned towards introspection?" suggests the subtle compliment—"I don't; but I wish I could!" It involves an interesting position, full of revelation concerning the times we live in, full also of a naïve betrayal. The materialist to-day—when matter, his foundation, is admitted to be in a constant state of flux, and therefore the least "real" of anything—finds

himself in a state of doubt and question. For, if our solid basis prove unstable, mind may step in, and even the dreamer and visionary claim a hearing. An attitude of mind, a state of consciousness, may assert without dismay that their way of looking at this unstable "flux" is of importance. Above all the mystic, who since the beginning of time has "dreamed" that man and Nature and God Himself are but various aspects of one substance in eternal flux—the mystic particularly is entitled to a hearing. And the author of these poems proves adequate in setting forth a point of view that is ancient as the hills and of admitted sublimity rare in modern life. For Mr. Waite takes the sacramental view of things, and, to say the least, he is marvellously stimulating and uplifting.

In a simpler age to be a mystic was to be a saint. To-day, for the complacent contempt of the man in the street, it is to be almost a kind of imaginative degenerate. The "mystic" hardly escapes being bracketed with the "charlatan." It is difficult to say why this should be so, for the genuine mystic by rights should lead endeavour instead of fighting for a place among the lower ranks. Yet modern life decrees that he should be looked down upon, if not actually regarded with suspicion as a sort of conjurer or trickster. He is set aside as a dreamer of no value, unpractical, without strength or action. The trend of the age toward "visible" accomplishment labels him as devoid of the kind of utility that "wireless" and "conquest of the air" achieve, and the point of view is comprehensible. But, from a deeper standpoint, it seems an odd, one-sided view. For the genuine mystic is surely a specialist in realities, although the majority, captured by carpentry and chemistry, and giddy with the speed of wheels, may deem these—unrealities.

Here is involved a criticism of all modern thought, which a notice of a book of poems renders prohibitive from considerations of space alone. Yet the merest

* "The Collected Poems of Arthur Edward Waite." In 2 Vols. 21s. (Rider & Son.)

dip into these wells of vision and feeling forces one to the conclusion (among many others) that in a simpler age a writer of such knowledge, sincerity and power might have led his thousands towards the contemplation of "realities" that must have influenced their daily lives for good. In that "simpler age" of years gone by Mr. Waite might have lived uncomfortably in a cave or desert, while the absence of unintelligent criticism might have released his spirit to even bolder flights than we find in his "Strange Houses of Sleep." To-day, *per contra*, he combines a practical business life with "passionate and sincere study in a department of obscure research"; styled by the *Daily Chronicle* a "learned and enchanting mystic," whose poems, in the words of Mr. James Douglas, are "on the whole the most successful attempt to sing the mysteries of mysticism since Blake wrote his 'Prophetic Books'"; while *Literature* observes that "occultism has few more learned students than Mr. Waite." He is a student. There lies the sting. Instead of being an accredited leader, he is a student merely, without reproach. It is the spirit of To-day that prints the label. Yet, certainly, no one better than Mr. Waite is available or competent to assume the robes of leadership rather than the uniform of merely "student." His printed works alone, at any other moment of humanity's evolution, would entitle him to be hailed as both seer and prophet. In 1914—the date of the Great War between material brigandage and spiritual ideals—he remains merely an honest, sincere and scholarly "student." It is a criticism upon humanity at large.

In that phrase "the mysteries of mysticism" lies the irony of Mr. Waite's position in the twentieth century. The unfortunate similarity of the two words is irresistible for the superficial critic. For the irony lies here—that, for the mystic, there is no such thing as mystery at all. In his soul the vision lies crystal clear, lucid, brilliant. There is no possible obscurity. The obscurity lies only in his attempts to communicate his vision to those without the mystical equipment. They ask wondering, impatient questions because they cannot see. The vague approval of Mr. Waite's endeavours to be clear are significant enough. He is "remarkable" says Mr. Douglas; he is "competent," remarks the *Literary World*; "he has penetrated very near to the heart of his subject," hints the vigorous *Saturday Review*. Other criticisms are full of similar, vague praise. But Masfield, with the poet's insight, comes nearer to the truth, when carefully he states: "Mr. Waite has said of alchemists in a noble sentence 'they were soul seekers and they had found the soul; they were artificers and they had adorned the soul; they were alchemists and had transmuted it.'" His poet's instinct here discovers the *mot juste*. The adjective betrays him. Mr. Waite's aim is "noble."

The aim of the mystic is, of course, easily told, for what he seeks is union with that ultimate source of things, that Absolute Reality, commonly called God, and the basis of his position is that he believes, aye, knows this is obtainable. He has caught flashes of the way. To interpret these flashes for others has been the burden of his song since time began, just as the impossibility of understanding it for those who have never seen the flash has been the burden of the criticism

he has had to bear. It has come to this—that the flash is really incommunicable and has authority only, for him who has seen it, a position, for recipient and non-recipient, that apparently can never change until all human nature shall belong to the former.

The importance of these richly suggestive poems lies in the fact that they attempt to communicate, or at least to interpret, the flashes of reality experienced by a competent and honest seer. Yet they are merely a portion of the life's work to which Mr. Waite, as whole-hearted devotee, has consecrated all his energies. They are but another aspect only of the great tradition he seeks to keep alive, the Hermetic Science, as some call it, others Idealism, an older day, The Mysteries. In his studies of the Zohar and the Kabbalah, his "Real History of the Rosicrucians," his "Hidden Church of the Holy Graal," and more directly in "The Way of Divine Union," now in preparation, he blazes the same tremendous trail by way of guidance to the few who feel with him that Reality lies shining at the end of these curiously neglected paths. It is a big purpose and a noble one that inspires his undoubted powers, and if he is somewhat side-tracked in the furious rush for exact mechanical knowledge, the fault lies with an age that deems carpentry and chemistry more real than the soul's achievement.

And these two stalwart volumes, running to some seven hundred pages, state his case with a fullness of beauty that often touches ecstasy. For him the pageant of the visible world reveals more than the "omen or sign" of Emerson, more even than the "great allegory or path" of Louis Claude de Saint-Martin which will "give place to a grand morality." This pageant reveals everywhere the universality of sacramental life, and by this the poet means that the things about us are not only significant of a meaning, a grace and a truth behind them, but are actually channels that can and do communicate truth and grace to those who receive. We are sacraments also to ourselves and to one another—to ourselves because really knowledge is attainable only by a reflex act, by a passage from subject to object, and to one another obviously because of our place in sacramental Nature. Love attempts to attain a direct union so that knowledge of the beloved may be immediate and not under veils; but it is frustrated. On every page of these poems, and especially in certain exquisite lyrics, the message flames with sincerity and passion. And the message throughout is that the secret which lies hidden within the outward signs and within ourselves *does* enter partially, at certain moments, into the actual experience of the heart.

The two volumes, it may be mentioned, are beautifully produced in white and gold bindings, and the large, clear print and wide margins make for easy reading. In the first volume are "Strange Houses of Sleep," a "Book of Mystery and Vision," "The Quest of the Golden Gate," "A Garden of Spiritual Flowers," and "The Poor Brother's Mass-Book." Volume II. contains "The Lost Word," and "A Soul's Comedy." They offer in flaming language of great beauty, yet true simplicity, the message of a sincere and scholarly mystic. Quotation is not easy; the poems should be read complete. For, at a time like this especially, they breathe a spirit of lofty comfort and reveal an unassailable faith.

THE BOOKMAN TWENTY-ONE GUINEAS PRIZE POEM COMPETITION:

RESULTS.

Our second Twenty-One Guineas Prize Poem Competition has been even more successful than the first in the number of competitors who have written for it, though the general quality of the poems does not, on the whole, reach so high a level as before. The British Isles have supplied rather more than half our competitors, the rest are Americans, Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, South Africans, Indians, and English speaking residents in various parts of the world. The best of the lyrics and sonnets are, in treatment, of such nearly even merit that the judges have had great difficulty in arriving at their decisions, but were unanimous in selecting the first lyric as the most original in idea and the most adequate in form. The humorous poems are, in the main, better this time than last, and the curious thing is that the best of the very large number received are written by members of the sex that is not supposed to have a sense of humour.

I. - The PRIZES OF FIVE GUINEAS for the best original lyric and Two GUINEAS for the second best are respectively awarded to Miss Thora Stowell, care of Miss Ogden, Palais de Koubbeh, near Cairo, Egypt, and to Mrs. Ethel Talbot, Scheffauer, of Bank Point, Jackson's Lane, Highgate, N., for the following :

THE LITTLE BLUE LANTERN.

A little blue lantern high on the shadowy wall stirs and swings,
Hushed and still is the incense-laden air of the crooked street,
Never a breeze to stir the tiny flame, nor passing feet
Nor idle hand to jar the poise of the delicate silken strings.

Canton sleeps as the dead might sleep. There is never a light
or cry,
Never a passionate lover's song the exquisite silence thrills,
But the eerie desolation lies like a pall, and its magic fills
My veins with a creeping terror, for surely I know that, by and by,

Someone will move in the shadows, with naked feet that make
no sound,
Creep, as a shadow creeps to the circle of delicate, ghostly light,
That burns like the flame of a death-candle in the gloomy tent
of night—
Someone will break the spell which holds the dreaming city
bound.

Then from all about us shall crowd the pattering naked feet.
Dead gold faces, crazed with hate, in the misty lantern gleams,
All the passions of Hell will be loosed . . . are dreams then
only dreams ?
Or have I seen in some long-dead Past this lamp in a crooked
street ?

THORA STOWELL.

RED HARVEST.

Demeter, the Earth-mother, watched her children ploughing,
Breaking up the stubborn ground that harvest might be good.
She said : There is a curse on the corn that ye are sowing,
A curse upon the wholesome corn that never shall be food.

Her children gazed wondering upon the wise Demeter,
They said : The Mother aileth—her words are little worth—
They said : Behold the young corn, none greener is, none sweeter ;
The black curse hath not fallen, O Mother of the Earth.

Demeter said . Patience ; the land's name shall be weeping,
The cornfield be a curst field in the ears of men not born ;
A greater than Demeter shall whet the scythe for reaping,
Rivers that are not water shall drown the yellow corn.

The curse is fallen flaring, with a cry of worlds that sunder,
The green land, the golden land, is dyed with scarlet stain ;
And neither battle-flame at noon nor midnight's onset-thunder
Shall ever wake the broken things that sprawl among the
grain.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER.

We also select for printing :

TO A CHINESE SINGER OF 1200 B.C.

Three thousand years ! And still your song
Beats in each word I write.
The empty dusk, these yearning hands,
Stars and the winds in foreign lands,
A fluttering step on opal sands,
Deep eyes that hold the night

All yours ! Noon adds no dream to dawn,
Nor soothes the age-old ache ;
And yet I hope that first spring day,
Three thousand weary years away,
My sister need not know, nor say
That hearts will break.

(Hortense Flexner, 948, Eighty-second Street, Louisville,
Kentucky, U.S.A.)

HER WEDDING DAY.

The heart of the earth is aflame,
Aflame to the kiss of the sun,
And the dawn-winds are calling my name,
To tell of a story begun.
As I kneel for my last maiden prayer
In this little white nest of my youth,
Am I wise, O Beloved, that I dare
To trust to your love and your truth ?

We two, we were flotsam of Fate,
Tossed up upon Time's mighty shore,
That day when you paused at my gate
We were wondering strangers, no more.
And now all the world is a-tune
To a song with your name as the theme :
Will it pass like the passing of June
Or fade as a dream in a dream ?

Too late. In the chamber below
Wait the bridesmaids, laughing and fair
To deck me in robes like the snow,
There's my mother's dear step on the stair.
Shall I barter the peace I have known
When I go from her arms to your breast ?
Shall I sigh for a joy that has flown ?
Well, I love you—with God be the rest.

(A. M. Bowyer-Rosman, 16, Oxford Gardens, W.)

THE SECRET MESSAGE.

In the blue depths of thy clear eyes
I read the secret of my heart,
And if my love I would disguise,
Thy glance would still the truth impart !

In the blue depth of thy clear eyes
I read the message of my fate :
With thee the world is paradise,
Without thee life is desolate !

(W. Siebenhaar, Perth, Western Australia.)

LAUNCELOT.

I heard a wondrous note at eventide,
The blood-sun sank into the sombre mere:
I saw red parted lips, white arms flung wide,
A tangle of gold hair—and Guenevere.

And all the half-born dreams of power and fame
And all the allegiance that I owed my lord
Vanished from out my heart: I breathed her name:
In sweet and bitter shame I sheathed my sword.

I knelt to pray to God for mighty strength
To see the Grail, to gain the Holy Prize,
But, babbling in my prayer, I found at length
I prayed that I might kiss her blue wild eyes.

I saw her walking and I fled away,
She whispered "Launcelot"—her voice was sweet
As scent of violets on an April day:
I could not choose but worship at her feet.

It is not that I did not love my king
It is that she, my queen, was all too dear:
If love I gave all my poor heart to
To heaven—to more than heaven—

(Mrs. Littlejohn, 9, Albion Gardens, Ravenscourt Park
W.)

THE BELGIAN SOLDIER-PRIEST

Red Cross Sister, aproned white,
I shall not outlive the night;
Bring a brother priest to me
That my soul may pardoned be.

Shrive me, brother, ere I die;
Bring the holy unction nigh.
All the evil ones from hell
Hold the earth within their spell.

Trampled every virtue lies,
Madness stareth from men's eyes,
Bestial blood-lusts burn and slake,
Love is ashen in their wake.

Every apish lust in man
Has emerged to thwart God's plan;
Flash the myriad stabbing knives,
Tearing out ten thousand lives.

Fate-crushed women, slaughtered boys,
Brutal frenzies, fiendish joys
Greet the Lord Christ's watching eyes,
Fill His Mother's breast with sighs.

Father, I was torn from Rome,
From my soul's encloistered home,
Girt with bullets, strapped with knives,
Marched to shatter human lives.

Faugh! that scent of human flesh
Dead and rotting in war's mesh!
Trapped like pheasants in a drive,
Hideous honey from war's hive.

Fouler than this reeking air
Is the thought that I was there;
I, a priest of holy Rome,
Wrecking some Alsatian home.

Look you, father, these war clothes—
Strip them off me! Worse than blows
Is their contact to my flesh;
They shall not my soul enmesh.

Let the heta of your black robe
Grace my passing from this globe.
Pray for me, O Mary, pray!
That my soul may find The Way.

(John J. Gurnett, Quartermaster-Sergeant, Experimental
Department, New Ranges, Shoeburyness.)

THE KISS.

You kissed me in the shadow of the tomb,
Pressed on my trembling lips, clinging to life
And all its living beauty, scarce a-bloom,
The protest, sign of man's eternal strife
With Death. And all around in silence, they,
Proof of Death's conquering will, untroubled lay.

Death conquers, then? But ah! just such a kiss
Stirred long ago the dreaming in man's heart,
Unfolded love: waked from its deep abyss
The first sweet breath of life in those apart
And quiet ones. The kiss was their command
To life. And now, Death holds them in his hand.

Under the budding trees and young Spring sky,
The watchful silence held us in its thrall.
None in the graveyard lived but you and I;
The Reaper who is Death had gathered all.
But just before they passed eternally
They kissed. The kiss is but a soul set free.

(Mrs. Ruth Rogers, 718, Pringles, Quilmes F. C. Sud,
Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic.)

MOTHERHOOD.

In some fair garden that the west wind seeks,
A rose has died;
I saw its soul upon my baby's cheeks
At eventide.

In some bright by-way of the steadfast skies,
A star's gone out;
I watch the love-light in my baby's eyes
And never doubt.

In some far corner of the earth's embrace,
A man forgets;
I mark the shadows on my baby's face
As each sun sets.

But never has there been a babe like mine—
Nor will there be;
Though roses fade and stars for others shine
And men go free.

(Cyril G. Taylor, Farr Hall, Heswall, Cheshire.)

TWO DREAMS DWELL IN HER EYES.

Two dreams dwell in her eyes,
I cannot see them there,
But how, in humble wise,
My head in prayer.

Two songs sing in her eyes,
I cannot hear them sing,
But ah, I hold my breath
With listening.

(Mary Carolyn Davies, 2605, Benvenue Av., Berkeley,
California, U.S.A.)

POPPIES.

The Little Ones are here again: I saw them at the dawn;
They floated, ruby-red, before the laughter-loving wind
And took with nodding heads the sun which stoops to gild the
corn,
And gently swayed like lanterns that the night has left behind.

Oh, many are the loved friends I've waited for in vain,
But ever, as the Moon of Leaves goes softly on her way,
These unforgetful ones return to greet the world again,
When all the larks are singing, and the air is rich with hay.

Oh Little Ones, I've waited with my window open wide,
To catch the first bright flash of you among the waving
wheat;
To see the gay red riot spread along the countryside,
And hear a whispered welcome to my welcome-speeding
feet.

And yet this harmony of mirth is not for me alone;
For when the dreamy daylight fades, and closes like a flower,
I know that fairies' glinting wings among the poppies drone,
And there's dancing in the cornfields for a magic moonlit hour.

But when the sunny sorcerer has turned the green to gold;
And o'er the arc of burnished lull the harvest moon hangs low,
While, joying in the gleaming fields beneath the skies out-
rolled,
The reapers down the dusky lane are chanting as they go—

There comes to me a faint farewell, by winds of evening sped,
Which vainly seek to pipe their song among the fallen corn,
But tho' the merry carnival of poppy-time is fled,
The Little Ones will keep their tryst another summer dawn!

(Christine Denison Smith, 10, Bond Street, Wakefield,
Yorks.)

DEATH GLORIFIED.

Death is made beautiful, for thou art dead,
O my beloved, dearer than my life!
Shall I not meet death radiantly, love-led
To thee, when I leave the toil, the strife?

Shall I not know thee then, shall not I see,
With death-changed eyes, earth's best immortal-changed—
I, all unworthy now, yet linked with thee
By thine own love eternal, unestranged?

My soul that feared the darkness, fears not now,
For where thou art there is no room for fear;
When my last earthly hour shall pass, speak thou—
Just touch my hand and whisper, "I am here!"

(John A. Bellchambers, 120, Highgate Hill, N.)

We specially commend also the lyrics written by Gloria (Woodbridge), Elgin H. Ray (Indiana), Syned (Johannesburg), S. Gertrude Ford (Bournemouth), Ruby Lamont (Utah), C. Roy Price (Wellington), Alicia Picard (Vancouver, B.C.), Agnes H. Baird (South Norwood), G. A. C. Mackinley (Perth), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Brighton), A. L. McGreevy (Minnesota), R. S. Pollard (Manchester), E. D. Bangay (Chesham), Earl L. Shaub (Indiana), Isoud (Wexford), T. A. King (Birmingham), Lilian Gillespie (Sutton), Russell Green (Oxford), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Sara R. Schlesinger (Colorado), Dorothy H. Malley (Sutton), E. P. (Fife), Florence Tylee (Bath), Verne De Witt Rowell (Ontario), Montclare (Cricklewood), Hylda C. Cole (Kilmacolin), M. A. de Ford (Boston, U.S.A.), S. S. (Bournemouth), S. Pattabhiram (Madras), E. G. Moore (East Grinstead), Judith Beamsley (Bradford), Queenie Scott-Hopper (Whitley Bay), Erl (Durham), D. L. Mann (Malden, Mass., U.S.A.), Peggy Grant (Burley), A. Middleton (Massachusetts), Josephine Turck Baker (Evanston, Ill., U.S.A.), Celia Duffin (Belfast), Basanos (Halesden), Minnie Anderson (Montrose), Margaret B. McFarlane (Glasgow), W. J. Elliott (Cophorne), Leslie-Leigh Ducros (New Orleans), Dorothy M. Colman (Burgess Hill), Senex (Ilminster), Elsie S. Mead (Burnley), Henry S. Ramsey (Jeanette, Pa., U.S.A.), Harrie Selway (Belfast), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), Howard Booth (Sheffield), M. Snow (Oxford), Constance Goodwin (Clapham Common), M. M. Lee (Virginia), Ewart Richardson (Middlesbrough), C. Vere Annesley (Norbury), R. L. D. (Kansas), F. L. Taylor (Dalston), E. N. Simons (Sheffield), Lilla G. McKay (Auckland), H. M. Barrow (Hastings), Chart Pitt (Washington, U.S.A.), Evelyn Simms (Brighton), F. N. Wood (Hull), Marjorie Owston-Booth (Anerley), Alice Gore-Jones (Queensland), G. E. Campbell (Baldwinville, N. J.), Don Munday (Vancouver), Jean Bird (W. Perth, W. Australia), Marion Downes (Melbourne), D. A. Russell-Gregg (Bridgwater), A. Howarth (Cape Town), A. H. Brodie (Alta, Canada), Erik Achorn (Maine, U.S.A.), Lex (Tanjore, S. India), A. B. McGill (Kentucky), J. H. Ireland (Baltimore), W. T. Tolley (Natal), Elsie Hughes (Toronto), R. P. Irving (Taunton, U.S.A.), O. Kutzman (Queensland), Dorothy Evans (Arizona), Cheyne Farnie (New Zealand), J. Ford (Oxford), A. E. Paterson (Finsbury Park), L. H. P. (Liverpool), Marion Downes (Melbourne), Mrs. Muriel Fraser (Burma), Anna G. Lang (Cardiff), Arcadia (Edinburgh), Hester Viney (Swanage), W. S. Higel (Indiana), Miss Lindsay (Edinburgh), Hildebrand (Harrow), J. E. Douglass (Ohio), Bess P. Fletcher (Los Angeles), Mary Rattenbury (Queensland), W. A. Sumanasekera (Ceylon), Nancy Lister (Natal), Martha C. Davis (Colorado), H. T. Rich (New York), M. Forrest (Brisbane), A. Howe (Adelaide), A. C. Welsh (Victoria), Edith Smith (Ayr), J. S. Lawson (Edinburgh), Reginald Gray (Darlington), G. E. Ward (Tufnell Park), Norma E. Smith (Halifax, N.S.), Florence L. Olsen (Melbourne), Martha P. Boswell (Carolina), Bertha Youngblood (Texas), Charlotte M. Post (Massachusetts), F. J. Popham (Dumfries), Betsy Brandt (Haarlem, Holland), Aramis (Glasgow),

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II.—THE PRIZES OF FIVE GUINEAS for the best original sonnet on any famous event in English history, and TWO GUINEAS for the second best are respectively awarded to Robert Whitaker, of Los Gatos, California, U.S.A., and to C. Roy Price, of Fernleigh, Wellington, Somerset, for the following:

ENGLAND'S DAY.

There is no day of all the swinging year
That is not written large on England's scroll:
No day that has not mothered some great soul,
Or laid the laurel on some brave man's bier.
All hours were hallowed if our eyes were clear
To read their records, or to take true toll
Of every action that makes England whole,
Of all heroic living now and here.

Not yesterday, when Waterloo was won,
Nor day when Harold fell on Hastings' field,
Nor yet the people's hour at Runnymede:
But England's day, her day of mightiest deed,
The brightest hour emblazoned on her shield
Is this, unveiling now beneath the sun.

ROBERT WHITAKER.

LIBERATION OF THE PRESS IN ENGLAND (1694).

Now is the moment when the work of one
Far-seeing, fearless, bold with friend and foe,
Comes to fulfilment. Now may all men know
The minds of all men. Open to the sun
Of human wisdom, need the soul of none
Now fade in barren ground. But as weeds grow
As well as flowers in boundless sunlight, so
Not without strays shall the goal be won.
Thus Milton knew, yet hesitated not;
He saw the individual knowledge stray
Through the world's fields, leaving the blighted wheat
To rot upon the ground, but gathering what
Was clean and golden. Then it took its way
With the world's harvest to the judgment seat.

C. ROY PRICE.

We also select for printing:

THE DEATH OF BECKET.

DECEMBER 29TH, 1170.

Who hold the torch, o'er History's tangled scene?
Who but the souls, brave Becket, like thine own,
That have not feared to stand aloft, alone
To one high purpose sworn, with vision keen,
Not to be turned by bribe, threat, gibe—nor e'en
The overmastering art of Love, that quits its throne
To change the monarch's for the suppliant's tone—
Nor craven counsel, whence should strength have been.
We see thee, in yon twilight fane, at bay . . .
Four swords! Four million swords had ne'er brought low
The dauntless soul that towered its foes before—
For one high Purpose' sake, that in its day
Dared all the world's allegiance to forego,
And therefore hast it now for evermore!

(Queenie Scott-Hopper, 25, The Crescent, Whitley Bay,
Northumberland.)

THE PLAGUE OF LONDON, 1665.

What awful presence broods o'er mart and street,
Whose voiceless might has stilled the Babel cry
Of this tumultuous city, and men's feet
Wake lagging echoes where gay crowds went by?
Can this be London—like to one who sleeps,
With windows 'neath the crazy eaves all blind,
Moveless for dread of that dark shade which creeps
Through misty alley and through noisome wynd;
Or e'en in open ways doth lie in wait
For furtive steps that down the middle go,
Between the tumbled roofs when day grows late,
And down the street the waggons rumble slow.
God speed their souls! For them no mass is said,
But the hoarse canticle: "Bring out your dead!"

(Christine Denison Smith, 10, Bond Street, Wakefield,
Yorks.)

IRELAND—A NATION.
OUR ERNE IS FREE.

No longer mourning by her misty Sea
The changeling Daughter of the Faery West,
But joyously in Bridal splendour drest,
She waits her faithful lover, Liberty,
No wealth of stored gold, nor gems hath she
But the Dear Christ hath seen, and loved, and blest
Her travail, grief, and tears; at His beliest,
Her woes, for aye, her rarest gems shall be.

And now for love, and for sweet kinship's sake
Cometh her gracious Sisterhood to bring
A silver sweetness—harp-strung harmony;
Again her Ancient Bardic Chorus awake—
The Dauntless Dead—the martyr, saint, and King,
While list'ning Angels whisper "Erne is Free"

(A. Howe, Way College, S. Australia.)

EMANCIPATION OF THE SLAVES, 1833.

"How shall the free-born keep their faith, and grow
In Liberty when at their gates there lie
Fast bound in iron and in misery
A subject race, whose colour works their woe?
Shall not this evil, cherished, overthrow
Our pride, this rotting taint of slavery
Blight our fair fruit of many a century
Of watchful toil? Can we be pure who know
The hateful thing, yet suffer it to stand?"
The nation listened to the call supreme;
England arose, and stretched her mighty hand,
No more to spoil or slay but to redeem,
And took as her chief glory light to spread
And Freedom, o'er the nations of the dead.

(F. W. Macnamara, Cambridge.)

THE CONQUEST OF THE ARMADA.

Surely the clouds were our allies; the stars
Fought in their courses for us, and the winds;
The seas; that mightier power which is the mind's,
And Freedom, she who brooks not bonds or bars;
Freedom, the warrior queen whose gems are scars,
Who, to this day, her island fortress finds
Impregnable; whose eye no war-cloud blinds
To her white goal, where fade the fires of Mars.

So fought our England then; so fighteth she
To-day, still true to her appointed part:
To hold with Ocean in confederacy
The high place whence the springs of Peace shall start;
To hold it in the name of Liberty,
Armoured with her invulnerable heart.

(S. Gertrude Ford, Heather Cottage, Bengal Road,
Winton, Bournemouth.)

TO ENGLAND.
IN 1914.

Across the sundering wastes of surging sea
The sons and daughters of thy one-time foe
Send greeting to the truest land they know.
Brave England, see our hands outstretched to thee,
As thou dost arm for sacred liberty,
To guard thine honour and thy sacred vow
From violence of foes who face you now;
And make the stricken land of Belgium free!

Thy victory was won in that great hour
When England's name was held inviolate;
Thy Knights brought chivalry to perfect flower,
And armed thy heart against the shafts of hate.
God guard thy sons, and in thy holy fight
God guide thee, and may God defend the Right!

(Ella M. Elliott, 296, Loomir Street, College Hill, Mead-
ville, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.)

S. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY.

To break the insolent tyrant's bitter pride
And leave irreverent lordship's power forespent,
To bring all humble men to sweet content,
And give them Freedom for their timid bride
Was Becket's painted dream: and the full tide
Of spreading Hope from out his cloister went
To lift the frightened cottiers of Kent,
And sweep them on and upward to his side.

The dream! But ah, the dire reality.
The evening sun the sculptured Rood made dim
Where earth's unwearied watcher ever waits.
A flash of armour down the sacristy,
Blood all bespattered on the chancel-gates,
And the long dream of Paradise for him.

(E. J. Martin, S. Mary's Parsonage, Savile Town, Dews-
bury.)

THE INTRODUCTION OF PRINTING.

(CAXTON, 1477.)

No proud vain-glorious pomp, or bright array
Of arms or battle heralded the dawn
Of that great triumph, wherein were reborn
Knowledge and Freedom, and the iron sway
Of ignorance was banished, and the veil
Enshrouding Truth and Wisdom torn in twain.
Light dawn'd on Chaos; as in mortal pain
The arch fiend fled; and from his hosts a wail
Of dire distress arose. Athwart the sky
A new sun glimmer'd; as Truth's roseate rays
Flush'd the dim dawn; and Liberty on high
Breathed forth her benediction. The Fair Nine
Deign'd holy inspiration and high praise,
And Revelation thundered truths Divine.

(W. Theodore Tolley, "Alexandra House," Essenwood
Road, Berea, Durban, Natal.)

We also select for special commendation the Sonnets
written by Alicia Picard (Vancouver), Charles Wilcocks
(Hindley), W. S. Hugel (Indiana), E. C. Lansdown (Bir-
mingham), Theba (Glasgow), L. H. Rightsell (North
Carolina), S. S. (Bournemouth), E. H. Simons (Sheffield),
Nomada; Harry Eyden (St. Helens), Margaret Warren
(Moffat), H. Booth (Sheffield), L. Haweis (Vancouver),
Kathleen Kevin (Belfast), Edward Rinnon (Hull),
Laura Benet (Georgia), Fielding Lewis; A. Eleanor
Pinnington (Brighton), Mrs. Fenwick Williams (Mon-
treuil), Cheyen Farnie (South Canterbury, N. Z.), Senex
(Ilminster), Mrs. C. P. F. Ferrier (Glasgow), Ada M.
Hudson (Brighton), Marjorie Crossbie (Herne), O. H. C.
(Sheffield), Bessie Hawkins (Bath), George Saville
(Brockley), George V. A. McCloskey (New York), Quihai
(Edinburgh), Wilfrid Mailler (Waverley, N.S.W.),
Britton R. Strangways (Toronto), J. G. (Liverpool), A. M.
Williams (Glasgow), R. Gray (Darlington), Khati (Lon-
don, N.W.), H. M. Winter (Dublin), J. W. Marshall
(Durham), G. M. Northcott (Colwyn Bay), Marcella
Whitaker (Dewsbury), Charles Whitwell (Wanstead),
A. W. Jay (Devonport), John J. Culley (Southend),
Irma L. Wallace (Milwaukee), C. Florence Haire (Clones),
Percy J. Piggott (Cheltenham), W. J. Macnamara
(Dublin), Esperanto (Cardenden), Hester Viney (Swanage),
A. Lorraine (Teddington), D. T. Whalley (Bunbury,
W. Australia), G. Thring (Dunmow), W. Williams (Ponty-
pool), E. C. (Norwood), C. W. Snow (Utah), Sailor
(Edinburgh), J. M. Greene (Dorchester, U.S.A.), R. C.
Godfrey (Milville, U.S.A.), A. H. Chandler (Cocagne,
N.B.), Mrs. J. B. Harrison (Victoria), Jeanie Lewth-
waite (Bangor), Eblana (Edinburgh), May Jenkinson

(Tulse Hill), Marguerite (Wednesbury), Colonus (Pittsworth, Queensland), Mrs. J. B. Green (California), Annie McElrevy (Calgary), Fikirnae (Edinburgh), H. L. Messenger (Blue Island, Ill., U.S.A.), G. F. Simpson (Manchester), H. R. Smith (Newcastle), H. Elrington (Dublin), Frances Crocker (Queensland), Margaret H. Andrews (Washington).

III.—The PRIZES OF FIVE GUINEAS for the best original Humorous Poem and Two GUINEAS for the second best are respectively awarded to Mrs. Lilian Wooster Greaves, of Wongan Hills, West Australia, and to Florence Tylee, of 20, Henrietta Street, Bath, for the following :

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

(Lines written on seeing THE BOOKMAN prize offer in the Australian paper "Life.")

Guess I'll stick to washing dishes,
Sweeping, cooking, darning socks -
Having literary wishes
Gives a girl too many shocks.

I think thoughts just like those bookmen;
Dream sweet dreams from morn to night.
I see folks just like their spook-men
In the evening's ghostly light.

I'd have loved a life of learning,
But, when'er I go about
With the fires of genius burning,
Then the kitchen fire goes out

"Look here, sis, we're two great minnies!"
Thus my brother yesterday--
"Working hard when golden guineas
Here are fairly flung away.

"Prize for lyric! prize for sonnet!
Prize for humorous verses too!
Seize a paper—scribble on it—
Suit for me, and dress for you.

"Come, let's try it. I say, Mary,
What's a lyric, anyhow?"—
So I got the dictionary,
And forgot to milk the cow.

"Sonnets must be made to order;
Fourteen lines, and put just so,
Like in your embroidery border,
Or a picture-frame, you know.

"Where's the 'Royal Road to Rhyming'?"
Lyrics must be musical—
Ebbing, flowing, singing, chiming,
With a gentle rise and fall."

So we scribbled till the dark it
Closed around, and day was gone.
Mother home again from market!
Dinner wasn't even on!

Father swore a score of sonnets,
Several miles of lyric too--
Guess I'll earn my frocks and bonnets
Just as other daughters do.

LILIAN WOOSTER GREAVES.

THE HEARERS.

The Preacher preached, and the folks in the pews
Most completely endorsed his views.
He said how prone was man to sin,
And, listening hard with a pious grin
John Penruddock nodded his head--
"It's very true," to himself he said,
"There's a word of a sort for Timothy Gray,
I hope from my heart he's here to-day."

The Preacher preached, and he said with pain
That women were often foolish and vain,
And given, alas! to great excess,
In adorning themselves with costly dress.
And Caroline Smith, in her last year's hat,
Thought "A very good thing that *she* heard that,
Such a stuck-up goose! and she's dyed her hair,
While her hat no sensible girl would wear."

The Preacher preached, and the people heard,
And many a heart to grief was stirred
As he warned them against the greed of gold,
And spoke of those who to need were cold.
"And ah!" mused one, "he must surely mean
That niggardly miser old Jacob Green"--
And his face with a generous glow was lit
As he dropped in the alms-bag a threepenny bit.

The sermon ended, and all the throng
Agreed that it wasn't a bit too strong -
"For some," they said, "are so hard to touch.
It is really not easy to say too much."
"A grand discourse, I sincerely trust
'Twill do some of them good." "Oh! my dear it *must*!"
So, with kindly thoughts for neighbours astray,
The Hearers went on their homeward way.

FLORENCE TYLEE.

We also select for printing :

TO LIZZIE.

Beneath your haughty frown I faint, I fall,
My brain grows dizzy;
(A touch of Shelley, that! but after all,
I thought of it as well) I fain would sing
Your praise in polished verse; I eke would string
A page of such-like rhymes as feed love's flame.
These would I do, bore you some other name
Than Lizzie

What's in a name? In Shakespeare's brave conceit
A rose, my Lizzie,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
But hold! A cabbage rose, if this were true,
Would vie it with a Caroline festout,
A Smith would on a Smythe unflinching look,
And proud would be a *chef* when called a *cook*--
But is he?

The truth is this. In nomenclature's art,
My peerless Lizzie,
'Tis *rhyme* that plays the most important part.
For instance, were you christened Antoinette
I might compare your eyes to sparkling jet.
But as it is—oh! cruel circumstance—
I must describe your arch, though tender, glance
As "quizzical"

I fain would sing the glory of your hair,
Yea, truly, Lizzie,
And with poetic subtlety compare
Your flowing locks unto a sea that laves
Your shell-like ears with rippled Marcel waves,
This would I do, did not the Muses mock,
And split me on the adjectival rock
Of "fizzy"

This is the end. I can no longer keep
Invention busy.
Across the page my halting numbers creep,
And though I loved you, Lizzie, goodness knows,
A poet cannot woo in vulgar prose.
My passion wanes, my tuneful lyre is dumb;
I must revive myself with draughts of some-
Thing fizzy.

(Claude W. Cundy, 11, Chantrey Road, West Bridgford,
Nottingham.)

THE OPTIMIST.

The picnic from our Sunday-school went down-a road jus' now;
There was six brake-loads singing songs, and makin' such a row,
An' when they saw me waitin' here they waved so nice an' kind,
They all was feelin' sorry-like to see me lef' behind.

There's goin' to be an ocean wave, an' lots o' boats that swing,
An' they'll play tig an' nuts-in-May, an' run roun' in a ring,
There's gum' to be a peanut hunt--you eat all wot you find,
Oh-h, they'll be havin' lovely fun while I am lef' behind.

I had a new blue dress to wear, I had a hat with lace
(A better one than Gerty Smith's, I told her to her face),
An' then I tell an' cut my leg the rag's all twined an' twined,
An' at the back it's red with blood--an' so I'm lef' behind.

We all was goin' to run a race, the other girls an' me,
I know I could have beat the lot an' come first easily;
But racin' makes you awful tired. I think p'r'haps I don't mind
A-sittin' here alone. Maybe I'm better lef' behind.

Supplement to THE BOOKMAN.
January, 1915.

My Gran'ma curled my hair so nice with papers, rows an' rows,
All up the front my dress was trimmed with heaps o' little bows;
But picnics aren't the place at all to wear a dress that kind,
Of course it's better in the box, kep' clean an' lef' behind.

I shan't cry, not a little bit, I'm reely, truly *glad*,
Them horses did look awful wild a-rushin' by like mad,
An' when they all git back to-night I shan't be s'p'ried to find
They've all been brought back dead but me, wot's safe here,
lef' behind.

An' when they all o' them is dead an' no one lef' but me,
Won't everybody treat me nice, an' ask me out to tea!
An' then their mothers all will say, "Well, dear me, never mind,
The reely lucky little girls is them wot's lef' behind."

(Lilla Gormhuille McKay, Sarawai Street, Parnell,
Auckland, New Zealand.)

TO GWENDOLINE.

Do you remember, Gwendoline,
Our primal meeting, and the fuss
Your mistress made when, laughter-swayed,
I dubbed your name ridiculous?
Your rolling eyes and jealous mien
Did not attract me, Gwendoline.

Dislike was mutual; you, it seems
Mistrusted most my dexter sock.
With doggy grit you went for it
Nor would your steely jaws unlock.
The scars where your white teeth have been
Are ever with me, Gwendoline.

We made it up—a sort of truce
That savours of hypocrisy.
When she is by you cease to eye
My neither limbs below the knee,
Whilst meek against the wall is seen
My oaken cudgel, Gwendoline.

Yet how I hate you, and would hail
Your dear decease with holy joy!
Yea, but for shame would speed the same,
Thou source and fount of all annoy!
When man and maid you come between
How can you wonder, Gwendoline.

For we have quarrelled. I, enraged,
Left her in tears this afternoon,
Protesting still I never will
Include you in our honeymoon.
If she gives way you're all serene:
If not—go softly, Gwendoline!

(Archibald J. A. Wilson, "Canigou," Oakhurst Avenue,
Rondebosch, Cape Town)

DELIA.

(AN UNREALISED IDEAL.)

Her figure is handsome and slender,
Her cheeks are a delicate rose,
Her eyes (they are blue) can be roguish or tender—
You couldn't describe them in prose.
She has dimples (a pair), and the curliest hair,
She can coax like a practised coquette;
She is sweet and sincere, and no end of a dear . . .
But I haven't discovered her yet!

Her wit is both pointed and polished—
Should you argue with Delia beware!
You will find all your fallacies neatly demolished,
And dissolved in the thinnest of air.
She can cook, she can sew, she knows how to throw,
She pays when she loses a bet;
She's a sport from her toes to the tip of her nose . . .
But I haven't discovered her yet.

She's not at all languid or fragile;
At golf she can drive like a man;
As a partner at tennis she's nippy and agile;
At hockey she's right in the van.

From her head to her heels she is "fit," and at meals
Her friends have no reason to fret—
Cold mutton would fail to make Delia quail . . .
But I haven't discovered her yet.

An ardent admirer of Kipling
(This trait in a woman is rare!)
She looks with contempt on the monocled stripling,
The "nut" and the "blood" of Mayfair.
She's packed full of sense and devoid of pretence,
A friend she will never forget;
And, finally, she has a weakness for Me . . .
BUT I HAVEN'T DISCOVERED HER YET!

(E. L. Roberts, Kenwood Bank, Sheffield.)

We also select for special commendation the verses written by Richard Lew Dawson (Kansas, U.S.A.), Stevenson MacGill (British Guiana), R. S. Pollard (Manchester), L. Harold Booker (Ohio), E. A. Potter (Birmingham), Christine D. Smith (Wakefield), Piers Peniles (London, S.W.), Charles Powell (Manchester), W. J. McCombe (Hull), C. Fryer (Woodbridge), M. Peart (Tottenham), W. J. Collyer (Reading), V. D. Chapman (Burnham), J. Y. Bailey (Gloucester), R. B. J. (Ealing), Queenie Scott-Hopper (Whitley Bay), G. D. Grey (Weston-super-Mare), Will Herford (West Point, U.S.A.), Julia W. Greenwood (London, W.), R. D. German (Cardiff), Merlin Dombey (Liverpool), George Edward Gee (Washington, U.S.A.), Fred Fulton (Napier, New Zealand), F. Sartorius (Edinburgh), R. W. King (Catford), F. A. Hellawell (Newbiggin), Dorothy Plimpton (Munster Park), Mary Keith (St. Albans), Percy Lennoc (Hertford), David Stothart (Edinburgh), Howard Booth (Sheffield), Robert Veitch (Penicuik), Fewsee (Worthing), Minnie Anderson (Montrose), D. M. Rawcliffe (Haigh), Cosmos (Edinburgh), H. M. Barrow (Hastings), A. J. A. Wilson (Cape Town), Mary C. Davies (California), Judith Beamsley (Bradford), Dorcie (Sutton), Snow Longley (Los Angeles), Jean Bird (W. Australia), Marion C. Alston (Glasgow), A. R. Munday (Vancouver), Herman B. Ritz (Hobart), R. C. Connell (Kennington), Jampe (California), A. C. Safel (Philadelphia), A. H. Hughes (Lee), G. F. Vielt (Norfolk, U.S.A.), M. S. Grupp (Washington), N. Raghunathan (Madras), Mrs. Fenwick Williams (Montreal), A. M. Reid (Motherwell), Miss Barrow (Clapham), W. L. Stidger (San Francisco), J. M. Greer (Bournemouth), Katham (Kendal), G. F. A. Salmon (Penzance), A. R. Crever (California), C. H. Berry (Anoka, U.S.A.), J. W. Graham (Jamaica), M. P. S. (Sunderland), George Meek (Dunedin), Sybilla Sterling (Glenfarg), Mary E. Hender-shot (Okla, U.S.A.), R. Stokoe (Newbury), E. Crilly (Camden Town), T. R. Jenkins (New York), D. J. Hickey (Edinburgh), Saladin (Glasgow).

We should like to add that some of the poems we have been unable to print are as good as some of those we have printed, and that lack of space has prevented us from publishing full lists of all those competitors whom the judges have honourably mentioned; we have had room only for the names included in the first of the three classes into which the "honourable mentions" have been divided. Some of the poems submitted for the Lyric Competition were disqualified because they were not lyrics: several were sonnets, others were purely didactic verse, and others ballads that were in no sense lyrical. Some dozen of the sonnets for the second Competition (one a very good one) had to be disqualified because they had no relation to any event in English history.

New Books.

ANOTHER BERGSON BOOK.*

There are two methods of presenting in a popular form the work of an author who may be considered too abstruse or too voluminous for the receptivity, at any rate without introduction, of the average intellect. (One is selective, the garnering of important and typical passages; the other is digestive. As to which is the better method, it mainly depends, of course, on the intermediary, at the mercy of

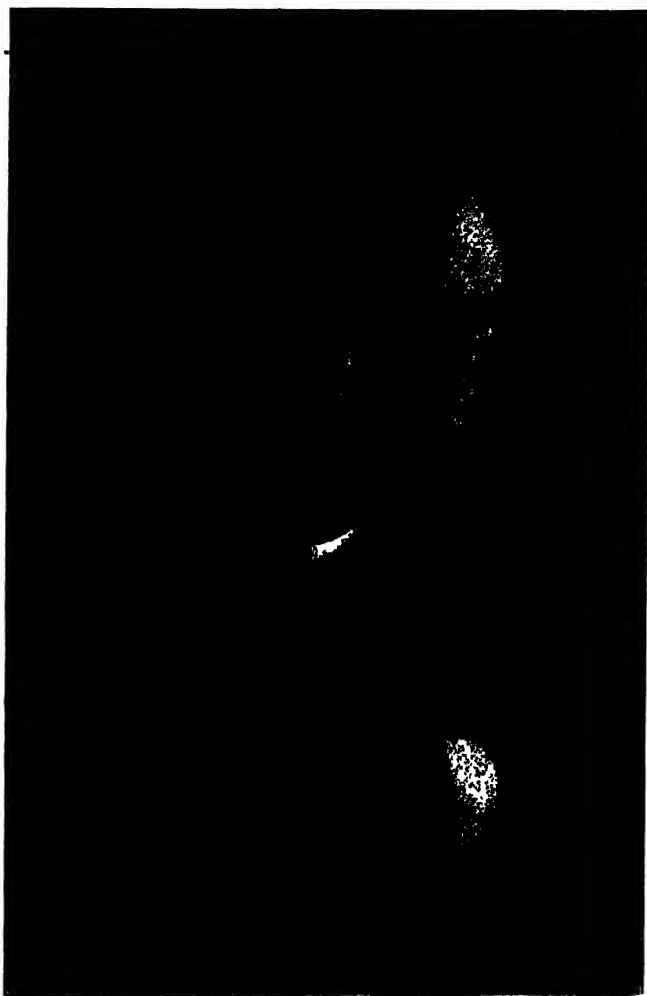


Photo by Gerschel, Paris

Henri Bergson.

From "Henri Bergson" (Macmillan).

whose honesty, industry and intelligence the reader must perforce be content to put himself. Other things being equal, however, granting, that is to say, the adequacy of the interpreter, the second, or digestive, method is probably the more satisfactory, as it is undoubtedly the more difficult. It is too much to expect of any writer, whose aim is not primarily artistic, that his work should contain no superfluities or repetitions, but still a man who is reasonably master of his tools generally puts something of significance into all his sentences. In selection, therefore, it is almost impossible to avoid the omission of matter essential to the argument; and, with the best will in the world to be impartial, it is fatally easy, indeed almost inevitable, for the selector to lay undue stress on that side of his author's thought which strikes the most responsive chord in himself, and so to distort his meaning. On the other hand, with a clear head and sound sense of proportion, a very adequate précis may be made of the work of a thinker who is reasonably consistent.

* "Henri Bergson: An Account of His Life and Philosophy." By Algot Ruhe and Nancy Margaret Paul. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

At any rate, both methods are extraordinarily fashionable just at present, and on no philosophical writer, with the possible exception of Nietzsche, are they more frequently employed than on M. Henri Bergson. The desirability of these easy roads to knowledge is another question. On the one hand, it may be justly urged that there are plenty of intelligent people anxious for the culture which, according to Matthew Arnold, consisted in knowing "the best that has been thought and said in the world," who really have not the time for reading an indefinite number of long and difficult books, and it seems a pity that they should be altogether balked in their excellent desires. On the other hand, there is the danger that the opportunity of acquiring knowledge at second hand and on easy terms, may induce scrappy habits of thought and reading, a loose grasp of many subjects which is far less satisfying and less valuable than a firmer grasp of only a few. It is a nice question, and here again much depends on the intellectual quality of the interpreter.

The author of this book on Bergson, indeed, who is the Swedish translator of the philosopher's works and has had the assistance of one of the English translators of "*Matière et Mémoire*," especially disclaims any intention of rendering superfluous the study of his originals.

"However closely my book follows the thought of the philosopher," he says, "it cannot possibly do justice to the far ampler exposition of that thought which he has given in his own words. It will, I hope, serve to bring out in the minds of some who have already studied the great works of this great thinker a clearer outline of what they have read, and will confirm in them their hold on his intention and meaning. It will also serve others perhaps as a more or less popular introduction to his thought and as a work of occasional reference. But it can never, I am glad to say, be supposed to render superfluous the study of "Time and Free Will," "Matter and Memory," and "Creative Evolution." My great desire is that it may send every one who reads it to those books, whether for the first time or for another perusal, in a fresh understanding of them. To this end it is addressed."

By closely following Bergson's language, and by quoting at considerable length from his less accessible writings, Mr. Ruhe may be said to have combined the two methods discussed above. The result seems entirely adequate and should achieve the double purpose set forth in the preface from which we have quoted.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

POSES AND PENMEN.*

This is a pleasant book of gossip about certain literary and social lights, whose brilliance has become dimmed through the dust of time. Mr. Vincent is an American with a *tendresse* for the circumstance and mind-fare of a hundred years ago, when the world took fashion very seriously, and men frequently ensured notoriety through poses. He introduces to us twelve celebrities, beginning with Beau Brummel and concluding with genial and gentle Crabb Robinson. All are not dandies, or, indeed, men of letters, but every one of the company had a reputation for written or spoken wit. With the beaux, the neat epigram or turn of phrase was as necessary as the right fold of a neckcloth or the nice conduct of a cane. Mr. Vincent writes of his team as if he loved them. To their qualities he is kind; and if to their faults he is not exactly blind, he at any rate hurries past the deficiencies with a most sympathetic despatch.

Men of marked personality had probably a better chance of distinction in the unspacious days of George Regent than they have in these newspaper times. It was not enough to have merely sterling merit: one had to cultivate a particularity, if not an eccentricity. It was fully in the spirit of the times that Byron, before he started on the

* "Dandies and Men of Letters." By Leon H. Vincent. 10s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

journey to Portugal and Spain which supplied local colour to "Childe Harold," designed for himself a splendiferous uniform unlike anything worn by tinker, tailor, soldier or sailor. To impress the "common people"—who, alas, were too obligingly willing to be impressed—was one of the objects of those who were anxious for to shine in the sphere of fashion. Why otherwise did Dizzy cultivate those raven curls, those dangling chains, and elaborate attitudes? To be a dandy, attracted attention, gossip, envy: it paid. Mr. Vincent is evidently as impressed with the graces and ways of his dandies as was mute, adoring Demos in the era before reform.

Not the least interesting part of Mr. Vincent's book are what the old-fashioned dramatists called the "asides." He will airily abandon his subject, be it Tom Moore, or Count d'Orsay, or William Beckford, to chatter briefly about the peculiarities of us British, or the convenience of India paper for readable, pocketable books. He waxes eloquent on the "virtuoso temperament," and gravely advises his readers, if they would be rich, not to trouble about novel-writing, which merely brings notoriety and at best an ordinary fortune, but to "write a book which shall instruct married people how to make the best of their uncomfortable situation." All this is passably entertaining; though, really, we must protest against his breezy assertion that we in this estimable island live in mackintoshes and thick-soled shoes. Mr. Vincent is at his best in this sort of joyous padding, because he is his own authority. Of his prime subject, these bloods and writers of the dead century, he has only one thing new to say, and it is the suggestion—not a deep or unchallengeable suggestion at best!—that Glowry of "Nightmare Abbey" is a representation of Shelley's father. This is certainly straining the parallels, for old Timothy seems to have been thick-headed and unimaginative, but not the dark melancholiac of Peacock's satirical burlesque. He balances the discovery, if such it be, by claiming Harry Foker as a dandy, which he wasn't; and by depriving Lady Richmond Ritchie of her title. He is, moreover, unjust to Tom Moore in suggesting that his barbed ridicule of the Prince Regent was ungrateful. Is he not aware of the splendid snub the First Gentleman in Europe gave Moore when the Prince at their meeting learnt that the poet's father was not a member of a county family, but a Dublin grocer? Moore had no reason to "spare the man whose patronage thirteen years earlier had lifted him to the seventh heaven."

C. L. LAWRENCE.

THE UNSEEN WORLD.*

For stories of the occult there is an immense public, but the equipped writers are few. Even the old-fashioned ghost story required a special touch, lacking which it was as insipid as cold porridge. Much more does the contemporary tale of the supernatural demand of the narrator a gift above the common, a temperament elusive and psychic. Such a writer is Algernon Blackwood. One realises in him a sensitivity to influences which do not affect the world in general, which have for it no existence, which are yet coming to have. If the nineteenth century was one of too much doubt in things other than material, the twentieth threatens to be one of too much credulity in matters empirical. Mr. Blackwood disdains to make appeal to the common love for the supernatural in its customary manifestations. He has no model haunted houses and stock ghosts: "The Castle of Otranto" is no fortress for him. In his view clearly the great psychic forces are primarily the elements, Fire, Wind and Water. The earth is all alive, and in that huge and varied life malignant and terrible forces are at work as well as those which make for goodness and serenity. Terrible to him is the life of the trees in darkness, ghastly are the silent waters. Yet there is light also in his twilight-land, and

* "Incredible Adventures." By Algernon Blackwood. 6s. (Macmillan.)

all is not foredoomed and accursed. For he writes of primitive supermen, creatures of fire with souls of flame, who worship the great central source of day with ritual dances, beings as elemental and violent as his Centaurs, or his Pan-men. Along with his passion for life he has a passion for language. For him the spoken or written word is a thing of tremendous and eternal force. With that little-known poet, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, he holds:

"With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an Empire's glory.
We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing
And Babel itself in our mirth."

Persuasively he re-states the old philosophic belief that the world is entirely what the individual thinks and believes—interpretation: that the world is thinking and feeling, and unless the individual really thinks and believes that, he has no permanent world at all. It is a thesis which permits a great deal of imagining, and Mr. Blackwood makes the fullest use of it.

In the opening story of the volume, "The Regeneration of Lord Ernie," the theory is worked out that Powers of fire, the Principalities of air, exist, and that humanity can know their qualities by ritual initiation in a kind of Zodiacal dance, can absorb the fierce enthusiasm of flame and the tireless energy of wind. Such a miracle is worked in the degenerate Lord Ernie, who, through actual fire, evolves from the commonplace to a kind of statesman superman. The story, "The Damned," is up to its ending a thing of ghastliness and dread almost intolerable. The dead banker, Franklyn, and the living woman, Marsh, are figures as terrifying as Mr. Henry James' sinister couple in "The Turn of the Screw." It is not suggested that Franklyn has led an evil life, but his prevailing idea on earth has been that of eternal damnation for the mass of mankind, and his obsession is transmitted after his death not alone to his wife and his housekeeper, but to the very fabric of his house, which seems to harbour the damned. There is one little touch in the story about the gnashing of teeth which has sheer fear with it. The best work of the book is contained in "A Descent into Egypt." Here we have horror as great as in the other Adventures, but it is subdued by sheer beauty of craftsmanship—the magic of words. George Isley, the central figure of the story, is absorbed by Egypt, soul and brain "the ancient Egypt which lies waiting underneath." His spirit lives in the buried past of Egypt while he walks the world a dead man. Here is a book which fulfils its title.

A BOOK FOR THE DAY.*

There is something of the spirit of an older England than ours, the England of Chaucer—perhaps it would be more exact to say, of the spirit of Chaucer himself—in this volume. Agree or disagree as we may with what Father Vaughan has to say, all that he says compels our respect. And, much as we may differ from the preacher on points of detail, we could wish that his book were in the hands and minds of every one in this kingdom to-day. For the point of view from which these thirty essays have been written is a broad one, and the desire animating every line rings throughout with a sterling sincerity and a patriotism that goes clean through the trappings of convention to the things that matter, whatever may be the station in life to which man or woman may be called. This point of view is that of one who feels his feet not on the shifting sands of time, but on facts that are permanent for all time. One recalls St. Bernard, with his vision diverted from all that could distract his contemplation of the Immortal, his soul overburdened with the thought of the sins of the world. Father Bernard Vaughan has an aim in common with that of the

* "What of To-day?" By Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

recluse of Lake Leman. But his vision is clearer, his nerve greater, his sympathy wider. It is not enough for him that he sees the light and may tread the right path. His concern is that his fellow-countrymen may follow the gleam, and, doing so collectively, make this island home of ours worthy of its great destiny. The volume has been written so that the financial proceeds may be given in aid of the Belgian refugees, and as our people have been touched as seldom they have been touched before by the noble example of King Albert, the author has with a sure instinct dedicated it to him. Of the thirty essays contained in it many deal directly with the war—the subject uppermost in all hearts and minds to-day. But the war will come to an end, sooner or later. It is not enough that our cause is a righteous one. It does not suffice that we fight it with clean hands. We must be sure of more than the carrying out of our present good resolutions for the period of its length, be that length long or comparatively short. We must see to it that we purge ourselves of many things and thoughts that occupied us, that divided us, that blinded us, in the years immediately preceding the outbreak of hostilities. We have to examine the "New Spirit" of which so much has been heard. We have to learn once again, as again and again we have had to recognise in the long past, that it is out of the old fields that the new corn cometh year by year. We have to see the crass folly of "fancy" religions, of spiritualism and its byways, to recognise the sanctity of many an old-fashioned ideal, the reality of many a "commonplace" and many a "convention," what prayer implies, what is Christianity, what is duty; in fine, why we are here and of what real happiness consists. Father Vaughan is not pointing the finger of scorn at "the new Spirit." But he declares unhesitatingly that "all that is bad in it comes from itself, and all that is good in it springs from the Old Spirit, the Spirit of Love and Self-sacrifice, the Spirit of Restraint and Discipline." What of To-day? is the universal question. The answer is that it is the business of every citizen to find out how he may best serve his country. But behind the dream and the business:

"The highest Faith makes still the highest man;
For we grow like the things our souls believe,
And rise or sink as we aim high or low."

W. F. A

ELIZABETH'S GERMAN COUNTERPART.*

The first of a series of papers which make up this pleasant volume is of some interest as throwing a gleam of light on the atmosphere of a famous Court, but more interesting and really valuable, especially at this juncture in the history of the nations, is the account given of Princess Pauline, who governed so well and so wisely the little German state of Lippe a hundred years ago.

The Hon. Mrs. Lionel Cust was specially well qualified to give us this sketch, because her own childhood was spent in Detmold, the capital of that State. The photograph of the fine old Krumme Strasse, which runs through the heart of the town, renews our idealistic vision, sadly blurred by the war, of

* "Queen Elizabeth's Gentlewoman." By Sybil Cust. 5s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

old picturesque Germany, the Germany of Hans Sachs and Albrecht Dürer, the Germany that loved its homes and made them beautiful, decorated them outside with pious texts, and filled their chambers with music and the fragrance of that untranslatable "gemüthlichkeit."

This vision was realised under the able rule of Princess Pauline. She had a real genius for administration. Her system of education was a model to all the neighbouring states. More surprising still, in those somewhat grey ages, when women were kept religiously in the background, she had a genius for finance, and when a neighbouring city got its affairs into a tangle, to her was the appeal made to act as a temporary burgomaster and set things right.

A genius for taking pains was also part of her admirable mental outfit. However attractive the literature at her elbow, Goethe's latest work or Matthiason's poems, she would turn resolutely to the pile of criminal cases awaiting her decision. With all these manly qualities she was thoroughly feminine in her love of beautiful clothes, dressing with exquisite taste herself, and adding generously to the wardrobes of others. One of her letters enjoins a friend to slip for her a piece of hydrangea-coloured sarcenet into a young lady's wardrobe.

In view of present circumstances the most notable thing about this well-equipped and talented ruler was that she "dreaded and mistrusted Prussia," and, to such an extent that an alliance with Napoleon himself seemed preferable to coming under the yoke of the adjacent monarchy.

The other papers in this volume, on toys, old dogs, furnishing, gardening, and Bryanston Square, are written with a facile pen, and a gracious absence of straining after effect, but the most abiding impression left by the book is the portrait of this Queen Elizabeth in petto.

SHAKESPEARE, THE MAN.*

There are obviously two ways of reconstituting the personality of Shakespeare. You may take his works, as Mr. Frank Harris did in "The Man Shakespeare," and concentrate upon them till apparent contradictions and inconsistencies resolve themselves at last into a coherent unity, a definite image of the poet. This is a very good way, and the result is strictly commensurate with the imaginative powers you bring to your labour. But you may also do as Mrs. Stopes does, and has done, particularly in this book. You may approach Shakespeare by another method, which consists in collecting all the more or less contemporary data

* "Shakespeare's Environment." By Mrs. C. C. Stopes. 7s 6d net. (Bell)



A Little Village Green.

From "Queen Elizabeth's Gentlewoman" (Smith, Elder.)

bearing however remotely on the poet, or on the life he may be presumed to have lived amongst his contemporaries; collating it, sifting it, accepting here, rejecting there, until at last Shakespeare, the object of your search, stands before you, an unalterable residuum.

Now, here I must say at once that I am not implying in the least that Mrs. Stopes' historical method can be pursued to any useful purpose without exercise of the imagination. Though it would be obviously untrue to say the imagination plays a great part in what is, after all, a synthesis of palpable facts, yet in the arrangement of these facts, in the implications that arise from them, the imagination has its own work to do. Broadly speaking, however, Shakespeare arrived at by the historical method is a stable quantity: a dozen investigators of fair mind and equal industry and learning would reach approximately the same results.

What, then, does this Shakespeare learning dig out for us? What kind of a man was he? What did he look like? What were his habits and pursuits? And in the answer to these questions is revealed the appalling weakness of the historical method. It gives a negative answer to every one of them. There is not one point on which the historical method can satisfy your curiosity; Shakespeare, after all these pains and pages, is as nebulous as before. Let me examine this method a little. I am not criticising its application by Mrs. Stopes. I firmly believe that Mrs. Stopes has done wonders; that all there is to know about Shakespeare in regard to fact is here in this copious book. But if it is possible to show that the "facts" relating to Shakespeare are inconspicuous in quantity and insignificant in quality, then indeed the historical method stands condemned, and we must go back to the poet's works themselves and follow the method of Mr. Harris.

For the facts, then. What was Stratford like in Shakespeare's time; what degree of culture existed in his time; how far was it a suitable birthplace for a great poet? One is familiar with that favourite argument of the Baconians which rejects Shakespeare's claims to authorship on the ground that he was unlettered, and had no opportunities, indeed, of being otherwise. So if you can find anything to answer these questions about Stratford it will be valuable evidence. All that Mrs. Stopes has been able to find out, however (and remember that her authority in the field of Shakesperian research is unchallenged), is that books were not unknown in Warwickshire in Shakespeare's time, and that the head master of Stratford Grammar School enjoyed a salary double that of the head master of Eton.

Now, in spite of an assertion in Halliwell-Phillipps' "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare" that Stratford was "a bookless neighbourhood," there is nothing to surprise one in either of these facts. At the period of England's greatest literary expansion, when the great wave of the Italian Renaissance had fertilised English soil and English wits, it would be surprising indeed to find that Warwickshire was without books, or that the head master of Stratford Grammar School was stunted.

What else, then, has Mrs. Stopes' loving labour unearthed in the way of facts? Shakespeare had a share worth £60 in the tithes of Old Stratford, and was involved in a troublesome dispute in regard to the enclosing of some common land in which he had an interest. Are we really nearer to an understanding for that? If only we knew, in Shakespeare's own words, what he thought about this affair, that would be something. But no; all we have is his opinion, retailed at second hand, that nothing would be done! There are more facts, facts concerning property which came to Shakespeare's family by marriage, facts concerning the Arden family, facts concerning other Messrs. Shakespeare who might be confused with the poet, but had, save for rare cases of blood-relationship, nothing to do with him. There is a chapter, a very interesting and learned chapter, on Burbage's "Theatre," which was afterwards taken to pieces, transported across the river, re-erected in Southwark and re-christened "The Globe." In it there is mention of the so-called "Belvoir impresse," respecting which there exists an entry in the accounts of the Earl of Rutland's steward, as follows: "31 Martii. To Mr. Shakespeare in

gold, about my lord's impreso, XLIVs; to Richard Burbage for paynting and making yt. in gold, XLIVs . . . iiiiii. viiis." As Mrs. Stopes says, this *might* have been our Shakespeare, or it might equally have been a certain John Shakespeare, a fashionable bit-maker, who was in the royal service, or even another Shakespeare altogether. But even if it *was* our Shakespeare, should we be any the wiser about him for knowing that he did, in fact, make an impreso, or tournament device, for the Earl of Rutland? There are facts, too, about the appearance of Shakespeare, based on Droeshout's engraving in the first folio, on the Stratford bust as it exists to-day, on the Chandos portrait, and on the Stratford bust according to Dugdale. It is all exceedingly interesting, but when one has read the book through with keen appreciation of the industry and learning that has gone to make it, one realises that as far as Shakespeare the man is concerned, one might as well have read a book on political economy.

O. RAYMOND DREV.

A STORY OF THE "HALLS."*

The author of "Pantomime" has essayed a stronger flight, with success beyond question. Her first book had freshness and sparkle and shrewd observation; the present story has these qualities and much more: a breadth and seriousness which the affairs of Pierrot and Pierrette hardly demanded, though in truth one caught a hint of tears behind the laughter, even there. It is a story of conflicting egoisms—the egoism of a rich, joyous, generous individuality, pitted unequally against an egoism that is vanity and selfishness, the egoism of a purblind and grudging spirit. Jaconne, daughter of an Irish artist and a French model, spiritually a child of Pan, has passed her maidenhood in the society of a company of Failures, and rebels against the destiny for which she is marked by her environment. "I shan't fail," she says. "I can't fail. I'm strong. I glory in a tussle with things. How can I fail when I'm I, and know that I'm I?" In the egoism of glorious youth she slips away in search of adventure and the great fulfilment, to find herself married almost unawares to a circus clown, for whom, crippled in the "ring," she becomes, in no long time, nurse and breadwinner. "Variety" claims her; she blazes as a "Star"—"Our Jack," "Queen of the Acropolis." Freed by the death of Benny, she falls in with a wandering fiddler, as fascinating as the Pied Piper, whom she introduces to the "Halls," nurtures into success, and marries. Here is the beginning of her soul's tragedy, for Dal Romany grows jealous of his wife's career, winces when he sees her name on the bills in larger letters than his own, and, by a process of wearing down, banishes her from the stage and wrecks her happiness.

Even so bald an outline indicates the interest of the theme; the reader will delight in the cleverness with which it is handled—the brilliance of the characterisation, the wit that reveals a character in a phrase, the humour of little episodical incidents, the genial satire of human foibles. The magnetic Romany, brimming with life, a "jolly good fellow" with men, full of "sunny charm" to women, who blunders with elephantine tread through the sensibilities of his wife, is portrayed with a sureness of touch rare in women-writers dealing with men. And Jaconne herself, with her witchery, her arrogance, her passionate belief in her career, her agonised acceptance of defeat, is an engaging and a memorable figure. The ending will not please the extreme feminist, who would wish that Jaconne, no longer loving her husband, should at least insist on running her race alone. The author's reading of human nature is more subtle than that.

It is when she brings real persons into contact with realities that Miss Stern's strength and brilliance come freely into play. Yet her work will never be naked realism, for the things of life take on the hues of romance in the alembic of her poetic imagination.

HERBERT STRANG.

* "See-saw." By G. D. Stern. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

THE REVIEWS OF A PROCONSUL.*

A reviewer is likely to be specially interested by a book of reprinted reviews, especially when he is a small man and the reprinted gentleman large. In the present instance the general reader will certainly share that interest; for here we have Lord Cromer, a great administrator who wielded more power than most kings can command, cultivating his garden in retirement by practising the art and craft of reviewing. The reader who takes up the volume expecting to find the papers commensurate with the great fame of the author may possibly be disappointed; but the reviewer will probably be gratified in his secret heart, for the fact is that Lord Cromer's articles are not noticeably better than the reviews by nameless scribes published regularly in our better newspapers. This is really praise, and not faint praise; for while there is plenty of bad reviewing nowadays (as there is plenty of bad writing), there is also more of the best than any earlier period of journalism can show.

Lord Cromer's papers are sound, readable, interesting stuff, not too bright or good for human nature's daily food, but quietly enjoyable and seasoned with the salt of years and high experience. They fall into regular groups—biographies of English statesmen and officials, accounts of foreign notabilities, ranging from Fouquier-Tinville to Cavour, and disquisitions on many aspects of politics at home and abroad. Lord Cromer is eminently judicial. He will no more commit an indiscretion in writing than would Lord Lyons in diplomacy. Indeed, it is plain that that strong, safe, thoroughly unimaginative ambassador represents Lord Cromer's ideal of public deportment. That is all very well in the official world; but in a book we like a man to let himself go sometimes. It would be a dull world for readers if all critics wrote as if they were liable to be quoted on the Treasury Bench.

However, Lord Cromer gives us plenty of asides. Thus of Lord North he says:

'It is singular that, up to the present time, no biography should have been written of a Minister who presided over the destinies of England during one of the most momentous periods of her history: a period when the Duke of Bolton said, "everything was at sea except the British fleet."'

He turns to Disraeli and says:

"The late Lord Beaconsfield, with possibly an eye to the leading characteristics of his great rival and opponent, once expressed a doubt whether 'good men' could with advantage be trusted with the management of public affairs."

Of that great opponent he recalls the following:

"It is recorded in Mr. Delane's memoirs that Lord Palmerston informed him that 'he had set the library chimney at Broadlands on fire in the process of burning Mr. Gladstone's letters of resignation.' The Queen at one time pathetically remarked 'Lord John Russell may resign, and Lord Aberdeen may resign, but I can't resign. I sometimes wish I could.'"

Lord Cromer draws upon his own experience to illustrate the Englishman's rooted habit of saying the thing most likely to be least connected with his real feelings:

"The episode reminds the writer of the present article of the characteristically British reception given to Slatin Pasha at Assouan when he had at last escaped from his terrible imprisonment. The English officer commanding the troops went out to meet him a mile from the town and said: 'Are you Slatin?' On the reply being in the affirmative, he added: 'Come and have luncheon.' That was all."

Special interest, of course, attaches to the group of papers on Germany. They are grim reading. If ever a country should have been prepared for the worst, it was England; for German writers made no secret of their sentiments and aspirations. Lord Cromer, writing in February, 1914, concludes one of his papers as follows:

"With the experience of the past before us, we cannot feel any very strong assurance that the accident of German internal policy will not again necessitate an attack on some foreign Power. Should that necessity arise, it cannot be doubted that an adroit

diplomacy could and would manufacture occurrences tending to show that the war was forced on the reluctant and peace-loving population of Germany. Such being the state of affairs, the obvious duty of this country is, whilst sparing no efforts to maintain peace, to prepare for the eventuality of war."

How true it is we must now all sadly admit.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

Novel Notes.

VALLEY OF A THOUSAND HILLS. By F. E. Mills Young (as John Lane)

Miss Mills Young is not a sensational writer. Style and subject-matter of her novel, "Valley of a Thousand Hills" are alike quiet. The book, in spite of its idyllic title, is not a romance. Wattle-growing in South Africa appears to be a dry-as-dust occupation without any very tempting prospect of reward. The Dutch girl, Alieta, and her English lover, Heckkraft, command a ready liking, and the villain of the story, Harold Johnson, is the boulder *tout-à-fait*. Scarcely less prominent in the yarn are the faience, Gommeet, and his frivolous wife. The latter is a very subtle and sympathetic study in weak womanhood. The author has strong views as to the present and future of South Africa. She looks forward to the regeneration of the country by the rise of another Cecil Rhodes, a regenerator who shall put boldness before scruple. One of her solutions for a successful South Africa appears to lie in the intermarriage of English and Dutch, but one realises very clearly in the book itself what small chance there is of such a process going actively on in the near future. The Dutch apparently are as close a corporation as they were before the war, and as little in sympathy with English traits and aspirations. The greater success of the Dutch in the country, is, the author thinks, due to the fact that to the Dutchman South Africa is home, to the average Englishman simply exile. Miss Mills Young pleads for the better treatment of the Indians in South Africa, if only on grounds of self-interest, pointing out that in a country where the overwhelming majority of the blacks is a source of increasing danger, and where there is an antagonism between blacks and Indians, the latter should be employed as a counterpoise. As in many women's books, the tone of virility in "Valley of a Thousand Hills" is somewhat forced, as is the note of cynicism. It is, however, a capital study of South African men and manners.

THE VEILED LIFE. By Henrietta Goldie (as Heinemann)

This is the romance of a kitchenmaid who is not a Cinderella. The career of the girl, Laura, is a very lowly and comparatively uneventful one, but it is of the liveliest interest. As she attracts admirers in the book, so she attracts readers. This is a very able study of a young and unformed girl, without any particular ethical or religious feeling, saved from deterioration mainly by her own helplessness and the compassion it evokes. Laura is of the very old order of girlhood which conquers by its humility. The processes of life at the great house, Kirkby Rosall, are described with great vitality, and the community of the servants' hall depicted with breadth of humanity. About all the characters, except one, there is a certain amount of sweetness and light, and that character is, unfortunately, the man whom the heroine marries. James Anderson is not a villain of melodrama; but he is the average sensual man further warped by traits of cruelty and avarice. His protagonist and Laura's chivalrous friend, Dr. Peters, is a very likeable, but completely unorthodox type of doctor with a fluid vocabulary of slang. He gives Laura a literary education of catholic aspect, as the authors he sends along for her study and delectation include John Stuart Mill, Wilde, Shaw, Henley, and Clementina Black. The racy doctor says of this collection: "One of them's the biggest swell on paper

* "Political and Literary Essays." Second Series. By the Earl of Cromer. 10s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

you've ever seen." Laura goes through much travail before she expiates her first mistake, but she eventually comes to green pastures. Indeed, Mrs. Goldie would have caused disappointment to many if she had not given compensation to her charming little heroine for her many hardships.

RINGFIELD. By S. F. Harrison. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Of recent years the French Canadians in their remote and tranquil settlements have been attracting the attention of many writers on both sides of the Atlantic. They undoubtedly provide excellent material for an observant novelist, with their picturesque villages, habitant farmers, venerable seigneurs, and patient, plodding peasantry. In his description of the hamlet of St. Ignace the author of "Ringfield" gives quite the best picture we have seen of one of these primitive lower Canadian settlements, and his characterisation of local types is done with an uncommonly sure touch, whether he is depicting the prolific Tremblays, with their families of eighteen or twenty-four, or Monsieur Amable Poussette, owner of the local saw-mill and proprietor of the summer hotel, "in clothes, opinions, and religious belief a curious medley of American and Canadian standards." Ringfield is a young and forceful Methodist preacher, who comes to St. Ignace to open a new chapel, and stays on under the spell of Pauline Clairville, the mysterious sister of the feeble-minded seigneur. A strange blend of candour and coquetry. Pauline has many lovers at her feet, and chief among Ringfield's rivals is a decadent Oxford man named Crabbe, who, at the time the story opens is little more than a drunken loafer. Crabbe, however, turns over a new leaf, and the young preacher, with all the bitterness of a displaced lover, watches his rival's progress with Pauline. Ringfield's better nature, his religion—erstwhile the heart and soul of him—are paralysed by a frenzy of hate. He deliberately refrains from saving Crabbe from a drunken relapse; and finally assists in sending Crabbe to a frightful death. Ringfield's remorse drives him to seek consolation with the Church of Rome, and the Methodist preacher disappears behind the high walls of a monastery. "Ringfield" is a strong novel told with unusual skill and sincerity.

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT? By Bernard Gilbert. 6s. (Frank and Cecil Palmer.)

Herbert Chamberlain was a farmer in Lincolnshire, and one that feared God and eschewed evil. After many years of tranquil happiness he fell on evil times; his creditors sold him up, and he and his family had to find shelter in a small cottage. Chamberlain had a brother-in-law, also a farmer, whose name was Woodruff—a sordid, ungodly, immoral man, who ill-treated his wife, and placed a mistress in his household. But Woodruff was keen at a bargain, and knew how to get the utmost out of his several farms, and was able thereby to gain what he considered to be the whole world—plenty of money and a long spell of prosperity. From this brief summary it will be seen that Mr. Gilbert's new book is a story of contrasts; and the theme of course, is as old as the hills. Chamberlain suffers much tribulation, but the light of his spiritual life becomes a lantern to his feet in the dark paths. Woodruff, through sheer lack of moral balance, loses at last not only all material gain but his soul as well. The book is interesting and forcibly written, and the author displays a minute knowledge of the country-side.

DIVIDED WAYS. By E. Charles Vivian. 6s. (Holden & Hardingham.)

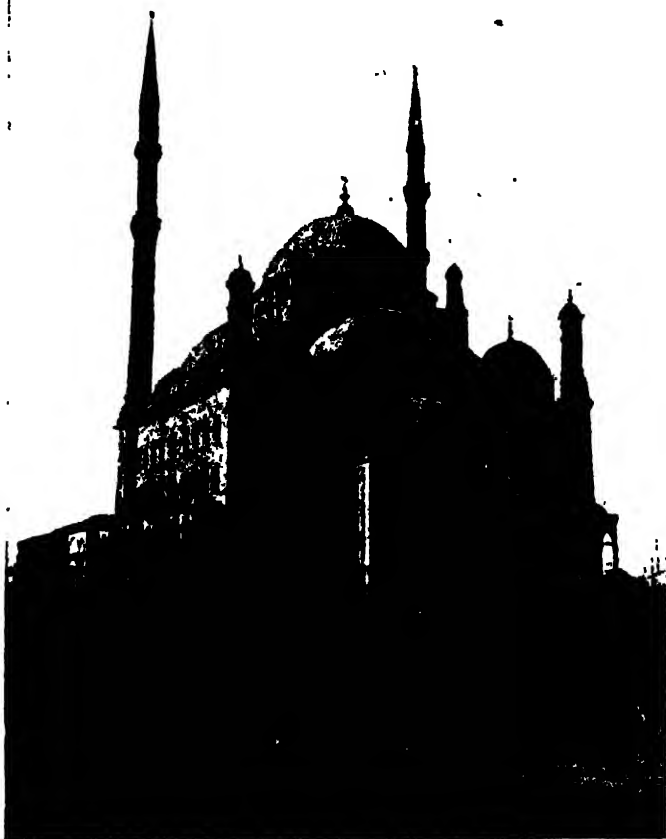
If we were making a list of the twelve ablest and most poignantly interesting novels of last year, we should give "Divided Ways" a place in it without any hesitation. It is well written, and tells a story of a mistaken marriage, and of the coming into the man's life of an overmastering passion for the woman who should have been his wife—of how they both gave themselves up to this passion for a time, and then the great love and natural common sense of the woman moved her to sacrifice their present happiness

to what she saw was best for the possibilities of his career, and for the happiness of both of them in the days to come. It tells the story vividly, powerfully, and with the right artistic reticence; and at the end you have the woman gone from the knowledge of her own circle, and the man settled down to develop a prosperous business and make the best of his mistake by living to all appearance contentedly with the patient, sensible, uncomplaining wife who is every way deserving of his love, and yet he has no love for her. The wife, the other woman, Mary North, and, in particular, the delightful Aunt Liss are admirably drawn, and not less so are the self-reliant, masterful Alan Hope and the quaint, Bohemian John Elder. Hope's manager, too, Hobson, is cleverly sketched, though there is a touch of melodrama about the way in which he spies upon his employer, discovers his secret, and then uses it in a vain attempt to coerce Hope into consenting to his marriage with Aunt Liss; but when we have said this, we have nothing but praise for the book and an emphatic recommendation to all novel readers to get it and read it.

The Bookman's Table.

CITIES WHICH FASCINATE. By R. P. Downes. 3s. 6d. (Charles H. Kelly.)

Personal impressions of nineteen of the world's greatest cities, gossipy, informed, and brightened by many an apt quotation and memorable epithet. Italy takes precedence, as a matter of course. England comes next, with chapters on York, Canterbury, Oxford, and London. Scotland is represented by a chapter on Edinburgh, as Egypt by Cairo, the Holy Land by Jerusalem, Turkey by Constantinople. Ireland is out of the charmed circle,



Mosque of Mohammed Ali,
Citadel, Cairo.

From "Cities which Fascinate" (Kelly).

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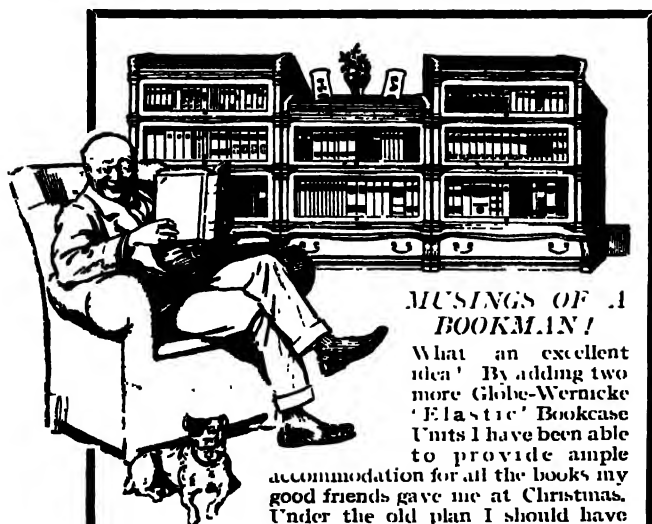
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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

We congratulate Sir Henry Newbolt on the well-earned honour the King has conferred upon him. A reader writes to suggest that the publication of a Newbolt Number of *The Bookman* last November indicates a notable prescience in us. We hope it did.

"The Lonely Nietzsche," the second and concluding volume of the authorised "Life of Nietzsche," written by his sister, has just been published by Mr. William Heinemann.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett's new novel, "A Lover's Tale," which is now appearing serially in the *Windsor Magazine*, will be issued in volume form shortly by Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co.

"The Healing of Nations," a new volume of essays by Edward Carpenter, will be published shortly by Messrs. Allen & Unwin.

"A Life of Robert Cecil, First Earl of Salisbury," by Algernon Cecil, is to be published this month by Mr. John Murray.

Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. are publishing a portfolio of twenty "Kultur Cartoons" by Will Dyson, with a foreword by H. G. Wells, at the modest price of two shillings.

Messrs. Putnam are publishing "Elfin Songs of Sunland," by the Canadian poet and essayist, Charles Keeler.

Messrs. Holden & Hardingham are publishing "Krupp and Kruppism: The Scandal of Modern Civilization," by H. Robertson Murray—a book which is expected to create something of a sensation.

Mr. Heinemann has re-issued in popular form Professor Seignobos's famous work, "The Political History of Contemporary Europe."

Captain J. W. Ginsbury, the impressionist portrait-artist, a valued contributor to *The Bookman*, has gone to the front with his regiment, the 2nd City of London Royal Fusiliers, and writes to ask us to mention in our pages that his troops are short of pipes and tobacco. Any of our readers wishing to contribute to a fund for supplying these are invited to send pipes, tobacco, cigarettes, or a donation towards purchasing them, to Mr. E. Hudson, 36, Grand Avenue, Muswell Hill, N., who has kindly undertaken to forward all such gifts to the regiment.



Canon E. A. Wharton Gill,

whose new novel, "An Irishman's Luck," is reviewed in this Number. With Canon Gill in the portrait is his son, H. De Arze Gill, 32nd Battalion of the 2nd Canadian contingent.

"The Track of the War," which Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall are publishing immediately, tells a vivid personal story of Mr. Scotland Liddell's experiences in some of the most thrilling and terrible phases of the present campaign. One chapter deals with the saving of the famous Rubens and Van Dyck masterpieces from Malines. Mr. Liddell's friend and companion, Captain Albert de Keersmaecker, went alone to Malines under the shell-fire of the Germans and brought back the world-renowned pictures to a place of safety. On another occasion this same friend was captured by the Germans, when by a lucky chance Mr. Liddell escaped arrest.

So many separate poems have been sent to Mr. Erskine Macdonald for inclusion in the series of anthologies of modern English poets, which Miss S. Gertrude Ford is editing for him, that he asks us to mention that his Anthologies of Georgian Poetry are to consist of a series of individual volumes of poems, each volume being by a separate author.

A new novel of newspaper life, "The Great Mirage," by James L. Ford, will be published shortly by Messrs. Harper.

The Rev. Fr. C. C. Martindale, S.J., has accepted the invitation of Cardinal Bourne and Mr. A. C. Benson to write the authorised "Life of Monsignor R. Hugh Benson." He will be glad to receive letters written by Monsignor Benson from any who are kind enough to lend them. They may be sent to him at Stonyhurst College, Blackburn, and will in all cases be returned. No other biography will be authorised by Monsignor Benson's representatives.

"Dunmohr of the Guards," a military society novel by Mulvy Ouseley, is announced by Messrs. J. M. Ouseley & Sons.

"The Environment of Early Christianity," by the Rev. Professor S. Angus, will be published shortly by Messrs. Duckworth in their Studies in Theology series.

In "The Service Kipling" Messrs. Macmillan are issuing a very attractive edition of Mr. Kipling's prose works in a series of twenty-six volumes at half-a-crown each. The books are clearly and well printed on good paper, are tastefully bound in blue cloth, and are light to hold and a handy size for the pocket. The first fourteen volumes are now ready, and include "Plain Tales from the Hills," "Soldiers Three," "Wee Willie Winkie," "From Sea to Sea," "Life's Handicap," and "The Light that Failed." Mr. Kipling is essentially the author for the active man, and one may be



Mr. James Oliver Curwood
(author of "Kazan") cooking a bannock in the Hudson Bay wilds.

Mr. Curwood's new novel, "God's Country and the Woman," will be published this month by Messrs. Cassell.

sure that in this pleasant, convenient form his books will be a welcome part of the easily portable library that nowadays relieves the long days and nights of waiting on the sea and in the trenches.

"Wings of Wax," which Messrs. Methuen have just published, is a novel of South African life by a real South African writer. Miss Yelva Burnett, the author, was born in Kimberley, and has had special opportunities of studying the people she describes in her story. Her father, a Port Elizabeth merchant, worked in the diamond fields in his early days. Her uncle, the Rev. Abraham Steytler, is Moderator of the Dutch Reformed Church and a man of large influence among the Dutch of the Colony. He holds the position of Chaplain to the Union Parliament, and his manifesto to his compatriots at the outbreak of Maritz's rebellion had a great effect in rallying orthodox Dutch opinion to the side of the Government. Miss Burnett was educated in England, first at Abbey School, Malvern, and later at the Royal College of Music in London. Subsequently she went to the Leipzig Conservatoire, and on her return to South Africa made a considerable reputation on the concert platform as 'cellist and elocutionist. About eight years ago she came back to England and obtained engagements as a reciter in and about London. She also did much orchestral work, being for some time 'cellist in the Ladies' orchestra at Rumpelmeyer's in St. James's Street. Although "Wings of Wax" is her first novel, Miss Burnett has contributed a large



Photo by Hells. &

Miss Yelva Burnett.

Then he went to sea again, and after much wandering among the South Sea islands, settled at Samoa, where he composed the melodies for his military band "Entr'acts," "Song of the Night" and "Monk's Dream," which were published by Messrs. Boosev.



Photo by Alan Cartwright,
West Norwood.

Mr. Safroni-Middleton.

number of stories to the weekly and monthly magazines.

One of the most virile and characteristically Australian poets is Mr. A. Safroni-Middleton, whose new book of verse, "Bush Songs and Overseas Voices," is published by Mr. John Long. At the age of fourteen he was serving before the mast of a sailing ship. He quitted the ship at Brisbane and became a Boundary Rider, but having studied the violin in "off watches" at sea, and during lonely camp nights "way back," he secured an engagement as violinist first at the Brisbane Theatre and later at Her Majesty's, Sydney.

New volumes in the admirable re-issue of Bohn's Popular Library (1s. net each; Bell & Son) are Smollett's "Roderick Random," Fielding's "Amelia," Plutarch's "Lives," Hawthorne's "Transformation," Washington Irving's "Bracebridge Hall," Munro's Translation of "Lucretius," Lessing's "Laokoon," two more volumes of Lane's "Arabian Nights," Schopenhauer's Essays, Tales by William Hauff, and Coleridge's "Lectures and Notes on Shakespeare."

The Rev. L. MacLean Watt, B.D., whose striking little volume, "Britannia's Answer, and Other War



Rev. Lauchlan
Maclean Watt.

Poems," is published by Messrs. Sampson Low, is the well-known minister of St. Stephen's, Edinburgh. He was born in Skye, and is an M.A. of Edinburgh University. "The Poet Preacher of the North," as he has been called, is an authority on Gaelic folklore, history and antiquities, and is the author of a number of books on devotional and

literary subjects. A few weeks ago he left England for service at the front.

The new War Books received include :

"The Silk Hat Soldier, and Other Poems." By Richard le Gallienne. 1s. net. (John Lane.) They have the deeper human note that so much of our war poetry lacks. The best of them is, perhaps, "Christmas in War-Time," with its poignant close :

"Be happy softly, children, for a woe
Is on us, a great woe for little fame,—
Ah! in the old woods leave the mistletoe,
And leave the holly for another year,
Its berries are too red."

"Jessie Pope's War Poems." 1s. net. (Grant Richards.) A welcome collection of the gallant, vigorous lyrics Miss Pope has recently contributed to the *Daily Mail* and other papers.

"America's Arraignment of Germany." By Dr. J. William White. 1s. net. (Harrap.)

"The Foot Guards." By The Hon. John W. Fortescue. 3d. net. (Macmillan.)

"Letters of an Old Garibaldian." By G. K. Chesterton. 3d. net. (Methuen.)

"The New (German) Testament." By Anthony Hope. 3d. net. (Methuen.)

"The Christian's War Book." Edited and arranged by Marr Murray. 2s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Der Tag." By Sir J. M. Barrie. 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Per Christum Vincet: Prayers in War Time." 4d. net. (Longmans.)

"The Soldier's Word and Phrase Book," (English—French—German.) 6d. net. (Harrap.)

"What is Wrong with Germany." By W. H. Dawson. 2s. net. (Longmans.)

"The Psychology of the Great War." By G. R. Stirling Taylor. 2s. net. (Martin Secker)

"The Soldier's English and French Conversation Book." Compiled by Walter M. Gallichan. 7d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

"Samuel Naylor and 'Reynard the Fox': A Study in Anglo-German Literary Relations." By L. A. Willoughby. 1s. net. (Humphrey Milford.)

"The German Army in War." By A. Hilliard Atteridge. 1s. net. (Methuen.)

"General Joffre." By a French Gunner. 1s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

"The Life Story of Albert, King of the Belgians." By Percy Cook Bishop. 2d. (Aldine Publishing Co.)



Photo by Newman Flower.

Andrew Soutar,
whose new novel, 'Charity Corner,'
Messrs. Cassell have published.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

JAMES MILNE.

I HAD intended to write about Mr. Milne as a genial, garrulous essayist, a raconteur, above all a sentimentalist, but the great shadow has come between me and my purpose. I can only think of Mr. Milne in the terms of "Tommy Atkins"; I can only remember perhaps the least of his works, "The Epistles of Atkins."

How appropriate to-day this book is! How one will turn to it and piece together the story of the British soldier in all the sad, brave humour of modern warfare! One wants so much to think and write of other things. Nothing would have pleased me more than to have gone on a sentimental journey, perhaps no farther than the Green Park, or Kensington Gardens, with

"My Summer in London" in hand and, perhaps—no, there is no doubt about it—the latest war edition. I might have gone down to the sea and lost myself in the green labyrinth of the hills, and played with the leaves of "John Jonathan and Company"—not now! Books for long, lazy, holiday afternoons close your pages. Daydreams, sentimentalities, farewell!

Mr. James Milne, long known in Fleet Street as the shrewd and "pawky" literary editor of a great London daily, is a Scotsman from the Aberdeenshire side of the Land o' Cakes—remote Strathdon—the heart of the Gordon and Forbes country. You can picture the place. Beauty has its font here; romance her temple. There is a legend in almost every stone, or

at least a superstition, for the Aberdeenshire Highlander is a highly superstitious man, gifted or troubled with the "second sight." It is easy to account for the superstitious character of this type of Scotsman. In that wild, moorland country, where the witches of Macbeth held their loathsome incantations, there is a ghost in the wailing of the wind; the voice of the "burn" between the bracken is frightsome and eerie. Mr. Milne may, or may not, have the "second sight"—I know that Mr. Neil Munro has it. It is the mystic note of "The Lost Pibroch" and "John Splendid"; the burden of it is tears and lamentations—the Highland coronach.

At any rate, Mr. Milne has trod the heather in the valleys of the Don and the Dee—the two historic streams of Aberdeenshire; breathed the balsam of the peat as it curls from the crofter's cot among the hills; heard the music of the "burn" and the "lintie" in the wood, and these things will always influence a man for good or ill. He has now changed all that. The gleaming Thames, seen from the Embankment, with barges going dreamily up and down, has given place to the Dee and the Don—but then the Scot in London can make what dreams he will. The Thames is quite as beautiful to the dreamer of dreams.

Mr. Milne has led a busy, active life. In his quite young days he sat at the feet of that fine Scot, William Alexander, the author of "Gushetneuk," written in the broad Doric—who was the worthy successor of John Galt, the Ayrshire idyllist, and the inspired fore-runner of the whole Barrie School. As a journalist on the *Aberdeen Free Press* and later on the *Scottish Leader*, the author of "John Jonathan and Company" learned a good deal about the practical side of newspaper work—an invaluable training. Being a Scotsman he was not content with a local habitation and a name. He was looking over the border at the "noble prospect" of England. He came to London, saw men and things as a travelling representative on the staff of the News Agency. He then went to the *Daily Chronicle*, of which he is now literary editor. Incidentally he has founded and edits the *Book Monthly*; but he laments, with mock ruefulness, that its success has not yet run to a ninety-nine horse-power motor car, and probably never will! These are the meagre facts. Let us take the measure of the man.

Mr. Milne has one characteristic common to all Scotsmen besides mere waggishness and leg-pulling—he is a hero worshipper. It plays havoc with his pen—to our delight! He may set out to sentimentalise about the "Row" in the London season as in "My Summer in London"; he may want to sing about

the joys of ocean travel in an Atlantic greyhound as in "John Jonathan and Company," but it is ten to one if he gets very far without drifting into a pleasant vein of anecdotalism about men like Gladstone, Sir George Grey, Stevenson or Cardinal Newman. These are four saints that keep watch and ward at his literary bedpost; especially Stevenson, who, by the way, wrote "Treasure Island" at Braemar, the capital of the Aberdeenshire Highlands; and Sir George Grey, whom he knew intimately in London, during the closing years of that great Briton's life.

We like this vein; it suits well the pleasant, rambling spirit of the thing. Mr. Milne has an extensive and peculiar acquaintance with the anecdotal side of human nature. "John Jonathan and Company," whimsically described by the author as a "bachelor honeymoon," is full of the peculiar sparkle and gaiety we associate with the holiday spirit. The writer has

thrown off the fardels of the workaday world and makes you companion to his mood. You will not find a ruffle, not even an eddy, in this serene atmosphere. It is astonishing the things Mr. Milne finds to write about; nothing seems to be too small to be swept into his wide net, and in this sense his work may be called a commentary and a criticism of life. He is the philosopher of little things, the things that really matter, after all, in a world so careful of the things that count. We do believe that he would write a well-turned paragraph on a speck of dust dancing in the sunshine, following it in all its airy peregrinations till it committed suicide in the baleful eye of the Dismal Person. He not only dis-

cusses wisely and well on sky-scrapers and writes of the thunders of Niagara when later on he gets to Canada, but he takes note of such a little thing as the crease in the New York policeman's trousers, a thing the ordinary man would have thought too trivial for comment or remembrance.

That is just where Mr. Milne scores as a critic and commentator of life; he touches up the little things that he so drab and dismal to the view, he gives a new coat of paint to old thoughts and ideas, till the commonplace itself becomes a shining and golden thing, familiar but glorified. He is as full of homely wisdom as a sparrow; some of his images are startlingly poetic: his "poesy" comes as easy as his prose. He talks of the big ocean liner as "the dainty-footed beauty who skims the ocean as if it were a ball-room, cutting the waves into petticoated billows,"—he is full of such conceits—and there is a great deal of philosophy, not to say humour, in this apparent commonplace: "When a girl flicks specks from the jacket of her sweetheart you may be sure that their courtship has reached the



Photo by E. O. Hoffé.

Mr. James Milne.

decisive stage." If ever it is our good fortune to cross the Atlantic we shall certainly take "John Jonathan and Company" with us, as we have taken "My Summer in London" in many a ramble about town. They are both in the same gay, gossipy vein, although "My Summer in London" is more anecdotal, more reminiscent. Here is the magic of great names; we walk in the footsteps of the illustrious dead, in the streets of the living, led by Mr. Milne.

His serious side as a writer is reflected in "The Romance of a Pro-Consul," a life of Sir George Grey, the Pioneer of the Federal Idea,—one of the world's great patriots. Mr. Milne was happily inspired when he wrote this book. He has not only caught the fine shades of a singularly attractive character, reminding one in its chivalry and simplicity of Sir Walter Scott, whom Sir George Grey resembled in many ways, but he has given us a whole gallery of pen-portraits of the men of the period. The book is a real monument; a tribute to greatness and, rare thing in a biography, it can be read like a romance. It reminds one of a sculpture, chiselled from the life by a deft hand, but the spirit is there as well as the lineaments, faithfully reproduced. Here is a glowing picture of the man showing Mr. Milne's sympathetic and illuminating treatment of his hero:

"Sir George could fire imagination in the most ordinary mortal, carrying him off into enchanted realms. He sailed to strange skies, a knight-errant of a star, and he could tow the masses with him. He lifted them out of themselves, and put a label on their vague yearnings. They had imagination, the instinct upward, and were grateful to have it discovered. The poetry of Sir George's nature flavoured his language, alike in manner of delivery and turn of phrase. It had a quaint old-world style; it fell slowly, in a low, soothing voice. He might have spent his days in the cloister, rather than in the din of hammering up hearths for the Anglo-Saxon. Perhaps it was that he had talked so long to the hills of Oceana, catching their simplicity and music. You were reminded of the measured English of an old and loveable book, just as you grew used to read in his face what he was to say before the words had begun to flow. Never was there a face more quick to reflect the mind, more pliable to humour, more luminous at some stirring idea or deed, more indignant at the bare notion of a wrong inflicted, softer at the call of sympathy."

We come now to where we started, to "The Epistles of Atkins," perhaps the least pretentious, but certainly the most topical of all Mr. Milne's books; a book which he recently supplemented, by editing for the *Daily Chronicle* War Library a volume of letters written by our incomparable soldiers from the Armageddon which is re-mapping Europe. Possibly, he may later write a volume about this war, on the same lines as the happily entitled and widely read "Epistles," but that is on the knees of the literary gods.

"The Epistles of Atkins" takes us back to the Boer War, a local affair compared to the European conflagration. But its contents, mostly written in the firing line, are wondrously like the letters we are now reading day by day in the newspapers from soldiers in action. Some of these simple, direct epistles, we say it without hesitation, are gems of literature.

It's a long, long way from Magersfontein and Colenso to the far-flung battle line in Flanders, but human nature is a universal thing not changed by time or

circumstance or locality, and the humour of "Tommy Atkins" has not been dimmed by smoke and fire; it shines all the clearer in the grime of battle—it is like tinder, ready to burst into flame at any moment, and in this it is close akin to wit.

During the Boer War Mr. Milne, caught by the spirit of the hour as we are now, sat down and reconstructed the story of the war as told by soldiers in their letters home. It is probably not only the most carefully collected budget of letters of the South African War, but it is an acute, psychological study of the British soldier in all the phases of conflict. It is not only a budget of war stories—it is a complete biography of the British soldier in action.

Tommy Atkins is apologising for using a stump of pencil, "We have to employ our typewriters for chopping wood here, as we are short of axes." Yes, as Mr. Milne says in a neat epigram, "Atkins is a master of the graphic sentence, the picturesque phrase; he explodes into literary shrapnel." We read of a soldier in the firing line stooping to pick up a letter which has fallen from his pocket. He had forgotten it in the hurry of saddling his horse. He now stands on a hillock before the enemy's fire and reads it line by line before he cocks his rifle. Then there are tales of Atkins looking at himself in the lid of a tin-can and being frightened at his appearance, which is something between Robinson Crusoe and Rip van Winkle. "What are those insects buzzing around?" a drummer boy of the Gordons asks a sergeant-major. "Lad," says he, "they're not insects—they're bullets."

Nothing we have come across sums up better the spirit of the British "Tommy" than the inimitable dialogue between a member of the old C.I.V. and a Regular. It might have come red hot from Kipling:

" 'E comes up to me,' the Regular reports, 'an' 'e sez to me, sez 'e, 'Look 'ere, me man, where can I find your sergeant-major?'"

" 'I looks at 'im an' I sez, 'What are you,' sez I.

" 'E sez, 'I'm a City Imperial Volunteer,' sez 'e.

" 'Oh!' sez I.

" 'Yus,' sez 'e.

" 'Yus,' sez I. 'You're a Volunteer an' I'm a Regular, I sez, 'an' you ain't goin' to lord it over me,' I sez, 'with yer 'me man.' Don't forget it,' sez I. 'I didn't get no Freedom of the City,' sez I. 'The only thing the Lord Mayor ever giv' me,' sez I, 'was fourteen days for fur'ous drivin',' I sez. 'I wasn't entertained to tea,' sez I, 'by all the dooks and earls of London,' I sez, 'I wasn't hugged and kissed,' I sez, 'but I'm a bloomin' privit, an' so are you, me lad.'

" 'Yus,' sez he, 'an' damn proud of it,' sez 'e.

" 'So am I,' sez I.

" 'Well, come an' 'ave a drink,' sez 'e.

" 'Right you are,' sez I; 'now you're talkin'.'

It is essentially a "pawky" book, "The Epistles of Atkins," like the character of the man; and the Scotch "pawkiness," a dry, shrewd, humorous way of looking at and commenting on things, is sometimes quite beyond the comprehension of the Englishman. As "The Romance of a Pro-Consul" can be got in Nelson's Shilling Library, so a new edition of "The Epistles" has lately been included in Mr. Dent's Wayfarer's Library, and we recommend it as giving a good idea of what our soldiers are in a war-time like the present, and of Mr. Milne's fine quality both as author and editor.

ROBERT BIRKMYRE.

THE READER.

THE ART OF THOMAS HARDY.*

BY LAURENCE BINYON.

"What of the faith and fire within us,
Men who march away,
Ere the barn-cocks say,
Night is growing grey?"

WE cannot but be glad that the lines, which we read in *The Times* a month after the war began, came in time to close, as a "postscript," Mr. Hardy's last volume of poems. For their grave, haunting strain seems to well from a deeper, less conscious spring in the poet's mind, and the feeling with which they are full breathes a music into them which we often miss in his verse.

What is it sets a poet singing? The surcharge of emotion which issues in a lyric may spring from despair as well as joy, though with the outflow into music a kind of joy will come. The dejection in the thought of the lines that Shelley wrote on the sands near Naples could not cloud the radiance of the images that gathered in his speech, or check the melodious vehemence of his utterance; we feel that the impulse behind the lyric was something profounder than the ostensible stimulus. So one may perhaps wonder why Mr. Hardy, with his ingrained bleak convictions about life and the universe, should feel impelled to express himself in lyric form at all. What is the source of that energy which urges him to shape stanza after stanza of careful workmanship, marvels sometimes of concentrated effort, when the master-thoughts within them press out at the end so bitter a drop? Doubtless all deep sincerity has its own exuberance, its will is to expression; and Mr. Hardy is nothing if not sincere. We could wish, indeed, for poetry's sake, that he were less wholly consistent, that his moods were more variable. It seems as if he could rarely surrender himself to the moment's absorbing emotion; the steady conviction of life's irony and pain is always there to dye the emotion with its tinge of rueful colour. Only now and again, as in that marching song, the sense of the goodness of effort in a cause gives an unwonted kindling to the verse; or the poignant illumination of memory, bringing back hours of joy and youth and laughter, and glorifying remembered haunts and places by "the wandering western sea," thrillingly vibrates through a cluster of little poems, deeply personal, which are intense with loss. Mr.

Hardy is an artist, and has the artist's vivid sensitive-ness to the inexhaustible beauties of earth and sky, in stable form and changeful colour; but he has also the artist's deeper power, the shaping instinct. And if we would understand these poems of a great artist's old age, we should perhaps refrain from asking why he seems so insistently, as with a morbid absorption in the theme, to harp on that familiar note of the implanted crookedness of things and the inbred malignity of chance. For most artists are haunted by some theme which it is their passion to express, and with the expression of which they are never satisfied. Painters are haunted by a type and a Watteau or a Rossetti will spend themselves in drawing, over and over again, the same woman, whose last eluding charm seems ever to escape them, for all their weariless research in line and curve of neck and cheek and brow. "Life's Little Ironies," "Time's Laughing-stocks," "Satires of Circumstance" the titles Mr. Hardy has chosen for tales or poems indicate the theme for which he seems to be always seeking to find the ultimate, most crystallised expression. In the group of poems which give their name to this volume he tries a severer condensation than any form yet found. Compared with the novels, they have the effect of little, deeply-bitten etchings beside large, elaborate paintings. The circumstances are various, the satire is the same. It is the satire, silent but profound, which the student of Bradshaw sometimes feels impelled to attribute to our railway-system, when planning a cross-country journey and finding the most admirable trains timed to miss the indispensable connection by just five minutes.

In Mr. Hardy's world all the trains, one would think, are so timed. Or (to continue the image) it is just when the train has irrevocably started that the passenger realises that close to him is the vision of his heart's desire, the face and the form that call to him out of all the world, the "immer-geliebte," the "längst-verlorene,"—only she looks from the window of a carriage that is being borne away on the other line of rails, swiftly and irrevocably out of sight and reach. Yet there is nothing here of Heine's romantic sentiment with its sudden recoiling mockery; nor anything like Swift's "sæva indignatio"; it is rather the artist impersonally striving to mould his haunting theme into this shape or to that, with the utmost



Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

Thomas Hardy.

* "Satires of Circumstance."
By Thomas Hardy. (Macmillan).
4s. 6d. net.

suppression of irrelevance and ornament, the utmost economy of condensation. What reader of the Wessex novels has not noted their author's steady passion for the precise, the real epithet, at whatever sacrifice of superficial beauties of style? That long discipline in research of language persists in Mr. Hardy's verse. He is never seduced by sound; firm delineation, even in the shades and subtleties of feeling, is for him essential. The result is sometimes disconcerting; the mechanism of a stanza creaks and groans with the pressure of its working. There is something incongruous between the prosaic plainness of the speech and the tight structure of rather elaborate lyric form to which it is trimmed. The long "Conversation at Dawn" is a case in point. It is interesting to all of us who are admirers of Mr. Hardy's genius to watch him at such work; but it is hard to see the gain of a metre for such matters. This is not one of the "Satires," which are all short and pointed. And if some of this group of fifteen poems have a similar lack of inevitable form, a few are equally typical and masterly of their kind. Perhaps the most memorable is the last, "In the Moonlight," where a lonely workman stands and stares as in a dream at a grave, as if he would raise the soul of her who lay within it.

"Ah—she was the one you loved, no doubt,
Through good and evil, through rain and drought,
And when she passed, all your sun went out."

"Nay: she was the woman I did not love,
Whom all the others were ranked above,
Whom during her life I thought nothing of."

It is as if Giles Winterbourne had lived to gaze on the grave of Marty South. We are reminded of the novels again in the little piece, "Seen by the Waits," where a moonlit glimpse is caught of the "lonely manor-lady" airily dancing to the music in her room, thinking herself unseen dancing for joy because news has come that her "roving husband" is dead. But in this, and far more in some other pieces, we are jarred by what seems a kind of callousness. Probably we should not feel this if Mr. Hardy had more of the singing-note of a Burns, a Heine, a Poe, whose music by its victorious energy can carry the horrible and ugly from the world of fact into the world of idea. Mr. Hardy's *macabre*

stories are told so evenly and bluntly that we cannot bear that he should be so calm, and feel revolted. Horror, to be tolerable, needs a strong excitement; when we are in the thrilled state, the art that has played on our pulses can make its own joy of it. Mr. Hardy is not of "the tribe that feel in melodies," and we must take his art as it is. He will not relieve us by sheer beauty; but, oddly enough, some of these charnel pieces of which he is so fond procure us the relief of laughter. This at least is the effect of the singular little dialogue between the dead woman and the dog which scratches at her grave. Disappointed of her first fancy that it was her husband, or at least her kinsfolk, planting flowers there, she consoles her poor heart with the thought that her little dog at least was true to her; and is thus answered:

"Mistress, I dug upon your grave
To bury a bone, in case
I should be hungry near this spot,
When passing on my daily trot.
I am sorry, but I quite forgot
It was your resting-place."

Surely the comic triumphs here over the bitter and the grim!

But we should be unjust to Mr. Hardy if we did not recognise the tenderness that is very deep in the texture of his art, though it is as little obtruded as the courage of his outlook on this so bungled planet. How typical of him is the care for the "hurt, misrepresented names," to which history does no justice! He is haunted by the ghosts of these "spectres that grieve." One of the best poems in the book, a longish piece of admirable and easy narrative, "The Abbey Mason," is inspired by the same motive; it has an unwonted mellowness of tone. But still more intimately characteristic is the "Roman Graveyards." The poet watches a man with a spade and basket going to dig among "Rome's dim relics"; and he supposes him an antiquary, whose mind is filled with that Roman vastness still so towering in our imagination. But no, it is his little white cat that he is going to bury; the "small furred life" is more to him than all the glories of the Cæsars. And the mourner's mood "has a charm" for Mr. Hardy.

CHAMBERLAIN.

By RICHARD WHITEING.

MR. MACKINTOSH'S work is one previously published, and now published again with additions bringing it "to date." It is by a well-known Gallery man of the House of Commons, and perhaps this accounts for a mode of treatment that makes it deserving of its sub-title. The best of this type are impartial by the nature of their calling, and quite in the movement, if they only knew it, in being concerned only with things as they are without the bias of a moral.

* "Joseph Chamberlain: An Honest Biography." By Alexander Mackintosh. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.) — "Mr. Chamberlain's Speeches." Edited by Charles W. Boyd. With Introduction by Austen Chamberlain. 2 Vols. 15s. net. (Constable).

It is still too early for an estimate of the great figure that has just passed away. Joseph Chamberlain still belongs to party, and years must pass before we can hope to know how much of him is left for mankind. The outburst of laudatory notice at the moment of his death was a little misleading, though quite properly and naturally so. Such moments are for the *éloge* or nothing. It was a wonderful career, and that attribute is ever the lure for the majority of mankind. A London man, he migrated to the provinces, and became the idol of the hardest-headed community in the kingdom. A business man with no pedigree behind him, he became a leader in politics, still largely officered by the classes. His people had been for over a century in the wholesale



boot trade in Cheapside; and as a cordwainer of a City company, he learned, as part of his training, to make a boot with the best of his workmen. He was born in Camberwell, soil of poets in Browning's case, yet for all that, hardly a forcing house of genius in our day. His firm acquired an interest in an invention—something in screws—"wooden screws," his biographer calls them; but does he mean only screws for wood?—and Joseph, still in his teens, was sent to Birmingham to pick up that mystery, and finally to take charge. He made his fortune in twenty years, and, still in the prime of life, he went into politics—we know with what result.

In spite of his London birth, he was by intellect and by temperament a man of the Midlands—earnest, pushful, striving, masterful, and as argumentative as the grave-digger in Hamlet. His ambition was simply his pride and confidence in himself under another name. He graduated in his new career in the orthodox way, first as a local man by rendering priceless services to his township, and then rising, on stepping stones of municipal service, to Parliament, and to the Cabinet. His day of small things was the debating society, where he learned the give and take of controversy in the best school in the world. His line in wordy warfare was the offensive from the first. He attacked his comrades in the class, he went on to attack his leaders in the party, his colleagues in the Government, and, at a very early stage, he touched the shield of Gladstone himself.

He was in a parlous state in the estimation of the classes, when, as Mayor of Birmingham, it became his duty to receive the Prince and Princess of Wales, afterwards the late King Edward and his queen. The very thought of it fluttered the dovescots of society. What would he do with his illustrious guests—or to them? Would he openly flaunt his depravity in their faces? In one word, would he be rude, or for once in his life, behave like a gentleman—if that were possible to a person of such antecedents. He chose the gentleman's part, both in its major sense of perfect dignity, courtesy, and consideration for everybody's feelings, and in its minor of a due regard for the dresses and appointments down to the "grooming," the eyeglass, and the button-hole.

He began his political career by describing Mr. Disraeli as one who "flung at the British Parliament the first lie that entered his head." It was merely his high spirits, or what a horse-dealer might have called his fulness of beans, but it was a grave indiscretion for which he made haste to atone by an ample apology. No wonder that, on his first appearance in the House, the Tory leader eyeglassed him with the curiosity of a student of strange growths in animal life. Still all made for his popularity. He became "Our

Joe" for Birmingham, and the rising hope of all the Radicalism of the country. People, like him by thousands, and by thousands of thousands, began to feel that through him they were at last having their say in the councils of the nation. Both in his qualities and in his defects he was a representative man. Emerson has said that Napoleon was made by innumerable little Napoleons who wanted a champion. In like manner it might be shown that every other Chamberlainite was a little "Joe."

The "Radical Programme," without prejudice to the sincerity of what came after, was the crown and height of him. It fitted him like a garment, and it must have cost him a mighty effort to turn it inside out. The process is astounding, as it stands revealed in a "study of contradictions," one of the best chapters in the book. It is white-black, black-white throughout, with no half-

tones to bridge the difference. "I am proud of being a parochial statesman," on one side; on the other, "learn to think imperially"—and so on through a good four-and-forty columns of solid print. His motives remain a secret for the Great Assize. Conceivably, he grew impatient of the Liberal pace, and thought to mend it with himself as driver, and the classes in the shafts. Changes of this sort are much less changes of conviction, point by point, than logical necessities resulting from the sacrifice of a single position. How many of those who set out with him for Unionism thought they were going to end with Tariff Reform?

These considerations, and the inevitable comparisons they suggest, constitute the charm of Mr. Boyd's ably edited volumes of selected speeches. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, in his brief introduction, naturally argues that it was all a matter of increasing growth of mind. From first to last, he says, his father was a great reformer



The Rt. Hon.
Joseph Chamberlain.

From a drawing by J. W. Ginsbury.

and a great Imperialist. Of the former there can certainly be no question. He quotes, with grateful appreciation, Mr. Asquith's fine tribute to Chamberlain the orator:

"He may be said, with truth, to have introduced and perfected a new style of speaking equally removed from that of either of the great masters of speech who then had the ear of the house and the nation, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright. If he kept as a rule closer to the ground, he rarely digressed, and he never lost his way."

This, with a further reference to the power of his invective, exactly hits his note—simple propositions put plainly, and hammered home. One might open the volumes at random for examples: they are on well nigh every page. Take this one on his throwing up municipal for parliamentary work:

"I look with greater satisfaction to our annexation of the gas and the water, to our scientific frontier in the improvement area, than I do to the results of that imperial policy which has given us Cyprus and the Transvaal; and I am prouder of having been engaged with you in warring against ignorance and disease and crime in Birmingham, than if I had been the author of the Zulu war, or had instigated the invasion of Afghanistan."

This is plainness itself, with the "sly dig" to drive it home. One can almost hear the laughter and the cheers.

Gladstone and Bright were, of course, infinitely more than this, and their best speeches in consequence have

a better chance of the immortality of great literature. Neither was essentially a local leader; their connection with places, from first to last, was purely accidental. Mr. Chamberlain without Birmingham at the back of him was quite unthinkable. His achievements in its service were miracles of energy, enthusiasm and will. The rebuilding of the city was but one; Birmingham University was another, and perhaps a greater still. His only failures belonged to the wider sphere. Tariff Reform was assuredly one of them, whatever else it was not. It is needless to prophesy as to its future: it is enough to limit the survey to the term of his life. No one can contend that he has left it in the same condition of growth as Mr. Gladstone left Home Rule. The points of difference between the two men are innumerable, and they extend even to their physical training for their work. It is not too much to say that Mr. Chamberlain died of Tariff Reform: the effort killed him. Mr. Gladstone came out of the Midlothian campaign like a giant refreshed. The one was a woodman, the other took his exercise in a hothouse, and much of his fresh air through the ends of a cigar. Gladstone was a power to the last. His name is everywhere in the record of constructive legislation; his great budgets remoulded the life of a nation. Chamberlain's direct contributions to statesmanship are few and far between. He served his city as many would have been proud to serve their country, and it is enough for his fame. He was one of the greatest townsmen of modern times.

DICKENS AS A REPORTER.

BY C. VAN NOORDEN.

IN a speech at the Newspaper Press Fund Dinner in May, 1865, at which he presided, Dickens gave the following account of his reportorial career:

"I went into the gallery of the House of Commons as a parliamentary reporter when I was a boy, and I left it—I can hardly believe the inexorable truth—nigh thirty years ago. I have pursued the calling of a reporter under circumstances of which many of my brethren here can form no adequate conception. I have often transcribed for the printer, from my shorthand notes, important public speeches in which the strictest accuracy was required, and a mistake in which would have been to a young man severely compromising, writing on the palm of my hand, by the light of a dark lantern, in a post-chaise-and-four, galloping through a wild country, and through the dead of night, at the then surprising rate of fifteen miles an hour. The very last time I was at Exeter, I strolled into the Castle-yard there to identify, for the amusement of a friend, the spot on which I once 'took,' as we used to call it, an election speech of Lord John Russell at the Devon contest, in the midst of a lively fight maintained by all the vagabonds in that division of

the country, and under such a pelting rain, that I remember two good-natured colleagues, who chanced to be at leisure, held a pocket-handkerchief over my note-book, after the manner of a state canopy in an ecclesiastical procession."

I have sought out the occasion at Exeter mentioned above, and find it to be the By-Election of Lord John Russell for South Devon in May, 1835; he had accepted office, and so was obliged to offer himself for re-election.

He was unsuccessful, but a safe seat was found for him at Stroud, in Gloucestershire.

Here is Dickens's report, sent off from Exeter on Friday night and printed in the first edition Saturday morning a great record for those times—no train, no telegraph, the reports being forwarded by galloping expresses:

THE "MORNING CHRONICLE,"

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1835.

(Express from Exeter.)

Morning Chronicle Office,

Saturday Morning, Six o'clock.

SOUTH DEVON ELECTION.

(From Our Own Reporter.)

"Exeter, Friday night, Six o'clock.—

This day took place the nomination for the vacancy in the representation,



Charles Dickens.

From a sketch by Samuel Laurence (1837).

occasioned by Lord John Russell's acceptance of office. The hustings were erected in the Castle-yard, and were most commodiously arranged, being placed against the Court-house, so that those who appeared on them approached from the Court-house,



Photo by C. Van Noorden.

**The Court House,
Castle Yard, Exeter.**

and the whole area was thus left for the crowd. The best accommodation was also made for those who attended for the Press. There was parted off in front of the stage, or hustings, a species of orchestra for the reporters, with boardings for seats and desks, and before that allotment there was a strong boarding to prevent the crowd breaking in upon this excellent arrangement. For this convenience the Press is indebted to Ralph Sanders, Esq., the Under-Sheriff. There was a door at each end of this apartment, so that its exclusiveness and comfort equalled the arrangement at the Houses of Parliament. The plan was more perfect than anything of the kind we ever saw, and it is to be hoped that on all similar occasions this orchestral plan may be adopted.

"No place better adapted for the purpose to which it was devoted on this occasion, than the Castle-yard can be imagined. The Court-house extends the whole width of one end; at the opposite extremity are the entrance gate and two lodges; and on either side is a beautiful green slope, plentifully studded with trees, the graceful appearance of which adds materially to the beauty of the amphitheatre we have described. Groups of people began to assemble as early as nine o'clock, from which hour until the commencement of the proceedings, carriages filled with ladies from time to time drove up and deposited their fair burdens at the Court-house, from the windows of which building they were enabled to see and hear what passed.

"Shortly after eleven o'clock, Mr. Parker, accompanied by a body of his friends on foot and bearing placards and banners, arrived; his appearance on the hustings was hailed with cheers and hisses—the latter, however, greatly predominated. Lord John Russell, attended by his friends, arrived immediately afterwards amidst tremendous cheering. His procession displayed a variety of elegant banners, on which were inscribed: 'Be True to Your King, and Vote for the Man of His Choice'—'Reform in Church and State'—'Civil and Religious Liberty throughout the World'—'The People, the Source of all Power.' On his Lordship presenting

himself on the hustings he was loudly cheered by his numerous supporters, whose enthusiasm was in no degree damped by a heavy shower of hail which had been falling for some minutes. The colours of the Whig party were purple and orange, and a leaf of laurel;

those of the Conservatives light-blue and pink.

"The hustings were crowded to excess by many of the most distinguished gentlemen of the county. Indeed, the intense interest excited by the contest was apparent not only in the Castle-yard, but in all the principal streets, at the chief inns, and on the different roads leading to the town.

"Among those that we observed on the hustings, were Sir T. Lethbridge (who has subscribed £24 towards Lord John Russell's election!), Dr. Bowring, M.P., C. Buller, Esq., M.P., Captain Hamlin, I. C. Bulteel, Esq. (the late member), Sir I. B. Y. Buller, Bart., M.P., the Honourable Newton Fellowes, M.P., Lord Ebrington, Edward Divett, Esq., M.P., J. Sillitant, Esq., Jun., W. Newman, Esq. (the proposer of Lord John Russell on the last occasion), etc., etc.

"At this period of the business there came on a tremendous shower of rain, which made the multitude fly in all directions, and which made its way through the hustings, and the temporary shelter provided for the reporters. So heavy a storm was not calculated on, nor guarded against by the tarpauling; and the rain came through the hustings in water-spouts in all directions, leaving no sort of shelter for any one. The storm continued with inveterate force for half-an-hour, by which time those on and under the hustings were completely drenched. It having then somewhat subsided, portions of the crowd returned, and the proceedings were resumed; but still the drippings from the hustings were so considerable as to make that station anything but an enviable one. As to taking notes of the speeches, that was almost wholly out of the question, for as fast as any attempts were made to take notes, the torrents were nearly sure to 'swamp' them."

After this description, which is undoubtedly by Dickens, followed the verbatim report of the speeches which it is not necessary to give here. One is glad to discover any example of Dickens's reporting days, and to rescue a writing of his, however unimportant, from oblivion.

NEW POEMS BY ROBERT BROWNING AND ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.*

BY HUGH WALKER, LL.D.

DIEGO VALDEZ found that he had sold himself "to bondage of great deeds": the High Admiral of Spain, whose will could "loose ten thousand," himself remained bound by chains himself had forged. Every kind of greatness must pay its penalty. The incognito of the monarch is a poor substitute for the natural obscurity of the insignificant man. He who has thought great thoughts or written great books finds, as surely as he who has done great deeds, that he has thereby sacrificed part of his liberty. He has no longer control over thoughts that are not great, if he has once uttered them, or over poems that are not great, if he has once committed them to paper. Somebody copies the manuscript, as one of the Misses Flower copied "Incondita"; or a person with a tenacious memory remembers what he has read or heard. Scott dictated to Hogg a long ballad long after the author had himself forgotten it, and had lost the manuscript. Or the writer thrusts the sheet into a drawer and forgets all about it; and there it is found after he is dead. Now the penalty of greatness, from which littleness escapes, is that, once it is found, publication is almost inevitable. The owner or discoverer is to be pitied; he is in an exceedingly difficult dilemma. Who is to judge between the claims of the great dead poet and those of the great living public? The great poet, too, is to be pitied: if he had judged the pieces worthy of publication, he would surely have published them. Those who are responsible for the appearance of these new poems of the two Brownings seem to have been fully conscious of the difficulty of their position, and inclined at least to suspect that their publication will, to say the least of it, in no way heighten the reputation of the two poets. Sir Frederick Kenyon, in his introduction, remarks upon the embarrassment caused to editors by such waifs and strays, and adds:

"If the author is sufficiently eminent, publication of everything of his that remains above ground is eventually inevitable, and an editor is torn between the natural desire to make his edition complete and his equally natural reluctance to print matter which is not worthy of its author, and which the author himself did not consider worthy of publication."

The difficulty is justly stated. The Brownings are paying the penalty of greatness. If it had to be paid, we owe gratitude to the editor because the editorial work is so well done, and to the publishers for the thoughtfulness which has caused the book to be so produced as to make it an eighteenth volume uniform with the edition which Browning himself supervised.

It would be unjust to leave the impression that nothing in the volume has any intrinsic value. The eleven fragments by Browning which have never before been printed are, it is true, trivial; but "A Forest Thought" and "Helen's Tower," both of which have appeared in the "Centenary Edition" and elsewhere, have grace and beauty; and the unfinished "Æschylus' Soliloquy" has force and weight. The two boyish poems "The First

Born of Egypt" and "The Dance of Death" are interesting. Would Browning have objected to their publication? The MS. copies, both of these poems and of "Incondita," were returned to him by the daughter of W. J. Fox, the friendly critic to whom they had been sent by Sarah Flower. He destroyed "Incondita," but either purposely or by chance spared these two pieces. In any case, they will not harm his reputation. No one will judge them except as juvenile pieces; and as the work of a boy of fourteen they are certainly remarkable. Browning is one of the numerous examples of the precocity of genius.

Of the six new poems by Mrs. Browning, the most interesting is that "To Robert Lytton," the manuscript of which was presented by Mrs. Barrett Browning to the editor of *The Cornhill Magazine*. The remaining five are from manuscripts recently sold. There are others still unprinted. The editorial note prefixed to "The Enchantress" says that the five are "representative" of this new material; and another note speaks of "The Maiden's Death" as one of a number contained in a certain quarto MS. volume. We may hope that the rest will remain in manuscript. It is at least questionable whether Mrs. Browning attained that degree of greatness which makes inevitable the merciless publication of everything. There is no reason to doubt that sound judgment has been exercised in the selection of the pieces, and if such judgment has been exercised, then what remains unprinted would injure Mrs. Browning's fame. The longest of the pieces, "Leila, a Tale," is Byronic in metre, in atmosphere, and even in name. There is a weakened Byronicism in the sentiment. There is a Byronic Corsair; but he is surely the most improbable Corsair in all literature. There is a Minstrel Boy, who suddenly dies when brought out to make music for the fair Leila, the Corsair's daughter; and the Minstrel Boy's father "with maniac strength" dashes the fetters from him, when the pitying and sentimental Leila tells him in his dungeon the news of his son's death. A moment afterwards the captive, armed in some unexplained way, kills the Corsair. Surely Mrs. Browning—or rather Elizabeth Barrett, for the tale is supposed to date from the early thirties—did well to suppress this.

It seems a paradox to say that the most interesting part of a volume of poems is the prose it contains; but in this case it is the truth. Browning's note on "Parting at Morning" is worth more, not than all his poems here printed, but certainly more than all that are here printed for the first time. How many of his readers have divined for themselves that the "him" in the line,

"And straight was a path of gold for him,"

is the sun, not the man, and therefore that it is the man who needs a world of men? Still more are the prose notes of Mrs. Browning superior to her new poems. They are unpretentious. The writer makes no attempt at a general criticism of the poems, though now and then she throws out illuminating remarks, as when she says with reference to "The Englishman in Italy" that

* New Poems. By Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. With an Introduction by Sir Frederick Kenyon. 5s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

"for giving the *sense of Italy*, it is worth a whole library of travel books." Usually she aims at improving Browning's rhythm. The suggestions are almost invariably right, and Browning showed his good sense by almost invariably adopting them. But the fact that the suggestions were made and accepted is the clearest of all proofs that Browning's ear was defective. Every reader is conscious of his harshness, but many readers have believed that the harshness was necessary to produce the effect aimed at by the poet. So, in many cases, it is. But we see from these notes that in many cases it was due to an obtuse sense of rhythm. As a rule Miss Barrett is deferential: she feels herself to be in the presence of a genius greater than her own. Once, however, and once only, she writes words of vigorous condemnation. In

"Time's Revenges" Browning had written the astonishing line,

"And purchase her the dear *invite*."

"I protest zealously against that word," says Miss Barrett. "Now isn't it a vulgarism, and out of place altogether here?" In this instance the lady could not protest too much. She is thoroughly right too in her criticism of Browning's inversions. When she objects to a rhyme of Browning's, we admire as King James admired Baby Charles laying down the guilt of dissimulation, and Steenie lecturing on the turpitude of incontinence. But she disarms criticism by the double!! "I object to that rhyme—I!!" These notes are really valuable as well as curious.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS. FEBRUARY, 1915.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best original fable in not more than two hundred words, having for its subject Germany's action towards Belgium.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

- I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric has been divided and we award HALF A GUINEA each to Mr. McLandburgh Wilson, of 411, West 145th Street, New York City, U.S.A., and to Miss Marjorie Crosbie, of 3, Richmond Road, Wolverhampton, for the following:

RHEIMS CATHEDRAL.

Long centuries ago a holy man
Sang out his soul in ecstasy to God;
So sweet the rapture of the music ran
An angel froze it to the hallowed sod.
Love, faith and worship all took form on high,
And Rheims Cathedral towered to the sky.

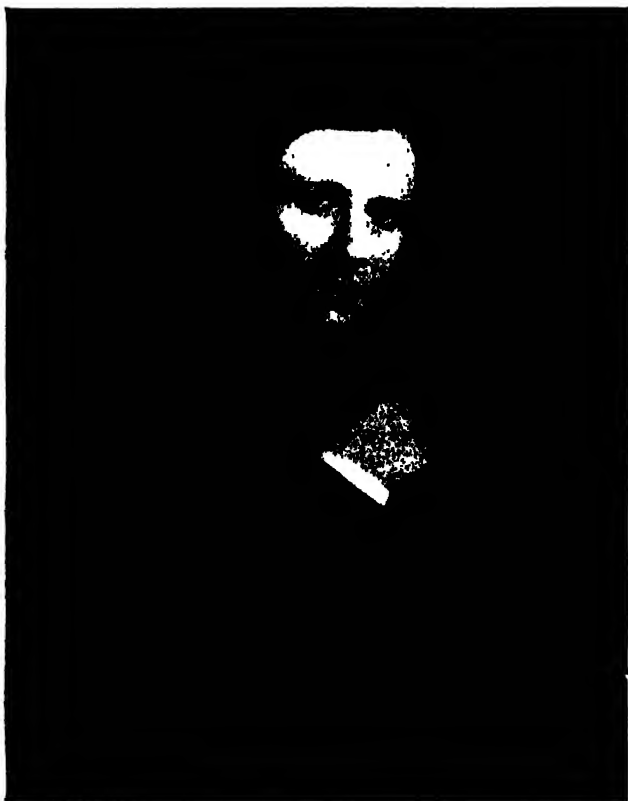
It stood through all the ages of mischance,
Knew kings and peasants, lords and ladies fair;
It looked upon the sainted Maid of France,
And sinners found a sanctuary there.
So for the sake of His most holy name
The ancient vandals spared it from the flame.

Then came the Germans with the breath of hell,
The walls were melted and the music fled.
For all the beauty that men loved so well
The Demon's discord pierced the air instead,
And what was once a prayer to God's far Throne
Stands now an awful blasphemy in stone.

McLANDBURGH WILSON.

COMFORT.

I could not comfort you a year ago,
But God since then has let me understand;
Now, when I see your tears so often flow
I do not speak, I only take your hand,
And then you know
I, too, have walked thro' Sorrow's weary land.



Robert Browning.

From a painting by Gordigiani.
From "The Works of Robert Browning" (Smith, Elder).

I could not comfort you altho' I tried,
 Until we met in silence yesterday;
 The curtains of my soul were thrown aside,
 You knew, you guess'd, all that I long'd to say.
 I could not hide
 The remnants of my own grief quite away.
 I heard you weep, and, as the darkness fell,
 It touch'd the strings of my own heart with pain,
 I could not speak, because I knew so well
 The thoughts that stirr'd within your soul again.
 Time cannot quell
 The yearning for an absent one in vain
 God gives me power to comfort you at last,
 To calm the bitterness of your despair;
 So let your burden now on me be cast,
 For all you feel to-night my heart can share.
 My grief is past
 In the new joy of having yours to bear!

MARJORIE CROSBIE.

We also select for printing:

WAITING IN WAR-TIME

"They also serve who only stand and wait"—Milton.

- Hard, in a night unstarred, in a place of thunder,
 At the lightning's gate,
 • To stand till one red brand smite the dark asunder—
 Merely stand and wait!
 Stand still, and feel earth thrill to the blow that shatters
 Where a great wind whirls,
 Stand dumb, till the slow cloud come, and the rain it scatters,
 And the bolt it hurls!
- O bard of a night ill-starred, a cloud but lighted
 By the inner sun,
 You stood, through storm and flood, till the wrong was righted,
 The battle won;
 Blind, bound, with no work found for the iron sinew,
 The steel-strung nerve;
 Yet who so wrought as you? Ye who wait, continue!
 Ye also serve.
- Hard! but the night is starred and the red cloud passes,
 Or late or soon,
 The sea of the time to be a white dawn glasses,
 And a golden noon.
 Hope without sight can grope: by the prayer prevailing,
 Or soon or late,
 Heart, we can do our part through the storm's assailing—
 Can stand, can wait!

(Diana Royds, Heather Cottage, Bengal Road, Winton,
Bournemouth.)

A DEDICATION.

O, my Beloved, all my days
 Shall be the sweeter for thy sake,
 And ev'n my most uncertain lays
 From thee a soft reflection take

As takes a worn and sea-wet shell
 A little rainbow from the sun,
 The hues of dawn and sunset dwell
 In these few pearls I string for one.

Take these, and though the gift be small,
 A robin voice when summers go,
 Your heart will hold them, hearing all
 The music I would have you know.

(Berwick Sayers, 65, Avondale Road, Croydon.)

Rather more lyrics than usual have been sent in this month but there is some falling off in the general standard of merit. E. R. sends an excellent poem, but it is a ballad. We select for special commendation the twelve lyrics by Peggy Grant (Burley), C. A. Macartney (Basingstoke), Adelaide Addenbrooke (Gravesend), Ian M. Macalister (Edinburgh), Evelyn D. Bangay (Chesham), A. Henry Beer (Grahamstown, South Africa), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Enid Woolright (Chelsea), Thomas Moulton (Prestwich), Eleanor Child (Hindhead), Edwin J. Pratt (Newfoundland).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mr. F. Webster, 5, Turquand Street, Walworth, S.E., for the following:

NEW GRUB STREET, THE NETHER WORLD, AND
 OTHER WORKS OF GEORGE GINSING.

"It's human natur, p'raps if so,
 Oh, isn't human natur low?"

W. S. GILBERT, *Babette's Love*.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

From a painting by Gordigiani.
 From "The Works of Mrs. B. B. Browning" (Smith, Elder)

We also select for printing:

THE GERMAN DOCTRINE OF CONQUEST.
 BY E. SELLIERE. (Maunsel)

"The Devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint"

COLERIDGE, *The Devil's Thoughts*.

(Rev. J. Hern, Rowlands Castle, Hants.)

CONFESSIONS OF FREDERICK THE GREAT,
 WITH TREITSCHKE'S
 LIFE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT. (Hutchinson.)

"Horribly stuffed with epithets of war"

Othello, Act I., s.1.

(Mrs. S. Stirling, Fordel, Glentarg.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best epitaph on Militarism in four lines of verse is awarded to Mr. Reginald Gray, of Wythburn, Darlington, for the following:

AN EPITAPH ON MILITARISM.

This Monster lived on blood; his fare to reap
 Through Time he ranged the earth from side to side.
 Then the World went to war, and food was cheap:
 He made a feast, was surfeited, and DIED.

Several of the numerous other epitaphs are very good—the best twelve selected for special commendation being those by Queenie Scott Hopper (Whitley Bay), Miss M. MacGranahan (Londonderry), Vera Larminie (Kensington), Fred Drew (Okehampton), Albert H. Candler (Canterbury), C. Roy Price (Wellington), Marie de Rylandt (The Hague), Bernard Spencer (London, S.E.), James Robertson (Chester), Miss E. Loveday (Oxford), M. Whitaker (Dewsbury), G. H. Browning (Watford).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than one hundred words is awarded to Miss Florence G. Fidler, 131, Abbey Road, London, N.W., for the following:

FLEMINGTON. BY VIOLET JACOB. (John Murray.)

Our Japanese critics complain unceasingly of the ubiquitous "love interest" of the English novel. Here, then, is a work to their taste. Mrs. Jacob has contrived, in "Flemington," to write a stirring story of the Jacobite rising which culminated

in Culloden, and to keep up the interest right through, without one hint of "love." The book deals with the small things and people of the movement, rather than the big—Prince Charlie does not appear—and there is some brilliant characterisation not usually found in historical novels. Archie Flemington, spy and painter, is a charming and lovable personality.

We also select for printing—

INCREDIBLE ADVENTURES BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.
(Macmillan & Co.).

The title is an exact description of the contents of this book, in which concrete form is given to psychical experiences in a marvellous way. There is much interest contained therein to students of subconsciousness and other closely allied mental conditions, and the reader is "gripped" throughout by the writer's understanding of the facts with which he is dealing. Each of the five "incredible adventures" deals with a different phase of mentality, and, in each case, the *reality* of the psychical condition is insisted upon, as contrasted with the concrete facts of ordinary existence—the book is well worth reading.

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

THE ORIGINS OF THE WAR.

By J. HOLLAND ROSE. (Cambridge University Press)

Under this title Dr Holland Rose has published the eight lectures in which, at Cambridge, last term, he sought to trace

back the European struggle to its beginnings. His little book is a model of lucid, impartial, and scholarly investigation into questions singularly obscure and difficult. Although too brief, its narrow compass affords many evidences of patient research and of the true "historic sense." We must wait long ere the day of full and final knowledge dawns. Meanwhile, from the ample material already available, the author has framed a deadly indictment of German diplomacy and German ambitions.

(Ernest A. Carr, Lyndall, Park Crescent, Tonbridge.)

We also select for special commendation the twelve reviews sent in by E. J. Morton (Dewsbury), Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), Peter Winstanley (Bolton), Mrs. W. L. Saunt (Kensington), Beatrice Craig (Straidanan), Reginald P. Connell (Kensington Park), W. Hamilton (London, W.C.), A. M. Davis (Cheadle Hulme), S. H. Jhabvala (Bombay), R. C. Lucas (Kidderminster), C. A. Bright Donovan (Wexford), E. C. Linn (Stoke Newington).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to the Rev. J. Napier Milne, of 19, Holvrood Crescent, Glasgow, W. *

New Books.

THE MYSTIC PATH AND TERM *

A little book on mystical theology, by a writer who assumed the name of Dionysius the Areopagite, is the fountain of Christian Mysticism. It became known in the West through the whole-hearted admiration of John the Scot—Joannes Scotus Erigena, *sac.* IX.—who translated it into Latin and wrote annotations thereon. It became available in this manner during the centuries when Greek books were sealed. The tract taught that union with God was to be sought in casting out both sensible and mental images, by abiding in a negation of intellect and waiting for the Divine spark to fall into the interior obscure night, which was thus invoked willingly. Behind this veil of "mystical theology" there lay the great crux of mystical experience, based on the luminous scholastic distinction between Divine and human self-knowledge. According to this, God knows Himself in virtue of a direct act, or without the passage from subject to object, whereas man has to cast back upon himself by a reflex act when he seeks to realise that he is, and is also self-knowing. There is a passage from subject to object. This distinction constitutes *ex hypothesi* the barrier to union in the conscious sense between God and man, and the Dionysian mystic sought to overcome it by the self-emptying process which I have mentioned. That process and its influence can be traced through all Latin mysticism, and the crux accounts for the Latin thesis that after the fulfilment of every condition prescribed in the life of sanctity, the recompense of attained union might not follow, that which is postulated being the special intervention of God. In his interesting and lucid "Introduction to the Mystical Life," the Abbé Lejeune presents the thesis, perhaps, in its crudest form, when he affirms that the reward is a gift of God "which He makes to whom He pleases, and when He pleases." He does not, indeed, recognise the real difficulty, because it is implied rather than expressed in mystical literature. His book is disconcerting also by reason of the false analogy created as a point of departure. The work of man on the mystical path is said to consist in cultivating the ground for grace, "in watering the soil so as to render it fit for the heavenly showers"; but he cannot command the showers. If man, however, is a gardener in respect of his soul, he should

* "An Introduction to the Mystical Life." By the Abbé P. Lejeune. Translated from the French by Basil Levett. 3s. 6d. net. (Washbourne).—"Practical Mysticism: A Little Book for Normal People." By Evelyn Underhill. 2s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

be a sower of seed also, and irrigation does not depend entirely on the rain of heaven. As a study otherwise, the book is well ordered, but it depends from late authorities. One would say that the author knows nothing of Dionysian mysticism, nothing of Eckehart and Tauler, nothing of Jan van Ruysbroeck. He has done well, notwithstanding, to extend our knowledge of Alvarez de Paz, to whose great occasional lights I offer my personal homage. We need in these days a new understanding both of the path and term in mysticism. Whether the "images" were ever in reality cast out, whether the realisation of God was ever attained in the suspension of the reflex act, are questions which must be left open, but mystical literature offers no affirmative evidence that can be called conclusive. The notion that there is another way lies possibly behind the beautiful little book of Miss Evelyn Underhill, on "Practical Mysticism," understood in her definition as "the art of union with Reality," and as "an ever greater extension of experience, and enrichment of personality." I may not interpret "mystical contemplation" entirely in her sense, but I do not feel less sure that she should awaken many to the possibility of spiritual life in their own cases, and open simple modes by which they can grow in that life when awakening has already begun.

A. E. WAITE.

PRISONERS OF NAPOLEON.*

Of the prisoners of war taken on both sides during the interminable Napoleonic campaigns, the literary memorials that have descended to us are scanty in the extreme. It is curious. Consider that about a hundred years ago we had thirty, forty, and at one time nearly fifty thousand war prisoners in this country. Yet of the two great English prisons, or depôts, their inmates, and the strange life that was endured in these places for the better part of two decades, we of this generation should have next to no knowledge had it not been for the industry of two of our own writers. Mr. Basil Thomson (once a Governor of the establishment) has instructed us concerning Dartmoor; and to the minute researches of Dr. T. J. Walker we are

* "Prisoners of War in France from 1804 to 1814. The Adventures of John Treggerthen Short and Thomas Williams, of St. Ives, Cornwall." Introduction by Sir Edward Hain. 7s. 6d. net. (Duckworth)

indebted for an admirable volume on Norman Cross, the first depôt for war prisoners in Great Britain, of which there stands to-day no more than a morsel of stone wall in a green oasis in Huntingdonshire. Consider, again, how many thousands of British prisoners Napoleon held in France right up to 1814, and how little we have ever heard about them.

The more welcome, therefore, these simple narratives of the ten years' captivity of two hearty young Cornishmen. They are edited by Sir Edward Hain, who contributes to the work an ideal preface. Sir Edward had the advantage of knowing both men—and is himself but a youthful veteran. Does the reader start at this, for Short and Williams were back in England a fair stretch before Waterloo? It is less surprising than it seems. The two victims were striplings, when they fell to the French lugger off Beachy Head, and not so very far past the relish of their youth when they found themselves again in their own comely West.

John Treggerthen Short and Thomas Williams, cousins, aged respectively nineteen and seventeen, sailed from St. Ives with their uncle, Josiah Sincok, master and part owner of the brig *Friendship*. This was on or about the second day of January, 1804. On March 28th, off Beachy Head, the *Friendship* was cut out and overhauled by a French privateer and carried with her crew to Dieppe. Thence the prisoners were marched nearly 300 miles to the depôt at Givet, where their long captivity began. With the captain, Short, and Williams were four others: Josias Sincok's son, a boy of twelve; Thomas Cogar, A.B.; James Sincok, a youth of seventeen; and the mate, George Dunn. The captain and Cogar died in their prison at Givet.

To be ten years a prisoner of war is a bitter fate, but there were thousands who underwent it—English and French and others—until at Waterloo the power of Napoleon was finally demolished. Short and his cousins give us a moderately full record of their "adverse fortunes, hardships and privations," until at last we see them, with thousands of other British prisoners, despatched on a tremendous march through France "in order to avoid the allied armies advancing from the east." At Bordeaux, which our sturdy pair reached in April, 1814, they found that handsome city in possession of the British army from Spain, under the command of Wellington.

Leaving the prison at Givet on January 7th, 1814, the Cornishmen arrived at Bordeaux on the 27th of April; 110 days all told. They had been detained here and there fifty-six days, and were thus fifty-four days on the march in weather of every sort—mostly bad. Their total journeyings through France, from the time of their landing at

Dieppe in 1804 to their entry into Bordeaux in 1814, were 1276 miles.

Treggerthen Short's narrative is as simple as anything of its kind could be. Williams's is not without some literary art, and rises into drama with the description of his four attempts at flight. Successful flights, by the way, seem to have been few, whether on the part of British prisoners in France or of French prisoners in England. An escaping prisoner of war runs, of course, the risk of a sentry's bullet between the shoulders. By many prisoners on both sides this risk was cheerfully taken; but the adventurer who succeeded in getting through the lines found himself a stranger in a strange country, clad for the most part in a manner to attract attention, and more probably than not betrayed by his speech. At Norman Cross, if memory serves, maps of the surrounding country were sometimes smuggled into the prison, and fetched a high price from those who were willing to make a bolt of it. The prisoners of Givet, lacking both map and compass, were severely handicapped. Sir Edward Hain glances at the truly remarkable escape of the midshipman Donat O'Brien, of the *Hussar* (who ended his honourable days as Rear-Admiral O'Brien); an exploit, or series of exploits, that gave Marryat his material for the best and most thrilling chapters of "Peter Simple." Donat O'Brien got clear at the third desperate essay. Thomas Williams had the hard luck to be four times foiled—at Givet, at Charlemont, at Thilt, and at Briançon—but if he did not command success he deserved it; and Sir Edward rightly suggests that his rank is with the notable prison-breakers.

Well, the two worthy cousins beheld the green cliffs of home again, and had a happier landing than the Ancient Mariner, for no one was driven mad at the sight of them. Treggerthen for his part, was haled into the nearest public-house. We have forgotten the price of ale just then, but it was not too stiff for the treating of a ten-year-lost St. Ives man.

Pleasant enough is Sir Edward's picture of the old gentleman is his garden in the early 'seventies of the last century:

"Without a coat, but in white shirt-sleeves, an open waistcoat front with a large black cravat, and wearing a tall hat, all after the fashion of sailing-ship masters of those days."

Smoking his long churchwarden,

"he related to my cousin (his grandson) and myself how the sailors at Givet had to make uniforms for French soldiers, and how his first attempt at tailoring led to his being severely punished because he had placed the button-holes round the tail of the jacket instead of down the front, and when telling the story the old gentleman shook with quiet laughter at the remembrance"

TIGHT HOPKINS.



The Gateway of France.

From "Prisoners of War in France" (Duckworth).

MORRIS HERE AND THERE.*

The twenty-first and twenty-second volumes of the "Collected Morris" contain "The Sundering Flood," some large fragments of prose romances, and some considerable fragments of mostly early verse, together with "Hopes and Fears for Art," and "Lectures on Art and Industry." The verse includes Morris's

* "The Collected Works of William Morris." With Introductions by his daughter, May Morris. Vols. XXI. and XXII. The Set of 24 vols, £12 12s. (Longmans.)

first verses, a scrap of a first draft of "The Man Born to be King," and a piece about one who went "all dizzied for a year," and saw himself:

"Sitting upon my bed waiting for day,
My blue enamelled helm touched by the grey,
Not showing that blue now, while from the
neighbouring elm
The cocks send out that strange unearthly sound
Cocks crow at dawn, dawn slow in coming round,
So slow and very cold in coming round. . . ."

Another piece printed here, I think, for the first time, is described as Morris's last, written in January, 1896.

At Burslem, in one of his lectures, Morris said that the art of plain speaking was, perhaps, as difficult as that of pottery, "and not nearly so much of it done in the world." Perhaps it takes two to make a plain speaker; but if Morris always tried to be straightforward in lecturing he did something different in the poems and romances. He was a mixture of some elements not easy to mix. At one time he was attacking the school of "art, for art's sake" of which the end must be "that art, at least, will seem too delicate a thing for even the hands of the initiated to touch." At another time he was insisting that "neither can any work of art, not even the greatest work of art, a beautiful woman, look well in a bad house."

Was it that he was not invariably articulate? Some things, at least, in his prose and verse had a meaning for him which they cannot have for us. His critics and biographers have not harmonised the various elements in the man as he himself did, so long as he lived and wrote and swore.

Miss Morris does great service to some of these lesser volumes by letting us see her father doing and saying things that had no obscurity or ambiguity, and never got into his books. We see him writhing at a musical comedy, and calling the sportive leading lady a "damned pink toad." We see him reading aloud to the children Scott, Dickens, Borrow, Cobbett, some Icelandic Sagas, and, moreover, "Handley Cross," "Nights with Uncle Remus," and "Huckleberry Finn." In 1885 he wrote to Mrs. Morris: "If you want a good grin get hold of 'Huckleberry Finn,' by Mark Twain: you will be more or less than human if it does not make you roll about with laughter." Whether it did or not is left untold, which I regret more than "The Story of Cambuscan Bold." Another letter (from Queen's Square, October, 1873), contains a testimonial to Dumas:

"It is wet and wild weather here now, but somehow I don't dislike it, and there is something touching about the real world bursting into London with these gales; and it makes me wish to travel in spite of my knowledge of how sick I should be at sea. It makes me feel lazy in the mornings though, and I feel as if I should like to sit in my pretty room at Turinham Green reading some hitherto unprinted Dumas, say about as good as 'The Three Musketeers.'"

It is likely that he kept the power of make-believe more than most people, and indulged it in his writings along with quite different powers, and if the reader has not the same mixture or cannot turn readily from one to the other, he suffers.

EDWARD THOMAS

CHINA TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.*

The production of books upon China has certainly been stimulated by the stupendous Revolution which converted the Empire into a Republic, and set the rest of the world gasping at the shock to its ideas about what it used to delight in calling the Flowery Land. Opinions doubtless differ as to whether the Revolution has made China a more interesting country about which to write.

* "A Woman in China." By Mary Gaunt. 15s. net. (Werner Laurie).—"Forces Mining and Undermining China." 7s. 6d. net. (Melrose).—"China's Dayspring after Thirty Years." By Frederick Brown. (Murray & Evenden.)



Street in a Chinese City.

From "A Woman in China," (Werner Laurie).

But the new China is certainly more accessible to the intelligent traveller with a book in view than was the old. It is true that the exploits of "White Wolf" and his like still raise obstacles from time to time. President Yuan Shi-kai, however, has a firmer hand than his Imperial predecessors in the management of such disturbers of the peace. And the spirit which used to prompt all the village children to greet the Western wayfarer from afar with shouts of *fan kwei* (foreign devil) seems to have declined, if it has not altogether passed away.

Of the three books before me, one is by a woman; one by a military interpreter in the Chinese language, with a special bent towards engineering subjects; and the third by a Wesleyan missionary. Variety is, therefore, to be expected by the reader; and expectation is not disappointed. First place may be given to Mrs. Gaunt, not only on account of her sex, but also because her work is decidedly the most interesting to the general public. Mrs. Gaunt is an Australian, connected by marriage with the celebrated *Times* correspondent, Dr. Morrison, and is already known as a novelist and an intrepid traveller, who in her "Alone in West Africa," described a more dangerous expedition than that which she relates in the present book. At the beginning of 1913 she set out for Peking, on a visit to Dr. and Mrs. Morrison, and with the intention "to gain material perhaps for a novel," as she confesses. Whether or not she gained that material, she, at least, gained enough for a very entertaining, and in some ways valuable, travel-book. Her style is peculiar—at once breezy and full of Biblical quotations—and her punctuation erratic. But she has the power of presenting the facts which strike her in a vivid manner, and her outlook is wide. "I felt I had a lot to learn," she says somewhere. She was not above learning, and is refreshingly free from the prejudices which mar the writings of so many who visit China from the West. Above all, she is tolerant in religious matters. Her description (pp. 143-50) of her visit to a Buddhist orphanage, under the escort of Mr. R. F. Johnston, is one of the most instructive parts of her book. Mr. Johnston, of whose contributions to our knowledge of China it is unnecessary to speak, evidently succeeded in convincing her of the real charity of the Chinese to one another, so different from what the superficial globe-trotter imagines it to be.

The aspect of Chinese life which affected Mrs. Gaunt most unfavourably was the position of women:

"Oh, the lot of a woman in China," she exclaims, "is a cruel one, civilised into a man's toy and slave. I had a thousand times rather be a negress, one of those business-like trading women of Tarquah, or one of the capable independent housewives of Keta. But to be a Chinese woman! God forbid!"

This is but one of many passages; for she admits that the condition of Chinese women is to her like King

Charles's head. Well, we are told by admirers of the Revolution to expect much from it which will improve woman's life in China. It cannot be denied that there is ample room for improvement. But it is allowable to doubt whether the most up-to-date feminist ideas of the Western world are calculated to bring about the improvement—not that they have the slightest chance of spreading far in China, in spite of some absurd tales sent over the world when the Revolution was in its first fantastic phase.

Mrs. Gaunt has a keen eye for the mingling of the picturesque and the squalid in China. The sordid beauty of Peking was a good introduction for her, such as an entry into the country through Hongkong or Shanghai could never have been. It appears from her book that she confined her visit to the north, to Peking and its neighbourhood. But she has an adventurous soul, and contrived to see a great deal in a comparatively limited area. With her she took not only a keen eye, but also a camera, by the aid of which she has illustrated her text with 134 photographs, some of them of well-known scenes, but the majority new and interesting.

Mr. Usher writes with considerable insight about "the forces mining and undermining China." It is a pity that he is so enamoured of the play upon words conveyed in his title (where "mining" is to be taken literally) that he makes it *his* King Charles's head. His weakness is an excess of slippancy. He has, however, much to say that is worth saying, and his book should be read by those who give any attention to the new developments in China. Ordinarily people pay too little heed to the part played by the Western Powers there since the Revolution, though their part in the Revolution may be tolerably familiar. To imitate Mr. Usher's style, the Powers, while gasping at what has happened, have never ceased grasping. The chapter "On Loaning" is one to be read with special care. If anyone in Europe can regard the story of the Big Loan of 1913, and the various little loans about the same time, with feelings of pride, he must be an exceptionally constituted person. Speaking of one loan, Mr. Usher justly says:

"This may be business, but it is not the attitude great Western nations ought to adopt towards China. It is usury of a worse kind than that of the Jew money-lender whose extortion is limited by British law. If it is business, then it is business of a sort which cannot find favour with God, and ought not to find favour with man. This sort of thing utterly undermines China."

The author of this book does not in any way disguise the complicity of the baser Chinese officials in the ruin of their country, and he castigates them without mercy. But his appeal is made specially to those outside nations who might help in the salvation of China. It is curious to read to-day that the best result, in Mr. Usher's opinion, could be obtained by a combination of the three great trading Powers, Britain, Germany, and the United States, to withstand the undermining influence of Russia and France, the disintegrating Powers where China is concerned. This suggestion was made, of course, before the present war.

Much of Mr. Usher's book is concerned with mines and railways in China. His conclusion is that "it will be a commercial and industrial sunrise which is going to regenerate the Chinese man and invigorate the Chinese national soul"; and he ends upon a note of hope.

The Rev. F. Brown has naturally quite different views as to the regeneration of China, looking to Christianity as the motive power. As, however, his present volume deals only with the Boxer rebellion (which now seems to us so distant), and he announces his intention of reviewing the Revolution and establishment of a Republic in another book, I have not kept for him enough space in which to consider what he says. There will be, perhaps, another opportunity for THE BOOKMAN to set forth his views when the new volume appears. To the present one, the late Sir Robert Hart contributed an appreciative foreword. Numerous maps and illustrations accompany the text.

PHILIP W. SERGEANT.

OLD-YEAR POETS.*

The year gone out, writ in blood in the world's history, has had its quiet fruitage and harvest. Wars will pass, though "the Lamb's warres" of the old poet be never done while good and evil are at conflict in man's heart. One need not be invidious and say that "David in Heaven" is the most beautiful book of the memorable year, because that would be to compare it with earthly books, whereas it is pure heavenly. Mr. Gales is own brother to the makers of "Jerusalem, My Happie Home," and "In a Valley of the Restful Minde." It is a big claim to make for any poet, but it is substantiated. This is saving grace; this is gold and spikenard. All the glow, the tender intimacy, the simplicity of the ages of Faith, are here. Listen to this:

"In sweet fields of Paradise,
In green gardens shady,
Flowering crest of Jesse's Tree
David sees Our Lady.
Now to praise Our Lady's Child
David's heart is ready

She the Lily, she the Rose,
Has for carpet of her bowers
Periwinkles and gilliflowers
She has music where she goes,
Lute and harp and dulcimer,
Singing spirits wait on her,
David is the chorister
Of her glories, joys and woes:
Learn'd clerk or Latiner
Never knew, as all aver,
To praise her as David knows.

She the Royal Merchant's ship
Has brought her Food from far,
From the weeping earthly lands
Where pierced hearts and wounded hands
And red garments are
On a harp of seven strings
David tells of these old things "

And, again, there is the heavenly simplicity of this:

"Messer Gabriel,
Pray thee to retell,
What thou seest pass
Looking in God's glass.
'What will be the lot
Of my honey-pot,
Of my rose, my dove,
Of my light, my love,
Of my lambkin white,
My darling, my delight,
Of my dearest dear,
Little Jesus here?'

'My lady, I see woes,
Thorns for thy rose,
For thy honey, gall
For thy light nightfall,
For thy dove a cage,
Made of cruel rage,
For thy treasure loss,
For thy lamb a Cross '"

This book has the very heart of Christmas.

No earthly poet after Mr. Gales, but Maude Goldring has a spirit akin to his. Religion quickens "The Country of the Young," as it does "David in Heaven," and if it neither aims at nor reaches the achievement of the old carol-makers, it yet contains very beautiful luminous and liquid poetry, with a jewel-like sense of colour. The poets in our days keep us the immortal simplicities. It is as though a painter arose in our day to paint with the eyes and the heart of Filippo Filippi, or Francia, or Angelico, or Botticelli. Miss Goldring meets fairies as well as angels in her pilgrimage, and it is through Merry England she fares, where the fairies, according to a high authority, "were of the old profession." We are all learning religion nowadays, but it is the poets such as Mr. Gales and Miss Goldring who have never forgotten it. Miss Goldring knows well the secret art of joining great with simple things, the

* "David in Heaven." By R. L. Gales. 3s. 6d. net. (Simpkin Marshall.)

* "The Country of the Young." By Maude Goldring. 3s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

humble mind of man with the heights of heaven, in which her brother-poet is past-master.

It is a long way to Miss MacKellar's "Witch Maid" from these singers of vision. Miss MacKellar is an Australian. She sings songs of her own country and songs derived from travel in Europe. All are melodious and pleasant reading. But what one values most are the Australian poems, influenced, perhaps, by Europe and reading, but genuine poetic expressions, unlike the Adam Lindsay Gordon and Clarence Kendall school of a conventional wildness. I should like to quote "Settlers" to show what a charming poem can be made out of European influences, joined with a living observation of the Australian country.

"Fra Angelico and Other Lyrics" is not without qualities. It has hope and faith, and if it reaches no lofty achievement of the poetic art, yet it is dignified and often gracious, and there is hardly one of the poems without a touch of beauty.

Mr. Arthur Lynch's "Sonnets of the Banner and the Star" gives us an intolerable amount of bread to a comparatively little sack. At least half the volume is taken up with an essay on the sonnet, and the remaining half consists of often quite dignified sonnets, but with no special quality to justify publication. Mr. Lynch can write a sonnet, but the sonnet is just the one form of poem which must be superlatively good, or not at all.

Here is a little North of Ireland book, somewhat homespun, but with a sweet air of the whin-bloom and the fields of flax about it. There is genuine poetry in some of these tiny songs, and the simplicity of it is added to by the northern dialect. Here and there Mrs. Hanrahan's little poems have an appealing charm, as in this wistful thing:

"I shut those windies, sure,
That's openin' wide the day;
I strived to whusht the bleatin' lambs
Down by, foreinist the brae.
I stole an' closed the door;
I latched the windies tight;
The bleatin' av lambs was on me—
God's wee new lambs to-night

 Ay, troth, I took the road,
 I faced my way to town;
To-day I'm thankin' God there's lambs
 An' heartsome sheep aroun'
Bewhiles I dream av fields—
 Wide fields an' slow, glad sheep—
When bleatin' av lambs is on me,
 Dream-childer come with sleep."

Mrs. Hanrahan is a welcome addition to the list of Irish singers.

"A Woman's Reliquary" reminds us that the late Professor Dowden was a poet as well as a critic and the biographer of Shelley. While his poems were of no very marked originality, they were yet delicate and charming, and many of his sonnets linger in the memory of one who has not read them for a score years. Some of his lyrics were faintly, delicately beautiful. He was as an Æolian harp to the wind of his day, and the music and something of the glamour of Tennyson breathes through his poetry. It is the poetry of a room, a shaded lamp, books and pictures, rather than poetry of the open air. Dowden influenced the young men of his day and his University. His was a name to conjure with in the Dublin of thirty years ago. His personality was that of a poet, and if one whispers of derivations, well, there is sensitive charm and grace as well in these tiny love-lyrics of a man of letters.

Mr. Geoffrey Winthrop Young is one of the most distinguished of our young poets. Poetry runs in his veins and

* "The Witch-Maid and Other Verses." By Dorothea MacKellar. 3s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

* "Fra Angelico and Other Lyrics." By Gregory Smith. 4s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

* "Sonnets of the Banner and the Star." By Arthur Lynch. 4s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

* "Around the Boreens." By Agnes L. Hanrahan. 2s. (Duckworth.)

* "A Woman's Reliquary." By E. D. (Edward Dowden). 4s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

* "Freedom." By Geoffrey Winthrop Young. 5s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

is his by right; it finds expression in a fresh and stately manner and choice of words. He says:

"There is much comfort in high hills
And a great easing of the heart."

Well—he is never far from the hills. His poetry has a majestic air. Here are no little songs, but the songs of one climbing, his face towards the stars. And yet he can handle simple things—the romantic mind of a child amid accustomed haunts, with a fresh and clean simplicity. This is no poetry of the schools; it is essential poetry. It can be fanciful, as in the bee-poem, the words tumbling over each other and buzzing about, or it can be lofty, and full of the wild and the snows. It is always poetry, and poetry that invigorates with a sheer shock of delight. And it is very English—the poetry of the best one hopes for in the English public-school boy—manly poetry of the soul that loves hard, clean counsels of perfection, as the body loves the bracing of ice-cold waters and the sternness of physical training. This is poetry that counts.

Now and again a slender volume of poetry, bearing the name of Elizabeth Gibson Cheyne, comes our way. It has an air of asking no recognition. It drifts in like a leaf on the wind among books of a deliberate appeal. Here is one, "Oxford," made up of human impressions amid the glory and grace of the enchanted city. The wife of a great Biblical scholar, the sister of a poet of achievement, Mrs. Cheyne's work takes on a separate and special interest from these two relationships; and she herself sustains the interest, for she is a true poet. Her little poems are always thoughts, delicately carved like a Greek gem. She has the love of humanity which we know in her brother's poetry, and religion has its gracious part in the shaping of her mind. In this thought she is at her best:

"God is not a looker-on
At the life of anyone,
But a bearer of all grief,
And a sharer in relief.

God can never stand aloof
In reproach, denial, reproof;
God is under-every ban,
God is part of every man."

Thus is simple rhyme, but lofty knowledge.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

ALADORE.*

"Aladore" has been appearing in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and is now produced in a delightful volume, with delicate pencil sketches by Lady Hylton. Those of us who know our Newbolt, and prize every line of his which we can discover, will revel in this mediæval romance. It has all the charm of an old Arthurian legend. There are pitfalls before the author who writes in one century a book peculiar to another, but in Sir Henry Newbolt's case, with his blend of the modern spirit with the mediæval, one doubts if he was conscious of the difficulties, for never at any point in the tale does one trace any affectation in the narrative, or any labouring of the moral. We are introduced to Sir Ywain Sulney in the hall of Sulney doing justice upon wrong-doers, and among the bystanders is a little bright-eyed boy of seven summers who attracts Sir Ywain's attention, much to the detriment of the court business. So weary does Sir Ywain grow of his present life and so fascinated does he become with the little stranger, that he leaves Sulney in his company, having abandoned his finery and donned the simple vestments of the pilgrim. The key to the rest of the story can be found in a former book of Sir Henry Newbolt's "The Twymans," which contains this passage illustrative of the life of imagination and mysticism: "Althea and I are not settlers, we are pilgrims. We want to make a journey together. We don't know where we are going, exactly, and we don't know what we shall do when we get there. . . . But the journey is the only thing for us, because it's the only

* "Oxford." By Elizabeth Gibson Cheyne.

* "Aladore." By Henry Newbolt. 6s. (Blackwood.)

way of life that doesn't end. Settlers have to turn out at last, and go into exile. a pilgrim can't be exiled, because the only country he cares about is always ahead of him." The country ahead of Sir Ywain is Aladore, the dream city, which can only be reached by trudging along the hard, hard road for seven years. In contrast to Aladore is Paladore, where many and dangerous adventures befall Sir Ywain, and where the magical gifts of his Lady Aithne are ready at hand for his service. Says the Prince of Paladore to Sir Ywain. "A dream is a thing of naught and a byword of folly. We approve all such things as have substance, and hold the chief and sign of all: and thereby is the repute of them which are great among us. For to do and to have is the virtue of men, but they which dream do nothing and gain no pennyworth." Which things are an allegory, and one reader records his gratitude to the modern Chrétien de Troyes.

TWO GREAT FRENCHMEN.*

It is a well-known fact that reviewers are needy and bibulous persons who hasten to barter books for beer at the earliest possible moment. Their reviews are written, of course, under the moist influence of the deal. In order to check this deplorable state of things, many publishers disfigure review copies with stamps of various kinds, so that the exchange value may be cut down to the smallest of Imperial liquid measures. At least, that is how I am forced to explain such phenomena as the marred appearance of the two volumes now before me. They are books upon whose "get-up" some thought has obviously been spent. The print, paper and proportions are all excellent, and the artistic green binding, with its strong black letters, must be called both daring and successful; yet Messrs. Constable, before sending copies to a literary paper, not only vigorously emboss "Presentation Copy" through two leaves, but insult the appearance of their own wares by advertising the price on the title-page—actually on the title-page—in the shrieking violet ink of a rubber stamp. Meanwhile, the price is legibly printed on the outside wrapper, where even the beeriest reviewer can see it. Is this sort of thing worth while? Whom does it benefit? Reviewers, by hypothesis, are people who care for books, and I know, in actual fact, one or two who answer that description. I suppose publishers prefer that their productions should fall into the hands of the less obtuse of critics. Why, then, do they go out of their way to affront the honourable bookishness of a bookman as a preliminary to asking his opinion? For my own poor part, the one consideration that would make me trade away a review copy on any terms is the fact that the publishers had taken pains to spoil its appearance. I feel under no obligation to a volume that is contemptuously disfigured by its own producers. I suggest that Messrs. Constable's energy might have been better spent in seeing that the translator of one of these volumes neither spelt the Roman name Verres with a French accent, nor gave the successor of Caesar the Teutonic name of "August."

Turn we now to our immediate subject. M. Faguet's two monographs are very happily inspired. They are neither recondite nor obvious. They are just the sort of thing a cultured general reader will appreciate; for, while they tell him much about Flaubert and Balzac, they tell him even more about the art of criticism. Criticism is too often confounded with fault-finding. Criticism does indeed find fault, but only to make merit all the clearer. Properly understood, criticism is just enlightened enjoyment. To the cultivated mind, "Hamlet" gives a high degree of pleasure utterly beyond the coarse appetite that bolts crude messes of popular melodrama. Every reader, in so far as he is a worthy reader, is necessarily a critic. If we are to enjoy, we must not be passive: we must co-operate; and criticism is simply a mode of co-operation.

This cultivated enjoyment of the best in literature is what M. Faguet helps to promote. He deals not with

* "Balzac." "Flaubert." By Emile Faguet. 6s. net each. (Constable.)

abstractions, but with concrete instances, drawn from two well-contrasted subjects. Balzac is a type of the extensive genius, Flaubert of the intensive. Balzac lavished himself at large upon a world of characters and events, and as long as he got his people living and moving vigorously, cared not how badly the machinery creaked. Flaubert, on the other hand, concentrated himself upon one or two aspects of life, and took infinite pains to acquire the art that seems perfectly artless. Yet each was what we call a psychologist, though with different aims. Conceive a writer with abnormal powers of creative observation, a writer with a very high degree of the "experiencing mind" that Bagehot indicates as a note of creative genius. To what end shall he apply this keen sense of human idiosyncrasy? A Dickens or a Scott will use that power to set afoot a long procession of intensely individual figures, all utterly unlike each other, and all vigorously, even wildly, alive. You will find few plain and undistinguished men in that long line. Any such who started were too feeble to go on, and those who pass by in the fulness of life are the grotesquely vital Micawbers, Dommie Sampsons, Captain Cuttles, Dugald Dalgetty, Noddy Boffins, and Gipsy Megs. Of this sort was the art of Balzac. Dickens and Balzac added to the typical figures of the world. They made a new mythology. They used their creative power to make extraordinary persons exhibit their extraordinariness. Flaubert used his to make ordinary people seem almost extraordinarily ordinary; he did not create new figures, he simply reproduced a few with thrilling accuracy. You can string off the names of Balzacian characters quite glibly—Rastignac, Goriot, Grandet, Rubempré, Brideau, Birotteau, Hulot, Vautrin, and so on for ever; but when you have mentioned the Bovarys and Homais, you have exhausted all that Flaubert did in the way of rememberable character, for (to me at least) the personages of "Salammô"—even the loathsomely grotesque Hammo—are little more than the figures of grand opera, little more than Radames and Aida, Amonasro and Amneris.

There is another striking difference. Balzac constantly obtrudes himself upon the reader; Flaubert made the suppression of himself almost a religion. M. Faguet seems to think that Flaubert was right, and that the novelist should always be impersonal. This is a disputable proposition, and one that the countrymen of Fielding and Sterne, Dickens and Thackeray, will find it hard to support. Stendhal, another apostle of impersonal art, describes the function of a novelist as being no more than that of a mirror by the roadside, reflecting without passion all that passes. This would be a rough world if we had to be judged by our own metaphors. The mechanical passivity of a mirror is exactly what art is not. Shakespeare knew better when he described the artist as holding a mirror up to nature: for a mirror in the artist's hand is very different from a mirror on the river's brim. Art is selective. The historian or chronicler might perhaps be likened to a mirror by the roadside; but the superiority of poetry to history was settled long ago by Aristotle. Oddly enough, too, M. Faguet quotes the tales of Voltaire as further examples of impersonal art. It is strange how differently the same things may strike different observers, for to me, "Candide," "Zadig," "L'Ingénu," and "Micromégas," seem as charged in every word with the spirit of Voltaire himself as "Tristram Shandy" is with the spirit of Sterne. In any case, the subject of personal and impersonal art is not one to be dismissed in a phrase. Shakespeare is always put before us as the mightiest example of impersonal art; and yet his alleged self-suppression has not prevented the composition of a whole library of inferential studies. There is a point where the least personal art ceases to be quite impersonal. After all, as Bagehot says, if a man writes a book, he must be such a man as could have written it.

The one respect in which Flaubert is unquestionably superior to Balzac is in his mastery of prose technique. Balzac is a careless, ugly writer who may be read without loss in a translation; but Flaubert aimed at a perfect music of prose. For him there was not any word at

choice, but the thrillingly exact word which alone would do, and for this he sought with labour unstinted. I hear what M. Faguet says upon his method :

"Above all, he willed that his prose should be submitted to a hidden rhythm, a rhythm that the reader did not perceive, though real and unfailing. In the eighteenth century it was said that verse should be as beautiful as beautiful prose; Flaubert desired that his prose should be as beautiful as beautiful verse, without ever including a line of poetry properly so-called. For that he had an excellent method which can be recommended to every writer; he read aloud what he had written, carefully listening for any break in the rhythm, any dull sounds, or any beating of the words against each other. Maupassant tells us that 'he took up his sheet of paper and raised it to his line of sight, then leaning on his elbow, declaimed it in a slow, incisive voice. He listened for the rhythm of his prose stopping as if to catch an elusive sonority, combining tones, avoiding alliterations and conscientiously placing his commas like halts on a long road. . . . He himself said: 'A phrase can only live when it corresponds to all the necessities of respiration. I know it to be good when it can be read aloud. . . . Badly-written sentences do not stand this test, they weigh on your chest, hinder the beating of your heart, and thus find themselves outside the conditions of life.'"

There is much here that should interest the reader as well as the writer. The best prose is best enjoyed when it is read aloud. Charles Lamb, truest of bookmen, knew that well. "Anything high," he says, "may, nay, must be read out; you read it to yourself with an imaginary auditor." Try it, gentle reader. Take Newman's sermon, "The Second Spring," and read aloud the first two paragraphs, and you will find a cadenced beauty that the eye alone is apt to miss.

"Under which king, Besonian? speak or die," is a question we fortunate readers are not bound to answer. We are not compelled to take sides in art. Writers must follow their own bent and hate that which tempts them from it. Balzac cannot be Flaubert, nor Flaubert Balzac, but we, more happy, may enjoy both, and happy, indeed, are those who can.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

PRISONERS OF WAR.*

It is almost fair to say that what Mr. Tighe Hopkins does not know about prisons and prisoners is not knowledge. He has written extensively on penal reforms in the daily Press and in the monthly reviews; while among the volumes which he has published are books with such significant titles as "Kilmainham Memories," "Dungeons of Old Paris," "A Voyage Into Prison," and "The Man in the Iron Mask." Such a writer was obviously just the man to give us that brief yet comprehensive account of the varying position occupied through the ages by "Prisoners of War," which we all look for in these times of the All-Europe conflict. As a primer on the important subject with which it deals—and a book of 170 pages can be a primer only—Mr. Hopkins's latest brochure is in every respect admirable. It opens with a general chapter, entitled "Whom Have You at the Front?"; then touches on the treatment of prisoners in classical times; compares the cruelties practised in the wars of the Middle Ages with those committed by the Germans to-day; discusses the extent to which chivalry really ameliorated the fury of warfare in the so-called Age of Chivalry; gives a summary of the treatment of French prisoners in England during the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars, and describes the condition of English prisoners captured by the soldiers of Napoleon. So much for "Prisoners of War," as an historical *résumé*. The remaining chapters of the book are devoted to a statement of the principles which regulate the status of modern prisoners of war and to an examination of the degree to which these principles have actually been put in practice in the English and German concentration camps of to-day. Finally, drawing largely from the pages of Steiber's "Memoirs," from Paul Lanoir's "The German Spy System in France," and from Dr. Graves's

* "Prisoners of War." By Tighe Hopkins. 2s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)



Fiona Malcom,

author "A Child's Fancies."

Photo by Herbert & Co., Glasgow.

from an Austrian fortress in the war now raging. Among the most significant pages of Mr. Hopkins's book, are those in which he gives an account of the "frightfulness" practised by certain famous German kings and Emperors—Charlemagne, Frederick Barbarossa, and Barbarossa's grandson, Frederick II. Those apologists for the virtues and beauties of war who pool-pool the tales of German atrocities, confirmed though they are by English, French and Belgian official reports, who airily dismiss them as the rehashings of stories from the North-West frontier, or the revivals of Indian bazaar rumours, may profitably be reminded of the barbarities which German monarchs commanded their troops to commit in former times. The indignant remonstrance which Gustavus Adolphus made against the rapes, the plunderings and the massacres perpetrated by his German mercenaries, can scarcely, however, be expected to find an echo in the heart of the Emperor who sent out his troops to China with orders to take no prisoners and to give no quarter. One word of complaint we must utter against "Prisoners of War." The account given of the treatment of English soldiers captured in France between 1803 and 1815 might well be bettered, is, indeed, far too skimpy. Perhaps, when he brings out a second edition of his book, Mr. Tighe Hopkins, will supplement the information he gives in this account by quoting rather largely from a recently published work which describes the experiences which some Cornish prisoners of war met with in France a hundred or more years ago.

W. A. L. B.

"I LISPED IN NUMBERS."

These two little booklets of verse, "Inasmuch . . ." and "A Child's Fancies," have a timely and peculiar interest: they are written by two of the youngest poets who ever found their way into print, and the profits arising from their publication are devoted to the assistance of those who have suffered in the Great War. Both books have



Peggie Lawford.

Photo by Debenham, Longman & Co., Cheltenham.

* "Inasmuch . . ." By Peggie Lawford. 6d. net. (Cheltenham Looker-on Printing Co.)—"A Child's Fancies." By Fiona Malcom. Third Impression. 6d. net. (Glasgow Mackinlay & Co.).

had a considerable sale; from the sales of "Inasmuch . . ." an appreciable sum has been derived for the assistance of the Belgian Relief Committee, and those of "A Child's Fancies" have already, we understand, yielded nearly fifty pounds, which has been distributed among various War Funds. Fiona Malcom, the author of the latter, is a little girl, nine years of age, the daughter of a well-known Glasgow musician. She is unfortunately an invalid; suffering much pain, and being partially crippled by rheumatism she dictates her verses, which we are assured have not been revised or edited by anyone but herself. She would seem precocious in writing of love, without the explanation that the "love" she addresses is her mother. The verses show a remarkable sense of rhyme and rhythm, a pretty fancy and, considering her age, a good vocabulary and real skill in the use of it. But the charm of the little songs lies in their complete naturalness, their perfect simplicity. "The Cradle Song for the War Babies who haven't seen their Daddies" is just such a song as the mothers of such babies might sing; and "Daddy" very simply and naturally embodies the child's love of her father, her delight in his music, her regret that, teaching it to others, he has to be so long absent from her daily. There is a graceful snatch of song, "Woodland Voices," which ends:

"The starlight failed, the moonlight paled,
A light in the east is born;
Comes a little breeze—hark! a thrush in the trees,
Lo! 'tis the morn";

another, "Fairy Frolic," is a dainty, airy scrap of eight lines; and another as short, "My Lady's Garden," my lady being her mother, may be quoted in full, as representing the general quality of the poems:

"Roses red, carnations too,
And the larkspur's stately blue,
Love-in-a-mist, sweet-scented stock,
Homely phlox and hollyhock,
Nodding in the noon-day glow
In my lady's garden grow,
A lovely place and full of grace
To match my lady's mind and face."

Peggie Lawford, the author of "Inasmuch . . ." is thirteen, the daughter of a shorthand teacher and typist at Newton Abbot. There is a good deal of merit, too, in her verses. She published another book early last year, "Gone in Bloom," which is already out of print. As was to be expected, her work has a somewhat more mature touch and choice of subjects. There is sound patriotic fervour in "Soldiers of the Motherland," and in "Whisperings of the Sea," and there is all the sympathetic imagination of childhood in "The Spirit of the Wind"—

"Dost thou hear it? Brother, 'tis the Spirit of the Wind
Howling like a wolf around the creaking door;
Can'st thou hear his unseen garments trailing far behind,
As he rushes in a fury o'er the moor. . . ."

Without talking seriously of the promise in the verses of these very young singers, it is undeniable that they are interesting and remarkable. Apart from the fact that they have done good service in a good cause, their own merits sufficiently justify their publication—they are, in each case, such attractive and such sprightly runnings of such a very early morning muse.

HIS INFINITE VARIETY.*

The publisher, in his advertisement of this book, expresses surprise that Mr. Frank Harris's work has not achieved the popularity it deserves. But why should Mr. Grant Richards be surprised? He is himself a *litterateur* and a man of the world (in the best sense of that rather invidious phrase), as well as a publisher. And so—surely!—he should know the secret of his author's comparative failure to establish himself as, perhaps, the greatest living writer of short stories.

Mr. Harris's outstanding fault in the eyes of the British Public may be summed up in the one word, Versatility. The British Public does not like versatility, does not

* "The Yellow Ticket, and Other Stories." By Frank Harris. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

understand it. For the British Public is very like a child. And just as the child, when the funny uncle has made a funny face, cries, "Do it again! Do it again!" so does the British Public to the artist who has pleased it in any way. In England, if you would achieve popularity as an artist, you must specialise. If you are an author you must take some small corner of the world, or some small common thing—whiskers, for instance, will do—and write eternally about that. You must for ever repeat yourself. You must never be unexpected. You must be the sort of author whose books are all so alike that it is almost impossible to disentangle the threads of their themes when you try to recall them severally. And Mr. Frank Harris is not that kind of author. As in his first volume of short stories, "Elder Conklin," and in his second volume, "Montes the Matador," so in this last volume he is undone by his infinite variety. And I am afraid—whilst I am glad—that he is by this time incorrigible.

Each story in this collection has its own strongly-marked individuality. There is realism of the very highest kind in some of them; there is fantasy in others; there is a Rabelaisian flavour in one, "A Miracle and No Wonder," and there is satire, veiled in allegory, yet keen-edged, as in "The Ugly Duckling." But I think I like best in this collection of cameo-clear masterpieces such slices of raw life as he gives us in "The Vale of Tears" and "A Daughter of Eve": tragedies both, though in different keys, and both alike illumined and dignified by the finely impersonal touch with which Mr. Harris limns in these living creatures of his imagination. But then there is the exquisite comedy of "Isaac and Rebecca," in which the character of a mere girl is shown to be so much more firmly-moulded than that of her rather feeble, irresponsible father. She assumes control of him and his affairs as the master-whip takes the reins, with a sure and yet a light hand that over-rides and overbears the restless wilfulness of his team of blood-horses. But no! That simile will hardly serve; for there is little of the blood-horse in the composition of David Isaac, Rebecca's father. And yet, maybe, the simile is not so inapt, after all. For there was a certain spirit and fire latent in the obese carcase of Reuben Levison, the wealthy banker, whom the girl so easily cozens and wheedles and finally subjugates by means of that essentially feminine weapon, jealousy. I have never read a story of such delicate and yet profound quality, better conceived or better rendered. It would of itself—in France, say—make the reputation of any author.

"A Fool's Paradise" is another story of a most subtle significance. It tells of a boy who is accounted an idiot because he is always laughing. He is always laughing because there is something wrong—or right?—with his eyes, so that he sees all things and all people grotesquely distorted. He sees not one facet of a thing or a person as the average person does, but many facets, and all simultaneously. Thus the world is for him replete with humour . . . until a brilliant, blundering scientist comes along, puts right that defect of his eyes, and enables him to see as others see, dully and narrowly, thus transforming the boy from a being of light and laughter into a dull, moping loon. Here is indeed an idea worthy of the greatest literary traditions. This so-called idiot-boy, we suspect, stands for the exceptional man, the man of genius, to whom nothing is commonplace, to whom the everyday prosaicisms of life are all shot with a radiant whimsicality.

But to take these stories one by one, and expound them—however clumsily—would be alike unfair to the author and the reader-to-be of Mr. Frank Harris' wonderful book. I have merely tried to suggest to the best of my ability that he who runs may read in this volume such stuff as the work of genius is made of. And I have not the slightest hesitation in using the much-abused word, Genius, in this connection. We have had many fine short story-writers—though the critics say No. There was Kipling. There is still Barry Pain—in certain moods. There is Algernon Blackwood and Joseph Conrad, and perennially the inimitable Jacobs; masters all of this most difficult craft. And there are others. But none so great, none so fully versed

in the art as Mr. Frank Harris. For above and beyond the technical excellence of his work there is yet another thing that distinguishes him from the ruck.

He has a point of view. His themes may vary widely, as they do; but his outlook upon the world and his fellow-creatures is ever the same. To him all things are as they are because they could not, in their very nature, be otherwise. So he is content to remain the seer and let others assume the scarlet and ermine of the judge, if they will. He has observed life too long, too closely, too clearly, and from too many standpoints to feel himself justified in expressing any opinion upon the faults and virtues of any erring mortal. He is full of that divine charity which is born of that sublime wisdom of the heart that we call Love. His name may be written down with that of Abou ben Adhem as one who loved his fellow-men. And it is not a blind love. He sees with an almost preternatural insight into the very soul of man. He reads what Time and Chance have written there, and whilst he sorrows or rejoices or pities, he never condemns. He neither blames nor praises nor criticises: he just tells what he sees, and leaves comment to the shallowpates. And that is the crowning glory of his art, an art as rare and beautiful as it is bound to be misunderstood.

Indeed, Mr. Frank Harris's book is so good that it will be a miracle if it is not censored.

EDWIN PUGH.

"THE WINNOWING FAN."*

It did not need this war to make us aware that Mr. Laurence Binyon was among the most genuine of our patriotic poets. His "Europe MDCCCL. to Napoleon," his "England," his "Milton" ode, and the more recent and most memorable "Thunder on the Downs" were sufficient to establish that position for him. His patriotism is of a fine and austere order, based on a high aspiration, and on a faith unexaggerated by idolatry. It is by no means uncritical, and never boastful or arrogant. Above all, it is not to be confused with the mere pugnacity which is sometimes allowed to impose itself as patriotism.

Nevertheless, since the outbreak of the war Mr. Binyon has produced a series of poems which in their fineness of sentiment and artistry overtop the achievement of any other writer. The dozen of pieces which he has gathered into a volume are all of them worthy of the permanence thus offered them. A noble indignation, none the less patently fervent for being usually expressed with great restraint; a freedom from cant which unfortunately is not so common that it can be taken for granted; a sustained adequacy of diction and pregnancy of phrasing: such are the virtues of these poems.

In "The Fourth of August" Mr. Binyon expresses his faith in England's equality to her destiny:

"For her immortal stars are burning,
With her the hope that's never done,
The seed that's in the Spring's returning,
The very flower that seeks the sun.

She fights the fraud that feeds desire on
Lies, in a lust to enslave or kill
The barren creed of blood and iron,
Vampire of Europe's wasted will . . ."

"The barren creed of blood and iron" receives no mercy at his hands, his

"Divine anger flaming upon those
Defamers of the very name of man,
Abortions of their blind hyena-creed."

But, a poet rather than a satirist, he affirms better than he denies, and curses the German less finely than he praises the Belgian:

"O race that Caesar knew,
That won stern Roman praise,
What land not envies you
The laurel of these days?"

* "The Winnowing Fan: Poems on the Great War." By Laurence Binyon. is. net. (Elkin Mathews.)



Captain Horace Wyndham,

Author of "Stage Struck" (Richmond).

From a photo taken in France, where he is now with his regiment

Now that the truth is here
And we awake from dream yet think it still a dream.
It bursts our thoughts with more than thought can hold;
And more than human seem
These agonies of conflict."

It is as though lightning and the earthquake were deliberate in their destructiveness. But his faith is unshaken.

"Fury of hate born blind,
Madness and lust, despair and treacheries unclean;
They shudder up from man's most dark abyss.
But there are heavens serene
That answer strength with strength, they stand secure;
They arm us from within, and we endure . . ."

O heirs of Man, keep in your hearts not less
The divine torrents of his tenderness!
'Tis ever war, but rust
Grows on the sword; the tale
Of earth is shown with empires heaped in dust.
Because they dreamed that force should punish and prevail.
The will to kindness lives beyond their lust;
Their grandeurs are undone;
Deep, deep within man's soul are all his victories won."

But quotation, though it is the easiest way of showing the quality of the poem, is a violation of its harmony and an injustice to its ardent logic.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

Novel Notes.

STAGE-STRUCK. By Horace Wyndham. (John Richmond.)

(John Richmond.)

Mr. Horace Wyndham has now placed nearly a score of novels to his credit. About a third of them have been stories of military life, and among these are some of his best, but none, we think, has been better than his brilliantly satirical social study, "Reginald Auberon." His last four or five books have dealt with the stage, and show an intimate knowledge of the inner life of the theatrical world. He differs from most novelists who take us behind the scenes in that world, in that he depicts the people there as neither more nor less immoral than the average run of mankind, and

Perhaps the two most perfect pieces are those "To Women" and "For the Fallen."

(Of a larger sort, however, is the "Ode for September." The ode is a favourite form with Mr. Binyon, and well suits his serious and dignified muse, but he has never used it more adequately than in this confession of clear-sighted optimism. He faces without flinching the whole horror of the event:

"But oh, how faint the image we foretold
In fancies of our fear

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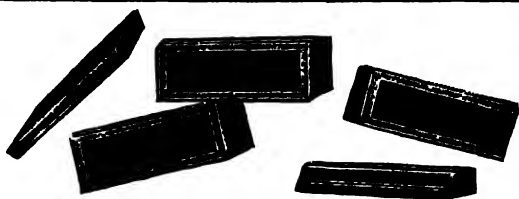
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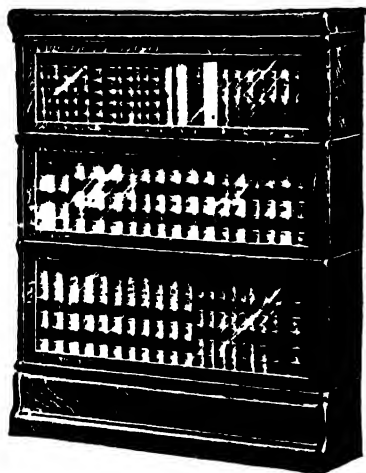
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nobler life therein." Sayidd tells the assembly that they must awake from their slumber and realise their destiny and abandon obsolete customs. "The world is a battlefield, whereon every nation is victor or vanquished," so the new faith must "forge mighty engines of war" and be prepared to meet the greatest nations under the sun. Sayidd Ali Husain shares the fate of the prophets and is driven forth from his own country.

AN IRISHMAN'S LUCK. By A. E. Wharton Gill. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Canon Wharton Gill's earlier novel, "Love in Manitoba," is commonly described as the best story ever written of life on the Manitoba prairie lands; but we are much mistaken if he has not, in "An Irishman's Luck," proved his own best rival to such an extent that the later book must in future receive the description hitherto given to the earlier one. He tells a stronger story in "An Irishman's Luck," and his men and women are drawn with a surer and more vivifying touch. The dour, reticent Scots character was never more convincingly presented than it is here in the person of the Scot-Canadian, Dugald McLeod, and for a contrast, in her own way, the charming, irresponsible, mischievous Daisy Enderby is no less cleverly done. But the hero of the tale is Tom Dennis, who is a capital Irishman, without being at all a typical one; and the heroine is the pleasant English governess, Evelyn Rae. Evelyn's coming out to Canada is a momentous event—she comes with her brother, who is something of a "nut," and benefits greatly from his changed environment. She makes her home with the Enderbys, her brother with the admirable Jim Hardie and his masterful wife; and their introduction to the varied life of the neighbourhood serves to introduce the reader to it also. Tom falls in love with Evelyn almost from the start, but refrains from telling her so, pinning his hopes of winning her on the successful sale of a big crop that is destroyed by fire. "An Irishman's luck," he says bitterly, "is like a boomerang; you think it is going to knock the other fellow down, and then it turns and wipes your own eye." He is caught up in the great wave of patriotic enthusiasm that swept over Canada during the Boer War, and sails for South Africa with his secret untold, but Evelyn has guessed it; and, at long last, his luck is not of that traditional Irish variety, but of the right satisfying sort. Both for its pictures of Canadian home life and for its striking romance of love and war, Canon Gill's new story is the ablest and most enjoyable he has yet given us.

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"WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTIONARY ERA." By Colonel Andrew Haggard. 16s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Colonel Andrew Haggard's new volume, "Women of the Revolutionary Era," is practically a sequel to a former work "Remarkable Women of France." In his "Remarkable Women" the Colonel carried the career of the Marquise de Pompadour down to the conclusion of the Peace of Aix La Chapelle in the year 1748. From that epoch, as he rightly asserts, the Revolutionary era may be said to have commenced in France. This, indeed, was the time in which the philosophers, Voltaire D'Alémbert, Diderot, published, largely through the influence of the Pompadour, their enormous and decidedly rationalistic compilation, the "Encyclopédie." This was the time in which Jean Jacques Rousseau brought out romances and pamphlets which were destined to transfigure human thought and emotion. This, too, was the time in which sexual morality in the upper classes was throughout Europe at its lowest ebb. A time in which the three greatest rulers of the day, Louis XV. of France, Frederick the Great of Prussia, and Catherine II. of Russia, were all openly addicted to abnormal lust. Colonel Haggard's scheme, it will be seen, involves his giving an account of all the notorious women who figure in French history or French memoirs from the later days of the Pompadour to those of Madame De Staël, and of Charlotte Corday. Once more accordingly we hear of the Pompadour as procurer-in-chief to her royal lover, of Lebel and Bachelier, and the "Parc-aux-Cerfs"; of Madame Henriette and Madame Adélaïde, who emulate the vices of the daughters of Lot; of the Du Barry and her numerous rivals; of Jeanne de Valois and the Diamond Necklace; of Marie Antoinette and Count Fersen; and of the beautiful Théroigne de Méricourt and her many lovers. Not a very savoury chronicle, we must confess. Thanks, however, to his tact and vivacity Colonel Haggard continues to make it not wholly unappetising.

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The Suffrage and Lord Laxton, by Leslie Keene (6s.) is a cleverly-written novel, taking a well-balanced and unprejudiced view concerning the various supporters of the Woman Suffrage movement, and the different methods adopted by them. The author is evidently familiar with the details of Suffrage work, and has had ample experience of it; this makes the book interesting, but it also possesses a powerful plot, and the characters are strikingly human. Lord Laxton is the husband of an enthusiastic Suffragette, whose militancy he does not approve of, and who loves him dearly, but for the sake of her principles cannot sacrifice her duty to his opposition. The story grips because of its sheer realism, its charming humour and the many dramatic touches aptly introduced.

Topical also, though in quite a different way, is **The Road to Calais**, by A. G. Sheridan (6s.), a romance of a hundred years ago. The scene at the commencement is set in France shortly after the victory of Waterloo, and the story is told by a little English maid on a visit to French friends. Very cleverly the author has captured the atmosphere of the period, vividly portraying the attitude of the conquered towards the conquerors, and skilfully working out a delightful narrative of love and adventure. It is a fresh, fragrant little tale possessing all the charm of simplicity and all the qualities necessary to make a good romance; and the fact that much of its action takes place on ground that through the present war has sprung into new prominence, adds considerably to its interest.

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The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—James Russell Lowell.

No. 283 VOL. XLVIII.

APRIL, 1915.

Price Sixpence.

6d. net monthly. Special Numbers 1/- net and 2/6 net.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS: British Isles, Canada and Newfoundland, 12/- per annum, post free. Other places abroad, 14/- per annum post free.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON'S ALL-BRITISH ONE THOUSAND POUNDS PRIZE NOVEL COMPETITION.

RESULTS.

The Judges:

Canadian section.—SIR GILBERT PARKER M.P.

Australian section.—MR. CHARLES GARVICE.

South African section.—SIR H. RIDER HAGGARD.

Indian section.—CAPTAIN A. E. W. MASON.

The publishers regret very much that the announcement of these results could not be made earlier. The war has depleted their staff, many of whom are now serving with the colours, and has involved nearly everybody concerned with the Competition in onerous public duties, and these things, as will be readily understood, have rendered the delay unavoidable. The following are the awards that have been made by the Judges:

The Prize of Two Hundred and Fifty Pounds for the best Canadian story has been awarded to Mrs. A. E. Taylor, of 9, Dempster Terrace, St. Andrews, N.B., for a novel entitled "Land of the Scarlet Leaf."

The Prize of Two Hundred and Fifty Pounds for the best Australian story has been awarded to Miss Katharine Susannah Prichard, of 64, Chelsea Gardens, S.W., for a novel entitled "The Pioneers."

The Prize of Two Hundred and Fifty Pounds for the best South African story has been awarded to Mr. F. Horace Rose, of Maritzburg, Natal, S.A., for a novel entitled "Golden Glory."

The Prize of Two Hundred and Fifty Pounds for the best Indian story has been awarded to Mr. S. Foskett, care of Mr. B. Foskett, 8, Chester Crescent, Newcastle-on-Tyne, for a novel entitled "The Temple in the Tope."

The success of the Competition has been most gratifying. The number of MSS. sent in has greatly exceeded even the number received in either of the two previous Novel Competitions conducted by the same firm. Many of those that have failed to win a prize are of high merit, and arrangements will probably be made for the publication of a selection of the best of these. We hope next month to publish portraits of the four prize-winners with some interesting personalia concerning the life and work of each of them.

In his article on Mr. William Watson in this Number, Mr. Francis Bickley pays a very just tribute to the poems Mr. Watson has written on certain of the great national and international events of our own time. No living poet has written on such subjects more forcefully, with such dignity

and splendour of rhetoric, or exercised a more potent influence in the world of affairs. His two small volumes, "The Purple East" and "The Year of Shame," the latter a reprint of the former with several additional poems, are a passionate protest in some of the noblest of such verse in the language against the Armenian Massacres of 1895-96, and crowned Abdul Hamid for ever with his name of "Abdul the Damned." Mr. Watson endured a good deal of obloquy at the time from those among us who still favoured the Ottoman cause, but events have justified him to the uttermost. The deposition of Abdul was followed in due course by the crippling of the Turkish Empire as a result of the late Balkan wars, and to-day we are forcing the Dardanelles on our way to drive the Turk out of Europe once for all. A third little book in this kind, "For England," dealt with the Boer War, and as Mr. Watson's sympathies were mainly on the unpopular side and he gave fearless utterance to opinions that ran counter then to the main current of English feeling, he fell again under the shadow of public disfavour. But now we are saying of Belgium very much what he said in those days against the subjugation of the Boer Republics, and the reparation we made when we granted Home Rule to South Africa has amply justified him. If he has never been deterred by fears of unpopularity from administering reproof to his own country when he felt she was falling short of her ideals of righteousness, no poet has sung the praise of England in more golden numbers, and some of the best patriotic poetry of the present war has been written by him. This is a side of Mr. Watson's genius that is more fully recognised in America than among ourselves, and perhaps the one flaw in the otherwise admirable 1905 selection of his poems in two volumes, edited by Mr. J. A. Spender, is that "The Year of Shame" and "For England" are not quite adequately represented in it.

It will be welcome news to Mr. William Watson's many admirers that he has in a completed form a

considerable body of poetry having literature itself and the literary life for its theme, and thus in a certain degree reverting to the class of subjects to which such earlier poems of his as "Wordsworth's Grave" and "The Tomb of Burns" belonged, with this difference, that the later work includes a good deal of satire, grave and gay, on certain modern literary tendencies, as well as some attempt at a revision of one or two cases commonly regarded as among the *choses jugées* of criticism. In addition, Mr. Watson has ready for publication, when a fitting time returns, many poems of a personal character, and a large quantity of work arising out of the war.

Mr. Heinemann is publishing a popular edition of "The Correspondence of William I. and Bismarck," in one volume.

Mr. Stephen Graham, whose new book "Russia and the World" is published by Messrs. Cassell, is an unusually tall man, six feet one inch in height, and looks more like a Russian than an Englishman. His

face bears a marked resemblance to that of Maxim Gorky, a fact frequently remarked upon by Russians who meet him. The facial resemblance is probably to be accounted for by the Celtic strain in him. The Russians have much in common with the Celts. It was the spirit of Russia as shown in the works of Gorky and Dostoieffsky that drew him towards Russia and caused him to go there and try to find out about her. "I am thirty years old," Mr. Graham confesses, "and some years ago I gave up a good business post in London and went out to Russia to find myself. I had only fifteen pounds in my pocket, but I had a heart full of hope and a good woman friend behind me. I shared a room with two young Russian students at Moscow and lived a most interesting Bohemian life. I wrote very little during my first year in the country. I had some dark days, but as I began to know more Russian and to feel surer of my own outlook on life I became more and more happy in my new career. I tramped about in the Caucasus, slept under the



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Stephen Graham.

stars, received hospitality from all sorts of queer folk and incidentally saw a lot of Russia. I wrote my first book, most precious to me of my writings, and next summer I went north to Archangel and saw another side of Russia. Next year after that I joined the Russian Pilgrims, disguised as one of them, and went with them to Jerusalem. Next year again I went to America with Russian emigrants. I have tramped in almost every district of Russia and when the war broke out I was away on the frontier of China, a thousand miles from a railway station. My new book starts off with an account of how the war affected the people there; how the Cossacks rose at the Tsar's summons."



"The Turbulent Duchess."

A sketch of the heroine of the new novel of love, chivalry and adventure, by James Brebner, that Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing.

Messrs. Methuen are publishing immediately "Windrush and Evenlode," a volume of poems by Mr. Henry Baerlein. Those who know Mr. Baerlein's delightful translations from the Persian poet, Abu'l Ala, will welcome this his first book of untranslated verse.

A few months back, in reviewing Mr. Munson Havens' charming novel "Old Valentines," our reviewer declared that the hasty marriage of his hero and heroine in England was incompatible with the marriage laws of this country. When Mr. Havens wrote protesting that our reviewer was in error, we, in the pride of our heart and in the

best good faith, tried to assure him to the contrary. When he wrote again, still unconvinced, we paid a visit to the Registrar-General's Office in order to place the point beyond doubt, and as a consequence we are now fittingly clad in sackcloth and ashes, and readily sacrifice our reviewer to the interests of truth by printing the following letter:

To the Editor,

THE BOOKMAN,

London.

Cleveland, U.S.A.

SIR,—In a review of my novel "Old Valentines" (Constable), your reviewer cast doubt on the legality of the marriage of the hero and heroine, who decided at lunch to marry, and were married before three. "Alas, alas, Mr. Havens is kinder to the lovers than the hard, unwieldy marriage laws of England would be!" said your reviewer, inasmuch as the hero, after counting the money in his pockets, found he had enough for "luncheon, fares, and even contingencies." Your reviewer went on to say that "the contingencies included a special licence, which



Mr. P. W. Wilson,

whose new book, "The Unmaking of Europe," Messrs. Nisbet are publishing.



Photo by Gordon Chase.

Miss M. Revell,

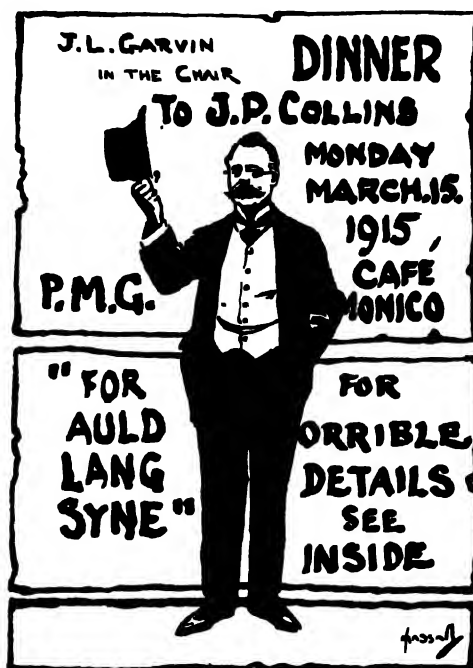
whose charming book of poems, "A Reading of Life," was recently published by Mr. Erskine Macdonald.

with fees and duty amounted to something like thirty pounds." Your reviewer laboured under an assumption, common to Englishmen, I think, that a special licence is necessary (except in times of especial stress, such as the present war) to consummate a speedy marriage. An American author, however, unlike your reviewer, dare not rest the turning point of his plot upon an assumption. My knowledge of English law seems to be sounder than your reviewer's. To his confusion, and to the confusion of all other reviewers who make unguarded criticisms, permit me to say that my hero and heroine were quite legally married, without banns, by securing an ordinary licence, costing about two pounds at the Faculty Office in Doctors Commons. They were married in the parish church of the district in which the hero had lived for

considerably more than the fifteen days required by law.

Very truly yours,
MUNSON
HAVENS.

One of the pleasantest of recent lit-

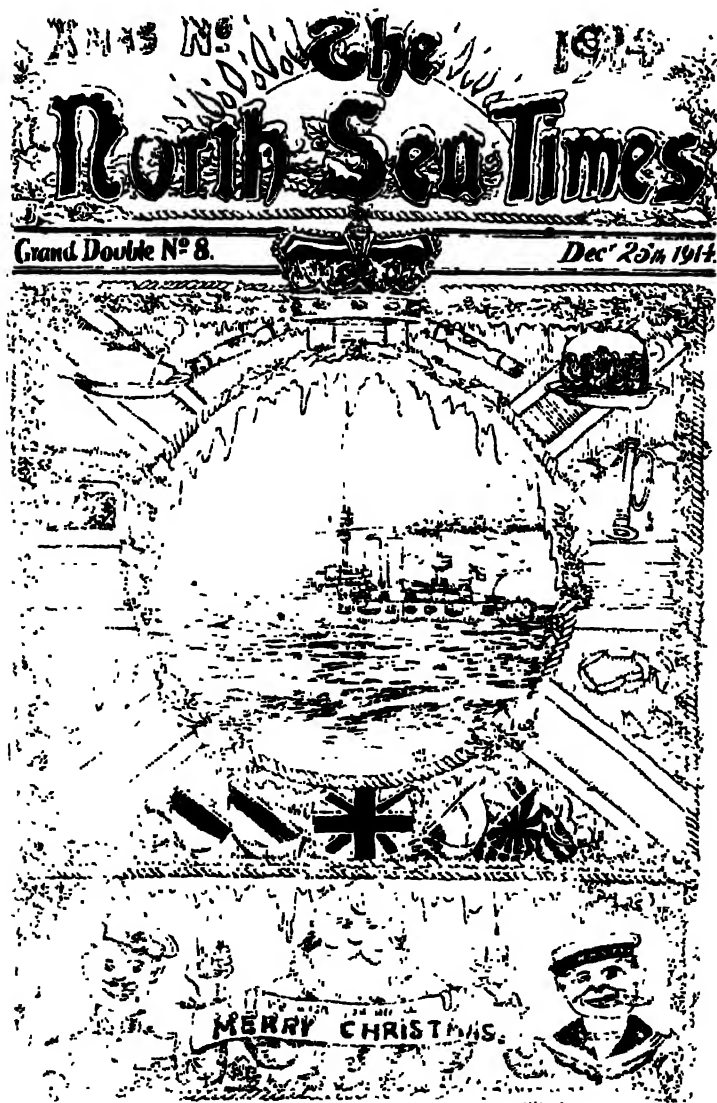


Mr. J. P. Collins.

From a drawing on a menu card, by John Hassall.

erary functions was the complimentary dinner given to Mr. J. P. Collins at the Café Monico, on March 15th, on the occasion of his retirement from the literary editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette* to undertake control of the Literary Agency of London. Mr. J. L. Garvin, the editor-in-chief of the *P.M.G.* was in the chair, and bore the warmest testimony to the esteem and affection in which Mr. Collins was held by those who had been his colleagues; other speakers including Mr. Farquharson Sharp, Mr. Thomas Seccombe, Mr. Holbrook Jackson, Mr. J. M. Blanch, Mr. Howard A. Gray and Mr. Collins himself. The guests numbered over a hundred, and many of the best known London authors, journalists and publishers were among them. Mr. C. E. Lawrence, who was responsible for all arrangements in connection with the event, is to be congratulated on his gifts of organisation.

We publish on this page a reduced facsimile of the title page of the Christmas Number of *The North Sea Times*, a quaintly interesting journal written, illustrated and printed on board H.M.S. *King Edward VII.* Letterpress and illustrations reveal the highest of high spirits, and would seem to show that the long watch and ward in the North Sea, and the constant dangers attending it, have taken



Title page (reduced) of No. 8 of *The North Sea Times*,

written, illustrated, printed and published on board H.M.S. *King Edward VII.*, with the Grand Fleet in the North Sea.

From a copy of the journal kindly lent by Mrs Gladys Jacob.

nothing from that breezy cheerfulness which characterises the British sailor. There is a "Tall Shooting Story" to which the author, Charles Ingle (who, by the way, is the *North Sea Times's* artist, and an artist of considerable humour and ability), is constrained to add a confession that he is no relation to George Washington. The "War Notes" breathe the courage and eagerness for battle that is felt throughout the Navy; but in the main the literature is distinctly frivolous and amusing. "Duty Clown"

contributes a page of "Wit and Wisdom"; there is a burlesque list of "Things We are Not Sure About"; some farcical "Advertisements and Announcements"; a whimsical dream-story, "The Refit of the *Old Crock*"; and a capital account of "Christmas Day Aboard Ship," by Frank Lane. A unique feature of the paper is that, as there are no engravers or means of making blocks on board, spaces are left for the illustrations and these are printed in afterwards, by means of a jellygraph.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

JAMES STEPHENS

BY ST. JOHN G. ERVINE.

MR. JAMES STEPHENS was not born of woman, nor did he "just grow" as Topsy did. He descended upon this world, completely adult, exactly as the angels in "The Demi-Gods" descended on the hill where Patsy MacCann and his daughter Mary found them. I have heard, and I believe it to be true, that Mr. Stephens (it seems ridiculous to call an angel *Mister*!) was found by Æ, the great Irish poet and greater Irish man, clinging to the branches of a tree in Stephen's Green, Dublin. Æ instantly hauled him off his perch (for he is very familiar in his manner with angels and the like) and informed him that the only occupation fit for a heavenly being was that of a lecturer on Co-operation under the direction of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society; and people say that Stephens was so scared by this statement that he wrote two books in his hurry and alarm and then bolted to Paris, where he now sits congratulating himself on his escape from affairs. But that was a mistake. In running away from Æ, he also ran away from Ireland.

And let this be noted: the two books which he wrote in Ireland are better than the two books which he wrote in France. I will not deny that "Here are Ladies" and "The Demi-Gods" are full of good stuff; indeed, I will affirm that they are; but they are without that salty, Irish quality which makes "The Charwoman's Daughter" and "The Crock of Gold" such tasty reading. One feels that the angel, unaware of sex when he made these two books, in the sense that the neurotic novelists are aware of it, had become very conscious by the time he reaches "Here are Ladies" and "The Demi-Gods" that "male and female created He them." One feels, too, when one reads "The

Charwoman's Daughter" and "The Crock of Gold" that the angel, in his flight to Stephen's Green, contrived to see the whole of Ireland very clearly, but when one reads the later books, one feels that, wingless, he is now squatting on the pavement in front of a Parisian café looking at Ireland through liqueur glasses. And Paris is the very devil of a place for an Irishman to live in. How else can one account for the ruin of Synge? Englishmen, indeed, should be compelled to spend part of their lives in France, because Englishmen are like that, but all Irishmen should be forbidden the place, for Paris (I have never been in it, God be praised!) is simply a spruce Dublin drinking absinthe instead of a shabby Dublin drinking stewed tea. And where's the good in that?

You can see the Parisian influence very plainly in "Here are The Demi-Gods." Would the Puck-like Stephens who wrote "The Charwoman's Daughter" recognise this passage from "The Demi-Gods" as his own? "And now, before the day had broken, sitting in a ghastly lightness, which was neither light nor darkness, she was attending to her hair." The word "ghastly" instantly assails your eyes and fills your mind with shock, and you have difficulty in believing that it was written by the man who made Mary Makebelieve and her mother in "The Charwoman's Daughter." Puck, you may be sure, has no knowledge of ghastly things, nor does he conceive of the dawn as a ghastly spectacle. The passage I have quoted from "The Demi-Gods" is not an isolated one. It is almost inconceivable that the early, utterly unself-conscious Stephens should write such a description as this: "all around, down the invisible road and across



Photo by
Mr. Mac Mahon.

Mr. James Stephens.

the vanished fields and hills, night trailed her dusky robes and crushed abroad the poppy." Puck and *poppies*! My delicate Ariel mouthing like Oscar Wilde and Ernest Dowson and Baudelaire and Verlaine and all the paltry, decorative people who could not see visions unless they were drugged or drunk! No, no, this consciously "beautiful" writing smells, not of hills and sea and "wide, windy acres," but of the Café Royal. Larks for Puck, not ghastliness! Footing it featly for Ariel, not poppies and the insignia of death! But worst of all the influences of Paris on "The Demi-Gods" is the incredible end of the story; for Mr. Stephens makes the young angel Art rip his wings into fluttering plumes so that he may turn mortal and marry Mary MacCann! That is a deep dip into sentimentalism. A real angel would have known his place better than that, and he would have followed Cæltia and Finaun in their big, leaping flights to heaven.

There were signs in "The Crock of Gold" that Puck was forgetting himself. Whenever he saw a hillock he leaped on to it and began to preach. And Puck has no business with preachments. His job is to tickle the fancy of Oberon and his lady Titania and to set the fairies in a roar of laughter. If he moralises at all, he must do so briefly and very seldom. He may, under extreme provocation, exclaim "Lord, what fools these mortals be!" but he must not so closely resemble mortals that he instantly sets about improving their minds. We cannot contentedly watch Puck transforming himself into Mr. Sidney Webb or Miss Christabel Pankhurst. "The Crock of Gold" begins in a burst of pagan gaiety, and the entranced reader lets his eyes leap from page to page with indescribable pleasure until, mid-way through the book, the sparkle begins to fade and dull as the eyes rest on rhetoric about Women and Marriage and Property and other topics of intellectual discussion. Puck turns preacher, and the gay hooves are hidden under a cassock!

Argument is Mr. Stephens's hobby. He loves a good old gabble on ideas, and so long as he keeps his rhetoric separate from his art, there is no harm done. "So long as a man rides his Hobby-horse peacefully and quietly along the King's highway," says Tristram Shandy, "and neither compels you or me to get up behind him—pray, Sir, what have either you or I to do with it?" But if Mr. Stephens rides his Hobby-horse full tilt at his story, then his Hobby-horse becomes an abominable nuisance, for it utterly discomposes his story. In "The Demi-Gods" there is a partial recovery of the pagan spirit that prevailed in "The Crock of Gold" and was almost lost in "Here are Ladies." There are lengthy passages in "The Demi-Gods" that are full of rapture; the reader feels that mountain-air, nippy with sea-breeze, has been distilled into words without losing any of its stingy, enlivening quality; and he opens his mind, as it were, and draws great draughts of it into his heart. To read such a passage as this is like eating juicy apples and ripe nuts:

"Her father awakened exactly as she did, exactly as every open-air animal does; his eyes flew wide, instantly and entirely wakeful, and he looked at her with full comprehension of their adventure. He raised softly on an elbow and glanced to where the strangers were; then nodded to his daughter and rose noiselessly to his feet. She beckoned him, and they stepped a few paces away so that

they might talk in security. Mary was about to speak, but her father prevented her:

"'Listen,' he whispered, 'the best thing we can do is to load the things into the cart, without making any noise, mind you! Then we'll yoke the little ass as easy as anything, and then I'll get into the cart and I'll drive off as hard as ever I can pelt, and you can run beside the ass with a stick in your hand and you welting the devil out of him to make him go quick. I'm no good myself at the running, and that's why I'll get into the cart, but you can run like a hare, and that's why you'll wallop the beast. Mind now,' he continued fiercely, 'we don't know who them fellows are at all, and what would the priest say if he heard we were stravaiging the country with three big, buck angels, and they full of tricks maybe? So go you now and be lifting in the things and I'll give you good help myself.'"

Compare that live stuff with this musty, flavourless passage from the same book:

"Civilisation, having built itself at hazard upon the Rights of Property, has sought on many occasions to unbuild itself again in sheer desperation of any advance, but from the great Ethic of Possession there never has been any escape, and there never will be until the solidarity of man has been really created, and until each man ceases to see the wolf in his neighbour."

Sound enough, indeed, but who wants to hear Puck talking like Karl Marx?

It is in "The Charwoman's Daughter" that one finds Mr. Stephens at his very best. When I first read this delicate story and "The Crock of Gold," I thought that "The Crock of Gold" was the better of the two; but on re-reading them, I have reversed their order. In this story Mr. Stephens does not argue about women, or lay down rules and regulations about their conduct: he contents himself with creating women. It is the most tender and beautiful fairy-tale that has been written in our time: an exquisite book full of great longings and high romance and the sensitive reticence of queenly women. "The Crock of Gold" begins in high jinks, but ends in a burst of oratory: the sparkle is not maintained all the way through the book. But "The Charwoman's Daughter" begins and ends in charm, and is never without charm for a moment during its course.

In addition to the four prose works named above, Mr. Stephens has written two volumes of poems: "Insurrections" and "The Hill of Vision." They are full of that roaring rebellion against set things which is in everything that he writes, which, indeed, makes his tendency to moralise all the more remarkable. Perhaps the most considerable of his poems is "The Lonely God," a piece which is full of the beauty of the disconsolate. It is when one reads "The Lonely God" and "The Charwoman's Daughter" that one realises how dreadful a thing it was for Mr. Stephens to fly to France, and how urgent a thing it is that he should instantly return to Ireland. If Puck must preach to the multitude, let him take his pack and go tramping the roads in Donegal and Connacht and the Middle West. Æ's instinct was right: Mr. Stephens can expend his preacher's energy in propagating the principle of co-operation among the Irish peasants; and having rid himself of rhetoric in this fashion, he can settle down in comfort to write the fine stuff with which he began his career as a writer. He may be certain that that is the only stuff his admirers desire from him.

THE READER.

WILLIAM WATSON

By FRANCIS BICKLEY.

IN his introduction to the two-volume selected edition of Mr. Watson's work, Mr. J. A. Spender remarks: "There are writers of a copious and diffuse habit whose best is arrived at by a vigorous process of selection; but Mr. Watson is certainly not one of these. He writes at long intervals, refines, rejects, condenses, with a fastidiousness of self-criticism which is too rare among modern authors. He has, of course, his degrees of excellence, but his work is from the beginning a selection. . . . Mr. Watson has two distinctive qualities. . . . One is the power of conveying illuminative criticism in poetical form, as, incidentally, in his Elegiac Poems, in many of his Sonnets, and in the Epigrams, which last, despite the work of other writers who have practised the aphoristic quatrain, assume in his hands an original and characteristic form. The other is a descriptive and meditative kind of poetry which, though in subject it derives from Wordsworth, departs widely from the Wordsworthian method in its technique. To this class belong many poems which, suggested by some mood or phase of nature, deal with the greater problems of life and death, philosophy and religion." It will be observed that, in all his references to Mr. Watson's verse, Mr. Spender gives it the name of poetry. Some critics have had scruples, and perhaps, if the sacred word is only to be applied to the inspired moments of Keats and Coleridge, and to such things as are of their kindred, even if not of their quality, then the author of "*Lacrymæ Musarum*" cannot be admitted to the temple. He must be content to stay in the excellent company outside. There is often a fine fire of moral indignation in his verses, and often by sheer burnishing he makes them shine like steel; but neither of these things are the authentic, miraculous flame. But if by poetry one simply means good writing in verse, he is indisputably of the elect. It is nothing but a question of nomenclature. You may deny that Dryden and Pope are poets; you cannot deny that they are among the great writers of English.

Mr. Watson's love of epigram and antithesis suggest comparison with the Augustan age; but, though classical in his economy, he is altogether of the century of Wordsworth, Tennyson and Arnold. He writes in their tradition, and in his outlook on life he is a thorough-going romantic.

He considers our forefathers to have been finer fellows than we are, and hopes that our descendants will attain to even loftier summits. It is characteristic of the romantic to believe that he lives in a depression.

In some lines to Edward Dowden, we get a glimpse of the poet's education in his art. After telling of his early subjection to Shelley, he goes on:

"Anon the Earth recalled me, and a voice
Murmuring of dethroned divinities
And dead times deathless upon sculptured urns—
And Philomela's long-descended pain
Flooding the night—the maidens of romance
To whom asleep St Agnes' love-dreams come—
Awhile constrained me to a sweet duress
And thralldom, lapping me in high content,
Soft as the bondage of white amorous arms.
And then a third voice, long unheeded—held
Claustral and cold, and dissonant and tame—
Found me at last with ears to hear. It sang
Of lowly sorrows and familiar joys,
Of simple manhood, artless womanhood,
And childhood fragrant as the limpid morn;
And from the homely matter nigh at hand
Ascending and dilating, it disclosed
Spaces and avenues, calm height and breadth
Of vision, whence I saw each blade of grass
With roots that groped about eternity,
And in each drop of dew upon each blade
The mirror of the inseparable All.
The first voice, then the second, in their turns
Had sung me captive. This voice sung me free."

Before Wordsworth had made him forget Keats, Mr. Watson wrote "*The Prince's Quest*." This story of a youth's enchanted odyssey, in search of the lady of his dream, is pure romance, and full of such words as "tristfully," "dolorousness" and "puissance," but the writer's native terseness has saved him from the garrulity which lies in wait for those who use the running rhymed decasyllable, and snared Keats in "*Endymion*" and Swinburne in "*Tristram of Lyonesse*." "*The Prince's Quest*" makes pleasant if unexciting reading, but has little significance in a conspectus of Mr. Watson's art; unless it be called as witness that from the beginning the poet was concerned with abstractions, types and ideals, rather than with the individual instances which appeal to the realist.

Mr. Watson has written little narrative poetry, and



Photo by S. Reul, Dumfries.

William Watson,
and his little daughter, aged two years and thirteen days, when the
photograph was taken last month.

none of great length. Only three pieces, exclusive of "The Prince's Quest," which is placed in the section devoted to "Early Poems," and appears under that head in the two-volume collection; "Domine Quo Vadis?" a legend of Rome and St. Peter; "The Eloping Angels," an amusing "caprice," which is as though the hand of Byron had for once collaborated with the spirit of Dickens, and "The Dream of Man." This last is one of those typical products of the latter nineteenth century which trace their ancestry to Darwin:

"To the eyes and the ears of the Dreamer, this Dream out of Darkness flew,
Through the horn or the ivory portal—he wist not which of the two."

The dream shows the triumphant Spirit of Man marching through the ages from victory to victory, until

"Man's Spirit grew too lordly for this mean orb to bound,
And by arts in his youth undreamed of his bonds terrene he broke,
With enterprise ethereal disdaining the natal yoke,
And, fired with cosmic ambition, that brooked not earthly bars,
He conquered the virgin planets and peopled the desert stars."

Then he thought:

"In what room of the palace of nature resides the invisible God?
For all her doors I have opened, and all her floors I have trod."



The Prodigy

When Kings reeled to their fall, or Pestilence poured
Her chalice, or war Famine claimed her slain,
Dread Comets ploughed of old the ethereal plain,
The hireling Star loosing his locks abhorred.
Fierce shapes he took; a bristled monster, gored
With porcine tusk the cold-bosomed Inane;
Flowed on the neck of Night, a charger's mane;
Or brandished in the zenith a hungry sword.
Now once again, the buccaneer of Heaven,
Yonder he cruises by its northern coasts,
And trails upon our sky his wake of foam;
Till, from that region hunted wide, and driven
Before its fleets and all their armoured hosts,
In deeps unknown the starry Ishmael roam.

William Watson

The Prodigy.

Facsimile MS. of an unpublished sonnet by Mr. William Watson.

There was none greater than himself, he concluded, and set up altars for his own worship. Then God "stept from His ambush" and showed Man "his base beginnings in the depths of time." "This," Man retorted:

"This is my loftiest greatness, that I was born so low;
Greater than Thou the ungrowing am I that for ever grow."

God's answer is to show him "his dark decline,

"His secular fall to nadir from summits of light divine,
Till at last, amid worlds exhausted, and bankrupt of force and fire,
'Twas his, in a torrent of darkness, like a spluttering lamp to expire."

This vision Man refuses to believe, and he returns to his work of conquest until he has overcome the last and greatest of his enemies—Death. But now

"Man the invincible queller, man with his foot on his foes,
In boundless satiety hungered, restless from utter repose,
Mighty o'ercomer of Nature, subduer of Death in his lair,
By mightier weariness vanquished, and crowned with august despair."

He has nothing left for which to live or to hope. In his misery he turns to the God whom he once spurned, and God of his pity restores him Hope and Death, acknowledging Man's lot to be more blest than His.

"I taste not delight of seeking, nor the rapture of striving know.
These only are joys transcendent, and I hoard them not, but bestow.

It has seemed worth while to dwell at length on this poem because it is not

Buckden.

which until about a year ago had long been Mr. William Watson's home in Huntingdonshire.

only one of Mr. Watson's finest, but because it is so perfectly characteristic both of the man and of his age.

The stoical, austere, yet on the whole optimistic agnosticism, which was the predominant temper not only of Arnold, but of Stevenson, may have been a compromise—as Mr. Chesterton has written a book to maintain—but it was a very noble compromise, and Mr. Watson is not the least of those who have accepted it. In such poems as "The Unknown God" and "The Hope of the World" he expresses it with a dignity worthy of his masters, Wordsworth and Arnold, and with the distinction of language which never fails him. Life he sees as a struggle unalleviated by any certain hope of reward, and he contrasts the absolute moods of nature with man's incompleteness.

"With stormy joy, from height on height,
The thundering torrents leap.
The mountain tops, with still delight,
Their great inaction keep.

Man only, irked by calm, and rent
By each emotion's throes,
Neither in passion finds content
Nor finds it in repose "

Again :

"Toiling and yearning, 'tis man's doom to see
No perfect creature fashion'd of his hands.
Insulted by a flower's immaculacy,
And mock'd at by the flawless stars he stands."

To accept imperfection as his lot, and to make perfection his goal, is not the least of man's heroisms.

Lacking that ultimate magic which is the soul of poetry, Mr. Watson is hardly to be considered as a lyrist, though he has written snatches of verse, such as "O, like a queen's her happy tread," the well-known "April April," the Tennysonian "Leave-taking," and the early "Song of Three Singers," which are full of limpid and lucid charm. But he depends on polish rather than spontaneity for his effects. His verse often takes an epigrammatic form, or culminates in an epigrammatic *dénouement*, and his long series of four-lined epigrams are unique in modern literature. Many of these are famous, such as the one quoted above ("Toiling and yearning"), and there is scarcely one which is not aptly phrased and pregnant with meaning. For instance (at random) :

"Love, like a bird, hath perch'd upon a spray
For thee and me to hearken what he sings.
Contented, he forgets to fly away ;
But hush ! . . . remind not Eros of his wings."

This, entitled "Shelley and Harriet," is tender as well as terse :

"A sta. look'd down from heaven and loved a flower
Grown in earth's garden—loved it for an hour.
Let eyes that trace his orbit in the spheres
Refuse not, to a ruin'd rosebud, tears."

Much of Mr. Watson's poetry deals with criticism or eulogy of his masters and fellow-craftsmen, or with the theory of his art.

As he says in his "Apologia" :

"I have full oft
In singers' selves found me a theme of song,
Holding these also to be very part
Of Nature's greatness, and accounting not
Their descants least heroical of Deeds."

Again and again he has praised that quality which is pre-eminently his own :

"Time, the extortioner, from richest beauty
Takes heavy toll and wrings rapacious duty.
Austere of feature if thou carve thy rhyme,
Perchance 'twill pay the lesser tax to Time."

Another ("To a Slovenly Versifier") :

"Your gems, I take it, even in the rough,
For this rude age are more than good enough ?
Too mean were lapidarian toil for you ;
'Tis work we drudges may be left to do :
Poor painful slaves of our own paltry skill,
Doting uxorious on Perfection still."



Mrs. William Watson.

(Mr. Watson has written so much that is quotable, and of quotable length, that one is tempted to make an anthology instead of an article). The carping, sarcastic note—suggesting a blindness to the fact that art is a house of many mansions—is rather too frequently sounded by Mr. Watson, especially in his later work, but he can praise finely, and the four elegies, for Tennyson, Burns, Wordsworth and Arnold, are tributes not unworthy of those to whom they are offered.

To discuss Mr. Watson's poems on "public affairs" in detail would be to recount the history of England, or, rather, of Europe, for the last thirty years. Specimens of this side of his work are indeed fresh in everybody's memory, for the great war, which he foreshadowed in more than one poem, has given him an opportunity of which he has made full use. To-day he finds himself

in accord both with public policy and with popular sentiment; but this has not always been the case. He has many a time found occasion to say hard things of England and of Englishmen. For he is an idealist, and is irked by the stumblings and dishonesties of politicians. He is a Liberal, who hates to see his country departing from the path of Liberalism. "On being styled 'Pro-Boer,'" he wrote:

"Friend, call me what you will: no jot care I:
I that shall stand for England till I die.
England! The England that rejoiced to see
Hellas unbound, Italy one and free;
The England that had tears for Poland's doom,
And in her heart for all the world made room;
The England from whose side I have not swerved;
The immortal England whom I, too, have served,
Accounting her all living lands above,
In Justice, and in Mercy, and in Love."

And so he has often found himself in opposition to the activities or the inertia of England's politicians, notably at the time of the Armenian massacres and during the South African War. On these occasions he gave bold voice to his opinions and faced the opprobrium which they brought on him. But the defence of his well-

founded claim to be called a patriot is best set forth in his own words. Dedicating a volume to Mr. Leonard Courtney, one of the most vehement critics of the policy of Mr. Chamberlain, he wrote:

"I anticipate the charge, already brought against me, of anti-patriotism; an accusation best treated with disdain, yet in itself so odious, that to suffer it without impatience is difficult. Especially is it odious to one who has prided himself on being peculiarly English in his sympathies and sentiments, and who comes of many generations of such Englishmen as fought indomitably for faith and commonweal, such Englishmen as lived the beautiful ancient life of our pastoral highlands, in the lee of northern hills, and by the flowing of Swale and Ure. To one conscious of these noble origins, conscious, too, of having loved his country with the vigilant love that cannot brook a shadow upon her honour, the charge of being against her because he deplores her temporary attitude and action, brings a kind of amazement that has in it something akin to despair. But hope returns at last—the hope, nay, the assurance, that the spirit of detraction and falsification is no true English growth, and must presently perish, or seek fitter soil and clime."

This, surely, is nobly phrased, and in the temper of his finest, most characteristic poetry.

LIFE AND LITERATURE—AFTER THE WAR.

BY MAY SINCLAIR, CHARLES GARVICE, W. L. GEORGE, STEPHEN PHILLIPS, SILAS K. HOCKING,
SIR JAMES YOXALL, M.P.

MISS MAY SINCLAIR

and the influence of the War on Life and Literature.

I AM afraid it is a little too soon for considering the effect the War is going to have on "our lives and literature." I certainly think it will have *some* effect. It will probably lop off a good many excrescences from both, and destroy some of our most tenderly cherished abnormalities (though, by shattering the nerves of the present generation, it may ultimately produce others as bad or worse.) Our young Intellectuals are not going to be affected by the War, and the War most certainly is not going to be affected by them. It will simply leave them alone in their detachment; and there will be no second crop of them just yet. And it would be pretty safe to say that it will make short work of the brothers and sisters of the Intellectuals, of the "Sensuists" in-theory-and-on-principle, of all the bloodless, attenuated, conscientious devotees of the "primitive instincts." I do not think we are going to be interested any more in their erotics, or their sex-problems, or, primarily, in sex at all; because of the enormous widening of our range of motives and instincts and emotions. Some of these—the will to fight, the violent courage and violent honour of War, and the greatest of them all, Religion, are primitive instincts if you like; and all the primitive instincts hang together. We shall no longer be able to regard Love, for instance, as an isolated phenomenon, but we shall see it as it is, rooted and platted in with the rest, having no more colour or importance than it gains by the general heightening of emotional values all round.

For there is no doubt that these values were precisely what we were beginning to lose in "life and literature," along with Religion, that is to say with our hold on Reality, before the War. Most of us—with the exception of one or two poets—were ceasing to live with any intensity, to believe with any conviction incompatible with comfort, and to feel with any strength and sincerity. Yet we were all quite sincerely "out for" reality without recognising it when we saw it, and without any suspicion of its spiritual nature.

And Reality—naked, shining, intense Reality—more and not less of it, is, I believe, what we are going to get after the War. It cannot be evaded for a whole century. The Nineteenth did its best to pretend that Reality was not there, to build up between us and the vision of it, the whole obstructive apparatus of material things. And at last, by means of the cruellest, the ugliest, the most brutally material of material things we are "hacking our way through."

We cannot possibly come out of the War as unseeing as we went in. Its very waste of material things—thousands of pounds gone with the normal, uninterrupted life of a big gun, after the 500th round; millions and millions sunk in the total of our ammunition, with the entire approval of this money-grubbing nation; our own estimate of the worth of flesh and blood when weighed against a few intangible things such as patriotism, and honour—these should be enough to open our eyes to the Unseen.

Then there is Russia.

The Russian Government is one thing and the Russian people is another. It is, perhaps, the most religious

people, the people most earnestly struggling towards spirituality, at this time in Europe. And Russian literature—the literature which is probably about to influence us more than any other—has had its eyes open most of the time.

But it is too soon to prophesy, even if prophecy were ever safe.

MAY SINCLAIR.

CHARLES GARVICE

on the signs of the times.

Seeing that literature is as sensitive as the *mimosa pudica*, it is impossible that it should not be affected by an Armageddon. When the war broke out, so great and immediate was the effect on the profession of authorship that the sale of all books, save those dealing with the war and its causes, ceased automatically; that is to say, the general reader suddenly lost his interest in belles lettres, fiction and in all science and history unconnected with the science and history of warfare. After a while, and with comparative quickness, when the first excitement had subsided, the public began to read again, though shyly and, so to speak, half-ashamedly; and now, I am given to understand, "the trade" is recovering and the demand for certain books becoming normal. So much for the material side of the question, as regards the purely literary aspect, I am inclined to think that this war will have a marked effect on the quality and tone of the books which are now being written, and will be written for the next two or three years. They who are in close touch with literature will agree with me that, for some time past, and immediately preceding this war, fiction—I speak of the branch of literature of which I know most—had become meticulous in detail, almost morbidly analytical and too much given to the small, the minute things of life; it had something of the restlessness, the fever and the petulance of an over-fed and pampered child, who turns from solid food and homely toys and whines for unwholesome sweets and grotesque and hideous caricatures of the animal world. In a word, fiction was going through an attack of vapours. Suddenly, there came the clash of arms, the groans of the wounded, the darkness of the black shadow cast by Death. The world was wakened from its apathy by the roar of the elemental. It was impossible to take an interest in small things, when such tremendously great and dreadful ones were happening within a few hundred miles of us. I remember going to the theatre, with a friend, one evening during the first fortnight of the war; the play was a comedy of the eternal triangle: two women and a man; and my friend, after watching the admirable play and the clever actors through two acts, remarked to me, "I don't care which woman has him; let's go out and get a paper." We were losing men by the thousand, and we could not take any interest in imaginary sorrows.

As I have said, that phase of indifference is passing away, the libraries are doing a brisk trade, and the

Art's Riddle

*So to; I also would her stein unravel.
Art is not Nature warped in man's control,
But Nature's reminiscences of travel
Across an artist's soul.*

*Or 'tis a tidal river, that, each day,
Ebbing and flowing under cliff and tree,
With mutual and eternal interplay
Takes and gives back the sea*

William Watson

Art's Riddle.

Facsimile MS. of an unpublished poem by Mr. William Watson.

demand for fiction is becoming normal; but I venture to think that it is for fiction of a kind different from that which we have been producing of late; the trivial story, the meticulous study of detail will lose their vogue, if they have not done so already; we shall require some backbone in our novels; the love interest alone will not satisfy us; strife is in the air, and we shall want to be told something of man's efforts at self-denial and altruism, his blind, but always purposeful, struggles to reach the higher and the nobler life. Of course, this is mere theorising; but one opinion may be offered with a large amount of confidence; and that is, that there will be no great demand for the war element in fiction. This opinion is based on experience; every novelist knows that the one thing he might not write about after the Boer War was—the Boer War. Once we have recovered from the awful shock of this Armageddon, once we have righted the wrong as far as we can do so, and have punished the tyrant and the transgressor, scarcely shall we bear to think, much less shall we bear to read, of the agony we have suffered, the horrors through which we have waded.

CHARLES GARVICE.

W. L. GEORGE

thinks the War will make no difference.

I have indeed noticed a tendency among reviewers to dismiss certain types of novel as "evidently written in the pre-war period." It takes no very precise form, but the suggestion is that after the war we shall all of us be different people; that the men will be noble, stern and brave (including the majority who have not fought); that the suffragette will disappear and no longer want a vote; that the revolting daughter will cease to revolt; that the wife will be content; that we shall never again hear of strikes against low wages, of vegetarianism, the Russian Ballet, or fancy painting. I think this idiotic. One might conclude that Europe had never before gone to war. (The Napoleonic Wars were smaller but lasted longer.) I am convinced that after the War the agitations we have known will come to the fore again in literature. We are not in for an orgy of

air-haired heroes (just over six feet in height) or of warbling heroines; at least not those of us who love literature. We are going to give tongue more loudly than ever when militarism has been cleared out of the way; the nation is not going to be pure and simple and solemn and stupid; already the suffragists threaten, the busmen and miners strike. Well, the literary folk are going to behave as they used to . . . and more so. Marriage, the family, the military state, we are going to turn on all of them. And you can call us egotistic, neurotic; it won't matter: we'll merely thicken the dose!

W. L. GEORGE.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

is pessimistic.

My opinion based on conversation, not with the literary man, but with the average man, who both thinks and reads, is that the war is a set-back to idealism. That Germany will be eventually defeated is certain enough; but for the first time in history great thinkers have proclaimed and a most powerful nation has seriously gone to war for the doctrine that Might is Right, that he who wills shall reign. It is true that Napoleon can be regarded as an incarnation of this idea, but Napoleon was an overmastering individual. Here we have not merely a monarch or a group of statesmen, but a whole people throwing its national life into the balance for a theory, which, if true, can only mean that the pre-dominant Force is rather evil than good.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

SILAS K. HOCKING

on Post-War Literature.

I take it for granted that what I may call the temper of any given period reflects itself in the literature of that period. Hence, when the war is over the temper of the nation will find expression in the books that will be written. What that temper is likely to be, it is perhaps rash even to hazard a guess. Yet there are certain considerations that may serve as finger-posts.

If the war ends in a stalemate—a patched up peace—we may be quite sure that the temper of the nation will be sullen, and bitter, and critical. If, on the other hand, the Allies win a complete victory and are able to dictate terms to the bully of Europe, then there will be a rebound in the direction of brightness and cheerfulness and gaiety; but over against this must be placed the awful aftermath of even the most successful war. For tens of thousands of people the joy of life will be quenched for ever, and for the rest there will be straitened means, and shrunken capital, and an almost intolerable burden of taxation, so that the rebound will mean little more than one vast sigh of relief, and then the nation will have to stoop to take up its burden again, and with sadly diminished strength.

Also it must be remembered, that the scale of values has changed beyond what we yet realise. We have almost a new standard of ethics. The old commands: Thou shalt not kill, nor steal, nor covet, nor bear false witness—Thou shalt keep holy the Sabbath day, and love your enemies, and forgive those who have wronged you—we find not only inconvenient, but almost impossible.

Hugh Price Hughes used to say that war not only hardened the heart, but seared the conscience—many of us are finding that to be strictly true. Moreover, our finer sensibilities are becoming dulled. Things that would have sent a shudder through the nation a year ago, awaken now but a faint and passing emotion. Hell has been let loose in Europe, and for months we have been stumbling through it, and may have to stumble on for many months more; and it seems hardly likely that we shall come out without having the smell of fire on us. The bearing of this on the literature of the future is easy to see.

The impression left on my mind in reading the history of the great and prolonged wars in which we have engaged is, that they were followed in most instances by a period of great laxity—of social and even political corruption. At the end of the present war a million or two million men will be set free—liberated, not only from the horrors but from the discipline of to-day. What that may mean it is not easy to imagine. They will come back as heroes; nothing will be too good for them, and no charity too large to be extended to them.

Hence I do not look forward to a sweeter period—a more refined and gentler period. It may be jollier in some ways, more robustious, and reckless and daring. The books that will be written will probably have more iron and less honey, more dash and go and less psychology; but that they will be finer in tone or more exalted in purpose I do not think we have any right to expect. To imagine that a sweeter and nobler Europe will emerge from this welter of blood and crime is to ignore all the teaching of history. War is always brutal however conducted, and its effect on the spirit and temper of the nation is to harden and coarsen. The literature of the next decade will be woven, not out of spun silk, but out of steel wire. That may be an advantage, so much depends on the point of view.

Some of our novelists have already made a start—there is no reason why they should not make a bit out of the war as well as the contractors—the levels have been taken, and the land partially surveyed. The hero is big and muscular, and absolutely destitute of fear; the heroine (sweet thing) dotes on physical courage, and scorns the man who manifests the least symptom of nerves. The meek are not to inherit the earth for a year or two, and the sensitive man is going to have a bad time of it. So much is plain even now, and the end of the war is not yet.

SILAS K. HOCKING.

SIR JAMES YOXALL, M.P.

looks for good out of evil.

As to books, the present wide study given to publications concerning the War, the national policies which led to it, and the modern history of the countries engaged in it, is bound, I should think, to have an effect upon the reading tastes of the future. The lessening in number of the inferior class of novel—published often at the expense of writers who have no real capacity for authorship—will, one may hope, go on. However, the daily meals of exciting news now supplied will probably create a greater appetite for stories of adventure in the future; and we may see renewed the Romantic Period which



Mr. William Watson.

began during the long wars which ended at Waterloo. On the other hand, there are signs of a turning towards books of the less exciting order: "Nothing about the War" was a significant advertisement put forward by a publisher not long ago. Perhaps the essay may get its chance again; as almost certainly the poem which can be both romantic and reflective will do. Before the War there were symptoms of a renaissance of poetry, and surely this will go on; for apart from the woe and waste and blood, one effect of a great war is to poetise a nation which feels itself to be fighting for the right.

After the War, the current of national life will turn

into very much the old channels again, most probably—though perhaps with a quicker movement: it would be disappointing if the sluggishness of the past were to be renewed; the effect of the crisis upon individuals has been so marked—one sees it in the people met with in the streets, in their eyes and bearing, as well as in the regimented men—that the nation, as a whole, can surely never be again quite so dull and slow as in some respects it was before this great shaking-up occurred: for also our past trivialities and frivolities are now seen by great numbers of us to be the petty and ineffectual things they really were.

J. H. YOXALL.

ABOUT BOOKS.

A LETTER FROM LONDON TO A COUNTRY COUSIN.

April, 1915.

MY bookseller was saying the same thing only yesterday, but though it is true the publishers are giving us more fiction and general literature now than they were a month ago—which was to be expected at this time of year, anyhow—the War remains and must remain our first interest, and there has been little appreciable falling off in the steady outflow of new War books. It is impossible for any one man to read them all, they are so many, but in the last few weeks I have read with the greatest interest Richard Harding Davis's graphic account of his experiences "With the Allies"¹ in France and Flanders, and the first bound volume of "T. P.'s Journal of Great Deeds of the Great War,"² which forms in itself a most fascinating history of the War up-to-date in all its varied aspects. In addition to T. P.'s characteristic weekly commentary, there are articles by Miss Marie Corelli, Sir R. S. Baden-Powell, Lord Roberts, W. Douglas Newton, Archibald Hurd, and many other able writers. It is one of the books you must certainly add to your War library. Another is Archibald Hurd's succinct, well-informed record of the creation and growth of "The German Fleet,"³ the latest addition to the indispensable *Daily Telegraph* War Books. Serviceable and well-informed too, are F. A. M. Webster's history of "Britain's Territories in Peace and War,"⁴ and Haldane Macfall's "Battle: Showing how battles are fought and the Why and the Wherefore"⁵—a timely handbook for young officers and soldiers, this, a comprehensive, comprehensible guide to the business of soldiering and the conduct of the fighting man on the field.

"The Menace of German Culture,"⁶ a reply to the egregious Professor Munsterberg, is the soundest of the several books of its kind, and you will find its four chapters on the causes of the War; the ideas for which the opposed forces are fighting; on German Culture versus Russian Culture; and on the War and the world's future, full of interest and suggestion. You will be introduced to a new and plausible theory if you read A. W. Alderson's dissertation on "Why the War cannot be Final,"⁷ and, to some sensational shocks

administered in the most sensational manner, if you lay out a shilling on William Le Queux's "German Spies in England."⁸ I confess that ever since I read it I have looked with suspicion upon even my oldest friends.

"The Way of the Red Cross"⁹ is an intimate and deeply interesting study of the organisation and duties of the R.A.M.C. and the Red Cross Society. No book the War has occasioned reveals more touchingly or more thrillingly the human side of those soldier-heroes who suffer the most terrible wounds with such cheerful fortitude, and none does such justice to the noble and self-sacrificing work that is done by the doctors and nurses and ambulance-bearers in rescuing and caring for the wounded, and doing these high services of pity and human kindness that mitigate the inevitable barbarism of War. You cannot read some of the stories in this book without pride or without tears; but there are delightful touches of humour in it, too—usually that best of humour that is only the other side of pathos. A book that was well worth doing even apart from the fact that the profits from it are to help *The Times* fund for the sick and wounded.

I have seen only three collections of War verse this last month. Albert Allen's "Labour War Chants"¹⁰ are steeped in the misery, the inhumanity, the horrors of warfare; they are as grimly and bitterly realistic as the fiercely democratic poetry of Ebenezer Elliott. "The Raving,"¹¹ by Eric Stone, is, on the other hand, airy trifling, a parody of "The Raven," that burlesques the doings of Germany; and the verses are not so clever as the drawings. "Lest we Forget"¹² is one of the best anthologies of the verse that has been written about the present war, and is published in aid of Queen Mary's Guild.

Something of the War spirit seems to have got into the editors of Everyman's Library¹³ and Jack's People's Books, for the twenty-one new additions to the former include such works as Cæsar's Gallic War; "The Subaltern," by Gleig; "Tom Cringle's Log"; Josephus's "Wars of the Jews"; Mignet's "French Revolution"; Laing's translation of "The Olaf Sagas"; and of

¹ 6s. (Duckworth.) ² 4s. 6d. net. (T.P.'s Journal Publishing Co.) ³ 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.) ⁴ 1s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.) ⁵ 6d. net. (Simpkin Marshall.) ⁶ 1s. net. (Rider.) ⁷ 1s. net. (King & Son.)

⁸ 1s. net. (Stanley Paul.) ⁹ By Lt. Charles Vivian and J. E. Hodder Williams, with a Preface by Queen Alexandra. 2s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.) ¹⁰ 2d. (National Labour Press.) ¹¹ 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.) ¹² Edited by H. B. Elliott. Foreword by Baroness Orczy. 2s. 6d. net. (Jarrold.) ¹³ 1s. net each. (Dent.)

necessity a note of war runs through much of what is to me the most interesting of the twenty-one "British Historical Speeches and Orations," for the compilation of which Ernest Rhys is responsible. As for the People's Books,¹⁴ there are six of them; the trail of the War is over them all, and they consist of Captain Atteridge's "British Army of To-day"; A. D. Innes' "The Hohenzollerns"; "A French Self-Tutor," by W. M. Conacher; W. T. Waugh's "Germany"; Frank Maclean's "Belgium," and "Treitschke," an excellent study of the life and doctrines of Germany's great warmonger, by M. A. Mugge.

The first novel about the war—if there has been another I have not come across it—is Joseph Keating's "Tipperary Tommy,"¹⁵ a stirring, vigorously written romance with an attractive neer-do-weel hero who answers his country's call, and plays the man in gallant fashion during the great retreat from Mons. A capital tale of love and hard fighting "A Man of Iron"¹⁶ takes you forty-five years away from this war, back to that war between France and Prussia that is largely responsible for this. Bismarck is the man of iron, but a certain P. C. Breagh is the real hero of the book, and you will be almost as interested in the vicissitudes of his short career in London and the strange people he associates with there, as in the vivid and picturesque adventures that await him out in the battle area in France. I shall not attempt to give you any idea of the plot; it would fill a much longer letter than I intend writing to you to-day. I daresay the book would have gained in intensity and power if it had been sternly condensed. There is so much detail concerning the causes of the Franco-Prussian conflict, the whole thing is so minutely realistic, and sometimes the author's mannerisms grow a little irritating; but there is no denying that your interest is roused and held through all the eight hundred pages of the narrative, and what is the use of complaining of small flaws when one has made such an admission as that? I never miss reading a new novel by Constance Smedley. She writes well, and is always true to the facts of the average life of which all of us know something. Her "On the Fighting Line"¹⁷ (you see how the war finds an echo in the title?) tells in the form of a diary the story of a girl-clerk in a mammoth London business concern. Her pride in her work, her ambition, her simple honesty, the dangers that she, in her innocence, so narrowly escapes when she falls in love with the son of one of the partners, and accepts his love and his compromising attentions; her office companions, the amusing bohemian company that gathers about her in her economical lodging—these things and the everyday incidents and events that make up such a life as hers are unfolded with the surest skill and effectiveness.

I read, or tried to read, last month three or four novels that were so bad that you won't want to hear anything

about them. But here are some others that I can strongly and unreservedly recommend:

"The Faunily"¹⁸ is an amazingly clever study of an English country family, consisting of the squire, his wife and their eleven children. The children grow up and love and marry and lead their separate lives, yet the family tie so holds and draws them that those separate lives are all woven into the one story—not always a pleasant story; the characters are too faithfully, uncompromisingly human for that; but very pleasant indeed sometimes and always interesting. "Grocer Great-heart"¹⁹ is a very delightful extravaganza in which a party of four men and three women are wrecked on an apparently uninhabited island, and the grocer, a suppressed little man, broken away from his shop at last and voyaging to see the world, proves the dominant spirit among them, and leads them through all manner of dangers and difficulties, but his primitive instincts are so far reawakened by his new environment that when a rescue ship arrives, he decides to remain behind in

the island with the beautiful girl they had discovered, who had been already shipwrecked there before their arrival. I am not sure that "The Sixth Sense"²⁰ is not the most brilliantly written novel on my list. The dialogue is witty and epigrammatic without being artificial; the woman's suffrage movement is treated in a manner that is both daring and sympathetic; and I shall not tell you what is the sixth sense because you will so thoroughly enjoy reading the book to find out for yourself. There is no lack of ingenuity and smartness in "John Scarlett,"²¹ though John is not exactly the sort of man that appeals to me. After ruining himself at the baccarat tables of Trouville, he returns to London

and puts up as lodger in a workman's dwelling, where he has for landlady a shrivelled hag who is "a mother of navvies." Would a mother of navvies be in a position to let a furnished room that was worth eight-and-sixpence a week? I don't know. Strange things happen in this world. But John observes that "class hatred" burns in her eyes; in fact, he recognises that the poor all about him are "controlled by base instincts and feelings"; "class hatred rose rampant, all-powerful among them"; and he was upset by the contemplation of their "lack of judgment, their lack of discernment," their cupidity, and a few other things that would naturally shock a man who had been leading a thoughtful, unselfish, rational but ruinous life round the gambling tables. I regret that in these circumstances John felt the "master breed" flame up within him, because this makes me suspect that John was a snob. However, he gets back into his own sphere, becomes a member of Parliament, is not too righteous to give the go-by to the woman who loved and had befriended him, marries, and by an extraordinary deception, booms himself into popularity as a public man.

It is a long time since I was so absorbed by any tale



Richard Dehan,
author of "The Man of Iron" (Heinemann).

¹⁴ 6d. net each. (Jack.) ¹⁵ 6s. (Methuen.) ¹⁶ 6s. (Heinemann.) ¹⁷ 6s. (Putnam.)

¹⁸ 6s. (Methuen.) ¹⁹ 6s. (John Lane.) ²⁰ 6s. (Chapman & Hall.) ²¹ 6s. (Herbert Jenkins.)

of crime and mystery as I was by "The After House."²³ Don't start to read it till you have a couple of hours to spare, because it is one of the right tantalising, baffling kind that you have got to go on reading to the finish at all costs, once you have begun it. Two books of a widely different sort, and two that you must by no means miss, are "The Young Man Absalom,"²⁴ and "Edgar Chirrup." The former is a strong and very moving story of an idealist who enters upon a business career resolved not to defer to the conventional hypocrisies of his social and commercial circles, but to carry

his ideals of conduct into practice, and he does so, but not without paying a heavy price for his courage; the latter²⁴ is, you may take it from me emphatically, the best novel Miss Peggy Webbling has given us, and if you have read her "Virginia Perfect" you will know that this is no small thing to say. It will delight you especially, who are a lover of Dickens, for I



Photo by Buchner,
Sydney.

Arthur H. Adams.

author of "Grocer Greatheart" (John Lane).

have rarely met with a story of recent years that, without being imitative, is so pleasantly steeped in that spirit of sympathy and genial humour that we have come to look upon as essentially Dickensian. Half the charm of the book is in its atmosphere and characterisation; the other half is in the narrative of Edgar's career from the time when he goes as a very youthful assistant in the dusty old bookshop of the kindly, eccentric Mr. Dering to the days when he is a popular comedian. All the Dolling family, a typical suburban group, are admirably drawn; so is Auntie 'Rora; so are the managers and actors of Edgar's acquaintance; so is Ruth Dering, a lovable, feminine creature, whose tentative love affair with the dashing Cyril Hammersley, and her happier love for Edgar and his for her bring the changing colours of romance into a pleasantly realistic tale. Get this, and be sure to get also "Red Hair,"²⁵ by Robert Halifax, and "Nicholas Simon"²⁶ by D. P. Macdonald, two uncommonly good stories that I should like to have your opinion upon.

I have read nothing else in these last few weeks except Francis Gribble's "The Royal House of Portugal,"²⁷ Nicholas Everitt's "Round the World in Strange Company," and two books of essays. Francis Gribble is, as you know, one of the ablest and most attractive writers of the popular histories that have, in late years,

enjoyed so large a vogue, and he makes of the records of the decline and fall of the house of Braganza a romantic history that is at once competent, dramatic and diverting. And diverting in a very different fashion is "Round the World in Strange Company."²⁸ Mr. Everitt gives a picture of Salt Lake City that is curiously disquieting to anyone who has settled down to accept the current ideas about the Mormon; and his analysis of the American girl and her mother is not calculated to endear him to the average American; though, for my part, I like the American girl for the very qualities he condemns in her. I am tired of the fluffy, helpless, super-homely type of young lady, and do not think our womankind are going to lose much by developing self-reliance and some independence of character. Who wants to see human beings of any sort cut out on the same tame and proper pattern for ever and ever? The book will amuse you and irritate you, and in its own discursive, irresponsible style tell you much that is worth reading about places and people that are strange to such untravelled persons as you and I.

One of my collections of essays is H. N. Morris's "Flaxman, Blake, Coleridge and Other Men of Genius Influenced by Swedenborg."²⁹ The studies in these lives are thoughtful and scholarly, and the value of the book is considerably enhanced by a reproduction in facsimile—the first time it has ever been published, I think—of Flaxman's allegory of "The Knight of the Blazing Cross." Particularly interesting among the minor studies are those of Hiram Powers, the American sculptor, and of the poet, preacher and New Churchman, Henry Septimus Sutton. The other essays are Arthur Waugh's "Reticence in Literature."³⁰ These are reprinted from many periodicals and are the well-considered views and opinions of a good bookman on subjects in which all good bookmen are interested. There is a great deal that is suggestive and shrewdly true in Mr. Waugh's argument for reticence; it is strikingly and entirely true of certain forms of literature, but don't you think he is mistaken in laying it down as a general axiom that the mortal "who would put on immortality must first assume that habit of reticence, that garb of humility by which true greatness is best known"? This would leave such authors as Montaigne, Hazlitt, Pepys, Boswell, and Byron rather out in the cold. There is a series of excellent papers on "Some Movements in Victorian Poetry," and another called "Sketches for Portraits," vivid and revealing critical dissertations on the life and work of such writers as Crashaw, George Herbert, Kingsley, Christina Rossetti, Robert Buchanan, Gissing and that admirable man of letters, Birkbeck Hill. This is just the book for a leisure hour and a comfortable corner. It will help you to forget the anxieties and tumult of the War, and lure you back into those charmed gardens of the spirit that are "full of sweet dreams and health and quiet breathing," even in such unquiet days as these.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

P.S.—Here are a few more War books that have come in since I started to write to you. I give that name to them all, because they were all written under

²³ 6s. (Simpkin Marshall.) ²⁴ 6s. (Chapman & Hall.) ²⁵ 6s. (Methuen.) ²⁶ 6s. (Methuen.) ²⁷ 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.) ²⁸ 15s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

²⁹ 12s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.) ³⁰ 2s. 6d. net. (New Church Press.) ³¹ 3s. 6d. net. (J. G. Wilson.)

the influence of the War even when they are not about it. In "Russia's Gift to the World," by J. W. Mackail (2d., Hodder & Stoughton), you have a careful and well written estimate of what Russia has done in Literature, Art, Music, Science and the Drama. When you have read it, read "German Culture" (2s. 6d. net, Jack), edited by Professor W. P. Paterson, and written by several distinguished authors who impartially and authoritatively discuss the contribution of the Germans to Literature, Art and Life, and the two between them will make you wonder how Germany can contemplate the proofs of Russia's culture and the proofs of her own and still go about with an unlimited swelled-head. Charles White has written a useful book on "Our Regiments and their Glorious Records" (1s. net, Pearson); and G. Lowes Dickinson's thoughts on the situation and the best



Photo by Gullman, Oxford

Stephen McKenna,

author of "The Sixth Sense" (Chapman & Hall).

Know About the War" (1s. net, Pearson); and "The Soldier's First-Aid Book," by M. Theresa Bryan (2d., Macmillan).

way to secure lasting peace "After the War" (6d. net, Fifield) are full of good common-sense, and will appeal both to idealists and to practical men. The other War books—I have not had time yet to do more than dip into them—are "The Secret Service Submarine," an exciting story by Guy Thorne (1s. net, Pearson); "The Life of His Majesty Albert, King of the Belgians," by J. de Courcy Mac Donnell (1s. net, John Long); "My March to Timbuctoo," by General Joffre, with a biographical sketch by Ernest Dimset (2s. net, Chatto & Windus); "Fighting with King Albert," by Capitaine Gabriel de Libert de Flemalle—the first book on the War by a Belgian officer (6s., Hodder & Stoughton); "Things to

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

APRIL, 1915.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the three most apt and amusing combinations of book-titles, as, for example: "The Heart's Desire"—"Hard Cash."

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

I.—The PRIZE for the best original lyric is divided, and we award HALF A GUINEA each to Mrs. Joseph E. Atkinson, of 209, Warren Road, Toronto, Canada, and the Rev. J. Napier Milne, of 19, Holyrood Crescent, Glasgow, W., for the following:

GREY GAUNTLET.

Grey Gauntlet, you of the wristlets wrought
Of home spun soft and grey,
Do you hear the flashing needles click
Three thousand miles away?

Oh it's purl and plait,
And a toss of the arm,
For freeing the endless thread:
And mystic whisp'rings with each stitch
Too sacred to e'er be said.

Grey Gauntlet, you of the sword must go,
We of the spindle stav:
And our needles speed that our lads may march
Mail-coated in woollen grey.
Oh it's slip and bind,
And seam and count,
And turn the heels with care:
No craven fears in the meshes hide
But only a murmured prayer.

ELMINA ATKINSON.

LAUREL AND CYPRESS.

I watched him swinging down the street,
The fairest lad in all the line,
His kilt and khaki, braw and neat,
My first-born—nune!

He sleeps beneath the blood-red sod—
A letter from the King to say:
"Fallen in Honour's Cause." . . . Thank God!
But ay! But ay!

J NAPIER MILNE.

We also select for printing:

FLOTSAM.

Had you but seen my little son
Stretched on my knees before the fire,
Then had you looked on such a one
As any mother might desire.
Red as a rose, straight as a dart,
Blue eyes, and gold hair curled and fine,
It surely must have warmed your heart—
If you had seen that son of mine!

Had you but seen my up-grown son,
(Six foot and more in height he stood,
When he had come to twenty-one),
It surely must have stirred your blood.
He held his head so straight and high,
He looked so strong to do and dare,
That folks would turn as he passed by,
And say of him: "A man goes there!"

* * * * *

And he was slain—in all his pride—
He fell in fight, beyond the sea;
Some lad, who held him when he died,
Sent this—his kerchief—back to me!

(Mrs. Stephen Parker, 12, Foulayne Street, Goole,
E. Yorks.)

THE COMFORTER.

Who art Thou in this darkness whither we crept to weep?—
I am That One Who cometh to wake you out of sleep.

Who art Thou in the stillness uplifting Bread and Wine?—
I am That Love ye dreamt on; such tenderness is Mine.

If Thou art Christ Anointed what means this lowly guise?—
I come—a King rejected; but ye will not despise.

Where be Thy Kingly symbols—the orders and the stars?—
Lo, on My Brow the Circlet, and in My Hands the Scars.

To us, Thy humblest children, why comest Thou alone?—
I come, Who knew all sorrow, because ye too have known.

(Miss V. D. Goodwin, Lyndhurst, Gillingham, Kent)

THE DILEMMA.

Dearest, I dare not ask for less
Than all thou canst bestow;
Thy very wealth of loveliness
Doth work me yet this woe,

That having all I hold in fee
Too much for man to choose,
Yet ah! to miss a part of thee
I lose too much to lose!

(Bernard Spencer, 75, Rye Hill Park, London, S.E.)

The number of lyrics sent in this month is greater even than usual, and we select for special commendation the twenty-four by Evelyn D. Bangay (Chesham), Doris Dean (Burnley), Miss M. Gardner (Southsea), A. M. Bowyer-Rosman (Ladbroke Grove), Caroline Coxham (New Malden), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), A. Sedgwick Barnard (Prestwich), Kathleen A. Foley (Salisbury), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), Arthur Thrush (London, W.C.), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate), Alice M. Willis (St. Louis), Constance Morgan (Hampstead), Lottie Cole (Pontillas), Charlotte L. Plummer (Ontario), Frank N. Numby (Sidcup), David Conrad (Forest Gate), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Hilda M. Bois (Vancouver), F. K. Berry (Barrow-in-Furness), Lesbia Thanet (Leeds), Dorothy Bunn (Hull), George L. Burton (Birmingham).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss S. M. Isaacson, of 14, Gordon Place, Campden Hill, W., for the following:

THROAT AND EAR TROUBLES. (MacLeod Yearsley.)

"He sings each song twice over."

BROWNING, *Home Thoughts from Abroad.*

We also select for printing:

THE PRUSSIAN OFFICER. BY D. H. LAWRENCE.
(Duckworth.)

"He led his regiment from behind,
(He found it less exciting)."

W. S. GILBERT, *The Gondoliers.*

(Neil Cornell, 116, Heath Road, Twickenham; and
C. Webster, 17, Grenville Street, Russell Square.)

THE PRUSSIAN OFFICER. BY D. H. LAWRENCE.
(Duckworth.)

And like a crane his neck was long and fyne,
With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
For want whereof poore people oft did pyne;
Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat
And in his hand did beare a bouzing can.

Faerie Queene, Canto IV., Book I.

(Poetaster, Yorks.)

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE.

BY FREDERICK WATSON. (Methuen.)

"Will no one tell me what she sings?"

WORDSWORTH, *The Solitary Reaper.*

(A. Eleanor Pinnington, 25, Wellington Road, Brighton.)

BONES. BY EDGAR WALLACE. (Ward, Lock)

"There's music in all things if men have ears."

BYRON, *Don Juan.*

(Charles Powell, 67, Dickenson Road, Manchester.)

CHARITY CORNER. BY A. SOUTAR. (Cassell)

"The naked every day he clad
When he put on his clothes"

GOLDSMITH, *Tale of a Mad Dog.*

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

A LOVER'S TALE. BY MAURICE HEWLETT.
(Ward, Lock.)

"Each night without any omission
I dream, dear Amanda, of you."

ANTHONY C. DEANE, *New Rhymes for Old.*

(Cyril W. Rodmell, The Croft, Sutton-on-Hull.)

A GLORIOUS LIE. BY DOROTHEA GERARD.
(John Long.)

"Hail to thee, blithe Spirit;
Bird, thou never wert."

SHELLEY, *To the Skylark.*

(M. A. Newman, 19, Sudeley Street, Kemp Town,
Brighton.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best four lines of original verse supposed to be written by one who would enlist but is disqualified, is awarded to Miss M. Troughton, of 5, Carlton Terrace, Child's Hill, Golder's Green, N.W., for the following:

REJECTED.

When I hear the drum, and see them come
Equipped from head to toe,
With that look in the eye as they pass by—
I'd give my soul to go.

The twelve best of the numerous other attempts received are by E. T. Sandford (Saltash), E. H. Kenney, jun. (Dulwich), Peggy Grant (Southbourne), Kitty Gallagher (Bootle), A. C. Williams (Edinburgh), H. W. Strong (Whitley Bay), Catharine A. Munro (Glasgow), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), George Duncan Grey (Weston-super-Mare), Henrietta Kaye (Manchester), M. F. MacArthur (Swanage), Vera Larminie (Kensington).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words of any new book is awarded to Mr. Hugh W. Strong, of 37, Marine Avenue, Whitley Bay, S.O., Northumberland, for the following :

ESSAYS OF JOSEPH ADDISON. CHOSEN AND EDITED, WITH A PREFACE AND A FEW NOTES, BY SIR JAMES G. FRAZER, D.C.L. (Macmillan)

The distinctive feature of the latest "Eversley" is the preface by Sir James Frazer. In it we have a remarkable approximation to the style, the art, and the spirit of the original essayist. The imaginative visit to the country house of Sir Roger de Coverley may well beguile the reader into the belief that Addison *Redivivus* has added a final paper to the delightful pieces dedicated to his unimitable creation. The gay humour and the rich humanity of the originals are reproduced with extraordinary skill, and the author of "The Golden Bough" must be credited with a brilliant literary achievement.

We also select for printing :

ARCADIAN ADVENTURES WITH THE IDLE RICH.
By STEPHEN LEACOCK. (John Lane.)

This is the finest social satire that has appeared since Mr Belloc's "Emmanuel Burden." The book pretends to describe sympathetically and admiringly the social and financial life of the inhabitants of Plutonia Avenue, a wealthy street in an unnamed town of North America; and the irony is sustained throughout. The humour never allows the satire to seem bitter; we are kept shaking with laughter at the quaint turns of phrase, and the rolling periods pressed into the service of parody, but all the time the knife is being dug deeper into the unhappy plutocrats. It is truly satire "from above."

(Adrian Collins, 14, Warkworth Street, Cambridge.)

INNOCENT—HER FANCY AND HIS FACT.
By MARIE CORELLI. (Hodder & Stoughton)

"Innocent" is a love-story of exquisite beauty and tenderness, full of intense realism and heart-rending pathos. The tragedy—of grief and desolation, of disillusionment and despair, of a young girl's first affections betrayed and her love dreams rudely shattered—is told with remarkable vigour and imaginative skill. The whole interest grows round the girlish figure of "Innocent," pathetic in her love and grief. The narrative, though poignant, is very charming and picturesque. The author's personality, never so charming as here, stands before us in every line that we read. The heroine's character is powerfully conceived and sympathetically drawn. The other characters, too, are finely and beautifully presented.

(S. V. Nath, 185, Victoria Hostel, Triplicane, Madras.)

A LITERARY FRIENDSHIP. EDITED BY
LADY ALWYN COMPION. (John Murray)

One is predisposed to enjoy Thomas Westwood's Letters (1869-1881) on learning that in boyhood his custom was to sit under a table far into the night, afraid to move lest he should be sent to bed, listening to the talk of "Elia" and his friends. Westwood writes delightfully of books and children and dogs,

of Belgium and her carillons and her ancient peace; of Dinant, "hedged in by the unchangeable"; of Frankfort, "chock full of children and birds." He discusses Tennyson, the Brownings, and Rossetti. He has a predilection for Rhoda Broughton;—and he says Swinburne should marry Onda!

(Emily D. Gisby, Donnington Hall, Newbury.)

JOKING APART.
By THE HON. MRS. DOWNALL.
(Duckworth)

Reading the books of Martha is like discovering a new spice. Indeed, like the nutmeg-tree, Martha produces several kinds of spice at once: shrewdness, and wide-mindedness, and humour, and a certain childlike quality that can only be described as bubbling over. In all her store there is not one bitter grain. If you laugh with her at your fellow creatures the laugh is affectionate. As for her housekeeping sorrows, they are what every woman knows and no man quite understands. The chapter "Why not rest?" might, with edification, be read aloud by "Any wife to any husband."

(Mrs. Rodolph Stawell, The Castle Gates, Shrewsbury.)

We also select for special commendation the fourteen reviews sent in by James A. Richards (Tenby), H. Beckett (Hendon), May W. Chancellor (Bloomsbury), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), Miss E. S. Wright (Tunbridge Wells), K. K. Ghosh (Bengal), Kate E. Samuels (Golder's Green), Miss L. M. Snow (London, S.W.), M. F. Webster (Walworth), Miss A. M. Hillier (Highbury), E. Jotham (Isle of Man), Ronald Harley (Four Oaks), F. M. Fortescue (Southwold), G. S. Tyler (Birmingham).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Mr. G. F. A. Salmon, Tregoney, Lannoweth Road, Penzance.



"Kitty."

heroine of Sir Gilbert Parker's delightful new novel, "You Never Know Your Luck" (Hodder & Stoughton).

New Books.

THE BORROW OF THE WELSH BALLADS.*

It is agreeable enough to think of George Borrow a boy in Norfolk studying the Welsh Bards. It may be some time before a Welsh boy is in a position to return the compliment. Mr. Rhys is duly flattered and doubts whether, since the days of the Black Book of Carmarthen, any copyist ever took more pains than George did in his early years in transcribing the lines of the Welsh poets. He was more picturesque than either literal or poetic in his compliments to Ab Gwilym or Iolo Goch; and, indeed, another Welshman who is also a poet, or at any rate a very good judge of poetry, says of Borrow versifying that his efforts to render the great Dafydd are not interesting, either to lovers of the poet or lovers of Borrow. Borrow

* "Welsh Poems and Ballads." By George Borrow. With an Introduction by Ernest Rhys. (Jarrold.)

dishked Scott, Wordsworth and Keats. The only contemporary poet for him was Byron, the Byron of "Childe Harold," and so we are not surprised to find that to Borrow "poetry" stood for wild narrative or declamatory sentiment. His technical skill in metre was microscopic, and if there is a subtle lilt to the song or a delicate note that wants perceiving like the music in a sea shell, he is pretty sure to miss it. If you can fancy an Oxford College transplanted to Chicago, or the "March of the Men of Harlech" translated into French and performed to the wrong tune, you may become an enthusiast for Borrowian verse translation. Most of these verse fragments, if not all, have marched before us, in print, in a battalion of thin green-jacket quartos, thirty-seven of them in all, in boxes at the British Museum. But the thirst for Borrow's poetry was unquenched seemingly by this display. And, in a sense, this handsome printed issue of two hundred pages of splendid paper, with not too much letterpress

on it, and rubricated initial letters is a mighty fine compliment to Don Jorge.

The less poetry, you might almost say, the more honour to verse translations some ninety years of age from Celtic bards much hoarier still. That these old translations should be set forth thus reverentially with such panoply of margin and opaque paper is a rather pathetic circumstance. If it is done purely for the credit of George Borrow, the prose-master, it is a circumstance that does him infinite honour—in one sense. There is no prose-writer that we can think of whose indifferent verses after so many years would be deemed or even dreamed worthy of such sumptuous apparel. In another sense it may be these ballads and versicles are not so satisfying, and may well do Borrow something less than justice. It is pathetic to remember that after so many years he still attached a certain value to them, and, *horribile dictu*, was fond of repeating them and even chanting them aloud. Imagine the groves of Oulton re-echoing to:

"A hill most chill is Snowdon's hill,"

"Chester ale, Chester ale! I could ne'er get it down,
'Tis made of ground ivy, of dirt, and of bran,
'Tis as thick as a river below a huge town!
'Tis not lap for a dog, far less drink for a man."

Mr. Rhys, in the Introduction, limits his energies largely to proving that Borrow was not such a bad Welsh translator as has been supposed, and he cites no evidence of Borrow's aptitude for rhythm or metre. But, far worse than the lack of rhythmic harmony in a man, is the absence of humour which is pre-supposed by the habit of taking these juvenile efforts at verse translation so perfectly seriously. Swift always averred that no translations were any good at all unless it were translations from a poor see to a rich one, from a shallow to a deep manger. That one should entertain a curious, intimate weakness for one's first experiment in verse translation to attain the dignity of print is perhaps permissible. Mine was a rendering of Philoctetes' farewell to the Isle of Lemnos, and it began "Farewell, I say," and then, gathering energy as it went, continued, "farewell a second time, O barren shores and rocky refuge." The words linger after these many days, but I have not so far yielded to the temptation of chanting them aloud in the woods or flinging them, balladwise, across the brightening moon. Borrow cherished his early versions because they coincided with a period of his life in which he hoped to tear the heart out of the Secret by means of Philology in a singing robe. A fine verse translation is the supreme tribute of sequestered scholarship. Poor Borrow's efforts are those of a boyish amateur in languages and polyphony, performed on the xylophone. We can only hope that their presentation in this superb form may be without prejudice to the memory of the writer that we love and prefer to think of rather as the road-master than as the rhyme-master.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

DICKENS'S SECRET.*

There is an Oriental story, which Lord Lytton cast into verse, of a number of skilled archers spending a whole day in trying to shoot an arrow through a ring flung into the air; and presently a little boy, letting fly an arrow at random, succeeded where all the experts had failed. Without the slightest disparagement of Mr. Saunders—indeed, with the highest admiration of his accomplishment—may I say that he has reminded me of the boy? In his Preface he frankly tells us that he had made no special preparation for his work, and he confesses to knowing very little of the abundant literature on the subject. He has read with evident care Dickens's half-told tale, and threaded his way through the dim labyrinths of the mystery. Suddenly, it would seem, a happy inspiration seized him, and in a flash he perceived an essential truth which had escaped

* "The Mystery in the Drood Family." By Montagu Saunders. 3s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

other investigators. Three readings of his little volume have made me a convert to the first and most important dogma Mr. Saunders sets forth, that relating to Dickens's "very curious" and "not communicable idea" which he believed was "strong, though difficult to work." When an author thus describes what is in his own mind, we may be sure that the idea is psychological rather than concrete; that it does not consist of a mere material fact, skilfully hidden but possible of boldly seizing; and that it were best to seek the solution of the enigma in an intellectual process, a literary method, which would be purely the secret of the originator.

All Drood theorists hitherto have assumed that the "not communicable idea" concerned either the identity of a disguised personage, called Mr. Datchery, or the exact nature of a crime attempted or committed by the villain of the story, John Jasper. Mr. Saunders relegates these problems to secondary places. They exist, and they have to be settled; but there is another problem which takes precedence, and that problem is the real mystery Dickens had in his mind. For that very reason he subtly lured his readers to concentrate attention upon the other two; and if Mr. Saunders's theory be correct, as I believe, it proves that Dickens was even cleverer in his plot than Proctor, Lang—and may I add, myself?—had imagined him. Dickens-lovers will not the less eagerly accept Mr. Saunders's conclusion on this account.

All well-invented mysteries must, like a code, have a defined key; and Mr. Saunders detects the key to the Drood complication in the word "Devoted." It works very neatly and effectively when applied. It is invariably connected with Jasper, who, in his Diary and in his utterances, "devotes" himself to the destruction of the murderer of Edwin Drood, "be he whom he might." After the disappearance of Drood we see Jasper's "devotion" to his task in various aspects and stages. He registers a solemn vow; he suggests who is the guilty person; he denounces that person and secures his temporary arrest; slowly, sedulously, inexorably he builds up the case against that person; and had the story been completed we should doubtless have seen an almost triumphant fulfilment of the design. So far, good; but not good enough to form an almost insoluble mystery or to be presented as an incommunicable idea, difficult to work. The triumph would be in producing a climax, unsuspected and surprising, and far exceeding any towards which it would be supposed Dickens was working. If Jasper, by craft and by the artful misuse of circumstantial evidence, had succeeded in convicting Neville Landless of murder, what then? Merely a miscarriage of justice, not unknown in the annals of Newgate. But if by his machinations against an innocent man, if by his industrious accumulation of damning facts, if by the force of his piled-up testimony, if by his ingenious piecing together of the scattered fragments of truth—if, by all these means, he produced an avalanche that at the crisis should overwhelm himself—if, in short, his "devotion" to the destruction of his chosen victim was fated to bring about the destruction of himself—would not this be a great idea, incommunicable, difficult to work, and worthy to rank as a supreme problem? This, in brief, is Mr. Saunders's contention.

Apart from the evidence-in-chief there is much that is incidental to support him. The few notes Dickens made for his chapters strengthen the line of argument. One runs: "The Mystery. Done already"; this was just after the extract had been given from Jasper's Diary, and before the appearance of Datchery. Significantly enough Dickens had debated with himself whether or not to entitle his story, "One Object in Life," "Sworn to Avenge It," or "A Kinsman's Devotion," the underlying thought being the same in each case, and emerging in full force in the chapter almost audaciously proclaiming the theme in that single word "Devoted."

The acceptance of Mr. Saunders's theory involves the acceptance of two facts which have themselves been a source of controversy: one, that Edwin Drood did not escape but was murdered, the other that Jasper was the

actual murderer and was conscious of his crime. As personally I am convinced this is a correct view I do not propose to discuss it, and the onus is upon opponents to prove it is incorrect. But in justice to Mr. Saunders it should be mentioned that he presents the logic of this part of the case in masterly fashion, and in my own judgment the conclusion is irresistible. The chapter on Datchery is not so satisfactory, and it ends lamely and impotently. I am not concerned here to defend my own theory, which I see no reason to abandon, that Datchery was Helena Landless. The important point is this. If "he" were not Helena, who could fitly and adequately sustain the part? Proctor had a way of escape from which Mr. Saunders is debarred, for he could put Edwin Drood in the position. Others, on slight evidence, and falling easily into an obvious trap, single out Bazzard or Tartar. Mr. Saunders himself repudiates these with justifiable scorn. But who is left? Practically no one. Yet the Datchery assumption is a great affair, and a great personage is needed—one carefully indicated, one whose qualifications will be acknowledged when the disclosure is made, one who, however surprising, will be accepted as fit and proper, and who will exemplify the artistic completeness of the author's whole plan. Mr. Saunders can make no better guess than an unknown, unnamed, unseen, unheard legal gentleman, casually referred to as a member of "a firm downstairs." "This identification with Datchery has never been suggested to this day," says Mr. Saunders. And no one had ever perceived the resemblance between Monmouth and Macedon until Fluellen pointed it out.

There are many minor points in the volume on which I should have liked to dwell had it been possible. Mr. Saunders hits upon a particularly happy and very probable rôle for Bazzard to take, and he suggests likely possibilities for the Opium Woman in the general scheme. But perhaps his shrewdest score is in connection with the herb-closet in Mrs. Crisparkle's house. This apartment is elaborately described, and attention is directed to it on two occasions. In Dickens's plot there is no useless detail; he had much to do, and no material to waste. Was the herb-closet, then, needed for a special purpose? Decidedly it was, and the purpose might well be, as Mr. Saunders suggests, to serve as a hiding-place for Neville Landless, a secret sanctuary offered by the Dean: "There he would have been most effectively hidden, and yet he would have been at hand at a moment's notice to carry out the part he was designed to play."

I have ventured to write this review in the first person because, as a stubborn and prejudiced theorist, I feel that the highest tribute I can pay to Mr. Saunders is to admit that he has deeply impressed me, and that I am a convert to his main theory that the "incommunicable idea" was Jasper's "devotion" and the unforeseen but inevitable re-acting of his deadly work upon himself. A finely intuitive discovery of a brilliant idea.

J. CUMING WALTERS.

A STUDY IN EDUCATION.*

Mr. Phillpotts, who may perhaps by this time count upon the open mind in his readers, offers them in "Brunel's Tower" a new exercise. It is the story of a bright youngster from a reformatory school, how he was taught to run straight; and, as one knows nothing about him but what he does and says in the process, it demands both the open mind and a hopeful outlook on human nature. The need of both in life itself is probably implied by the fact that this hero is no sooner understood and loved by everybody than killed in a railway accident. We have the charitable moral for our own reward. Moreover, this is so managed by an objective treatment that one does not feel too painful a regret about it; which is to say that one has been prevented by uncertainties from loving him, while learning, with the other characters in the book, to understand him. It is, of course, not popular novel-making. "Brunel's Tower"

* "Brunel's Tower." By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Heinemann.)

may be called an educational study, made agreeable by plentiful dry humour, and important by a perspicacious play of philosophy. That all its people live, and are interesting, might go without saying, since the author is Eden Phillpotts.

But the book is immensely interesting for quite another reason, too. Much more than Crawford's "Marietta," it makes one enthusiastic about an applied art—that of the potter. Brunel's Tower is a Devonshire pottery, and Mr. Phillpotts has been at the pains to learn all about the art and cunning of one of the oldest human industries. Nor are there labour troubles. The employers, George Easterbrook and Paul Pitts, with an old aunt and a daughter of the former, are workpeople themselves; and, as it is art work, and they are interested in it much more than in

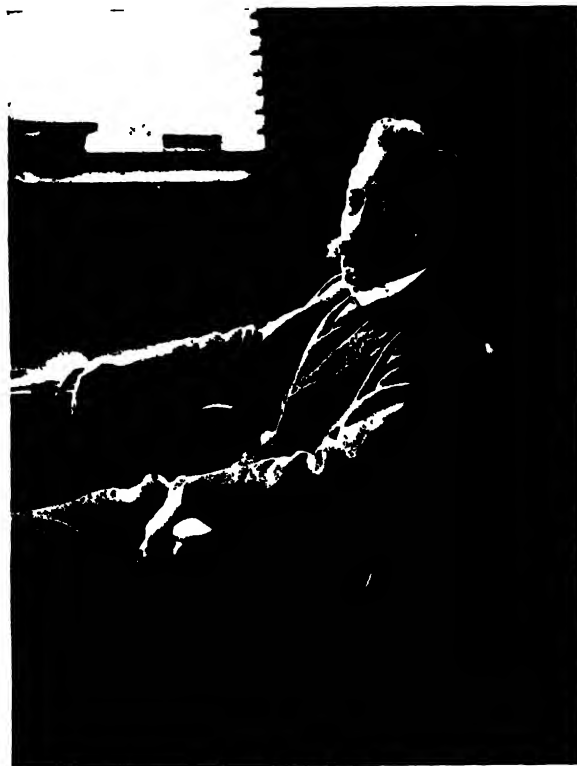


Photo by Madame Rose K. Durant & Son,
Torquay

Eden Phillpotts.

any fortune to be made, the little pottery runs with a charming old-world smoothness. So, for that matter, do others in the neighbourhood, where there are quaintly limited views of the economic problem. Easterbrook is a just-minded and kindly rationalist without humour; Pitts a Christian with enough. They discuss the case of the unknown youngster, Harvey Porter, very divertingly; but it would be of far less interest if it were not made fascinating by what goes on in the factory.

The moral problem is the redemption of a rather hard, revengeful, deceptive, and self-centered lad, whose best traits are keenness, a sense of gratitude, and a whole-hearted admiration of his master. One's failure to like him much is due partly to the fact that these hopeful qualities show, in a dry light, like servility. In spite of this, and of many petty aspects of humanity beside, the picture of life is curiously pleasant as well as profoundly true. Mr. Phillpotts's philosophy has broken new and very serviceable ground for it, and one cannot too much admire the sincerity of his thought from first to last.

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

ADDISON AND THE ENGLISH ESSAY.*

English critics have never cared much for the study of literary forms. Apart from histories of the drama and

* "The English Essay and Essayists." By Hugh Walker. 5s. net. (Dent.)—"Essays of Joseph Addison." Edited by Sir James George Frazer. 2 vols. 8s. net. (Eversley Series.) (Macmillan.)

novel, Mr. W. W. Greg's "Pastoral Poetry and Pastoral Drama" is our one considerable example of such work; on a smaller scale there are books like Mr. C. H. Herford's Warwick Series, and some academic studies written by Americans; but no attempt has hitherto been made to write the whole history of English Literature by tracing the development of the chief literary forms—epic, lyric, drama, history, elegy, satire, essay. Mr. Hugh Walker's book is to be judged rather as a contribution to literary history than as a work of literary criticism. Its purpose is not so much to say just and illuminating things about essays and essayists as to trace the history of the essay as a form. But the essay is quite indefinite in size and shape. What is there in common between Addison's essay on the lions at the Haymarket and Macaulay's essay on Robert Montgomery? (Perhaps more than appears to an incurious glance—but let that pass.) One point of resemblance they have—they were both published in periodicals, but the *Spectator* was a single sheet published daily, and the *Edinburgh Review* a considerable volume published quarterly. Yet the word "essay" is used not only for these, but for hundreds of other "litle thyngs in prose," and there are other forms (especially the letter, the sermon, and the lecture) which can hardly be distinguished from the essay. Addison and Steele, for example, made letters into essays: Howell turned essays into letters. Butler's sermons are essays: Johnson's essays are sermons. Mr. Bradley's Oxford Lectures on Poetry are essays: Matthew Arnold's essays are often lectures or addresses. To discriminate all these different forms, to show their relations and combinations, to trace the development of each from its first whisperhood in Bacon or Feltham or Dryden to its maturity in Carlyle or Sir Arthur Helps or Bagehot is enough work for a lifetime.

The first five chapters of Mr. Walker's book are an attempt to combine history and criticism by tracing the development of the essay from its first tentative beginnings to its development in Addison. The last seven chapters are almost entirely critical. The writer has abandoned the line of development and given himself up to the exposition and appraisal of literature and character. The book, therefore, is only partly directed to its real purpose: and this part of it is not very successful. When its proper purpose is abandoned it becomes more interesting, and approaching modern times Mr. Walker writes more and more illuminating studies of the essayists until he reaches the period which he has made his own—the Victorian age. All this portion of the book is excellent in knowledge, clarity and sympathy. The depth and breadth of Mr. Walker's reading is known to all students of English literature, and no one will open this book without learning something or gaining some new point of view. It is only a pity that the literary evolution of the essay has not been attempted.

The middle point in the history of the essay is marked by the work of Addison and Steele, which Sir James Frazer's selections from Addison's Essays give us the opportunity to examine. The form which the essay took in their hands was largely determined by circumstances over which they had no control—the size of the paper, daily publication, and the instant need of popularity, and accordingly the essential characteristics of their essays are brevity, repetition, popularity. The writers could never exceed or fall far short of the words required to fill the folio sheet; they had to remember that they were to write again to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, if not to the last syllable of recorded time; they were never to bore their readers, never to offend their prejudices. The *Spectator* essays are a mixture of flattery and quiet reproof undisturbed by passion or indignation, though deepening sometimes into religious fervour. Ashton's "Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne" is full of horrors, but the *Spectator* has nothing to say to any of them. He gave more thought to the welfare of his own soul or the colour of a lady's head-dress than to all the agonies of Newgate. As he writes in one of the *Spectators*, anticipating the verdict of posterity:

"As for the (*Spectator's*) speculations, notwithstanding the

several obsolete words and obscure phrases of the age in which he lived, we still understand enough of them to see the diversions and characters of the English nation in his time; not but that we are to make allowance for the mirth and humour of the author, who has doubtless strained many representations of things beyond the truth. For if we interpret his words in their literal meaning, we must suppose that women of the first quality used to pass away whole mornings at a puppet show: that they attested their principles by their patches; that an audience would sit out an evening to hear a dramatical performance written in a language which they did not understand; that chairs and flower-pots were introduced as actors upon the British stage; that a promiscuous assembly of men and women were allowed to meet at midnight in masques within the verge of the Court. . . ."

Puppet-shows and operas, masquerades and patches, these are his subjects—in *tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria*, for within the limits prescribed by natural coldness and timid self-esteem Addison achieved some of the most delightful things in English prose. Sir James Frazer has made an excellent selection from them, and the publishers have done their part with equal skill. The Preface leads us through a dream to the days before Queen Anne was dead, and opening the book we find ourselves again disturbed about the hooped petticoat or the marriage of Will Honeycomb, or hoping that Sir Roger will not look foolish at the Quarter Sessions.

But how simple it is:

"We were now arrived in Spring Garden, which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of year. When I considered the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise. Sir Roger told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain called an aviary of nightingales. 'You must understand,' says the knight, 'there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah, Mr. *Spectator*! The many moonlight nights that I have walked by myself, and thought on the widow by the music of the nightingale!' Here he fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a mask, who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her? But the knight, being startled at so unexpected a familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts of the widow, told her, 'She was a wanton baggage,' and bid her go about her business.

"We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton ale and a slice of hung-beef. When we had done eating ourselves, the knight called a waiter to him, and bid him carry the remainder to the waterman. . . . I perceived the fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the message, and was going to be saucy; upon which I ratified the knight's commands with a peremptory look.

"As we were going out of the garden, my old friend, thinking himself obliged, as a member of the quorum, to animadvert upon the morals of the place, told the mistress of the house, who sat at the bar, that he should be a better customer to her garden if there were more nightingales and fewer strumpets."

What essayist would venture to write so simply and frankly now? Or what editor would print his work if he did? Two hundred years of writing and printing have complicated our ideas without deepening them, and made our taste more exacting though not more accurate.

"More matter with less art" said the Queen. "Less matter with more art" says the essayist. But the reader is like Hamlet and mutters "Words, words, words!"

A. C. GUTHRIE.

FATHER HUGH'S POEMS.*

As a memorial of Monsignor Benson, his admirers will be glad to possess this little sheaf of poems. They will be especially valued by such for their sincerity, and the simple self-revelation of a charming personality. His literary fame rests securely on his works of fiction, and it matters little if this slender book adds nothing to his reputation as a man of letters. Monsignor Benson's verse is so unpretentious, that it would be ungracious to complain that he has little gift for song. He probably never aspired to be a Vaughan, a Herbert or a Crashaw. Novelists

* "Poems by Robert Hugh Benson." 2s. 6d. net. (Burns and Oates.)

before Father Benson have written verse, but it is rarely of much account, although there have been some notable exceptions in the case of George Meredith, Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mr. Belloc, and we might add Mr. Walter de la Mare, though as a poet who has written fiction. Anyone who takes up this book will turn with pleasure to the sympathetic introduction on Robert Hugh Benson by a patron of poets—Mr. Wilfrid Meynell. This preface, which is modestly signed only with the initials W. M., is addressed mainly to Catholics, who are told that Benson, on entering the Church, had given little or no public sign of the mental and spiritual development possible in him. Development was really a natural characteristic of the man, rather than the result of any incubating process of the Church. As an Anglican he was already far from undistinguished, and he had written one book which is not unworthy of anything that followed. The mental vigour also displayed in his sermons was such as to render him a most acceptable recruit to the Roman Catholic community, apart from the fact, which we are told, that he was the first son of an English Primate, barring only Toby Matthew, to become a Roman Catholic. Monsignor Benson's activities were unceasing, and they undoubtedly hastened his end. Mr. Meynell gives a list of Benson's occupations, which leaves one breathless to read, but it also confirms one in the conviction of his sincerity and singleness of purpose. Death had no fears for him. On being told by a palmist that he would die before fifty, he exclaimed, "What good news!" and his editor adds, with a fine touch, in speaking of Benson's death, "Failure of the heart was the final paradox in the history of a man whose heart had never failed him before, were a soul to be healed or an uncovenanted kindness done."

THE TEST OF SIZE.*

"The Titan" is really an extraordinary novel. It is entirely unlike the average English fiction, which, even in its most violent and extravagant phases, is too conventionally prim and timid to break away from the accepted standards and valuations. The average English novel is "gentlemanly," even when it stalks, with dagger and cloak, an Elephant and Castle bravado. But "The Titan" is something quite different. Whether or no it conforms to certain American literary predilections and demands, I do not know, but its mental attitude, its psychology, its constructive principles, and its methods of presentment, have no kind of relationship either with the ambitious or popular type of English novel. And these differences are quite as conspicuous in the blemishes as in the virtues of "The Titan." There is, in the first place, the style. To my mind, it is an abominable style. It is as crude as a raw beef-steak and as garish as a bedizened music-hall dancer. It has no kind of delicacy, refinement, or sense of selection. It abounds in the most outrageous neologisms and slang. It is a classic example of what our forefathers would have called the "rococo" manner—full of bounce, tinsel, and rhodomontade. It makes no attempt whatever to pick and choose its phrases or to pretend to any kind of standard. All that can be said for it is that it has a rude, formless, muscular, enveloping impressiveness which is designed to carry you off your feet by sheer boisterousness. And it is the same with the material. With the true American fashion in art, it idealises bulk. It is crowded with detail; it plunges on recklessly, regardless of anything and anxious to force the reader's attention by bellowing at him. And its triumph is that it succeeds.

The story is an imaginary biography of Frank Cawperwood, "genius of finance, protagonist of great business combines, art patron, and light o' love." Cawperwood, a most unscrupulous ruffian, had been imprisoned in the penitentiary at Philadelphia for financial corruption, and transfers his Herculean energies to Chicago. Here, by

"The Titan." By Theodore Dreiser. 6s. (John Lane.)

"graft," bribery, oppression, fraud, chicanery, jobbery and brutal egoism, he dominates the whole city by a network of trusts and monopolies generated out of his insatiable lust for power and money. He is beaten in the end by the financial magnates whom he had offended or disgraced or whose wives he had seduced. These magnates are of the same moral calibre as Cawperwood. It is true that they employ civic rights and justice for their artillery, but only to gain their own ends and to destroy an upstart who is eating into their own exclusive profits. The only differentiation that can be drawn between their psychology and Cawperwood's is that the latter is more resourceful in his cunning, viciousness and duplicity than they are. The rest of the book is occupied with Cawperwood's philanderings with art and with women.

The whole point of "The Titan" is that it is semi-consciously a drastic satire upon American up-to-date industrialism. Cawperwood, who controls the destinies of millions, who has infinitely greater power, resources and authority than a mediæval potentate, whose only object in life is, as Iago says, "to plume up his will" and to gratify his egoism, is quintessentially a vulgar, commonplace, and degenerate figure. Mr. Dreiser may hero-worship him (he is more than a little bitten with the Nietzschean gospel) but he cannot exonerate him. It is more than a little doubtful whether he means to do so. His own attitude is rather enigmatic. But what is clear is that it is Cawperwood as a colossus, as a man "so big as to be beyond the usual standards by which men are judged," that excites his admiration. It is the Elizabethan dramatic superman idea revived, the Tamberlaine of finance! And it is this which gives the book its tremendous energy, its rough-hewn force and effectiveness, its absorbing headiness and excitement. You see quite well that it kicks art into the gutter, but you read it with as much zest as the author wrote it.

HAROLD MASSINGHAM.

THREE GALLOWAY BOOKS.

Within recent years, Galloway, that ancient and beautiful portion of the Scottish Lowlands abutting on the Solway and looking out towards Cumberland, has come fully and happily to its own. Little more than a generation ago it was a kind of *terra incognita* to the stranger within the Scottish gate. The advent of the artist and the novelist has changed all that. To-day Galloway is a painter's paradise. Its romance rivals that of the immediate Border itself. And the summer tripper is abroad in the land. Perhaps no Scottish counties can boast scenery more varied than that of the Stewartry, as Kirkcudbright is termed, and its neighbour Wigtown (less so, to be sure), which together form "Grey Galloway," with their wonderful concatenation of physical beauty, in stream, seashore, gleaming loch, and all the wild glory of the Southern Highlands. Sir Archibald Geikie says that "no scenery in the whole of the uplands of the south of Scotland can compare for naked and rugged grandeur with the glens of the Merrick and Kells hills." In wealth of history and tradition the district is scarcely less distinguished. One natural result has been the rise of a literature, racy of the soil, and redolent of the quiet, unsophisticated lives of the people from the "Brig-End o' Dumfries to the braes o' Glenapp." Here and there the country has been touched by the magic hand of the Wizard of Abbotsford—in "Guy Mannering," and "The Bride of Lammermoor," and perhaps "The Abbot." It cannot, however, be said that Scott "discovered" Galloway. He was probably never in the locality in his life. The real "discoverer," alas, left us but lately, and is asleep for ever in the midst of his own proud and haunted land! It was his facile, sprightly pen which, two-and-twenty years since, lifted Galloway out of its obscurity into an honoured niche among the world's literary shrines. Nor shall grateful Galwegians soon forget either him or his work.

Strictly speaking, it is religion that has had most to do with the grey old province. Here Christianity was proclaimed for the first time in a land destined to be famous for faith and piety. When St. Ninian's "Candida Casa" was set up on the Whithorn shore, in 397, it was the fore-runner of a succession of noble foundations, not only in Galloway, but throughout the realm. Eight hundred years separated the establishment of most of these from Ninian's white temple. The nation was only slowly developing through all those dark unwritten periods, and not till the time of David I. did religion begin to assert itself. There is no finer epoch in Scottish history than when the "sair sanct" sat upon the throne. David's regime was brimful of years of religious activity—in the rise of monastic institutions everywhere, and by a spirit of earnest-mindedness which thrust its roots deep into the life of the people. Not a few influential families collaborated with the king in his beneficent enterprises. A princely coadjutor was Fergus, Lord of Galloway, to whose rare munificence most of the religious houses in his own domain were due—Whithorn, in the very centre of his earldom; Souleseat, on his western borders; Tongueland, on his eastern, and (one can hardly doubt) the great Abbey of Dundrennan, six miles from the town of Kirkcudbright. Of all these, except Dundrennan, the remains are now scanty enough. War and the vandalism of the Reformation have wrought havoc only too well. Dundrennan's fate was more fortunate. It is one of the best-preserved of the Lowland monasteries, and we may piece its story together, if not completely, still with some degree of satisfaction that so much has been left to tell and to recall of the great days dead and unreturning.

This has been done with admirable skill and effect by the minister of the parish where Dundrennan lies.¹ The little volume contains all that practically can be said about the ruin beneath whose shadow the author's scholarly life is spent. Dundrennan was a Cistercian creation, reared on a site chosen, like all those early religious houses, by careful forethought, in a sweet and fertile valley opening out to the Solway, and watered by a never-failing burn. Its poetic name is derived from Dun Drennain, the "Hill of Thorns" near by. The abbey dates from 1142, and Mr. Christie furnishes an account of the Abbots so far as known, till the suppression of the edifice at the Reformation. A careful and intelligent survey of the ruins, with a description of their many monumental relics, give interest and value to what are exceedingly well-written and occasionally fascinating pages. It was to Dundrennan, be it recalled, that Mary, Queen of Scots, fled after her broken-hearted defeat at Langside. The monks would have died for her, if need be. They sheltered her, during those last hours on Scottish soil, within the beautiful fane itself, we should suppose, although another investigator inclines to the view that a mere private lodging in the vicinity welcomed the hapless fugitive. Mr. Hayshe, who knows his Galloway through and through, has given us a pleasant and readable essay.² He spent a year of research on the spot, and his chapters are replete with historical data of the Saints and Lords and Sea-Kings of the South who did so much to consolidate its earlier civilisation, and lay the foundations of a Scotland which was to be. Galloway, above all, is a land flowered with martyrs' graves. No district of Scotland figures more prominently in the struggle for religious liberty, and never has the story been better told than here.³ Mr. Morton, who is a solicitor in Newton-Stewart, and accustomed to examine evidence, has gone minutely into numerous questions affecting the credibility of Covenanting incidents, especially that of the Women Martyrs of Wigtown. In every case it is impossible not to approve his judgment. His criticism of the Wigtown episode is entirely satisfactory, and the details given are of priceless value.

¹ "The Abbey of Dundrennan." By Alexander H. Christie, B.D. 3s. 6d. (Dalbeattie: Fraser.)

² "Grey Galloway: Its Lords and its Saints." By Wentworth Hayshe. 7s. 6d. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)

³ "Galloway and the Covenanters." By Alex. S. Morton. 7s. 6d. (Paisley: Gardner.)

Indeed, this—its first-hand references—is a conspicuous merit of the book, as are also the numerous tombstone inscriptions with which it abounds. I have tested several of these and find them careful copies of the originals. For all who love Galloway and the story of its sturdy, true sons and daughters in days gone by, this is a work to treasure, and to be taken from the shelf over and over again. It should be the most widely-read and acceptable book of its kind for years to come.

W. S. CROCKETT.

WITH THE TSAR'S HOSTS*.

Circumstances have left their mark clearly upon these "field notes" in which Mr. Stanley Washburn describes his experiences with the Russian armies. The shadow of the censorship looms over everything that Mr. Washburn has been permitted to see or say, and the evident traces of haste which are to be marked here and there remind us that in these days even so august a journal as *The Times* cannot allow its special correspondents to spend overmuch time upon the elaboration of their dispatches. But the book has all the good qualities of its defects.

It is written in a good, straightforward style, and the many vivid descriptions of all the heroic and ghastly episodes that go to make up modern warfare show unmistakable signs of having been recorded while the impressions were fresh upon the author's mind. Not, indeed, that they are just slap-dash generalisations. Mr. Washburn is an old campaigner with the Tsar's hosts, and there are few things of better augury for the Allies than the contrast which he draws more than once between the Russia of the Russo-Japanese War and the Russia of to-day. Disunion, repression and assassination have given place to a national single-mindedness which has prompted every Russian to bear his share of the common burden, and Mr. Washburn proclaims in unequivocal terms that a new Russia stands revealed, "a country alert and ready to take its place among the progressive nations of the world."

The most interesting, as being, perhaps, the least well-known, thing that Mr. Washburn brings out is the importance of the Russian campaign in Galicia. He very justly contradicts the false popular impression that the Austro-Hungarian armies are little more than undisciplined hordes, and he goes on to show how, in spite of the enormous advantages conferred upon the enemy by a vastly superior railway system, the Russians succeeded after six weeks of campaigning in gaining complete control "of the whole of Galicia, up to a line running from the Carpathians on the south, through Przemyśl and along the River San to the important town of Yaroslav." This achievement is well worthy of all the praise which Mr. Washburn bestows upon it, and may prove, in the long run, to have been one of the decisive factors in the whole campaign.

If, as he seems to hint, Mr. Washburn is going to produce eventually a more fully-considered book, we shall expect much from it. In the meantime these "field notes" are of great value and interest, and are helped out by a number of excellent illustrations.

THE RED TERROR †

There were in France two reigns of Terror: the first one, the *Red Terror*, lasted for twelve months, from the summer of 1793 to the corresponding season of the following year; the second, the *White Terror*, took place in 1815 after the restoration of the Bourbons. M. Fleischmann's book is devoted to the Red Terror. Those months of the Terror were—to quote from Mr. Belloc's "French Revolution"—"months of martial law; and the Terror was simply martial law in action—a method of enforcing the military

* "Field Notes from the Russian Front." By Stanley Washburn. 6s. net. (Melrose.)

† "Behind the Scenes in the Terror." By Hector Fleischmann. 12s. 6d. net. (Greening & Co.)



Robespierre.

From "Behind the Scenes" (Stanley Paterson)

defence of the country and of punishing all those who interfered with it or were supposed by the Committee to interfere with it." Many historians hold that the principal person responsible for the awful deeds of that terrible time was Robespierre. That view is denounced as calumnious by Mr. Belloc in his valuable and fascinating "Life of Robespierre," a denouncement which is echoed by M. Fleischmann whose opinion is that "a great life has been blasphemously calumniated." Probably that great military organiser, Carnot, must be held chiefly answerable for the misdeeds of the Committee of Public Safety, although he cannot be held to be solely responsible. Robespierre's influence in the Committee was much less than has been generally considered to be the case. The massacres of September 1792, often confused with them, have no connection with the atrocities committed during the Terror. Their instigator was Marat.

The sources of this very interesting work are the mass of pamphlets—the product of the moment—"giving details about prison life, the talk of the prisoners, the last hours of the condemned." Some of them are described as "bibliographical rarities to-day." To these are to be added the memoirs of the period.

A considerable portion of the book deals with the subject of "Prisons and Prisoners," and the interest of this section is increased by the length of the excerpts from the pamphlets. Then we have "Some Notes on Maximilien De Robespierre," followed by an account of the origin of the "Marseillaise," "The Tragedy of the People's Friend" (Marat), and other articles. The whole forms a series of attractive pictures of the French Revolution which will strongly appeal to that well-catered-for individual, the general reader, for whom the work is chiefly intended.

There are here and there a few slips which call for correction. On page 113 Robespierre is described, when twenty-seven years old, as "a youth"—rather an elderly youth at that age! At the time of his mother's death, in 1764, Robespierre was six not nine years old. The Museum in front of the School of Medicine in Paris should surely be the Dupuytren, not the Dupuybren, Museum. Marat was murdered on July 13th, 1793, and yet we are

gravely informed that he reappeared on Tuesday, July 23rd. For July read April. On page 235 we are told that Charlotte Corday's complexion had the "transparency" of milk. These errors should probably be laid at the door of the translator. S.B.

THREE SOUTH AFRICAN BOOKS.*

Few men have had more to do with the moulding of the new South Africa than Sir Percy Fitzpatrick. An ardent supporter of Rhodes, he organised the Reform Committee in 1895, and took a prominent part in the rebellion against the Kruger regime which ended in the abortive Jameson Raid. After the Boer War, when the first Transvaal Parliament was being elected under a British Constitution, he defeated General Botha at the poll in Pretoria, and was returned for that constituency. He was a delegate to the National Convention that drafted the Constitution of the Union as it is to-day. In the early prospecting days he published "The Outspan," which made an appeal to South Africans equalled only by Olive Schreiner's "Story of an African Farm." Later came "The Transvaal from Within," and then that best of all dog stories, "Jock of the Bushveldt."

When the present war broke out, and General Botha undertook the defence of the Union against Prussian aggression from without and Prussian plotting within, his old opponent, whose health did not permit of his taking the field beside him, took to the platform. He delivered over twenty lectures on "The Origin, Causes and Objects of the War," in various parts of South Africa. These have been collected and compressed into some three hours' reading, and published by Maskew Miller, of Cape Town, under the original title. The writer of this digest of twenty lectures explains that the case is put in kindergarten simplicity, for he was addressing young people who were interested in world-problems for the first time, and older people to some extent out of touch with European questions. This simplicity is refreshing, and will be welcomed in other parts of the British Dominions as it has been in South Africa.

It is impossible in a short review to give a fair idea of the scope of this short book. I should like to give passages from every page. Professor von Treitschke is largely quoted. Here is a sample:

"Every State reserves to itself the right of judging as to the extent of its Treaty obligations."

"A man loses power when he pities."

"What," he asks "is more harmful than vice? Practical sympathy with the weak."

"I condemn Christianity, and confront it with the most terrible accusations an accuser has ever had in his mouth. To my mind it is the greatest of all conceivable corruptions. I call Christianity the one great curse, the one enormous and innermost perversion, the one great instructive revenge, for which no means are too venomous, too underhand, too underground and too petty. I call it the one immortal blemish of mankind."

General von Boehn is quoted. This highly-placed personage says that such things as the wholesale murder of unarmed people, including children, and the outraging of women, are the "soldiers' reward." Bernhardi and other distinguished German writers are referred to as well.

An interesting passage is that affecting America (page 45). It reminds us of the *Spectator's* warnings about Germany's designs on Brazil. Germany thought the only defender of the Monroe doctrine was the American fleet. Germany's chance came when this fleet was engaged with the Spanish Navy.

"But the British fleet was there also, and the German admiral wanted to know what the British fleet would do before he took

* "The Origin, Causes and Objects of the War." By Sir Percy Fitzpatrick. 1s. 6d. net. (Cape Town, Maskew Miller, London: Simpkin, Marshall. 2s. 6d. net.)—"The Hun in Our Hinterland." By J. K. O'Connor. 1s. 6d. post free.—"Elementary Course of South African History to 1820." By Marie Hartill. (Cape Town: Maskew Miller.)

chances. They watched the boat put off from the German flagship to the British flagship, the three fleets watching in dead silence. They all knew that everything depended upon the British admiral's attitude. 'What will the British fleet do,' inquired the German admiral, 'if we attack the American fleet?' The answer was: 'I am not instructed to answer hypothetical questions, but the American admiral knows'; and as the German boat returned with the answer the British fleet silently and slowly swung round facing a common enemy."

Sir Percy gives us a glimpse into the sitting of the National Convention, and we learn that the strongest argument for Union, used by a great Dutch leader (was it Botha?) was the presence of the Germans on their borders, in South-West Africa, which was called their "jumping-off ground." He is, perhaps, clearest of all when dealing with the intricacies of diplomacy during the three weeks preceding the 4th of last August. The impression is so vivid that one is inclined to ask, with a little girl who listened while the part was read—and with Mr. Courtney—"Why don't we keep these ambassadors at home?"

"The Hun in Our Hinterland," by J. K. O'Connor, can be read through in an hour, and the large type in which it is printed makes that hour easy. But most readers will think along Mr. O'Connor's lines for some hours to follow. The writer tells us that he travelled over a great part of German South-West Africa, before the war, as an agricultural journalist, but actually with the object of ascertaining the truth or otherwise of rumours to the effect that a certain section of the Afrikaner people was prepared to render assistance to the German troops in the case of war, on the understanding that Germany would guarantee the independence of certain portions of the Union. Every page is crammed with interesting information, and no one who wishes to know the gigantic task to which General Botha has put his hand should be without it. German South-West Africa is literally a chain of military stations. It has a trained European force of 10,000 men, with a "civil population" of only an equal number, three-fifths of which belong to the military reserve! In addition, there are three divisions of trained Natives. Mr. O'Connor's suspicions were more than confirmed, as the late South African rebellion proved. When the present war is over it will be found that South Africa deserves well of the Empire.

A third book comes from Maskew Miller—"Elementary Course on South African History, to 1820." This has some distinctive features—one being that it shows the bearing of the histories of European countries on that of South Africa. The book is well illustrated, and should be a useful addition to school equipment. It is compiled by Miss Marie Hartill, of the Girls' High School, Rondebosch.

WILLIAM BLANE.

SWINBURNE.*

"Swinburne: A Critical Study" is an appreciation in which, while pronouncing no novel or definitive judgment on the great poet's prosody and philosophy, Mr. T. Earle Welby contrives to say much that is at once sound and suggestive on these two subjects. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Welby, whom we take to be a young man, is not content to worship Swinburne this side of idolatry. He insists on being a whole-hogger, and is vehement in proclaiming that the work done by the poet in the last twenty years of his life shows no declension from that done in his prime. This is a contention which those of us who are middle-aged must most resolutely and most confidently scout. We who watched with disappointment and dismay the successive publication of "Marino Faliero," of the third series of "Poems and Ballads," of "Locrine," of "Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards," of "Astrophel," of "The Tale of Balen," and of "A Channel Passage," must regretfully maintain that if Swinburne had died in 1883 his fame to-day would stand far higher than it actually stands. All Swinburne's great things, whether in prose or verse, were

* "Swinburne: A Critical Study." By T. Earle Welby. 4s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

written between 1865 and 1882. To this period belong "Atalanta in Calydon," the first two series of "Poems and Ballads," "Songs before Sunrise," and "Tristram of Lyonesse," to say nothing of the great trilogy of "Chastelard," "Bothwell," and "Mary Stuart." These, too, are the years in which Swinburne produced his finest critical work—his magnificent "Study of Shakespeare," the essay on Chapman which branches out into that eloquent defence of Browning's alleged obscurity, the masterly studies of Ford and Webster, and the generous tributes to the genius of such contemporary poets as Rossetti, Morris, and Matthew Arnold. True, it is a dismal thought that Swinburne's muse was practically sterile for the last twenty years of his life. But who that impartially compares the later with the earlier work can doubt the fact? Three or four unreadable plays, a few patriotic verses conceived in a lofty vein, and endless dithyrambs on babies, on the sea, and on books and their authors, sum up Swinburne's contributions to poetry from 1883 till he ceased to write it in 1904.

Quaintly enough, Mr. Welby himself implicitly admits the inferiority of the Post-Tristram work by devoting to it thirty-four pages only, as compared with one hundred and four which he requires for an examination of the poems and prose published between 1862 and 1882. Apart from this tendency towards magnifying unduly the poet's later work, the author of this critical study comes fairly to grips with his subject. Speaking, for instance, of Swinburne's criticism, he says very truly that while the extravagances for the most part are on the surface, the bare judgment, conveyed often enough in some hyperbolic phrase and almost always with great emphasis, is practically unerring. Again, he points out that Swinburne's imagery, often very beautiful, sometimes magnificent, is yet extraordinarily narrow in range, being almost wholly made up of abstract natural symbols, winds and waves, fire, light, stars. Finally, discussing the author of "Poems and Ballads" as a creative artist, he sums up in the following balanced fashion:

"The poet who went back with unrivalled success to the Greeks, and in going back discovered there those really romantic qualities in the Greek genius which a natural but rather excessive emphasis on its classical qualities had obscured; who, in some of his nature poems, entered with perfect sympathy into something much more primitive than the classical or the modern feeling for nature; who wrote in 'Tristram of Lyonesse' by far the greatest of Arthurian poems, and in such a piece as 'Laus Veneris' recaptured more of the mediæval spirit than any contemporary save William Morris; and who, as Guy de Maupassant said of him, was also 'un des plus raffinés et des plus subtils parmi les explorateurs de manies et de sensations qui forment les écoles modernes,' must have been a writer of very exceptional breadth and pliancy of intellect."

By the way, in the chapter that deals with "Personal Characteristics" of the great poet, Mr. Welby might have added that Swinburne, like the late Marquis of Salisbury and like Mr. Gladstone, never took to smoking. He detested the habit, and would never be in the company of smokers. He might also note that Browning—in "Childe Rowland"—"recaptured the mediæval spirit" quite as successfully as either Morris or Swinburne.

LEWIS BETTANY.

THE SOULS OF LONELY PLACES.*

When, a week or two ago, Mr. Scully's book was announced in one of the dailies under the heading "Books of To-Day" it was fondly hoped—though from its title hardly to be expected—that it might turn out to be the eagerly looked-for third series of his "Reminiscences of a South African Pioneer." The first work bearing that title appeared two years ago, followed some months later by its successor, "Further Reminiscences, etc.," in the preface to which we were promised a third instalment, which was to deal with "the war, the settlement, and the birth of the Union." To those acquainted with Mr. Scully's books, such an

* "Lodges in the Wilderness." By W. C. Scully. 5s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

announcement must have been received with intense satisfaction and impatient expectancy. It may be that a reader here and there will be more or less conscious of a feeling of disappointment—though perhaps that is rather too harsh a term to use—that his hope has not been realised, though he will doubtless be quite ready to admit that no phase of South African life touched upon by Mr. Scully can possibly be devoid of interest. Mr. Scully is in essence a poet, and his descriptions of Nature in her various moods, "though wanting the accomplishment of verse," prove him to be such. He is no mere observer of natural phenomena; the very soul of the wilderness has gone into his being and inspired him.

At the time of his journeys into the wilderness—under which name is to be understood the Great Bushman Desert—the author held the appointment of special magistrate for the northern border of the Cape Colony, an office of which he was the last incumbent, and which, we are not surprised to learn, has since lapsed. With one exception, when he penetrated into the Richtersveld to investigate the case of an alleged flogging of a native, it is somewhat difficult to discover the object of his wanderings into those arid regions except the search for sport.

The Bushman Desert is of vast extent, including within its limits upwards of 50,000 square miles. It is little known.

"A few nomads—some of European and some of mixed descent—hang on its fringe. Here and there ephemeral mat-house villages, whose dwellers are dependent on the sparse and uncertain bounty of the sky, will, perhaps, be found for a season. But when the greedy sun has reclaimed the last drop of moisture from shallow 'pan' or sand-choked rock-saucer, the mat-houses are folded up and, like the Arabs, these dwellers steal silently away from the blighting visage of the Thirst King. But the greater portion of Bushmanland may be ranked among the most complete solitudes of the earth. The lion, the rhinoceros, and, in fact, most of the larger indigenous fauna have disappeared from it—with the autochthonous pigmy human inhabitants; nevertheless it is a region full of varied and distinctive interest. The landscape consists either of vast plains, mirage-haunted and as level as the sea—and mountain ranges—usually mere piles of naked rock, or immense sand-dunes, massed and convoluted. The latter often change form and occasionally their location under stress of violent winds which sweep down from the torrid north."

The invariable companion of Mr. Scully in his adventures was a delightful Boer farmer, Andries Esterhuizen, whose character is admirably portrayed by the author.

Some of their wanderings were attended with considerable trials to man and beast, especially to the latter, who in some of the trips into the waterless interior were deprived of the means of allaying their thirst. The water for the men had to be carried in the wagons, but none was available for the oxen. The effect on these poor creatures is well described when on one occasion the voyagers arrived at their first camp, some days' distance from the place of their setting out.

"The sun was high when the yokes dropped once more. The unhappy oxen, now very thirsty, wandered about emitting low moans of distress. Their fundamental instincts told them that no water was near; their inherited faith in the wisdom and power of man had, however, given them the thought that relief might be provided. Suddenly, however, primordial instinct gained ascendancy; their minds were made up. They paced, lowing, to the trail; then advanced along it at a trot. Soon the trot altered to a wild gallop. To-morrow, before noon, they would charge down on Gamooep—and woe to man or beast obstructing their course. Red-eyed, and with blackened tongues extended from roaring, tortured throats, they would fling themselves into the pool and drink their fill. At Gamooep they would remain for four restful days; then they would be brought back to our camp by Piet Noona and his nephew."

The above is a capital specimen of Mr. Scully's descriptive powers. He is equally good at character-drawing, and no less so in his reflective and meditative moods, wherein his poetic temperament is revealed. His humour also is of choice quality.

The book cannot fail to keep up the reader's interest from beginning to end, yet, perhaps, though it may appear somewhat ungrateful to say so, it does not quite reach the level of the works to which reference has been made. We hope it will not be long before Mr. Scully fulfils

the promise, made in 1913, to continue his reminiscences of which these are of anterior date.

A few errors have been overlooked in the proof-reading. On page 114, "husband's" should be "uncle's"; on page 132 a note of interrogation is incorrectly used for one of exclamation; on page 116 "inconinently" should read "incontinently"; and (page 187) "missing" should undoubtedly be "mission." To call attention to these slips will probably be looked upon as pedantry; but is it?

S. BUTLERWORTH.

Novel Notes.

THE GREAT AGE. By J. C. Snaith. 6s (Hutchinson.)

It is quite refreshing in these days of psychological novels by ultra-introspective writers to find a story which is almost wholly dependent upon a skilful plot and exciting incident. Mr. Snaith has drawn upon ample and splendid resources. The "Great Age" is the age of Elizabeth, and we find not only the Queen and her leading councillors in these pages, but, above all, William Shakespeare. Shakespeare becomes involved in a highly dangerous affair of high treason. Gervase Heriot, condemned to death by a miscarriage of justice, is enabled to escape from Nottingham Castle by Mistress Anne, daughter of the Constable, Sir John Feversham. The two lovers have the most perilous and hairbreadth escapes, and finally, on reaching Oxford, are befriended by Shakespeare and attached by him to the Lord Chamberlain's company of actors. In the meantime Sir John has gone to the Queen to announce the escape of Heriot, and is condemned to death by her. It is principally Shakespeare's wit and courage which finally unravel the tangle. The Queen is highly pleased with the new comedy "As You Like It," and is much touched by the acting of Anne as Rosalind. Shakespeare seizes the occasion to explain all to Elizabeth, and though at first he is likely to pay the penalty for interfering in treasonable affairs, everything comes right in the end, and justice and love triumph in the good old-fashioned style. On one or two points Mr. Snaith's reading of Queen Elizabeth's attainments and character is, perhaps, rather unorthodox, and his Elizabethan language has its modern additions, but these are, after all, minor matters in a story which depends, and successfully depends, upon its "go" and vitality.

THE ONE OUTSIDE. By Mary Fitzpatrick (Mrs. Sullivan). 3s. 6d. (Maunsel & Co.)

Messrs. Maunsel have done the one thing which those acquainted with social conditions in the Irish capital would have said could not be done. They are Irish publishers who count with the greater world of London, and they have given a chance to the Irish or the Anglo-Irish literature. A publisher who is also something of a literary man himself, is not always the one sure of success; but to the poet who controls the destinies of Maunsel & Co., there is added a bit of North of Ireland business shrewdness which has set Maunsel & Co. on its business legs. It is to be placed to the credit of this young Irish firm of publishers that it has published nothing unworthy, nothing without its real value and significance, while it has achieved some remarkable triumphs, as when it discovered Mr. James Stephens. Its newest Irish idyllist comes to her work with a fresh eye—fresh because of many years' residence in England. To come back—as the present reviewer well knows—is to come back to sharp, keen impressions of the people and the country, so startlingly vivid that it seems a thousand pities one can only come back once, or twice, after long absence. These are freshly conceived, simply told stories of the Irish peasantry, stories of large issues, of tragedies of love and duty, without sordidness, pitiful, always with a sense of beauty. Mrs. Sullivan knows just how the bogs look in all aspects of them, and knows how to make them a background for the solitary human

figure around which the other persons of her story are grouped. She knows the haunted Irish fields :

" Little cow-boy what have you heard
Up on the fairy rath's green mound ?
Only the plaintive yellow bird
Piping to sultry fields around."

These are very touching tragedies of " The One Outside ", " The Little Sister "; " The Mistress of the Hill Farm "; " As a Man is Able "; and they have the note of real tragedy, its inevitableness, the helplessness of the men and women whose fate was written long ago and before they were born. The Irish peasant's fatalism is between the pages of this book, as much of its atmosphere and its life as the wind over the bog, or the smell of the turf-smoke. It is not a melancholy book, though it is a plaintive one ; and it will appeal to those who demand something of literature in their reading.

BROTHER-IN-LAW TO POTTS. By Parry Truscott. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

The strength of Mrs. Parry Truscott's latest book, as with all her earlier ones, lies in its simple realism. She takes an ordinary, middle-class man for her hero, and working out his character with subtlest skill and understanding, places him among ordinary surroundings in somewhat extraordinary circumstances. Loving a girl whose name he does not know and who seems to him to live in a world above his own, he rescues another girl from drowning, and finds her on his hands—a poor, helpless pretty little creature, scarcely more than a child, with no friends to go to and no one but himself to help her. Being unselfish and exceptionally generous, he willingly shoulders the responsibility, and the girl grows to regard him with adoring worship. The result of this strange complication, so consistent with the man's character, and in itself so natural, forms the chief theme of the story. The author's knowledge of human nature and her consciousness of the value of the " little things," makes the novel intensely real and interesting from first to last. It is a book that grips.

THE FULL PRICE. By Lady Charnwood. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

The Roger of this delightful novel—not unworthy to stand beside that other unselfish lover, the Roger in " Wives and Daughters "—is, we learn incidentally, an admirer of the more perdurable elements in Leighton's work, and reading this, involuntarily there arose the thought that this fine simple love-story, with its noble outlook and chosen use of arts, limiting convention, had a certain kinship with some strong, decorative Leighton in which the people portrayed were at once actual and typical. It is not, like " John Christopher " or " Sinister Street," an attempt to throw upon a huge canvas a sense of the complexities, confusions and ironies which, to a soul in process of development, the human pageant often presents. On the contrary, despite its humour and its brilliance, it has the satisfying effect of some justly balanced cycle in a classic triptych, definite in outline even when subtle in perception. Assuredly the study of Lord Shelton, the central figure, is poignantly subtle and, since he is no mere puppet of the author's hand, is intuitively lifelike on one point which was probably far from her intention, inasmuch as his eloquent, but sophistical, speech against Woman-suffrage, assuming premisses to many inadmissible, was characteristic of his convenient tendency unconsciously to concentrate his vision always and only on what seemed to converge favourably upon his own aims and ideals. Margaret is an endearing creation. Lady Charnwood knows her own world and writes of it with the sure and delicate touch of one who handles familiar details ; and the uplifting beauty of love which, whether fulfilled or not, is, as Roger truly says " beyond the region where Jesir demands fulfilment," is only enhanced by the common sense which recognises that in that world, as in every other, it must pay " the full price."

HIS ROYAL HAPPINESS. By Mrs. Everard Cotes. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Some years ago, when the present reviewer was on his way to visit President Roosevelt at the White House, the newspaper bills in Washington announced, in all the glory of capital letters, " Ted's daughter dines with Ed." On the previous day that young lady, who was on her honeymoon, if I remember rightly, had been invited to meet King Edward at dinner. Mrs. Cotes rises to a more daring theme in this delightful novel. Her heroine not only dines with Prince Alfred, but marries him. Prince Alfred, when the story opens, is at Oxford. His rooms in Longwall Street overlook Magdalen. He then visits America, and meets this charming daughter of the States ; after which, the marriage is merely a question of time and method. Mrs. Cotes has managed to preserve enough of the probabilities to give her romance a foothold on the solid earth. The convenient accident which removes Prince Alfred's relatives and raises him to the throne on the very day on which he and Miss Hilary Lanchester had been secretly married across the Atlantic, is legitimate business for a novelist. No one will quarrel with the authoress over this dramatic stroke, especially as the rest of the story is perfectly natural. That is, as far as the characters and conversation go. It would require an expert in etiquette to determine whether Mrs. Cotes is right in all her royal details. But that is in itself a detail ; the story is rapid and entertaining, and the hero is a real hero of romance, although he is a king.

The Bookman's Table.

THE AMBER ARMY, and other Poems. By William Talbot Allison. 3s. 6d. (Toronto : William Briggs.)

Mr. W. T. Allison, who is known to many of us in this country through divers Canadian anthologies, is one of the most authentic of living Canadian poets. The charm of his verse lies in the wise quietness of its outlook. He finds inspiration in the everyday life of the world and the common experiences of the human heart. In his love of nature and natural scenery, in his reflective moods, his homely humanity and clear simplicity of utterance, he has certain pleasant affinities with Wordsworth. The cry of the wind in the night, the rain on the window in a May evening, the calm and fragrance of summer darkness, the wan cheerlessness of winter mornings, the pathos of sunset and the fall of the leaf—these and the passing pageantry of earth and sky throughout the year, find in him a sensitive interpreter of their beauty and their mystery. There is a pensive sense of the mortality of human things in the lines " To a Mummy in Victoria College "; and a hint of disillusion in " The Cry of the Romanticist " :

" For in this night of time no more I find
The fluted dreams, unperishing and high,
The ringing temper of the ancient mind.
Glory is gone, while Love, a wasted thing,
Looks from dim windows on the passers-by,
And Love, alas ! has lost the heart to sing."

But these are only occasional notes ; the prevailing spirit of the book is a spirit that responds quickly to the joy of life, the loveliness of the world, and holds by a restful faith in an ultimate good, even though

" Along the great white roads of Time . . .
Life's caravans are blown to dust."

In these unquiet days especially, there is refreshment and healing in the grace and thoughtful sincerity of such verse as Mr. Allison's.

THROUGH CENTRAL AFRICA, FROM EAST TO WEST. By Cherry Kearton and James Barnes. 21s. net. (Cassell.)

In ancient Rome the purveying of arena-shows for the people gave rise to an enormous trade in wild beasts. To amuse modern London, New York and the other great

cities of the world, shows also have to be provided, but in place of the blood-stained arena we have the innocent cinema, and the production of the necessary films leads the footsteps of adventurous photographers to regions which Caesar's hunter-legions never dreamt of. The authors of this book landed at Mombasa and crossed the Africa Continent to the mouth of the Congo, via the Victoria and Albert Nyanza Lakes and the Great Forest discovered by Stanley. They had, as may be imagined, many exciting or diverting adventures by the way, and these are related in a graphic and attractive style. The volume contains some 170 photographs, most of which are most beautifully executed.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. DIGBY LONG & CO.

Pamela, by Edmund Lee (6s.), is a charming love-story tinged with mysticism. Edward Weston, coming in touch with the spirit of Pamela's dead father, is charged by the spirit to take care of his only daughter, and to guard her from some great evil that threatens her life. Meeting the girl, Edward falls in love with her, but Pamela, although reciprocating his affection, falls under the influence of another man who exerts his power over her mind to win her from her lover. It is a weirdly fascinating novel, and the author possesses a concise, vigorous style that makes the book thoroughly interesting throughout. Not only Spiritualists, but any who appreciate a good story containing the right amount of sentiment—and sentiment that rings true—the right amount of drama and certain flashes of humour, will enjoy Mr Edmund Lee's latest production.

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News Notes.

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The 15th of April was the centenary of the birth of Anthony Trollope. Time that undermines so many literary reputations has, in the thirty-three years since his death, been steadily strengthening that of the author of the Barchester series of novels. He wrote too much, perhaps, and too systematically. But, if he lacked inspiration, he was a wonderful craftsman; whatever he wrote is still, at least, readable, and the best of his books give him an abiding place among the great Victorian novelists.

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Mrs. A. E. Taylor,
author of "Land of the Scarlet Leaf."

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Miss Katharine Prichard, whose novel, "The Pioneers," won the prize in the Australasian section, was born at Levuka, Fiji, where her father, Mr. T. H. Prichard, a well-known Australian writer, lived for many years before the islands became a Crown Colony. He was editor of the *Fiji Times*, and during the tribal wars was an officer in the native

constabulary. His wife, who was Australian born, was a daughter of the late Simon Lovat Fraser, of County Clare, Ireland. When Miss Prichard was three years old her parents left Fiji, and settled near Melbourne, and in her early days, she says, she ran wild in the country districts of Victoria and Tasmania. When she was about twelve, she won a prize for a children's story in a Melbourne weekly, *The Sun*. Later, she went to the great secondary school of which Mr. J. B. O'Hara, one of the most distinguished of Australian lyrical poets, is still principal, and she pays a grateful tribute to the influence Mr. O'Hara had on her literary studies. The year after she left school, Miss Prichard won the prize in a short story competition in Dr. Fitchett's paper, *The New Idea*, and during the next four years, whilst she was fulfilling teaching engagements in various parts of Australia, she contributed stories and sketches to that and to other Australian periodicals, including the *Sydney Bulletin* and the *Melbourne Herald*. In 1908 she came to England with commissions to write articles on the Franco-British Exhibition, and on her return home was appointed editor of the women's section of the *Melbourne Herald*; and, later, resigning in consequence of ill health, she made a holiday trip to the South Seas and America: then went to London



Miss Katharine Susannah Prichard,
author of "The Pioneers."



author of "Golden Glory"

Mr. F. Horace Rose,

bent on trying her fortune there as a free-lance. She met with the usual difficulties and disappointments, but it was not long before she was contributing to many of the principal London magazines and newspapers, and last year she published her first volume—a diminutive booklet called "Clovelly Verses." In 1910 a play of Miss Prichard's was produced at Melbourne, and last year the Actress's Franchise League played a curtain-raiser of hers in London.

The name of Mr. F. Horace Rose, the prize winner in the South African section, is one of the most familiar in South African literary circles. He was born at Port Alfred, Cape Colony, less than forty years ago, and has been busy with a pen since he was ten years old. He confesses to writing verse

**Mr. S. Foskett,**
author of "The Temple in the Tope."

of an epic character, as a beginning, but before he was fourteen had revealed his natural bent by writing, editing, illustrating, printing and publishing several magazines—his early style being, as he says, a cyclostyle. After two years in a commercial house at Port Elizabeth, and six with a legal firm at Johannesburg, he drifted into journalism about 1902, and there cast anchor. A brilliant journalist and a most strenuous worker, he was appointed editor of *The Natal Witness* in 1903, but before taking up that post had paid his first visit to England, and recorded his impressions of our country in "An Impressionist in England," which

was published in the homeland and the colonies in 1904, and met with an immediate and wide success. A second visit to England, via the East Coast of Africa, in 1911, resulted in two more travel books, "On the Edge of the East," and "A Capar on the Continent"—giving the humorous impressions of a South African in France, Switzerland and Italy—and these have already run into seven or eight editions. Indeed, no other travel books published in South Africa have enjoyed such large circulations. Mr. Rose's Prize Novel, "Golden Glory," is a tale of South African life, a blend of humour, romance and history.

**Miss Alice Grant Rosman,**
whose very successful first novel, "Miss
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Mr. Andrew Melrose.

The prize in the Indian section was awarded to Mr. S. Foskett, for a novel of Indian life, "The Temple in the Tope." Mr. Foskett has spent thirteen years in India, and during that time lived in very close touch with various classes of Hindus—particularly with the Hindus who live up country, away from the cities. Some of the leading ideas for his story were suggested to him many years ago during a month's camp which he and a friend

made in a forest in a very backward part of the country. "I was reading Abbe Dubois and Monier Williams at the time," he says, "and these, together with some traditions and customs which I learnt about the same time made a vivid impression upon my mind. Soon after, my travels through India brought me twice into contact with bands of robbers who practically stole all I had with me, on both occasions taking everything out of my tents, even down to my clothes and the rifle beneath my cot, in spite of the fact that I was a very light sleeper. Two or three times I have spent the seasons of the great festivals near some big shrine hidden away in the forest, and these experiences, with various tragedies I have seen, heard, or read of in India, tempted me to try to picture for myself and others what the cruder forms of Hinduism must have been

before it came fully under the restraint that is now exercised over it."



Mr. John Palmer,

dramatic critic of *The Saturday Review*. Mr. Palmer's brilliant novel, "Peter the Paragon," was published recently by Mr. Martin Secker.

Under the title of "The World in the Crucible," Sir Gilbert Parker has written an account of the origin and the conduct of the Great War, which Mr. John Murray will publish.

"Kim," and "The Day's Work," each in two volumes, are the latest additions to Messrs. Macmillan's excellent half-crown edition of Kipling's prose works ("The Service Kipling.")

Mrs. Kenneth Combe's novel, "The Chief of the Staff," published recently by Messrs.

Two particularly interesting books announced for immediate publication by Messrs. Burns & Oates are "Poems," by G. K. Chesterton; and "Memorials of Mgr. Benson," by Blanche Warre Cornish, Shane Leslie and others of his friends.



Photo by E. O. Hoffd.

Miss Muriel Stuart,

author of the striking dramatic poem, "Christ at Carnival," which appeared in last month's *English Review*. Miss Stuart's first book of poems will be published shortly by Mr. Herbert Jenkins.

Blackwood, has achieved a distinct success. Her manuscript was delivered in June last, and the story in a most striking manner forecasts the present war. Mrs. Combe was brought up in a military atmosphere, being the elder daughter of the late Colonel James Williamson. After her marriage with Colonel Kenneth Combe, who at one time commanded a battery in the R.H.A., she travelled extensively, and naturally continued to move much in military circles. Since her widowhood she has been associated with Colchester and the neighbourhood. Mrs. Combe is the author of two other brilliant novels: "Cecilia Kirkham's Son," and "Seekers All."



Mr. W. Douglas Newton,

Assistant Editor of *T.P.'s Journal of Great Deeds of the Great War*, to which he has been contributing "The Undying Story," a vivid narrative of the progress of the War which is shortly to be published in book form.

"Some Contemporary Poets," a book of fifteen studies in modern English poetry, by Mary C. Sturgeon, will be published next month by Messrs. Harrap.

Mr. Heinemann is publishing early this month "The Little Man, and Other Satires," by John Galsworthy

The tenth volume of *The Dickensian*, edited by Mr. B. W. Matz and published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, successfully rivals its nine predecessors as an interesting and valuable storehouse of information concerning the life and work of Dickens. There is a full account of the famous trial of John Jasper for the murder of Edwin Drood; reviews of many books dealing with Dickens or his novels; admirable articles on "Dickens as a Social and



Photo by A. R. Fenn

Mr. Coulson Kernahan,

whose "Experiences of a Recruiting Officer" is reviewed in this Number.

Literary Force," by Edwin Pugh; "A Talk Round Drood," by Willoughby Matchett; "Charles Dickens and Christmas," by Judge J. M. Paterson; "Dear Old Mac," (otherwise Maclise) by J. W. T. Ley; "'The Antiquary,' and 'Pickwick,'" by the Rev. W. A. C. Chevalier, etc. The accounts of the doings of the Dickens Fellowship, the Editor's monthly notes, the letters from Dickens lovers, all add to the interest and usefulness of a magazine that no student of Dickens can afford to miss.

In no respect have the expectations of the Prussian autocracy been more utterly falsified, declared the Canadian Prime Minister at Ottawa, than in the strength of the ties which bind the Empire. How strong those ties are in the case of Canada is shown in a little book entitled "Canada and the War" which is published by Messrs. J. W. Arrowsmith. The author is Mr. Walter Haydon (of the Canadian Northern Railway), whose lectures on this subject in London and elsewhere are proving remarkably popular.

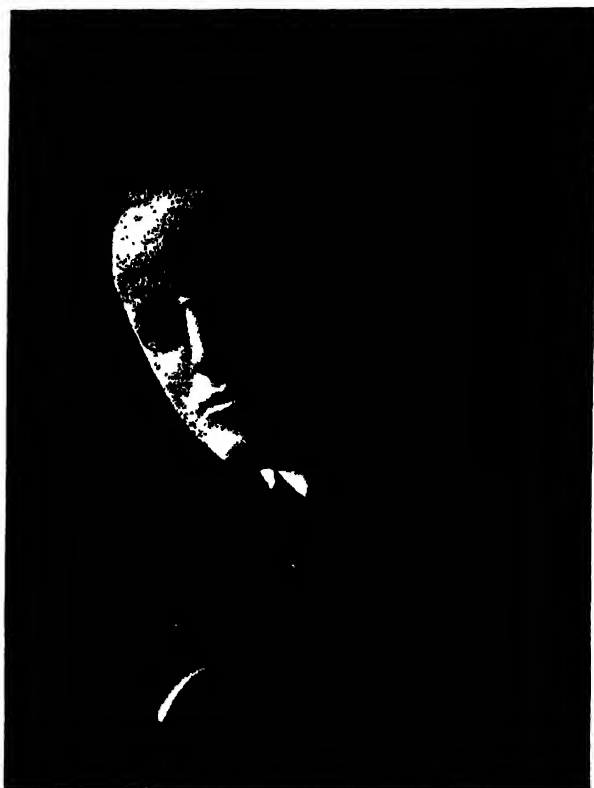


Photo by C. Vandyk

Mr. Hugh Walpole.

Mr. Hugh Walpole's new book, "The Golden Scarecrow," is published by Messrs. Cassell. Mr. Walpole is a cousin of the Earl of Orford, and son of the Bishop of Edinburgh, but is not often to be met with in society. He prefers his cottage on a wild Cornish cliff, and there "dodges social and literary functions for the greater part of the year." He is at present away in Russia, and has been giving his impressions of that country and its people in the *Saturday Review*.

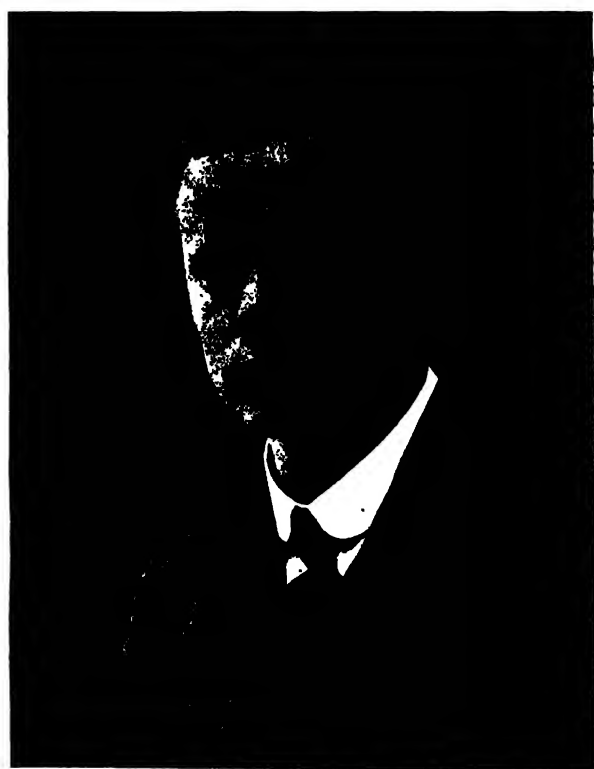


Photo by Adelphi Studios.

Mr. Walter Haydon,

author of "Canada and the War" (Arrowsmith)

The publishing house of Charles P. Sisley, Limited, has recently removed to 35, Craven Street, Strand, and is announcing several new series of daintily-produced works, at popular prices, such as book-lovers have learned to associate with the name of Sisley.

Dr. A. S. Rappoport has written "A Short History of Poland," which Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. are publishing.



Mr. Denis Crane,

whose book on the emigration of children to Canada, "John Bull's Surplus Children," Messrs. Horace Marshall & Son are publishing.

purpose of devoting himself to the writing of books and plays. "I knew the risks of the venture," explains Mr. Laurence Clarke, "and have never for a moment regretted my decision. Moreover, my experience as an editor gave me a fortunate insight into the idiosyncrasies of other editors!"

Amy J. Baker, the author of a very interesting novel, "The Snake Garden," which Mr. John Long has just published, is Mrs. Maynard Crawford, the wife of Major Maynard Crawford, R.A.M.C., now stationed at Aldershot. Before her marriage she lived for several years in South Africa, and makes admirable use of her South African experiences in her new story. This is Mrs. Crawford's third book. Her other two, issued by the same firm, were "I Too Have Known," and "The Impenitent Prayer," and both of them met with very gratifying success.

Mr. Laurence Clarke, who has already made a name among magazine readers both here and in America, is the author of "A Prince of India," a clever romance that was published last month by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. Three years ago Mr. Laurence Clarke, with apparent quixotism, ended a career as a successful editor, for the



Photo by Dover Street Studios.

Miss Fay Middleton,

whose new novel, "Sours" (Maunsel), is reviewed in this Number.

Mr. Erskine MacDonald is publishing this month a volume of poems by Mr. Trevor Blakemore. The book is to be called "The Flagship," and will be largely topical in interest. The same publisher is



Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. Laurence Clarke,

whose new novel, "A Prince of India" (Hodder & Stoughton), is reviewed in this Number.

issuing "Heather Ways," a book of verse by Miss Hylda C. Cole. Miss Cole's name will be familiar to many of our readers in connection with our monthly Prize Competitions.

Miss Leslie Moore, author of a charming novel, "The Jester," recently published by Messrs. Putnam's, is the daughter of Colonel Moore, lately retired from the Royal Marine Artillery. Much of her childhood was spent at Eastney Barracks, Portsmouth. After her father's retirement, they went to live at Bideford, in Devon; and later she lived for some time in Germany. On returning to England she studied portrait painting, first with Miss Bertha Herkomer, then at Sir Hubert Herkomer's own school of painting at Bushey. Her first



Miss Bertha N. Graham,

author of "The Royal Way," the prize play of the Lyceum Club, which is to be acted at the Haymarket Theatre on May 4th. Miss Graham is also the author of "Spoiling the Broth, and Other Plays," published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

books were two stories for children: "The Happy League," (Wells, Gardner), and "Five Children and their Adventures" (Nelson). Then she wrote two novels, "Aunt Olive in Bohemia," and "The Peacock Feather" (Alston Rivers), and has followed these with "The Jester," which bids fair to prove the most successful of her books. Though Miss Moore is fully occupied with her literary work she still finds time to paint miniatures, and was lately made a member of the Society of Miniaturists.

The following are some of the most interesting of the new War Books that have been issued in the last four weeks:

"The Experiences of a Recruiting Officer."



Photo by Adolphus Teat.

Amy J. Baker
(Mrs. Maynard Crawford),

author of "The Snake Garden" (John Long).

By Coulson Kernahan. 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Canada and the War." By Walter Haydon. An admirable account of the courage and loyalty with which Canada has undertaken her share of the burden of the Great War. 6d. net. (Arrow-smith.)

"More Thoughts on the War." By A. Clutton-Brock. 1s. net. (Methuen.)

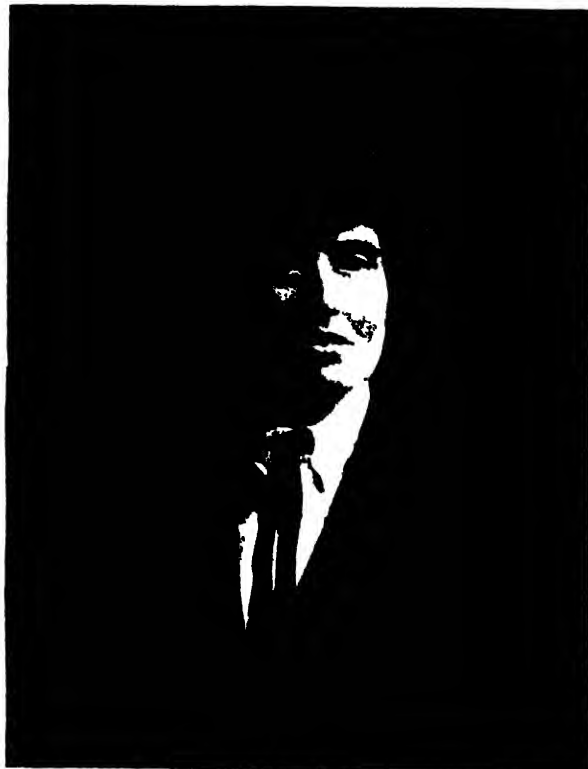


Photo by G. A. Brown, Greenwich

Miss Hylda C. Cole.



Photo by Lillie Charles.

Mrs. Agnes Croysdale,

whose play, "The Half-Sister," has just been produced at the Apollo Theatre. Mrs. Croysdale is the daughter of Mr. William Blane, the well-known South African author and journalist.

"Private Spud Tamson." By Capt. R. W. Campbell. 1s. net. (Blackwood.)

"Kitchener's Chaps." By A. Neil Lyons. Delightfully humorous stories and sketches of life in the new Army. 1s. net. (John Lane.)



Mr. Herbert Price,

whose "Poems and Sonnets" (South Africa: F. W. Welch) are reviewed in this Number.

"The Red Glutton." By Irvin S. Cobb. A vivid record of things seen with the German Army at the front. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The Amateur Army." By Patrick MacGill. A realistic, first-hand narrative of the experiences of a soldier in the making. 1s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

"German Culture: Past and Present." By E. Belfort Bax. 4s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

"What I Saw in Berlin and other European Capitals during War Time." By Piermarini. 5s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

"War, Progress, and the End of History." Three Discussions. By Vladimir Soloviev. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Paris Waits, 1914." By M. E. Clarke. Including a striking story of what was happening in Paris when the German Armies were drawing near to it last year. 5s. net. (Smith Elder.)

"Belgium." By R. C. K. Ensor. Home University Library. 1s. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

"Flags of the World. Their Story and Associations." By W. J. Gordon. 6s. net. (Warne.)

"The Story of the Hohenzollerns." By C. Sheridan Jones. 5s. net. (Jarrold.)

"The War, 1914-15. A History for Boys and Girls." By Elizabeth O'Neill. 1s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

"The Second Phase of the Great War." By A. Hilliard Atteridge. Graphic Extras. Illustrated in colour and black-and-white. 6s. net. (Hodder.)

"Militarism versus Feminism." 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

"Hymns in Time of War." Collected and edited by G. A. Leask. 1s. net. (Jarrold.)

"When Blood is their Argument." By Ford Madox Hueffer. A thoughtful and brilliant study of German history and the German character, with a masterly exposition of German kultur. 2s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The Unmaking of Europe." By P. W. Wilson. 3s. 6d. net. (Nisbet.)



Miss Leslie Moore.

Author of "The Jester" (Putnam's).

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

MRS. EVERARD COTES.

(SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.)

BESIDES being born a novelist, Mrs. Cotes brought to her work, which has always been to her a source of exquisite enjoyment, a brave spirit of adventure. Without this purpose of going out to seek what is behind the turn of the road, it is difficult to say whether or not Mrs. Cotes's many fine novels would ever have been written. She was born in the town of Brantford, Ontario, sometime in the eighteen-sixties, in the years when it would have taken almost a miracle to convince a publisher that a girl of Canadian birth could be a novelist. This publishing attitude was a real obstacle to the pursuit of letters in Canada not many years ago. Long after Mrs. Cotes had proved triumphantly that she was a novelist by right of birth and that nothing could keep her from achieving the success she deserved so well, a Canadian editor who was more favourable than most editors to aspiring Canadian writers assured a beginner that he had been told by publishers in the United States they would never accept a manuscript if they knew it had been written by a Canadian. No Canadian could write a successful novel; it was impossible for a Canadian to have the right point of view, so these publishers said. The incident is related merely

to show what Mrs. Cotes had to overcome, in addition to the usual difficulties incidental to the career of a novelist. Gay, courageous, light-hearted, wearing her love of adventure in the great world like a rose, Miss Duncan set out from the little town of Brantford, impelled by her birthright, which was to see all manner of interesting places and to write tales of the characters of men and women and of what they will do, driven by their own souls and the force of circumstance.

Miss Duncan was educated in Brantford. She became a teacher, like so many other clever Canadian girls, taught the most junior class of all, and during her short term as an instructor, formed the friendship of her school inspector, Mr. George W. Ross, afterwards Sir George W. Ross, and Premier of Ontario. This friendship continued as long as Mr. Ross lived. Miss Duncan had a scintillating wit. The world wore magic colours

to her. Few indeed who met her who had themselves any talent failed to recognise and appreciate this eager, gifted personality, with the power to turn a dull world gay, and to reveal hidden wealth of meaning in what may have seemed commonplace incident. Writing has always been to Miss Duncan the breath of life. When she was still at school, the *Toronto Globe* accepted an

essay which the youthful author had believed to be worth sending out for publication. She was still at home in Brantford when the Louisiana Exposition was held in New Orleans. A poster in the Brantford station promised alluring tropical colour, adventure, all the strangeness and romance of the far away. It was a simple matter for one who had the instinct and imagination of a writer. Miss Duncan arranged to send letters from New Orleans to a number of Canadian newspapers. Her journey south was the first beautiful foretaste of many travels and romantic happenings. Later she wrote for the *Washington Post*. One of the Washington assignments she remembers was to interview Mr. William Dean Howells, who was then a well-known author, although scarcely as famous as he is now. In some way Miss Duncan was disappointed in securing a meeting

with Mr. Howells, but on her way upstairs to her room in the hotel she passed Mr. Howells' door. Outside the door was a pair of the author's boots. In a flash the journalist perceived what she could write. The day following *The Post* published an interview with Mr. Howells' boots. Evidently the great novelist did justice to the genius of the interviewer, for he sought the acquaintance of the young lady who had written the article.

In the years immediately following Miss Duncan wrote as "Garth Grafton" for the *Toronto Globe*, afterwards joining the staff of the *Montreal Star*. For *The Star* Miss Duncan wrote the Parliamentary correspondence from Ottawa for at least one session. Miss Duncan is probably the only woman journalist who has ever written from the Press Gallery at Ottawa. Among the men who were Ottawa correspondents at the same time



Mrs. Everard Cotes
(Sara Jeannette Duncan).

was Sir John Willison, now of the *Toronto News*, and Canadian correspondent of the *London Times*.

Still the call of adventure and of the novelist's genius was insistent. In 1889, in the days when the trans-continental railway was still regarded as a marvellous feat, and the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway was far from being an old story, Miss Duncan and a friend set out to travel round the world. Miss Duncan wrote travel letters for the *Montreal Star*. These letters appeared as well in an English publication. Later they were revised and published in book form as "A Social Departure." This was in 1890.

The young writer had won a triumph. So fresh, so delicate, so airy, so pungent, so full of delicious humour, the book found thousands of friends and admirers. It still maintains its place as one of the best contemporary books of travel. In her later books Mrs. Cotes' style has lost some of the delightful simplicity of her early work. The study of character and of politics has grown to be absorbing. Since the publication of "A Social Departure" she has written some twenty novels. To each book she has given concentration, a fire of thought, purpose and effort, and very exceptional ability. The first fine careless rapture has been withdrawn, and in its place has risen the full light of the novelist's searching knowledge of character and motive. Mrs. Cotes is incontestably first among Canadian novelists, and is in the first rank of women novelists in English-speaking countries.

On her journey round the world she met in India Mr. Everard Cotes, then Deputy Superintendent of the Indian Museum at Calcutta, now Managing Director of the Indian News Agency, which is the associated Press of India. They were married the following year. Since that time Mrs. Cotes's home has been at Simla, in India. She, however, frequently spends a great part of the year in London, and every few years comes for a lengthy visit to Canada. There are few citizens of the British Empire who link a number of its countries together so closely as does Mrs. Cotes. Mr. and Mrs. Cotes have visited frequently Prince Rupert, which is the terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific on the Pacific Ocean; they are at home in Brantford and Toronto; months of the year they spend in their flat in London; and in both Calcutta and Simla they are counted as residents. This world-citizenship is reflected in Mrs. Cotes's novels. "A Social Departure" was followed by "An American Girl in London," one of the most knowledgeable, sympathetic studies of the American temperament that has ever been written. Other American stories by Mrs. Cotes are "Those Delightful Americans," "A Voyage of Consolation," and "A Daughter of To-day." In this last named story the heroine is an American girl, whose desire is to win fame by creative work in London. Mrs. Cotes has written as well a remarkable series of Indian novels. Among these are: "The Simple Adventures of a Memsahib"; "His Honour and a Lady"; "The Path of a Star"; and

"A Burnt Offering," which is a striking study in Indian politics. Her Canadian books are "The Imperialist," full of delightful humour, and of a deep sympathetic understanding of Canadian ways and Canadian character; and "Cousin Cinderella," which is the story of a Canadian girl in London. "The Consort" is a very clever story of English society. Two of her finest books have been kept to be named at the end. "The Story of Sonny Sahib" is perhaps, her most perfect work. It is written in exquisite English, and tells the story of a little English boy in the Indian Mutiny. If Mrs. Cotes had written nothing else this little book should keep her name in remembrance. "The Other Side of the Latch" is a book written of an Indian garden, which deserves to be placed alongside "Sonny Sahib." Mrs. Cotes's latest novel, "His Royal Happiness," appeared as a serial in the *Woman at Home*, and in the *Ladies' Home Journal* of Philadelphia. "His Royal Happiness" is an international novel. The hero belongs to the Royal Family of Great Britain, and the heroine is the daughter of an ex-President of the United States. The story has been well received by the reviewers in England and America, as well as in Canada, and promises to have an unusual success. Mrs. Cotes dramatised "His Royal Happiness" for Miss Annie Russell, and the play was given its first complete performance in Toronto during the first week of the year.

Mrs. Cotes works hard, and she works steadily, no matter in what part of the world she may be. In India, England, or Canada, her work is her close companion. It is a lesson in authorship to see the infinite pains with which she revises. No shade of meaning can be too delicately expressed. No scene can be worked out too carefully. "Finish" is the lesson and example which she gives to those who would follow the craft of writing.

Mrs. Cotes is of pure British stock. Her father, Mr. Charles Duncan, who was for many years a leading merchant in Brantford, was a Scotsman. The attachment which existed between the Scottish-Canadian merchant and his daughter who was a novelist, was very strong. When Mr. Duncan first came to Canada he stayed for a short time in New Brunswick, and there met and married his wife, who was a native Canadian, daughter of an Irishman. Naturally, Mrs. Cotes's own country people are proud of this gifted Canadian woman. She set out on her brave adventure to conquer the world, and she has succeeded. As an artist she has high rank, and she has an undiminishing love for her native country and a firm belief in its great destiny. Canadians are strongly bound to Mrs. Cotes because she has proved that a Canadian girl, born in an Ontario town, may have the gift, the spirit of adventure, and the indomitable perseverance necessary to become a novelist of wide reputation, whose work is as craftsmanlike and as finely artistic as if she had been born in any country of old traditions.

MARJORY MACMURCHY

THE READER.

ALFRED NOYES.

BY GILBERT THOMAS.

THERE is a task which I am reserving for a leisured old age. It is the compilation of a new "Who's Who," dealing not, indeed, with such men as brewers and usurers, who are pretty well served by the existing annual, but rather with such men as musicians and poets, whose careers should, I feel, be outlined with some degree of imagination, and therefore of truth. For instance, did I not know Mr. Alfred Noyes, it would tell me very little that was important about him to read, as you may, in "Who's Who," that he was born in Staffordshire in 1880; that he was educated at Exeter College, Oxford; that his recreation is rowing; and so on. The true facts are, of course, that Mr. Noyes was born—I have not the remotest idea when; nor, probably, has the poet himself—in the Forest of Wild Thyme; he was educated in Old Japan—which you will not see on the map, but of which you may catch stray hints on old blue plates and such-like; his recreations are hunting with Robin Hood in Sherwood Forest and sailing beyond the sunset in quest of El Dorado; and his postal address (though I fancy that it may soon be changed) is "Care of Oberon."

The cantankerous will argue that you cannot send messages to Fairyland through the Post Office; but they are quite wrong, and they evidently do not belong to that very great army of Mr. Noyes's readers which has grown up not only in England, but in America, where the poet has also acquired much fame, and received much honour, as a lecturer. For Mr. Noyes is one of those happy men who have made the simple discovery that Fairyland is wide enough to embrace postmen, barrel-organs, East-End coffee-stalls, smelting-furnaces, and newspaper boys—yes, and wide enough, too, to include the wayside church and the stable of Bethlehem. It is probable that most people save some dim belief in Fairyland from the wreck, the disillusion of the years; but too often it is but a very dim belief indeed in a nebulous "Never Never Land" of the imagination. Mr. Noyes has retained, however, the full faith of childhood; the "shades of the prison-house" have not closed upon him, and heaven still lies about him in this dull, material world. The learned have sometimes

contested—though, as his work advances, this criticism grows less and less true—that Mr. Noyes is not a "thoughtful" poet; that, while he has brought infinite originality to the presentation of old ideas, his work yields little evidence of any new reading of life, of any individual, constructive philosophy. And the reason is that, until recently at any rate, he has felt little need for such a philosophy. For him God is still obvious in all things; wonder whispers from every hedgerow, and cries out from the very stones of the city.

"The world is all a fairy tale—but oh, the tale is true!"

The Universe is not a chaos that needs explaining, but a delightful place in which to make one's self happy. For questionings and doubts he has no sort of use; of too much analysis, whether intellectual or scientific, he is a little impatient.

"We have named the stars, and weighed the moon,
Counted our gains—and lost the boon,"

is the burden of much of his work. He does not care in the very least degree what the moon may weigh; it is enough for him that "the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas." For him the stars are still the lamps of heaven, "the lights of home." He has not yet forgotten that lesson of childhood: that if you would increase your kingdom, you must diminish yourself, and bow humbly to the earth. He can still

dwarf himself till the wild thyme upon the rolling Sussex Downs, which are his home, towers above him like a gigantic forest; so that the grass becomes a jungle through which the creeping snail looms like a sort of crocodile sixty feet in length, and the beetle becomes a hippopotamus. He can still become a "midget-child," so tiny that he can "push back the soft petallic door"; enter "the splendid crimson porch" of the smallest of the flowers, and discover within its "carven walls," with their majestic cornices and coronals, all the hidden secrets of the world. For him God is still in His heaven; "the clouds proclaim their Charioteer, the hills demand His higher throne." And when the day wears down to eventide, and the labourers turn



Photo by H. Edmonds, Hull.

Alfred Noyes

homeward, is it not something more than the wind that whispers to a tired world?

"For they say 'tis but the sunset winds that wander thro' the heather,

Rustle all the meadow grass and bend the dewy fern ;
They say 'tis but the winds that bow the reeds in prayer together,

And fill the shaken pools with fire along the shadowy burn.

In the beauty of the twilight, in the garden that He loveth,

They have veiled His lovely vesture with the darkness of a name !

Thro' His garden, thro' His garden, it is but the wind that moveth,

No more ; but oh, the miracle, the miracle is the same !

In the cool of the evening, when the sky is an old story
Slowly dying, but remembered, ay, and loved with passion still,

Hush ! . . . the fringes of His garment in the fading golden glory,

Softly rustling as He cometh o'er the far green hill "

The poet has nothing in common with the wise men of this world who, with their plausible theories and pompous formulæ, would deny the miraculous and the supernatural, who would explain all the mysteries of heaven and earth on their eight fingers, and argue hell away on their two thumbs—though when the prodigal is ready to return from the husks of unbelief and revolt to his old faith, his home-coming could not be more tenderly celebrated than it is in "The Old Sceptic," with its haunting final stanzas :

"I will go back to my home and look at the wayside flowers,

And hear from the wayside cabins
the kind old hymns again,

Where Christ holds out His arms in
the quiet evening hours,

And the light of the chapel porches
broods on the peaceful lane.

And there I shall hear men praying
the deep old foolish prayers,

And there I shall see once more
the fond old faith confessed,

And the strange old light on their
faces who hear as a blind man
hears—

*Come unto Me, ye weary, and I
will give you rest.*

I will go back and believe in the
deep old foolish tales,

And pray the simple prayers that
I learnt at my mother's knee,

Where the Sabbath tolls its peace
thro' the breathless mountain
vales,

And the sunset's evening hymn
hallows the listening sea."

Those "deep old foolish prayers"! Those "deep old foolish tales"! They are the essence of Mr. Noyes's poetry. It is a beautiful faith, and to its presentation the poet has brought a wonderful wealth of new music. No writer of our time has introduced so many interesting metrical experiments, or displayed such perfect technical skill. He is

like a musician in deft command of a fully-equipped organ—which does not lack that stop of humour which has been wanting in the instruments upon which some of the greatest poets have played. There is rollicking fun, as well as fantasy, in "Forty Singing Seamen" and "The Tramp Transfigured"; and in the "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern" we can veritably hear the timbers of the old inn shake with laughter as Marlowe, Drayton, Dekker, Beaumont, Raleigh and the rest of that immortal fellowship tell their stories and sing their songs, whilst the voice of Bacon interposes now and then with its ponderous pedantry, only to be drowned by the gruff calls of Ben Jonson for Malmsey and Muscadell. Mr. Noyes's humour and his music, with its irresistible lilts and cadences, have, probably, done much to win for him what is in these times an astonishing popularity. Yet I believe that, in the first place, the reason for that popularity is to be sought in the poet's radiant and childlike optimism, his essential healthiness, his simple and spontaneous faith—qualities that have been so singularly lacking in much of the verse of recent years, which has tended more and more towards formlessness, violence, and the insane worship of the merely unconventional. The welcome extended to Mr. Noyes's work is evidence, surely, of the fact that the normal reader does, after all, appreciate that natural beauty and gaiety and pathos, that straightforward manly vigour and sincerity, and that generous optimism which are characteristic alike of the poet as a writer and as a man. In passing, it may be recalled that Mr. R. C. Lehmann, while reviewing for *The Speaker*, was the first critic to appreciate fully the promise of Mr. Noyes's

earliest book "The Loom of Years"; and it was he who introduced Mr. Noyes to the editor of *Blackwood*. The poet was at once given the hospitality of its pages, in which much of his work has since made its original appearance. In speaking of Mr. Noyes's well-deserved success, it would be ungracious to omit a tribute to the assistance rendered both by the famous *Punch* contributor and by Messrs. Blackwood, who have steadily piloted his books into the full flood of popularity.

But an easy optimism does not, of course, always imply a warm sympathy with one's fellow-kind. The optimist is liable sometimes to be a self-contained man; he is not greatly reliant upon the sympathy of others, and consequently he is less ready to extend his own sympathy to them. Warm, human sympathy, however, has always characterised the work of Mr. Noyes—though, as you go through the two large volumes of his *Collected Poems*, from "The Flower of Old Japan," with its snug nursery atmosphere, and "The Forest of Wild Thyme," which has been so delightfully illustrated by Mr. Claude



"Take me with you, Sawara,
Over the sea," she said.

From "A Tale of Old Japan" by Alfred Noyes
(Blackwood).



**Surely, he thought, I have painted
Nothing so fair as this.**

From "A Tale of Old Japan," by Alfred Noyes
(Blackwood)

full of the morning; the wild thyme whispers its shy mysteries, and the foam-flecked sea, as it breaks at the foot of the cliffs, murmurs of Drake and the heroes of old romance. But from the distant town, with its dingy roofs, there comes that plume of smoke which tells of the unhappy crowds who might be enjoying themselves so much more fully if only they could leave their dull occupations and come out and search with him in the forest of thyme for the lost Peterkin, or join with him in a game of pirates! Why will they not come? At first, he thinks naturally in terms of Fairyland. What is wrong with the world is that the cow has got into the meadow, and the sheep into the corn; and so he bids Little Boy Blue sound another blast:

"Little Boy Blue, if the child heart knows,
Sound but a note as a little one may,
And the thorns of the desert shall bloom with the rose,
And the Healer shall wipe all tears away.
Little Boy Blue, we are all astray,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn;
Ah, set the world right, as a little one may;
Little Boy Blue, come blow up your horn!"

Sound but a note! Alas, the note is sounded, but the fairy call is lost in the noise of the forging-hammer and the machine gun, and the smoke grows denser along the horizon of the Downs. And, while he does not doubt the truth of his own vision, the poet wonders for a time if it can survive in a world where there are so few to share it; and, rather than lose the vision, he would follow it beyond the gates of death:

"Thou'rt flown too soon! I stretch my hands out still,
O Light of Life, to Thee,
Who leav'st an Olivet in each fair blue hill,
A sorrow on every sea.

Shepperson; through the full length epic on "Drake," the "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern," and the hundred odd lyrics on widely varied themes, you will see that his sympathy has not always been so highly developed as it has latterly become. In his earlier work, the poet's attitude towards the busy and the suffering multitude somewhat resembles that of a boy who pities the "grown-ups," because they cannot or will not enter into his play. What a good time they are missing! He goes out, as it were, on to the Downs; the air is

It is too soon
amid the cynic
sneers,
The sophist
smiles, the
greedy mouths
and hands,
Quite to forget
the light of
those dead
years
And my lost
mountain
lands.

It is too soon for
me to break
that trust,
O Light of
Life, flown far
past sun and
moon,
Burn back thro'
this dark pan-
oply of dust,
Or let me fol-
low soon.

Hope returns, how-
ever; and with it
there comes the
deeper, fuller
vision; the more
vital human sym-
pathy. His later
poetry has become

less and less purely romantic, less and less purely idealistic and pictorial than it is, for instance, in "The Mermaid Tavern" and "Drake"; and it has grown more and more interpretive. There has come into his work the realisation that only by slow and patient degrees can the desert be made to blossom with the rose. And while the prophet must continually climb the mount of vision, and fill his soul with the distant, the perfect landscape of the future, he can only live worthily of that vision in so far as he not only describes it, but also applies it to the needs of the present; in so far as he not only realises and hymns the things that are eternal, but interprets his own time in terms of them. Interpreted thus, the smoky town, so ugly in itself, assumes a beauty that would seem almost more perfect than perfection itself; and, as he moves among the puddling-furnaces and the slag heaps of the Black Country, the poet can sing of

"... a majesty
Beyond all majesties of earth and air;
Beauty beyond all beauty, as of a child
In rags, upraised thro' the still gold of heaven,
With wasted arms and hungering eyes, to bring
The armoured seraphim down upon their knees
And teach eternal God humility;
The solemn beauty of the unfulfilled,
Moving towards fulfilment on a height
Beyond all heights; the dreadful beauty of hope;
The naked wrestler, struggling from the rock
Under the sculptor's chisel; the rough mass
Of clay more glorious for the poor blind face
And bosom that half emerge into the light,
More glorious and august, even in defeat,
Than that too cold dominion God foreswore
To bear this passionate universal load,
This Calvary of Creation with mankind."



**Rose-white temple nigh the bay,
Hush! for Kimi comes to pray.**

From "A Tale of Old Japan," by Alfred Noyes
(Blackwood)

A brief quotation from a long poem is, however, unjust. "Enceladus" should be read carefully in its entirety. It is full of an individual and rich interpretation of modern industrial life, and is one of the most beautiful, as it is one of the most promising, of the author's works.

But perhaps the greatest promise for Mr. Noyes's future as the interpreter of the conditions and the aspirations of his own time is to be found in his poems dealing with the questions of war and peace. "The Wine-Press" is a book tensely vivid in its descriptions of the recent Balkan War; and not only does it contain also passages of restrained, yet heartbreaking, tenderness, but it breathes a spirit of white-hot moral indignation, well tempered by reason, against the makers of war who prostitute the people's patriotism to their own ends. This same spirit animates the little play "Rada," which deals with the sorrows of Belgium, and many of the author's shorter poems, such as the fantastic "Lucifer's Feast," "The Dawn of Peace," and the Prelude to "The Wine-Press," the last of which centres round that crowning tragedy of war—the blind, passionate belief of each people in the righteousness of its own cause and in its own claims to a monopoly of Divine aid. But it is not enough that the pacifist should have a moral indignation against war, though that is good; and Mr. Noyes has this greater qualification, which manifests itself in all that he has written on the subject: he realises that Peace implies not the mere abstinence from war, but the substitution of new wars for old. Thus he addresses himself to "those who believe that Peace is the corrupter of nations":

"Peace? When have we prayed for peace?
Over us burns a star,

Bright, beautiful, red for strife!
Yours are only the drum and the fife
And the golden braid and the surface of life.
Ours is the white-hot war.

Peace? When have we prayed for peace?
Ours are the weapons of men.
Time changes the face of the world.
Your swords are rust! Your flags are furled,
And ours are the unseen legions hurled
Up to the heights again.

Peace? When have we prayed for peace?
Is there no wrong to right,
Wrong crying to God on high?
Here where the weak and the helpless die,
And the homeless hordes of the City go by,
The ranks are rallied to-night."

Such is the spirit of that Peace which can alone destroy militarism and war, and lay the foundations of a saner and a purer world. There may be "worse things than war"; but the real case against war is that it makes those worse things ten times worse; it ruthlessly puts back the clock of social progress; it calls a long truce in the more vital, the more necessary, the more holy warfare—the moral warfare that must centre around the crying evils within each nation's life. Sooner or later, the blind fury of Europe will have spent itself, and we shall have, slowly and patiently, to enter upon its reconstruction. As we peer into the future, and realise with increasing vividness the enormity of the task, we may well ask, with Paul, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Well, the leaders will have to be many, and diverse must be their gifts; but, among the poets, I think there is none to whom one may look with more confidence than to Mr. Alfred Noyes.

THE POEMS OF JOHN KEATS.*

BY LAURENCE BINYON.

THOSE who remember Sir Sidney Colvin's delightful edition of Keats' letters and his admirable biography in the English Men of Letters series, and who know how assiduously he has studied and collated the manuscripts and the numerous existing transcripts of the poet's work, will rejoice that he has at last found leisure to prepare a complete edition of the poems. In comeliness of presentment and convenience of handling this edition has no rival. It is printed in a beautiful type; the paper and the setting of the page are alike excellent. There is no small print to weary the eye, and yet the two volumes are handy, light, compact, and, unlike so many luxurious editions, of a very reasonable price. To present the poet's work in a form worthy of its beauty has been one of the editor's aims; the other has been to arrange the poems, as far as is possible, in the order in which they were written. Lord Houghton attempted, as long ago as 1876, a chronological arrangement; but he did not give the actual date of each poem, and, as the present editor points out, he failed to make

really accurate use of the material then available; and in the intervening years much has come to light in the shape of additional data, as well as newly-discovered poems, some of which were published by Sir Sidney Colvin himself only the other day. One notable error of Lord Houghton's was the placing of the "Fall of Hyperion" before the "Hyperion" published in the poet's lifetime, as a "first version," though it is really a most interesting attempt to recast that splendid fragment in a new style. But whatever the shortcomings of his edition all lovers of Keats must be for ever grateful to Lord Houghton for his zeal in building up the poet's fame. The chronological arrangement is not one that will please all readers. Some will be jarred to find comparatively worthless pieces sandwiched between familiar masterpieces. But Keats, we think, bears the test better than would be expected. And the editor has not been quite inflexible in his rule; he has banished to an appendix a number of "jocular and trivial" pieces, scraps of verse which Keats dashed off in his letters and no doubt never intended for publication. It is difficult, as Sir Sidney Colvin says, to draw the line, for so much

* "The Poems of John Keats." Arranged in Chronological Order, with a Preface, by Sidney Colvin. 2 vols. 15s. net. (The Florence Press: Chatto & Windus.)

that Keats wrote is mixed in quality. "Endymion" itself is typical in its mixture of crude stuff and magical poetry. In any case, for those who are at all initiate, the plan of the present edition is one of singular interest. We watch the growth of the poet's mind through the full, brief years of his activity; we see, and marvel at, the astonishing richness which overflows in verse, various indeed in quality but, as a whole, dazzling in its splendour. Not so precocious as many another poet, Keats was in his twentieth year when he wrote the "Sonnet on First Looking into Chapman's 'Homer,'" the first piece which unmistakably announced his genius. The next year produced a batch of sonnets of uneven merit, the best of them being the one we have been accustomed to see entitled "On a Picture of Leander" but which we find here called (no doubt with due authority) "On an Engraved Gem of Leander"; but the winter of this 1816-17 saw the completion of "I Stood Tip-toe," with its delightfully fresh and intimate descriptions of nature, and the beautiful "Sleep and Poetry," the germ of "Endymion," which occupied Keats from April to December of 1817. Then, after a number of sonnets and occasional lyrics, including the group written on the tour in Scotland, and showing a continual growth in depth of thought, seriousness of emotion, and power of expression, comes the wonderful year from the autumn of 1818 to the autumn of 1819. It takes the breath away, when one is familiar with the poems, with their close texture of gorgeous language and inspired imagery, to realise what these few months brought forth: "Hyperion," "Fancy," the "Eve of St. Agnes," the "Eve of St. Mark,"



John Keats.

the six famous odes, "Lamia," and the poet's one peerless lyric "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," not to mention some of the finest of the sonnets and the two essays in drama. At the very same time Shelley, in Italy, was writing "Prometheus," "The Cenci," the "Ode to the West Wind," and other exquisite lyrics; but Keats had not the airy rushing eloquence which was natural to Shelley's genius; his verse is closer-packed, of more substantial form, and though both alike astound us by the height of creative emotion which they could maintain so splendidly, the younger poet's cluster of masterpieces seems the greater wonder.

Our only complaint as regards this edition is that Sir Sidney Colvin does not tell us a little about the grounds for the dating of certain of the pieces; and one would like to know, for instance, about the "engraved gem" which inspired the Leander sonnet. The edition is planned, it is true, "for lovers of beautiful poetry beautifully printed"; but its arrangement makes it specially interesting for students of the poet, for whom Sir Sidney Colvin out of his intimate knowledge could have made a fascinating essay on the material now available. But no doubt to have once embarked on a discussion of the kind would have swelled the volumes greatly; and, though a little tantalised, we must content ourselves with admiring the editor's rare self-restraint. The poems are all assigned to a date as definite and exact as possible, sometimes to the month and the day. We have, at any rate, the ripe and considered results of fine scholarship, and in a form which is a delight to contemplate.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MAY, 1915.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best original rhymed line that shall fittingly precede or follow Young's famous line: "Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

- I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Quartermaster-Sergeant John J. Gurnett, of New Ranges, Shoeburyness, Essex, for the following:

TO THE FUTURE

Pulsing quickly, throbbing hotly, through a tender little form
Flows a current, runs a life stream, stirrin' muscles soft and warm;
When a score of suns shall circle when my days of deed are done.

Will you turn and ask me questions, with your mother's eyes,
my son ?
Will you count the life she gave you little worth its grievous
pains,
When a thousand hungers calling clamour madly in your veins ;
When few friendly hands are offered, and around your youthful
feet
Swarm a city's myriad vampires, spreading poisons, subtle,
sweet ;
When you see the rival priesthoods striving tooth and nail for
gold ;
When you see the people's leaders ready to be bought and sold ;
When the rich man's wretched offspring scorn you in the world's
high road,
And his women scan you idly, as a bearer of their load ?
Then I pray that God shall send you of His mercy, in your need,
Some one dead or some one living, some one brave and Mammon-
freed ;
Touch your eyes to vision open, swing your choice to royal
things,
That you see the mighty armies led by prophets, not by kings,
Knees that have not bowed to Mammon, lives that know but
Love as King,
Souls above all fate or fortune, hearts that purest incense bring,
And that priesthood, sacred, holy, incense offer not in vain,
Round the struggling world it rises, in an endless circling chain ;
And the gods the false priests know not, to the altars white
descend
Brooding in eternal blessing, where true friend clasps hand
with friend.
Friend clasps friend, and so I leave you, tiny hand entwined
in mine,
Though the far-off years bereave you, Love is deathless in His
shrine.

JOHN J. GURNETT.

We also select for printing :

MEMORIES.

I.

Thou wert to me, all things that lovely are,
The deep blue of the dusk : the first pale star,
The tenderness of twilight, and the scent
That comes from sleeping flowers, when day is spent.

II.

When the still night, her cloak of hyacinth blue
Has donned, then all my thoughts fly swift to you,
White birds of longing, bearing on their wings
The deathless memory of happier things.

III.

I think of thee, where'er the birds' songs pierce
The clear, spring air, and rouse a joy so fierce,
So full of longing, that it melts to pain,
For all the days that come not back again.

IV.

. . . I seek the Treasure-house of Memory,
Deep Love and Longing open it for me,
. . . Forgotten then the failures and the fears,
Peace folds her wings around the troubled years

(Mrs. Trevelyan Thomson, Branksome, Middlesbrough)

COPPER-HEAD.

Copper-head, copper-head, running up the lane,
The sun has tangled in your hair and gilded it again,
He tried to struggle free once more with many twists and twirls,
But lest you should forget him let a sheck of burnished curls.

Copper-head, copper-head, you flirted with the sky,
I see the turquoise looking out each time I meet your eye ;
Nor was the day sufficient, for whence came that diamond light ?
Till now set in a starry crown above the velvet night ?

Copper-head, copper-head, the wind is in your feet,
No nymph outwitting gods of old was ever half so fleet,
No dancing spirit in the spring but steps to second place
When once she spies the carnival that riots in your face.

Copper-head, the joy of youth trembles in your voice,
All the folly, all the tears, to make a world rejoice ;
And when you laugh a silver bell rings out in faerieland—
I wish I were a child again, that I might understand.

(M. P. Noel, 33, Redcliffe Square, S.W.)

PATRIOTS.

The earth was thirsty—it fain would drink ;
A patriot watered it well with ink.
For he was a critical, cautious man
With many a sure and certain plan ;
But out of the sodden, blackened mud
Came never a leaf nor blade nor bud.

The earth was thirsty—the drought of years ;
A patriot watered it well with tears,
A good man he, with a tender heart,
Who knew not war was a needful part ;
But never a single flower grew
Save rosemary sad and grieving rue.

The earth was thirsty—it craved a flood ;
A patriot watered it well with blood,
The blood of valorous, clear-eyed youth,
Who died for honour and flag and truth ;
And laurel sprang from the crimsoned sod
And hies of peace grew up to God.

(McLandsburgh Wilson, 411, West 145th Street, New York City, U.S.A.)

We also select for special commendation the twenty lyrics sent in by Mrs. Fortescue (Southwold), David Conrad (Canning Town), Marian Hewitt (Ipswich), C. Eric Sneddon (Ilkeston), Mrs. E. L. Mosse (Birmingham), M. E. Painter (Cheltenham), Thomas Monet (Prestwich), Doris Rochefort (Stoke Newington), A. L. Little (Glasgow), R. H. W. Case (Croydon), Eric N. Simons (Sheffield), George Savile (Brockley), Christine Chandler (London, W.), Edwin J. Pratt (Newfoundland), E. T. Sandford (Saltash), Lesbia Thanet (Leeds), F. M. Latham (Bowdon), Peggy Grant (Southbourne), Irene Wintle (Liverpool), Ivan Adair (Dublin).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mr. Charles Powell, of 67, Dickenson Road, Manchester, for the following :

THROAT AND EAR TROUBLES. (Macleod Yearsley.)

" I argued each case with my wife."

LEWIS CARROLL, *Alice in Wonderland*.

We also select for printing :

THE GREAT AGE. By J. C. SNAITH. (Hutchinson)

" Her years—old Parr's were nothing to them,

And a chicken to her was Methusalem."

C. LAKE, *Salon in Search of a Wife*.

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 159, Holly Lane, West Smethwick, Birmingham.)

THE ONE OUTSIDE. By MARY FITZPATRICK. (Maunsell & Co.)

" Patient on this tall pillar I have borne
Rain, wind, frost, heat, hail, damp, and sleet, and snow."

TENNYSON, *St. Simon Stylites*.

(Ethel M. Odell, 72, Claremont Road, Forest Gate.)

THE MYSTERY IN THE DROOD FAMILY. By MONTAGU SAUNDERS. (Cambridge University Press.)

" He argued high, he argued low,
He also argued round about him."

W. S. GILBERT, *Sir Macklin (Bab Ballads)*.

(Sydney Jeffery, 104, Manchester Road, Warrington.)

THE GREAT AGE. By J. C. SNAITH. (Hutchinson.)

" His Ma was nearly ninety-two "

W. S. GILBERT, *Thomas Winterbottom Hance*.

(Miss Muriel Pinch, Wood's Place, Battle, Sussex.)

KITCHENER'S CHAPS. By A. NEIL LYONS. (Lane)

" The cynosure of every eye "

J. K. STEPHEN, *Lapsus Calami*.

(Cyril W. Rodmell, The Croft, Sutton-on-Hull.)

THE HUNS IN OUR HINTERLAND. By J. K. O'CONNOR. (Maskew Miller.)

" ' You'd best be getting home,' he said."

LEWIS CARROLL, *Sylvie and Bruno*.

(R. H. W. Case, 44, Kidderminster Road, Croydon.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the most apt and amusing combinations of book titles is awarded to Miss Ethel M. Odell, of 72, Claremont Road, Forest Gate, for the following :

" Running Water "—" By Order of the King."
" Captain Kettle "—" Brother-in-Law to Potts."
" Marriage a La Mode "—" For Cash Only."

We also select for printing :

"Pan's Garden"—"The Daffodil Fields."
 "The Stopping Lady"—"The Charwoman's Daughter."
 "Children of the Ghetto"—"Potash and Perlmutter."

(S. W. Johns, 33, Arcadian Gardens, Bowes Park, N.)

"The German Fleet"—"Come and Find Me"
 "The Way of the Red Cross"—"Sinister Street"
 "The Open Question"—"How to be Happy Though Married"

(M. F. MacArthur, Graffham Cottage, Selsey-on-Sea.)

"The Silent Woman"—"A Wife Worth Winning."
 "Kipps"—"The Amateur Gentleman."
 "A Woman's Whim"—"The Last Sentence."

(Mary Earle, 34, Westbourne Road, Birkdale, Lancs.)

"The Rake's Progress"—"Tillers of the Soil."

"The White Company"—"When Ghost Meets Ghost."

"The Happy Medium"—"Carnacki the Ghost-Finder."

(George Duncan Grey, 67, High Street, Weston-super-Mare.)

From amongst the very large number of other good replies received we specially commend those by Alex R. Horne (Aberdeen), M. J. Dobie (Chester), May Honor Wylde Kew (Ashton-upon-Mersey), Miss J. Shaw (Harrogate), Miss P. P. Battle (Forest Gate), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Brighton), E. Jotham (Isle of Man), S. J. Willcox (Birkdale), M. Kennedy (New Barnet), Archibald J. Hayden (Mansfield), Ada M. Hanson (London, E.), H. Leonard (Skipton), C. G. W. Murphy (Snaresbrook), Mary C. Jobson (Corbridge-on-Tyne), Thos. W. Thompson (Heckmondwike), C. E. Ransom (Torquay), H. Spencer Toy (Harrogate), Mrs. W. L. Saunt (Kensington), M. Hughes (Reading), Miss H. M. Barrow (Hastings).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review, in not more than a hundred words, of any recent book is awarded to Mr. Malcolm Humphrey, Avenue End, North Camp, Aldershot, for the following :

WHAT A WOMAN WANTS BY MRS HENRY DUDENY.
 (Heinemann.)

This is a powerful, grim story of the weary toil and endless drudgery of lowly countryfolk in Sussex. Little brightness pierces the darkness of their grinding lives, into which happiness and love scarcely enter, and religion comes not at all. The book is unrelieved by any ray of humour, save what is bitter and ironic. Christmas Hamlyn, the heroine, has a transient lover in her girlhood, whom she meets again after long years of labour when she is a lonely woman of middle age. In him she ultimately finds "what a woman wants"—love.

We also select for printing :

MIDDLE LIFE. BY SYBIL CAMPBELL LETHBRIDGE.
 (Holden & Hardingham)

There is something very charming about the self revelations of Anna Marie, the heroine of this simply planned book. It is a study of middle-age and youth, truth and falsehood, with a wholesomeness that ensures the continuous interest of the reader. The descriptions of Swiss scenery are very fine, and there are so many aphoristic passages that marking them would result in a much variegated page. The characters are well contrasted without a hint of extravagance, and the volume is one that leaves a lasting impression on the mind.

— (Miss Jackson, 83, Walker Gate, Beverley, E. Yorks.)

BILLIE'S MOTHER. BY MARY J. SKRINE. (Arnold.)

"Billie's Mother" is an interesting study of the peasant mind—Ruth's faithful obstinacy is admirably portrayed, though her motives for action are not always clear. Mrs. Skrine's thought

evidently outstrips her pen, and many passages in the book are somewhat obscure. Tarrant, moreover, is a rather inconsistent character. With brains and ability, it seems unlikely that so unscrupulous a scoundrel should remain faithful to an ignorant and unlettered girl: further, we must quarrel with the adjective "sensitive," so frequently applied to him, and surely so ill-merited! The plot of the book is uncommon, and has a strong vitality.

(C. L. Payne, 20, Vernon Road, Edgbaston.)

PELLE THE CONQUEROR · APPRENTICESHIP.
 BY M. A. NEXO. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

A double interest attaches to the publication of this work. Its appearance serves to remind us that a national literature of great value may arise from a small nation—this novel is by a Danish author—and may constitute one among many arguments for the preservation of such states. The merit of this volume lies in the characterisation and the foundation of knowledge. Pelle, deserting his farm home for the little seaport town, his apprenticeship to the cobbler, the brutal old master Kolod, the sickly and kindly young one, Pelle's progress through bullying and bating to the end of his apprenticeship, with the background of working-class life—all bespeak alike excellent craftsmanship, first-hand experience, and a love of mankind which hold the reader closely throughout.

(H. Hindle, Brookfield Avenue, Leeds.)

ARUNDEL BY E. F. BENSON.
 (Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. Benson's gift of "holding" the mirror up to nature must assuredly make him an undesirable acquaintance. Throughout this study of commonplace people and the commonplace happenings of the pretty village not many miles from the Metropolis we are conscious of the twinkle in his eye, as he exercises his talent to the utmost and with uncanny intuition reveals the weaknesses, idiosyncrasies and unsuspected nobilities of human nature. In this essentially comfortable "Villa-dom" of well-ordered lives and narrow views he is in his

element. The book is full of humour of a wit that is never cynical or unkind.

(Lucy Chamberlain, Plas Brith, Llandudno.)

THE ROYAL HOUSE OF PORTUGAL. BY FRANCIS GRIBBLE.
 (Leveleigh Nash)

The House of Portugal lends itself to biography for it has passed through every vicissitude of which a house is capable—be it that of king or commoner. Mr. Gribble is astonishingly frank in regard to its history, sparing neither the living nor the dead, but this needless to say does not lessen the interest of the book. It is a wondrous web, woven of romance, crime, adventure and scandal. The fact is forgotten nowadays, but Portugal is one of Britain's oldest allies, and more than once played an important part in European drama. The book is worth reading.

(Mrs. Sybilla Stirling, Fordel, Glenfarg.)

We also select for special commendation the twenty reviews sent in by Nancy Littlejohn (address wanted), Peter Winstanley (Bolton), W. Hamilton (London, W.C.), Marie Russell (Glasgow), W. Siebenhaar (W. Australia), Miss M. J. Dobie (Chester), H. Leonard (Skipton), B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), James A. Richards (Tenby), Frances D. Watson (Heaton Moor), M. E. Kennedy (Dublin), M. A. Newman (Brighton), Donald Leitch (Glasgow), E. S. Wright (Tunbridge Wells), V. Huish (Derby), G. B. (Boston, U.S.A.), T. D. Johnson (Hamstead), W. Barclay (Birmingham), J. MacBride (Edinburgh).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Mr. F. J. Overton, Selborne, Tudor Hill, Sutton Coldfield.



Keats on his Death-bed.

Painted by Severn, 1827.

New Books.

THE ST. HELENA EXILE.*

With the publication of the present work, Mr. Norwood Young worthily concludes with credit to himself and satisfaction to his readers his labours on a subject of never-failing interest and fascination, namely, the career of that great man, Napoleon, who for so long kept the world in awe. His first essay was "The Growth of Napoleon," published in 1910, followed twelve months ago by an account of the fallen conqueror's first exile, in Elba, and escape therefrom only to end in disaster at Waterloo at the conclusion of the hundred days' war. This latter work was appropriately published on March 31st, the date marking the entry of the Allies into Paris, one hundred years previously. Similarly its author's latest study synchronized with the centenary of Napoleon's re-entry on French soil, following his daring escape from Elba, an episode which formed the most thrillingly exciting incident of those related in Mr. Norwood Young's book. There is nothing comparable to that incident in the present book, a considerable portion of which is concerned with the intrigues of Napoleon and his followers, and also of those Englishmen, more or less intimately connected with the prisoners, whose loyalty towards that greatly-harassed man, the Governor, Sir Hudson Lowe, ought to have been freely and unstintingly recorded. Napoleon, great man though he was, proved less than great in his adversity. He was the last man in the world to wear in his bonds a cheerful brow; to comfort himself in the manner Wordsworth counselled his hero, Toussaint L'Ouverture. And if Napoleon found it difficult to enact his rôle with dignity, so too, was it equally difficult for his custodian to perform his part consistently with his duty primarily to his country and secondarily to Europe, and with due consideration for his illustrious prisoner. The peace of the world depended on the efficient carrying out of his obligations. There was to be no repetition of Neil Campbell's failure when in charge at Elba. It is greatly to be doubted if even the suave Sir Pulteney Malcolm would or could have reconciled Napoleon with his lot if he had himself been installed in supreme control in place of Sir Hudson Lowe. Of those who should have been the loyal supporters of the Governor the chief misdoer was undoubtedly O'Meara, naval surgeon and Napoleon's resident medical adviser, whose "Voice from St. Helena," published after his well-merited dismissal has been for too long the main source of the gross traducement of an honourable man whose sole wish was conscientiously to perform his duty without any side-glance at his own self-advancement or glory. And it may justly be said that on the whole Lowe accomplished his responsible and weighty task honourably and efficiently, and with due regard for the feelings of fallen greatness.

Napoleon arrived at St. Helena on October 15th, 1815, after a voyage of sixty-nine days—not sixty-four, as Mr. Norwood Young states—and died on May 7th, 1821, not from hepatitis, as was so persistently stated by interested persons during his sojourn in the island, but from cancer of the stomach. The Governor landed on April 14th, 1816, but during the whole time of his custodianship he rarely saw Napoleon, the last visit being on August 18th, of the same year. Previously, just over a month from Lowe's arrival, there was an interview which proved how impossible an individual Napoleon could be in promoting pleasant relationship. It is, moreover, a typical instance of the treatment to which the Governor was subjected:

"Napoleon afterwards told Las Cases that he received Lowe 'with a stormy expression, his head lowered, and his eye glaring.' Finding that Napoleon declined to speak, and merely continued to look ferocious, Lowe was constrained to begin. He said that

* "Napoleon in Exile: St. Helena (1815-1821)." By Norwood Young. With 2 Coloured Frontispieces and 100 Illustrations mainly from the collection of A. M. Broadley. 2 vols. 32s. net (Stanley Paul & Co.).

the materials had arrived from England for building a new house, and he would be glad to know whether Napoleon had any desires on the subject. Napoleon continued to glare at him in silence. Lowe bravely continued: 'I have conceived, Sir, that possibly the addition of two or three rooms to your present house, with other improvements to it, might add to your convenience in less time than by constructing a new building.' Then the storm broke. Las Cases, who was in the next room 'heard by the sound of the Emperor's voice that he was animated, and that there was a hot scene. The audience was long and very tempestuous.' Las Cases did not hear Lowe's voice raised in return; the Governor kept his temper, in spite of gross provocation to which he was subjected. In substance Napoleon roared out that Lowe had been sent to kill him; that he would never allow anybody to enter his chamber (no attempt had been made to do so); that it was an insult to invite him to dinner and to call him General Bonaparte. Lowe, when he got a chance, replied, 'Sir, I have not come here to receive lessons.' 'It is not for want of needing them,' said Napoleon. 'Sir,' Lowe went on, 'I have not come here to be insulted, but to treat of an affair which concerns you more than it does me. If you are not disposed to speak about it, I will retire.' 'I had no intention to insult you, Sir, but how have you treated me? Has it been in a way becoming a soldier?' 'Sir, I am a soldier, to perform the duties I owe to my country in conformity with its customs, and not according to the mode of other countries. I am performing my duty, and am indifferent to anything besides.' "

Three months afterwards all personal intercourse stopped, although the Governor made other attempts to renew it.

Speaking to two of his own officers on the evening of Napoleon's death, Lowe said: "Well, gentlemen, he was England's greatest enemy and mine too; but I forgive him everything." Napoleon's enmity was perpetuated by his English admirers and shadowed Lowe's subsequent career up to his death. It is greatly to be hoped that the present work may be the means of emphasizing the sterling worth of the man and freeing him from the injustice which has been meted out to him.

The book will be cordially welcomed by all interested in Napoleonic literature, although perhaps it may not make the same sort of appeal as its predecessor, chiefly it may be on account of the more familiar nature of the contents.

In speaking of the book which was sent to Lowe for Napoleon by Hobhouse, afterwards Lord Broughton (one of Napoleon's greatest admirers) but withheld by the Governor, Mr. Young does not refer to a statement made by Broughton in his "Recollections," Vol. I., p. 321: "Napoleon, however, procured a French translation of the book, and sent me, through Las Cases, an acknowledgment of it." Further references are to be found in Vol. II. of the same work. There are one or two slips here and there; such, for instance, as the statements that Napoleon was "half-uncle" to Cardinal Fesch, and that Napoleon's son died in 1831. And Mr. Young's use of the split infinitive is noticeable.

There is a lavish supply of illustrations, mainly reproduced from Mr. Broadley's unrivalled collection; also a satisfactory index, and an excellent bibliography, though in the latter there is no reference to a work which the present writer endeavoured unsuccessfully to obtain from a second-hand bookseller in Milan. It is entitled, "Mémorial de Sir Hudson Lowe relatif à la captivité de Napoléon à Sainte-Hélène. Avec portr. de l'auteur et une vue de Long-Wood. Tur. 1831. 2 Vol. en 1. 16°." This, I mention, in connection with Mr. Young's statement Vol. II., p. 267, that "As no answer to O'Meara's charges was forthcoming, it was supposed that none could be offered, until Forsyth's 'Napoleon and Sir Hudson Lowe' was issued in 1853."

S. BUTLERWORTH.

THE HUNGARIAN BOY.*

On March 28th, 1844, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, there was a performance of that amusing and sempiternal shivaree, "The Bohemian Girl." Now there is nothing

* "Letters from and to Joseph Joachim." Selected and Translated by Nora Bickley. With a Preface by J. A. Fuller-Maitland. 12s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)



"Her vespers done,
Or all its wreathed pearls her hair she wears." — *Keats*.
From the drawing by Daniel Maclise.

The Eve of St. Agnes.

remarkable about that. The really remarkable thing about "The Bohemian Girl" would be no performance of it, for every touring opera-manager in this country knows that the money lost on (possibly) better things can always be got back on "Maritana" and "The Bohemian Girl." The tuneless young person whose dreams reverted to halls like Gatti's Adelaide Gallery now has a myriad musical "Girls" to keep her company—Gaiety Girls, Taxi Girls, and Girls with Earls; but she is older than the Girls among whom she flits; like Maritana, she has been dead many times and learned the secrets of the shelf; and she will outlast all the other Girls, with one clear exception—the "Girl of the Regiment," by Donizetti. The rhythm of this seems strangely familiar, and in any case it has nothing to do with the story; for the really remarkable thing at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on March 28th, 1844, was not the Bohemian Girl, but the Hungarian Boy, Joseph Joachim, aged twelve, who played violin solos between the acts, and made thus his debut into a country of whose musical life he was to become one of the greatest and noblest features.

The young men and maidens of to-day have many wonderful musical opportunities, yet it is one of the consolations of imminent middle age to reflect that they have nothing like the "Pops." How many a shilling of mine, when it was almost the only one I had, has gone to pay for a seat on the orchestra of the old St. James's Hall, where the humblest of us (always presuming the shilling) could sit, any Monday evening or Saturday afternoon, within actual touching distance of the quartet led by Joachim! If you hadn't a score you really wanted another sixpence for the excellent programme, with its elaborate annotations and quotations. You don't get programmes like those, or like the old Crystal Palace ones, in these degenerate days. The sort of programme you get for sixpence at a modern orchestral concert would be dear at six a penny. In those great times you could hear Joachim and Lady Hallé play the Concerto for two violins, or Joachim and Mühlfeld lead Brahms's Clarinet Quintet, or you could go to a Bach festival and hear Joachim play the "Chaconne," or one of the Sonatas, with, possibly, the lovely obbligato to "Have mercy on me, O God," thrown in as if it were nothing. Joachim looms very large indeed in the recollection of those whose effective memory goes back a score of years, when he seemed as much a part of English public life as Irving, Tennyson, and Gladstone, his great contemporaries. The present volume is an excellent memorial of a great artist. The letters it contains are selected from the mass of Joachim's correspondence, and, while they cover generally the whole range of his life and work (the tragedy of his marriage excepted), they illustrate more particularly his connection with English friends and English functions. They are thus both history and commentary, and form a volume of strong and enduring interest. It would be possible to urge this or that against both selection and annotation, but we shall do nothing of the sort; for, as a whole, the volume is soundly edited and most admirably translated. The illustrations, too, are good. We hardly know which is the finer—Watts's portrait of the shaven, strong-featured man, or Holley's photograph of the older bearded face we knew so well—the art of the brush and of the camera each at its best.

The least happy feature of the volume is a preface by Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland, the purpose or advantage of which it is difficult to discover. If I dwell on some of its assertions, it is not with the idea of devoting space to what is, after all, a negligible feature of a good book, but in the hope that we may get thereby some glimpses of Joachim's greatness and limitations. The value of any criticism the preface contains may be judged from a sentence like this:

"It is probable that the enormous increase in musical taste which came over the whole country during the time of his artistic career is due, directly and indirectly, more to him than to any other individual."

Qualified generalities of this sort are the merest copper

coin of criticism. The statement amounts precisely to this, that a great artist is a great influence, an obvious truth that cannot be appropriated to any one artist, however eminent. Moreover, it is not true that Joachim did more than any one else to raise the standard of taste in England. At least as much was done by men like Manns and Richter, and, in a more hidden way, by men like George Grove.

In this preface, as elsewhere, Mr. Fuller-Maitland displays the mischievous kind of hero-worship that requires us to admire a man's faults as if they were his virtues. I should not dream of suggesting that Joachim's compositions were faults, but they obviously do not belong to the same level of art as his playing. Yet hear what Mr. Fuller-Maitland says:

"To a smaller number of people, Joachim ranks as one of the composers who, in other circumstances, might have attained a world-wide acceptance; his works, though few in number and perhaps a little austere in expression, hold a permanent place in the affections of those to whom they appeal, and there are not wanting signs that if his life had been devoted to composition rather than to the noble work of interpreting the best music in the best way, he would have been numbered among the great creative masters."

There is not a sentence here that will bear a moment's examination. Really, critics should abandon the bad habit of assessing a man's worth on the strength of pieces that he did not write. The very last thing Joachim's compositions suggest is that he was born to write and not to play. You might as well say that Paderewski's compositions prove that he would have been another Chopin if he had not chosen to become a virtuoso, or that Goethe would have been one of the greatest men of science if he had not taken to poetry instead. Indeed, you may safely say anything you like about what never happened. The interesting by-products of a great man's art must never be confused with his real work. Every virtuoso indulges himself in composition, and we endure these lesser things for the sake of the greater. We may be fairly sure that if a man does one thing supremely well, that and no other thing is what he was meant to do. Oddly enough, almost the only supremely great player who has left works that still survive is Mr. Fuller-Maitland's pet aversion—Liszt.

On the subject of Liszt and Wagner *versus* Joachim, Brahms and Schumann, Mr. Fuller-Maitland is apparently incorrigible. Observe how he assumes the whole case and then states it as proved:

"In reading the account of the famous split between the partisans of the classics and the school of Liszt, it is necessary to remember the difficulties of the situation to one who felt it to be his first duty to guard the older music from attack. Joachim was convinced, sooner than any one else, that Schumann and Brahms were in the royal line of great composers. This does not seem a very strange position in the present day, but the "moderns" of that time, with Liszt at their head, were never tired of sneering at Schumann, and though they professed to uphold the classics, yet it was clear to every one that they were working for their own glorification rather than in the cause of legitimate music."

Once again here is a long statement, not a sentence of which will bear examination. How did the school of Liszt manage to attack the older music, and yet uphold it? Beethoven, the master-classic, was the perpetual theme of Wagner's eulogies, and that particular member of the school of Liszt simply forced Beethoven's symphonies on a protesting world that desired nothing better than Mendelssohn. As for the sentence about "their own glorification," we will say no more than that it is characteristic of Mr. Fuller-Maitland. Wagner was a horrible man in many ways; he calked, he squandered, he lied, he betrayed; but no one was more eager than he in devotion to art; and as for Liszt, great magnanimous fellow, friend of every needy artist, his purse and influence were always ready when there was service to be done to the cause of music. Mr. Fuller-Maitland quotes Joachim's letter breaking off relations with Liszt as a model of what such a communication should be. I heartily agree; and I recommend Mr. Fuller-Maitland to study it attentively when next he feels impelled to write rubbish about a great man.

The point that Mr. Fuller-Maitland misses will be apparent to every other reader of these letters. It is simply this: that Joachim had the defects of his qualities. He was a master—and he was masterful. The classic abstinence that made him an ideal quartet leader had as its corollary a sort of narrow intransigence. It is possible, even in the arts, to love not wisely, but too well. The older Wagnerites committed just the same sin. They could hardly tolerate any other music, and they held up to our admiration as a display of Nietzschean supermanliness the very qualities that make Wagner detestable. It was the intolerant narrowness, not the classic breadth, of Joachim's views that made him a party to the absurdly bumptious manifesto of 1860, and his attitude to Liszt calls for kindly excuse, not for triumphant admiration. When he refused to play at the Beethoven Centenary Festival in Vienna, and advised Clara Schumann to refuse as well, simply because Wagner was going to conduct the Choral Symphony and Liszt the Mass in D, he proved, perhaps, his sincerity, but certainly his lack of magnanimity. How was this "guarding the older music from attack"? The Festival Committee had purposely designed to unite men of all schools in an act of homage to Beethoven; but Joachim would have none of it. He desired men of one school only: anybody would do, as long as Wagner and Liszt were kept out of it.

This sort of thing is not pleasant, and the normal reader will pass it over as an inevitable defect of great qualities. The lamentable fact is the thrusting it upon us as something specially admirable. Joachim was a great man, and we readily forgive his defects, but we love him in spite of them, not because of them. Devotion is one thing, narrowness is another. In the house of music there are many mansions; the wisest man is he who tries to see how much, not how little, of the Palace of Art he can honourably inhabit.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

SEA-PIE.*

Verily, this is an acceptable, enjoyable book, just the book for these times when art and life alike cry out for reality. What Mr. Patterson has to give us here is real enough in all conscience. He happens to know what he has written about, and, therefore, the diverse series of experiences and adventures here dished-up prove effective and convincing. We owe—and this needs special mention—a very particular debt to Mr. Patterson for introducing us to Shivers. There stands a figure of true romance, one who could hardly have been invented. Shivers' actuality and earnestness, his efficiency and forthrightness, impressed Mr. Patterson, and through him have impressed us. Moreover, Shivers, through the long wisdom that came from the rough school of life and of all universities that of experience turns out the best graduates—was able to give Mr. Patterson a very excellent piece of literary advice and criticism. Said he, interrupting the sea-cook and bottle-washer, the A.B., the ordinary seaman and the crew of the *Nancy* gig "who was—all of him—reading aloud the first results of his 'prentice hand at composition':

"I don't like the way you have written them."

"What for?"

"Because they don't sound like truth. Your wording gives them something that is not reality—an underlying something. If write you must—and it seems you must—read the Bible more, and such writers as Defoe and Bunyan."

These words are true, as is illustrated in this very book; which fine piece of work though it be—because Mr. Patterson has kept to reality and used the simple direct language, built of the Bible, Defoe and Bunyan, which alone can tell it fitly—has yet one episode, that of Mahmud and Florette, which proves he had for a moment forgotten his guide. Mr. Patterson improvised, made up a sentimental little story, and lost for the occasion his essential

* "Sea-Pie: Being Some Minor Reminiscences and Tales of Other Men." By J. E. Patterson. 7s. 6d. net. (Goschen.)



Photo by I. O. Hoppe

Mr. J. E. Patterson.

reality. It had the "underlying something" which Shivers condemned. However, let Mr. Patterson keep before him Shivers' masterly advice, stick to his last, and he may be a writer and a novelist of the breezy, briny, toilsome, troublesome, furious, compelling seas second to none—absolutely, nowadays, second to none in this important department of true and imaginative literature.

The war we are fighting has brought home to those of us, who, alas, must generally stand and wait, the splendid heroism of our sailor men. The Mercantile Marine has proved itself worthy of the nation that gave to the seas the finest fighting navies of all time, and Mr. Patterson in "Sea-Pie" shows how the courage and endurance, the dash, resource and seamanship, which have brought honour to British officers and crews during these historic months, have been tested, tried, and brought to perfection; for his story is a record of hard and bitter fights against the fierce unruly elements of wind and waves, which only pluck and brawn can overcome. This book shows how the Navy and Merchant Service make men, and incidentally demonstrates how well-rewarded with adventure and moving incident the shipman's life may be. Mr. Patterson, out of his own seventeen years of knockabout life before the mast, and from the yarns of his mates on all sorts of trading vessels stored his mind with memories of a large variety of scenes and people, often tragic and squalid, sometimes exceedingly picturesque. Think of it! Pilgrims travelling over the seas to Mecca; the ghost of a man appearing in the Baltic to his murderer; fights in the loathsome dens where the visiting sailor is reft of his earnings; Yellow Jack claiming its victims; shipmates dying on a raft while the sharks watch and wait, and ultimately fight each other for the festive opportunity—but, no, the author's expression is better—for the "gastric delight" to come, fo'c'sle fights, mean skippers, bullying mates; yes, and murder on the high seas. Nobody can fairly complain of the varied fare contained in this attractive feast, this literary "Sea-Pie" which is as compact of good things as the actual dish, described in loving detail by Mr. Patterson. But, again, of all the treasures

of this volume, Shivers with his individuality and well-told yarns stands out pre-eminent; and we venture to hope that he who has built and baked this "Sea-Pie" will recall more about this superman, and tell the full story of his adventurous life. C. E. LAWRENCE.

THE RAT PIT.*

In "The Rat Pit" the author tells the story of Norah Ryan, a poor Irish girl, some suggestions of whose career were given in his "Children of the Dead End." In expanding the slender sketch of his earlier volume into the present work, the author attempts to show "the dangers to which an innocent girl is exposed through ignorance of the fundamental facts of existence," and in so doing does, indeed, tell a tale to harrow up the soul. Startling in many respects as its predecessor was, the statements in "The Rat Pit" will still more strongly arouse the horror of its readers. The action of the story takes place chiefly in Donegal and Glasgow, and the innate ignorance and chronic misery of the poverty-stricken peasantry in the former will not be found so terrifying as are the extreme wretchedness and disgusting experiences of the lowest classes in the wealthy Scotch city. As portrayed in "The Rat Pit," some parts of Glasgow are no better than a human cesspool. There is much that is mean and heart-breaking in Ryan's cabin, but that is home even if the inmates have to starve in it, so that poor Norah may still be "fond of the land which gave her nought but life": great as is the suffering in Donegal, it is nothing as compared with the crime and immorality which prevail in the corrupt quarters of opulent Glasgow.

The most important place in the Irish section of the work is the village of Greenanore, "dull, dirty and dilapidated." Here dwell Father Devaney, the priest, and Farley McKeown, the rich man of the district, and the owner of a stocking warehouse. It is doubtful which is the greater scoundrel of the two, *arcades ambo*. The priest squeezes every penny possible out of the half-starved populace, under pretence of building a new house for himself. It is said that he is going to spend two hundred and fifty pounds on a lavatory for his new house.

"Lav-ha-thury," said Judy Farrel, "what's that?"

"Old Oiney Dinchy said it is a place for keeping holy water."

"Holy water, my eye!" said the beansho. "It's the place where the priest washes himself."

"I've heard of them washin' themselves away in foreign parts all over and every day, but they must be far from clean in them places. They just go into big things full of water just as pigs, God be good to us! go into a midden. Father McKee, I wish him rest! used to wash his hands in an old tub, and that's all the washin' ever he did, and wouldn't ye think that a tub was good enough for this man? But what am I talking about?" exclaimed the woman, making the sign of the cross. "Isn't it the priest that knows what is best to do?"

"He's goin' to spend two hundred and fifty pounds on his lav-ha-thury, anyway," said the beansho. . . . "Ye'll not fill yer own bellies, and ye'll give him a bathroom to wash his!"

The proceedings of Farley McKeown towards the unfortunate women who knit for him those stockings for which Donegal is famous are worse than many legal crimes. By incessant labour a nimble knitter, who works for sixteen hours, may manage to complete a pair of stockings in that time, and by so doing earn the sum of one penny farthing from the heartless brute. There is a good old saying "that the air of England is too pure for a slave," but what is the woman who, by her utmost exertions, cannot earn more than five farthings in sixteen hours? Even these things, however, appear petty when contrasted with such terrible trials as some poor creatures in this life-story endure in Scotland. Certain folks will be ready to call the author of these records to account for the realism of the scenes he describes and the forcible language he uses, for, as he says, "some may think such things should not be written about," yet "public opinion, like the light of day, is a great purifier," and should be obtained. These

* "The Rat Pit." By Patrick MacGill. 6s. (Herbert Jenkins.)

evils will never be eradicated until shown to the world in their naked naughtiness. Those who subsist upon "the wages of sin" are not merely the disorderly dwellers in the houses of ill-fame as depicted in this work, but the house-owners also. One of these persons, not without some of similar type in London, is called "Mrs. Crawford" (of course a pseudonym), who lives out at Hillhead, the rich people's place, "and goes to church every Sunday with prayer-books under her arm. . . . Has a motor-car, too, and is always writing to the papers about sanitary arrangements." Cannot such creatures be identified and brought to book?

"The Rat Pit" itself does not occupy much space in the book, and is given as an emblem of an unknown "under-world," which, the author says, he has "seen and known such a lot about," "as a greater Rat-Pit, where human beings, pinched and poverty-stricken and ground down with a weight of oppression, are hemmed up like the plague-stricken in a pest-house." The Glasgow Rat Pit is a refuge or lodging-house for women who can raise the threepence for accommodation there. It is much better than some of the hovels described in the pages of Mr. MacGill's work. It and its unsavoury occupants are most graphically portrayed.

Norah, the heroine, only stayed one night in this place, and then went to live with another woman from Donegal in a building belonging to "Mrs. Crawford." The horrors of this place cannot be referred to here. The only thing of any account there was a view of the Municipal Buildings, which, as Norah's companion said, was "where the rich people meet and talk about the best thing to be done with houses like these. It's easy to talk over yonder; that house cost five hundred and fifty thousand pounds to build." Poor Norah was not fitted to live under such conditions as prevailed in "Mrs. Crawford's" apartments, so soon furnished an example for Mr. MacGill's dictum, "Heaven gives its favourites early death." Her companion, Sheila, had much cause to wish for a similar fate; although she said, "it's not many that like to go to Heaven before their time," she could not have been unwilling when death called her from her dreary pilgrimage. The claim that most of these characters are from real life is, one feels, fact; only real people could talk as they do. Most of them are types of the lowest, often of the most abject of human beings, and it too frequently happens that their words are intensely vulgar, if not indecent, but that they are life-likenesses cannot be doubted. The author is rarely detected speaking on his own account, but occasionally his feelings are too strong for him, and he lets his readers know what he thinks about matters. It is then that we are reminded Mr. MacGill is a poet, and feel that his latest work, "The Rat Pit," is a masterpiece.

JOHN H. INGRAM.

NEW CONRAD TALES AND A BENNETT REPRINT.*

Both Mr. Joseph Conrad and Mr. Arnold Bennett belong to the front rank of contemporary English novelists, and indeed might claim a place in the first half dozen, but if you wished to indicate briefly the difference that exists between them you could hardly do better than say that the one is quintessentially an artist and the other a master-craftsman. Mr. Conrad hovers, as it were, like some brooding spirit over his material, tries experiments with it, views it from a distance to see it in perspective, moulds it this way and that, turns it over long in his mind, and then lets it emerge in a form which almost painfully avoids the obvious and may as often betray caprice as reveal genius. Mr. Bennett, on the other hand, works through and in his material, rarely soars but keeps everything ship-shape, may appear sometimes the slave of his detail, but preserves order, proportion, reasonableness, and can

* "Within the Tide." By Joseph Conrad. 6s. (Dent).— "Whom God Hath Joined." By Arnold Bennett. New Edition. 6s. (Methuen.)

generally be counted upon to carry conviction. Perhaps it is not surprising that the low-flier is more uniformly successful than his colleague.

It is Mr. Conrad's own fault and his privilege that we apply severe tests to any new fiction to which he puts his name. The author of "Lord Jim" has himself set up the standard by which he is to be judged, that of his past achievements, and it is exceptionally high. Considered in relation to that record, his new tales "Within the Tides" must be pronounced something less than his best. They are by way of being mannered, they are too much in one key, they emphasise the gloomy side of life to the sacrifice of its more cheerful features. Not only do they show him persisting in the trick of round-about narration, telling his story too often in a manner that eschews simplicity and directness, they also convey the idea that he is obsessed by the notion of human affairs being dominated by chance, and usually evil chance, and of innocence being ever in danger of shipwreck. Scoundrelism is given too free play in his latest batch of yarns; decent, kindly creatures are too consistently vanquished in their battle with circumstance.

One story, "The Inn of the Two Witches," is no more than a blood-curdler after the pattern of Poe. Yet the impression of the ascendancy of wickedness prevails even there. "The Partner" with a theme the like of which its worker has handled more cunningly heretofore, describes how a gallant sea-captain is victimised by rogues who propose cheating an insurance company, and it does not improve matters that it is the accident of a villain's panic and not the success of the conspiracy which accomplishes his doom. Mr. Conrad has sought to be over-clever in this case, and has arranged that the details shall be hurled by a surly informant at the narrator's head with the constant taunt "Spout that by your art if you can"; the method certainly spoils some of the artist's effects at the same time that it exasperates the reader. The longest tale, "The Planter of Malata," has evidently had enormous pains lavished upon it. Its analysis of motive is meticulous, its South-Sea descriptions are rich in colour, there is not a phrase used but has its appropriateness and significance. And yet you cannot accept its main postulate. You refuse to believe that an explorer of its hero's quality, a man of approved nerve and courage, would break up so ignominiously when in love as Renouard is made to do. As for his suicide it seems a wanton abuse of power on Mr. Conrad's part. One other story remains, "Because of the Dollars," the most straightforwardly told and did not one scene exceed the bounds of the permissible in pathos, the most poignant thing in the volume. In that scene a crippled ruffian bashes in the brain of a woman who is trying to save the life of a sick child. Br-r-r! The cries of that helpless victim will ring long in one reader's ears.

The change is great when we pass from these depressing studies in romance to Mr. Bennett's matter-of-fact problem story of divorce, "Whom God Hath Joined," issued some eight years ago and now reprinted. Here is no outlandish villainy, no crime of violence, no rash self-destruction, but just a couple of instances of that kind of betrayal which, as the Law Courts teach us, is one of the commonest offences of men towards women and women towards men. It is the normality of Mr. Bennett's selection of infidelity and of his treatment of them which impresses in this novel. His erring husband and his defiant wife might be a brother, might be a sister of ours, so unextravagantly is the history of their temptation and fall set out. The forcefulness of Mr. Bennett's method is that he makes fiction seem so much like life and just sufficiently different. You do not get the massive effects of "Clayhanger" or "The Old Wives' Tale," but you get just as much photographic realism, just as careful planning and

cumulative interest. And though the novelist spares you little of the ugly detail that adultery must involve, there is nothing sordid in his management of the two affairs. His touch remains sure and delicate even in the scene in which a young girl is made to stumble on evidences of her father's guilt. To such admirers of Mr. Bennett's talents as have missed this example of their admirable employment it can be heartily recommended.

F. G. B.

ON THE PACIFIC COAST.*

North of the State of Oregon, on the Pacific Coast, lies Washington—"The Chinook State"—so-called because of the prevalence in early Spring of the warm, soft, "Chinook" wind which, breathing in from the ocean, melts vast accumulations of snow in a few hours and awakens earth to its recurring revel. The greater part of Washington lies between the Rocky Mountains and the Cascade Range—a range almost rivalling the Rockies in its ruggedness and altitude:

"Sheltered by both and enriched by uncounted ages of sun and rain, and snow as kind and fostering as the dew, lies a district as large as England, where beautiful new cities have sprung up, and there are townships by the hundred."

In a remote valley of this tract Mrs. Fraser lived with her son, a farmer, for seven years. Even in that comparatively short period the character of the country changed in some important respects, for the earlier inhabitants kept moving on. They belonged mainly to that class whose energies must express themselves in change, for the true pioneer loses all interest in the wilderness he has tamed:

"Everybody swears loyalty by the country, and everybody . . . is ready to leave it at ten minutes' notice. They want to move; it is the great object of the lives of many of them so to improve their places that they will be able to sell them for a good price and go somewhere else."

In communities such as these, where personal idiosyncrasies are not pruned down or stifled, human nature expresses itself with a freedom and originality impossible in the older lands. Mrs. Fraser has etched in some types with rare skill. She traces a resemblance between her neighbours of the Methow Valley and the Boers, principally on the grounds that both the Boer and the rancher are cut off from the world of active minds, and are keen in the

* "Seven Years on the Pacific Coast" By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. (T. Werner Laurie.)



Log driving in the Upper Methow Valley.

From "Seven Years on the Pacific Coast" (Werner Laurie).

practice of trading. But there are fundamental differences; the Boer is essentially a serious-minded person and is deeply religious, whereas the rancher of Western America seems to take most things in a gravely flippant (if such a term be permissible) way, and to be profanely irreligious.

As is invariably the case on civilisation's fringe, the greatest weight of hardship falls on the women-folk. Poor Mrs. Mackenzie, cheerful under the burthen of many babies and full of admiring trust in her engaging, half-gypsy scamp of a horse-dealing husband, holds the reader's attention. The Mackenzie family are quite the most interesting people on a stage where none are without interest. Poor little Ruth, worked almost to death—until in desperation she deliberately gets drunk, so as to ensure herself a rest—is a pitiful figure. Chan, her ten-year-old brother—on the occasion of an inauspicious domestic event—thus unburthens himself to Mrs. Fraser:

"I had been figgering some on that baby; it's a damn shame it should go and die. Why d'you suppose it died? Guess Maw twisted herself or somethin'."

"Granma" is a quaint figure. She assured the mother of an unbaptised child which had died, that it was most certainly damned. Sincerely religious and quite contented in her savage belief, she nevertheless failed to have her own grandchildren, who lived under her control, baptised.

Some of Mrs. Fraser's descriptions of Nature are full of poignant beauty; for instance:

"When the hills are baked brown, and the long day is a burning fire, there are two seasons in each twenty-four hours when, if a man has a talent in that direction, he may forget all the rest. One is the early, early dawn, when the breeze creeps up, fresh as a baby's breath, and the earth and the trees are still wet and sweet with the dew. Then the quaking-asp thickets are fluttering gardens of mystery, and even the scorched sunflowers and the dried-up sage brush exude something of the hopeful childhood of the day. The other comes a little after sunset, when the glow is still upon the mountains and the vast, tired world sinks sighing to its rest."

One puts down this most interesting book with a sigh of regret for that the Pioneer-Rancher suffers from an incorrigible restlessness which causes him to hand his heritage over to the boomster and press on once more into the rapidly-diminishing wilderness.

W. C. SCULLY.

TOUJOURS "G. B. S."*

First, let me have my grumble and be done with it. I am one of those who love uncut books. There is something subtly delightful in the feeling one has as one slices open the pages, dipping into them here and there as one goes along, before settling down to real serious reading. I don't object, either, to the other kind of book with neatly-cut edges. But I do loathe, detest, and abominate the book that is neither one thing nor the other; the book (say) that starts as a book already cut, and then after a few pages becomes an uncut book, presently to become a cut book again, and then again an uncut book, and so on. You see, one is usually reading in bed, or in some place where paper-knives are not, and so one has either to use a postcard—which is unsatisfactory, even if you happen to possess a postcard, which you generally don't—or bring the little finger into action, a proceeding that straightway transforms a handsome, seemingly tome into a ragged horror. Let Mr. Martin Secker, the publisher of Mr. Howe's new critical study of "G. B. S.," see to this when he issues his next volume in this excellent series.

So, to the book itself.

To write anything at all about Bernard Shaw is a tremendous undertaking. There is so much and so many of him. He is not one man, but a host in himself. There are so many different Bernard Shaws; and, yet the more dissimilar they seem to be, the more they are the same "G. B. S." Mr. Howe quite definitely realises this. He

* "Bernard Shaw: A Critical Study." By P. P. Howe. 7s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

shows us that, even in his inconsistencies, Bernard Shaw is consistent, which is to say that he can always be relied upon to attack the obvious, except when the obvious has become so very obvious as to be banal, and then he will often revert to that banality. This he did a year or two ago, for instance, in a speech advocating the equal distribution of wealth, a principle which the anti-Socialist has always attributed to the Socialist, but which the Socialist has hitherto always indignantly repudiated. Such a speech, coming from anyone else, would have shocked the Fabians terribly. Coming from "G. B. S." it shocked no one, because—as Mr. Howe himself suggests—"G. B. S." is so perpetually running to the door and shouting "Wolf!" that most people have ceased to take any notice of his outcries.

Mr. Howe pictures posterity as sitting down "to read straight through" the works of Bernard Shaw. But, frankly, I don't think Bernard Shaw has much concern with posterity, and this for two reasons. In the first place, he is too topical. Many of the allusions in some of his earlier plays are even now a little obscure. In another twenty or thirty years they will be unintelligible, except to the pedant and the pundit. And then—a more fatal objection!—Bernard Shaw lacks the driving forces of passion and emotion. And he not only lacks these supreme human qualities: he is proud of lacking them. He vaunts and flaunts his deficiencies in your face, as when he says: "It would be far better for everyone, as well as far honester, if young people were taught that what they call love is an appetite which, like all other appetites, is destroyed for the moment by its gratification; that no profession, promise, or proposal made under its influence should bind anybody" . . . which, to any average mortal who has loved and married, or loved and lost, must seem not only a grossly absurd statement, but also a blazing exhibition of ignorance.

No, Bernard Shaw is essentially a man of his day and generation, as Cobbett was, and all the other old pamphleteers whose very names are lost to us. So that Mr. Howe, and the many other authors of books about "G. B. S.," are quite right to give us their views and reviews and opinions concerning him, during his lifetime.

But I cannot conclude this brief notice of a first-class book of its kind without expressing my sense of Mr. Howe's exceptional qualifications for the task he has accomplished so successfully. Mr. Howe is level-headed. He admires, but with discrimination—a quality lacking in most of Shaw's admirers. He has, I think, got down on paper as fair and equitable an estimate of "G. B. S." as it is possible to arrive at in dealing with so baffling and elusive a subject. Above all, he writes well, with verve and spirit, and yet quite easily, almost colloquially. Yes, this is certainly a book to beg, buy, borrow, or steal—to read, anyway—for its own sake, whether you are a disciple of "G. B. S." or not.

EDWIN PUGH.

SIR ALFRED LYALL'S ESSAYS.*

The late Sir Alfred Lyall may be described as versatile, without danger of conveying the stigma of superficiality. Statesman, Poet, Historian and Essayist, he was distinguished in each degree: this most readable book alone would have sufficed to mark its writer as fine literary critic, had he not long ago won renown as a man of letters. There is no semblance of padding in these essays, not a superfluous sentence, no obscure phrases. Sir Alfred never wrote without having something to say that was worth saying, and he expressed himself in clear forcible English, with the broad outlook of a man of energetic life and mind who had a ripe experience and had seen many lands. Without labouring for it, he attained a style that was worthy of his wide range of subjects, in itself no inconsiderable feat. Novels, Letter-Writing and Heroic Poetry: Byron, Swinburne and Thackeray, he passes from one subject to

* "Studies in Literature and History." By the late Sir Alfred C. Lyall. 10s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

another with the fluency and omniscience that one expects from an Edinburgh reviewer. He could be urbane without insipidity, and acute without the traditional cynicism of contributors to the heavy reviews; he was never cruel to be kind, and if he made no reputations, he destroyed none. In full sympathy with his subjects, he made it his business to pay tribute to their achievements, and when he disapproved he did so without presumption.

The article on Swinburne's poetry was written during the lifetime of this last of the great Victorian poets. If it is, as Sir Alfred Lyall describes it, inadequate, it certainly has the merit of constituting one of the most appreciative accounts that we have of Swinburne's poetical activities. It likewise possesses all the freshness of a subject that has not been unduly laboured by others. Sir Alfred was thoroughly in his element in writing on Victorian poetry, to which he himself had contributed his share. Swinburne was his contemporary, and he must have watched the rise of that brilliant star in the realm of English song. In his criticism of "Atlanta in Calydon" he helps us to realise Swinburne's force as a new singer:

"The exquisite modulations of the verse, the splendid choral antiphones captivated all who were susceptible to the enchantment of poetry. The delicate adaptation of the English language to quantitative harmonies of high resonant lyrics showed extraordinary skill in the difficult enterprise of communicating the charm and cadences of the antique masterpieces."

He was a witness of the battle that waged round the publication of "Poems and Ballads"; he heard the cry of denunciation that followed the appearance of "Songs Before Sunrise," and later he followed the progress of the red poet into the calmer waters of his declining years. It is perhaps as yet too early to estimate Swinburne's influence on English poetry, but his place among the great poets of the nineteenth century is secure.

In his essay on Byron, Sir Alfred was equally fortunate. Coming to a subject that was somewhat stale—if Byron could ever be stale—a subject upon which Matthew Arnold, Swinburne and Lord Morley had each tested their powers, and attempted to estimate his position as a poet, Sir Alfred had the advantage of viewing Byron's life, through the vista of a hundred years, in the light of the definite collection of his poems and correspondence. Byron, once the idol of the world, and the only English poet beside Shakespeare to attain European fame, "after his death," said Sir Alfred, "suffered a kind of eclipse; his work was very much more unduly depreciated than it had been extolled." Matthew Arnold, it is true, praised his poetry as fervently as he did that of Wordsworth, but Swinburne doubtless influenced opinion by his scornful criticism of Byron's life and work. "This bitter disdain excites some indignation and a sympathetic reaction in his favour." The passing away of the political school to which Byron belonged has been assigned as one of the causes for the decline in popularity of his verse, the fashions of thought and taste which it represents are also out of date, as are his "lofty appeals to classic heroism." Mazzini, however, said that "The day will come when the democracy will acknowledge its debt to Byron." But the generation who enjoyed "the sweet harmonies, perfection of metre, middle-class pastorals, and a blameless moral tone," which they found in the poetry of Tennyson, were no longer to be enchanted by Byron. Now, when his life is better known than his poetry, "his faults and follies," said Sir Alfred, "stand out more prominently than ever; his story is more attractive than most romances, and the stricter morality of the day condemns him more severely than did the society to which he belonged." Sir Alfred Lyall's judgment of Byron's poetry is sound, he pays a high and just tribute to his poems of description, to certain passages in his otherwise little-read metrical romances, to the satires, and, above all, to "Don Juan."

Byron's claim to be regarded as one of the greatest letter-writers of the last century has never been disputed. This claim is acknowledged by Sir Alfred in criticising and comparing Byron's letters with those of others who excelled in this delightful branch of literature, in his essay

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on "English Letter-Writing in the Nineteenth Century." He says:

"We may lament that the spirit of reckless devilry and dissipation should have entered into Byron; and the lessons to be drawn from the scenes and adventures in Venice and elsewhere, described for the benefit of Tom Moore, are very different from the moral examples furnished by the tranquil and well-ordered correspondence of our own day. Yet the world would have been poorer for the loss of this memorial of an Unquiet Life, and the historical gallery of literature would have missed the full-length portrait of an extraordinary man."

The essay on Emile Ollivier's volume of "L'Empire Libéral," dealing with his reminiscences of that eventful period immediately preceding the outbreak of the Franco-German War in July, 1870, makes especially interesting reading at the present time.

The able article on "Heroic Poetry" may also be studied with profit in these days when so many are living heroic lives. The essay was written during the South African War, which did not, however, inspire any poet to produce an heroic poem of outstanding merit. Perhaps this greater conflict in which we are now engaged may in this respect have a happier result.

ROGER INGPEN.

RUSSIA THROUGH ENGLISH EYES.*

What is the secret of Russia's allurements? What is this spell which the silent country casts upon so many who are seemingly impervious to alien influences? Each of these volumes, in very different fashion, suggests, if not an interpretation at least a re-statement of this long enigma. For each of them presents the Russian people as seen through a pair of English eyes which is looking honestly and without prejudice at a people that we are inclined to caricature when we intend most to praise. The first pair of eyes belongs to a level-headed engineer of Scottish ancestry, a member of an important firm, whose enterprises brought him into close touch with many classes and sub-divisions of the Russian people. His record is that of a hard-headed man of business who is studying a people at a lower stage of evolution than his own, and the tone of his mind is perhaps indicated by this sentence in the Introduction: "That the peasants have a very great religious instinct, I quite admit, but theirs is not the religion that we have been taught in Holy Writ as being pure and undefiled." It is, then, not at all as an idealist that he approaches the moujik, whom Dostoevsky hailed as one of the regenerating types of the future and before whom Tolstoy was content to bow humbly in the present. Mr. Hume's appreciation, in short, is that of slow conviction based upon facts observed at first-hand and for this reason his tribute to modern Russia will most certainly appeal to English readers.

It is a simple, direct narrative giving his experiences on sea and land, and relating in detail the daring experiment of introducing steam-thrashers and reaping machines into the kingdom of the steppes. It would be too much to say that steam-thrashers in Russia accomplished for Mr. Hume's pen, what bibles accomplished in Spain for George Borrow's, but it is not too much to say, that this leisurely chronicler has brought the general reader face to face with his individual experiences of the Russian people. What he has seen has been through no borrowed spectacles, and his carefully weighed verdict on Russia is no mere repetition of dictated approval. One can imagine him figuring in one of Turgenev's novels, "Virgin Soil," for example, and assuredly if he had been there, the master of irony would have treated him respectfully.

The author of "Friendly Russia" has not lived for thirty-five years in that country. One may doubt, indeed, if he has lived thirty-five years in the world, yet he instinctively avoids not merely ready-made conclusions but the dictated angle of vision. What, after all, is knowing a place or a people? A travelling acquaintance of Mr.

* "Thirty-Five Years in Russia." By George Hume. 10s. 6d. net. (Simpkin Marshall & Co.).—"Friendly Russia." By Denis Garstin. With an Introduction by H. G. Wells. 3s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Garstin informed him that a friend in Huddersfield imagined that he knew that place after seeing the sights:

"Well," I said, "what are we—Methodist, Unitarians, Plymouth Brothers, or what?"

"He didn't know."

"Then you don't know Huddersfield," I said.

This is not Mr. Garstin's manner, either of seeing or of divining what there is to see. He understands perfectly that a travelling Englishman is not necessarily an example to be respectfully imitated. He even understands that the enslaved Russian can be in his own way freer than the burgess of Huddersfield and he can quote without irritation this comment on freedom from the lips of a returned traveller:

"Oh, that England of yours! It's an extraordinary land. We Russians have our priests, it is true, but you have them also in another form—in one form, rather—the conventions. Oh, the things I have seen in England, the silly little rules even in the family. You must sit so; you must eat—so; you must speak—so; you must walk—so, you must think—so; you must lead all your life—just so. And if you do not 'people will talk.' But we in Russia can do as we like, we are free. One day perhaps we will govern ourselves and our police will be our helpers and not our tyrants, and we will become civilized—just so. But I will be dead then, thank God! Tell me, is it better to be free in one's politics or in one's home among one's friends? Answer me that—not now, but when you go home again and find yourself a slave."

Mr. Garstin is never tiresome even in his praise, never patronising, and again and again in half a paragraph he stabs at the core of character. Here, for example, is a verdict, snatched from a Tartar's lips, that is worth whole chapters of laboured description: "They are like children pestering one to share their sweets. They are always like children. I feel old talking to a Russian." The author's own comment has equally the bite of life:

"The more I think of it the more I agree with Abolikhin's words. To my mind he stands for the cultured savage, while the Russian, once Asiatic himself has been born again, and is now in the simple, delightful stages of childhood."

It would not be difficult to find fault with this little volume on the score of lack of cohesion, but Mr. Garstin has in him the essential things—sympathy with the Russian people and comprehension of the mysterious Russia of the soul that "can exist without any of us but without which we cannot exist." He knows, none better, that the ideal of Russia is wholly different from the stereotyped cast of Prussian thought and that the menace of the Slav now, as in the past, is directed only against the oppressors of Slav peoples.

J. A. T. LLOYD.

THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE AT WAR.*

To English readers of a certain class the Abbé Dimnet is known for his singular skill in the employment of a language not his own. Here is an English book by a Frenchman which discovers in the writer a full knowledge of our idiom and a vocabulary that rarely fails him in the exposition of a wide and exacting theme. Considered merely as a *tour de force* it would be a remarkable performance.

The work is much more, however, than a *tour de force*. It is a study of most of the factors that compose a new France in a new century, and, written in the main before the war, it is a kind of prophetic statement of the spirit that has enabled and will enable France to prosecute and sustain the war. The war, in so far as it engages France, is seen by the Abbé Dimnet as the dénouement to which events since the beginning of the century have been inevitably trending; and after witnessing in his own country many of the occurrences which emphasise the significance of the title he had already chosen for his book, he found himself able to write a concluding chapter which brings his narrative up to date and supplements his analysis of forces with an estimate of France's needs and aspirations in the hour of victory.

In an interview accorded to an American journalist in the last week of February, M. Viviani, the inexhaustible French

* "France Herself Again." By Ernest Dimnet. 16s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

premier, who begins his day at six with a cold plunge and continues it unwearied for fifteen hours, contrasted the France of August, 1914, with the France of July, 1870. The first three months of the Franco-Prussian War saw the French armies at Sedan and Metz prisoners of war, while in Paris another army was closely invested. In all, more than 400,000 men were involved, and to the world it seemed that France was crushed. In the summer of last year Germany thought to encounter a France, not unprepared perhaps, but disunited, and unwilling as a nation to take the field. "Instead," said M. Viviani, puffing at his cigarette, "she ran her head against an immovable block, a solid mass of people without factions and without divergences. Every son of France took up arms, rich and poor alike; Socialist, Conservative, Free Thinker and Catholic, without distinction of creed."

This splendid attitude of an entire people at a crisis sudden and all but unlooked-for, is explained for us by the Abbé Dimnet. Elsewhere, following the Abbé's lead, I have attempted to summarise it in terms such as the following: The war of 1870 taught a bitter lesson, yet one that proved not too salutary. The great indemnity was paid which Bismarck fancied would cripple or destroy France; and France was but slightly crippled, and never came near to being destroyed. The rapid, upward movement of the country, the return to prosperity, was a thing most wonderful. But it was not wholly good. France, restored to economic health, grew careless of herself. There arose a dangerous sense of security.

In a moment France received an electrifying shock. It came, of course, from Germany. It was the Tangier Episode of 1905. In that year the Kaiser made his dramatic demonstration in Morocco.

Tangier in 1905 was followed just six years later by Agadir in 1911. Tangier steadied and sobered France. Agadir united and remade her. Agadir it was that began to put the edge on the military spirit of that younger generation which is now grimly, silently, and determinedly at it in the trenches. The mere threat of war brought the new generation to its senses; the downright menace of it set them on preparation. The actuality has displayed them, in M. Viviani's words, "an immovable block, a solid mass of people without factions and without divergences."

In the three years between 1911 and 1914 France made herself fit, without hurry and without ostentation, for the conflict that we are sharing with her in the trenches. The spirit of young France, called in an hour to a war undreamed of, has been supremely good; but it was a spirit trained to the call, and there is this immense difference between the French and Germans in the struggle, that whereas on the one side there was intention, and continuous and insidious preparation, there was on the other side no more than quiet resolution under two unanticipated threats.

Rid, as the Abbé Dimnet says, of her political excesses, the patriotism of France since the opening of this tremendous tussle has been as pure as it was during the Hundred Years' War or the great Revolutionary campaigns—and on this occasion it has been universal.

LIGHT HOPKINS

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Dick Brent—the narrator of these chronicles. Brent is a young man who is in love with Imp's Aunt Lisbeth, and many and varied are the adventures in which the three of them take prominent parts. An appreciation of Mr. Farnol and his work, by Mr. Clement Shorter, appears as a foreword to the book.

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SOURIS. By Fay Myddleton. 6s. (Maunsell & Co.).

Another new novel by a new author, and somehow one always looks with a certain amount of suspicion upon all new novels which come to one unheralded and unsung, beyond the short notes of praise which the publisher in his announcement lists is able to put forth. There is, however, little doubt that Miss Myddleton is an addition to the ranks of modern novelists who is bound to make her own public before very long. "Souris" has all those qualities of heart and sentiment which are dear to a large number of novel readers, and indeed rightly so. Souris herself is a delightful person of the quiet, charming, capable school, one, who like charity "believeth all things, endureth all things." In wonderful contrast to this lady of sweet patience and restful soul is her friend, the tempestuous, beautiful Maureen. In Maureen we have one of those fascinating studies of the feminine temperament, seeking the meaning of life and its fulfilment, desiring everything, even to the uttermost farthing, that life has to offer. She is shown to us in the springtide of her youth, in the heyday of passion, finally wrecked and crushed by the aftermath of knowledge and understanding. If "Souris" contained nothing more than this study of Maureen, it would have given us much, but in addition, it contains many lesser character sketches, all of which are cleverly realised. Miss Myddleton writes from her heart, and her descriptions of beautiful things, her scenes in a rose-garden, her vivid pictures of tropical life under the Southern Cross, above all, her understanding of the effect of the vivid wonders of Ceylon upon the sensitive soul of a young girl are bound to make a deep impression upon many readers. There is fine work in this novel, and few who read it but will look forward with interest to further novels from the same pen.

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POEMS AND SONNETS. By Herbert Price. (South Africa: E. W. Welch.)

If South Africa has not yet produced any great poetry, it has produced much that is good. Considering the troubled history of the country and how strenuously its people have been occupied down to these present days in the rough work of building their cities and evolving that gracious social order in which the graces of life can breathe and live, it is rather surprising that so much poetry should not only be written, but read there—for apparently the average poet in South Africa has a larger and a readier public than the average poet has in the homeland. Mr. Herbert Price has written a volume of thoughtful and very pleasing verses. The poetical feeling in them is the real thing; they have melody, and occasional charm of phrase; but they are the poetry of a man of culture rather than of an inspired singer, and, except for the three poems in the taal, there is little in them that is distinctively South African. Certain of his lyrics have the true lyrical impulse, but the happiest, most taking of them are the very simple, natural and delightful songs of childhood, notably "Jenny," and "Little Babe, We Love Thee." Mr. Price's more ambitious efforts, for all their strength and sincerity, are somewhat laboured, but, for these spontaneous songs and a handful of other lyrics, his book is well worth reading.

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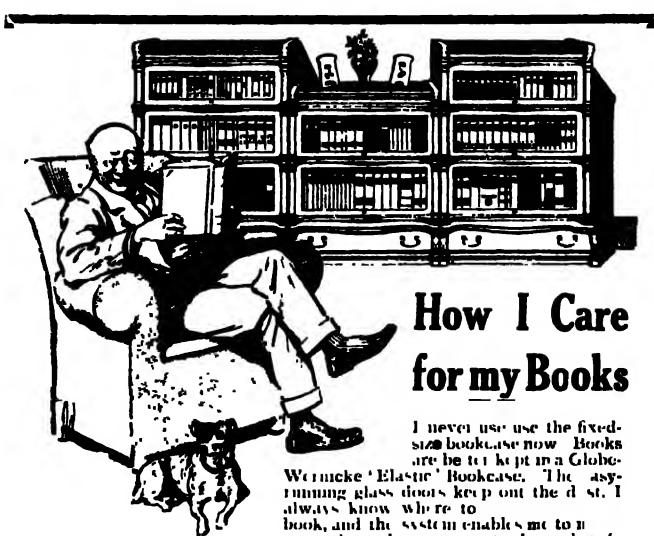
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No. 285. VOL. XLVIII.

JUNE, 1915.

Price Sixpence.

6d. net monthly. Special Numbers 1/- net and 2/6 net.
SUBSCRIPTION TERMS: British Isles, Canada and Newfoundland, 12/- per annum, post free. Other places abroad, 14/- per annum post free.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

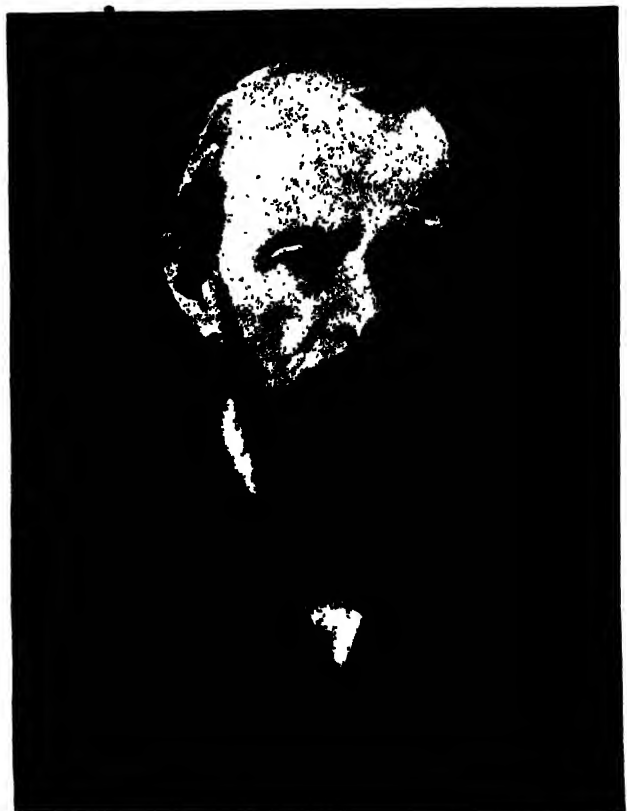
A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

Messrs. Jarrold are publishing this week a translation of Pierre Nothomb's remarkable book, "The Barbarians in Belgium." It sets forth only attested facts and renders them intelligible by showing the link which unites the German atrocities, the thought which inspires them, the doctrines which bring them about, in those who do the deeds

News Notes.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts has lately finished a new novel, "Old Delabole," a tale of the Cornish slate quarries, and is now engaged on another, "The Song of the Hops," a story of Cornish hop culture. These are two in a series of twenty novels he has planned, each of which will take some British trade or industry for its background. "Brunel's Tower," a story of the Devonshire potteries, which was recently published by Mr. Heinemann, also belongs to this series. Mr. Heinemann, by the way, is giving us shortly a new novel by Mr. Somerset Maugham, who in "Of Human Bondage" has written a study in character and temperament that will compare with his own "Mrs. Craddock," which is no light praise.

The series of war sonnets by Rupert Brooke, which he entitled "1914," are to be included in a new volume which Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson are issuing shortly under the title of "1914 and Other Poems."



Dostoevsky,
the new translation of whose novels (Heinemann) is reviewed in this Number of THE BOOKMAN.

or approve of them. M. Pierre Nothomb inherits a name that is famous in the annals of Belgian independence, is himself a poet, one of the best writers of the young Catholic school of Louvain, and, as a French critic of the book says, "none is more qualified to make heard the wailings and death agonies, to make movingly visible to us the gaping wounds of his crucified country."

One of the ablest books written concerning the causes of the present war is "The Evidence of the Case," published by Messrs. Putnam. The author, Mr. James M. Beck, was born in Philadelphia, and is a leading American lawyer. He held office as United States Attorney for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, under President Cleveland; and in 1900 was appointed First Assistant Attorney-General by President McKinley.

"The House of Many Mirrors," a new novel by Miss Violet Hunt, will be published shortly by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.

Miss May Mulliner, a gifted young artist who has



Mr. James M. Beck.

We are pleased to hear that Mr. J. R. Osborne, who has been for some years with Messrs. R. C. Evans & Co., of Sardinia House, Kingsway, is shortly taking the position of London Representative to the well-known Publishing House of Messrs. Hutchinson & Co., of Paternoster Row, E.C.

In the note about Mrs. Kenneth Combe in our last Number, we referred to her as the elder daughter of the late Colonel James Williamson. We should have said she is the elder daughter of the late Colonel James Williamson (formerly Oswald) and of Mrs. Estcourt-Oswald.

Questions that must come up for settlement as soon as Peace is declared are thoughtfully and



Miss Eleanor H. Porter,

author of the delightful "Polyanna" stories. Her second "glad" book, "Polyanna Grows Up," was published last month by Messrs. Pitman.



-Photo by Lafayette.

Mrs. Kenneth Combe,

author of "Chief of the Staff" (Blackwood).

suggestively discussed by Mr. Henry R. Meyer in a little book called "After the War," which Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall are publishing.

Messrs. Macmillan have completed their admirable half-crown edition of Kipling ("The Service Kipling,") with "Traffics and Discoveries," and "Actions and Reactions," each in two volumes.

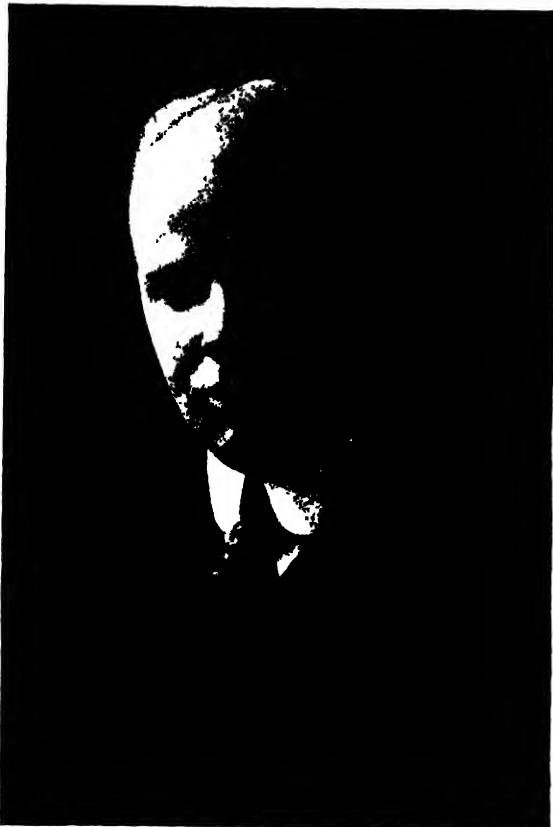


Photo by Adolph Studios.

Mr. Evans Lewin,

whose important work on "The Germans in Africa," Messrs. Cassell have published.

RUPERT BROOKE.

(Who died from the effects of sunstroke at Lemnos, April 23rd, while serving with the Royal Naval Division.)

Not in these latter years has Lord Apollo
Fathered a goodlier son
Than this dedicate one,
Who, hearing an urgent call he was fain to follow,
Bound to his back the lyre
And took the sword in his hand,
But was led by the watchful fates to his sire's own
land—

And the splendid sire,
Not willing his boy should lie among nameless dead,
Touched his uplifted head
A second time with his fire,
And carried him out of the fight,
And set on his brows a crown of undying light
For the light of beauty and truth which himself
had shed.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.



Lord Dunsany,

whose new book, "Fifty-one Tales," has just been published by Mr. John Mathews

The following are a few of the best of the newest War Books :

"With the German Armies in the West." By Sven Hedin. 10s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

"In Gentiest Germany." By Hun Svedend. By E. V. Lucas. 1s. net. (John Lane.) Wherein Mr. Lucas cleverly burlesques and satirises Sven Hedin's snobberies and extravagances in the first



Captain Charles G. D. Roberts,

the well-known Canadian author, now serving in the 16th King's Regiment.



Mr. Robert Bowman,

whose striking novel of Russian life, "A Lady of Russia," was recently published by Mr. Heinemann.

book on our list, and is no less cleverly seconded by Mr. George Morrow with a series of delightfully humorous drawings.

"The New Bernhardt." 1s. net. (Pearson.) Containing the articles written by Bernhardt, since the war started, to explain away the barbarous gospel he expounded in his earlier volume. A valuable book, with an excellent preface by Mr. Stanhope W. Sprigg.

"At the Front with Three Armies." By Granville Fortescue. 6s. net. (Melrose.)



Mrs. Coulson Kernahan,

whose new novel, "The Stolen Man," has just been published by Messrs. Everett.

"Changing Germany." By Charles Tower. 7s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)

"The German Spy System." By Ex-Intelligence Officer. With a Preface by William Le Queux. 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"War Time Verses." By Sir Owen Seaman. 1s. net. (Constable.)

"We are the French." By P. P. Sheehan and Robert H. Davis. 1s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.) A story that is "touching and eloquent and full of brave national spirit," as Sir Gilbert Parker says in an Introduction.

"War Up-to-Date." A Vademecum of Modern Methods of War, with a Naval and Military Dictionary. By Charles E. Pearce. 1s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

"The Soul of Germany." By Thomas F. A. Smith, Ph.D. 6s. net. (Hutchinson.)

"Men, Women and War." By Will Irwin. 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

"Germany's Naval Plan against Great Britain and the United States." 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Evolution and the War." By P. Chalmers Mitchell. 2s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

"The War and its Issues." By John Oman. 3s. net. (Cambridge Press.)

"Poetry and War." By Sir Herbert Warren. 3d. net. (Oxford Pamphlets: Humphrey Milford.)



Miss Constance Smedley,

whose new novel, "The Fighting Line" (Putnam), was recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

For much assistance with the illustrations in this Number we are indebted to Mr. B. W. Matz. Most of the drawings by "Phiz" are reproduced from "The Life and Labours of Hablot Knight Browne," by David Croal Thomson, by permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall. Two admirable examples of his work, "Death's Revel," and "Death's Banquet," are reproduced by permission of Messrs. Nisbet from "Phiz and Dickens," a delightful book of personal recollections by Edgar Browne, a son of the artist.

The photograph of Trollope on our cover is by Messrs. Elliott & Fry.

THE READER.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

(April 24th, 1815—December 6th, 1882).

BY THOMAS SECCOMBE.

HAVING all my life lived in an atmosphere of appreciation of Anthony Trollope, it is to me a matter of very great interest to reflect on the question—Will this solid novelist survive? He has now lived over one hundred years. If you were to mention his name in mixed circles in 2015, would the *intelligentia* understand whom you were talking about? Trollope's characters do not go very far with the present generation. They have heard of Mrs. Proudie. But Mr. Chaffanbrass means little to them, no *cause célèbre* is suggested to their minds when you speak of Lady Mason or Phineas Finn. They could not tell you what John Caldigate was tried for or what befell the Eustace Diamonds. The interrogation we once thought so sparkling, "Is he Popenjoy?" leaves them cold. Lily Dale seems to them a little bit dowdy, Lucy Robarts they tolerate, especially those who remember her in her crinoline as depicted by Millais, but they cannot stand Mr. Moulder, or Mr. Quiverful—a name as repulsive I admit, as Marryat's Captain Oxbelly—and they are more than dubious about the verisimilitude of Mr. Slope. Trollope, by the way, was much more literary in his earlier novels than in his later. In "Barchester Towers" he develops the very improbable hypothesis that Mr. Slope was descended from Dr. Slop in "Tristram Shandy," and he also goes out of his way to ridicule Disraeli by his contemptuous reference to Sidonia as a usurer, and one of the most rapacious of his tribe. In "The Warden," in his capacity of Titmarshian, he burlesques Dickens as Mr. Popular Sentiment. It has to be remembered, though, that Trollope was at that time a sort of rival of Edmund Yates another Post Office wit, and one of Dickens's chief adulators and aides-de-camp.

Trollope has received tremendous praise from contemporary critics and admirers of the old literary order. It is superfluous, perhaps, to enumerate Hawthorne, Henry James, Frederick Harrison, Frewen Lord, Lewis Melville, G. S. Street and A. B. Walkley. It is ominous, though, that two strenuous admirers in the old century, Leslie Stephen and Herbert Paul, put him to the test of the new, and found him conspicuously wanting. Some of the later writers on Victorian fiction have passed him over with the scantiest courtesy. When I think of the cupidity with which a new Trollope was eyed by the older generation, the solidarity of Trollope learning as it existed in the 'eighties, and the general indifference now, I must avow that, staunch Trollopean though I am myself, I am more than doubtful if when

the *Gros Bourdon* of the twentieth century ringeth to evensong, there will be much of Trollope left to remembrance save the mere name. That he will survive in *morceaux*, and be exploited to their own immeasurable benefit by the social historians of the future, I regard as certain. But it is equally inevitable, I think, that the Highbrows and the Higher Criticism of the next sixty years will decry Trollope as no artist, a writer with less than no ideas, and that he will be increasingly neglected. A generation will arise who will know nothing whatever of the diversion we derived from "Ravenshoe" and "Johnny Ludlow," from the "Chronicles of Carlingford" from Cherbuliez or Marion Crawford. For my part I pity them. They have my profound sympathy. Trollope wrote most kinds of prose. Did he ever write a line of poetry? I admit I do not know, but should as soon expect a volume of poems from a superintendent of police. Among his works is an "Autobiography" which deserves to be read, and is as a matter of fact quite interesting, interesting in the same way as the "Life of George Grossmith" as the record of a public entertainer. It was in this unpretentious way that Trollope envisaged his existence. To have called him an artist would have been to evoke his rancorous disclaimer of any such fantastic and effeminate description. The evolution of the shy, clumsy, loutish and unappreciated youth and then the awkward hobbledoy, always in debt and a disgrace to his department in the Civil Service, into the iron-willed, industrious, aggressive and self-confident, bouncing and barking prosperous official, club habitué, hunting man and popular novelist is one of the most astonishing on deliberate and authentic record. At the close he philosophises a little, gives a brief sketch of his fellow novelists, and goes on to tell us much about his literary motives and unromantic methods of

work. The only parallel to it as a disillusioning document is "The Truth about an Author" by Arnold Bennett. When he tells us how he rose at 5 and ticked off 250 words by the clock every quarter of an hour until it was time for breakfast at 8.30, Trollope plumed himself greatly on his candour and veracity. A reliable literary artisan with a reputation to maintain for punctuality, he treated this part of his tale as a trade revelation—henceforth there would be less humbug talked about inspiration and nonsense of that sort.

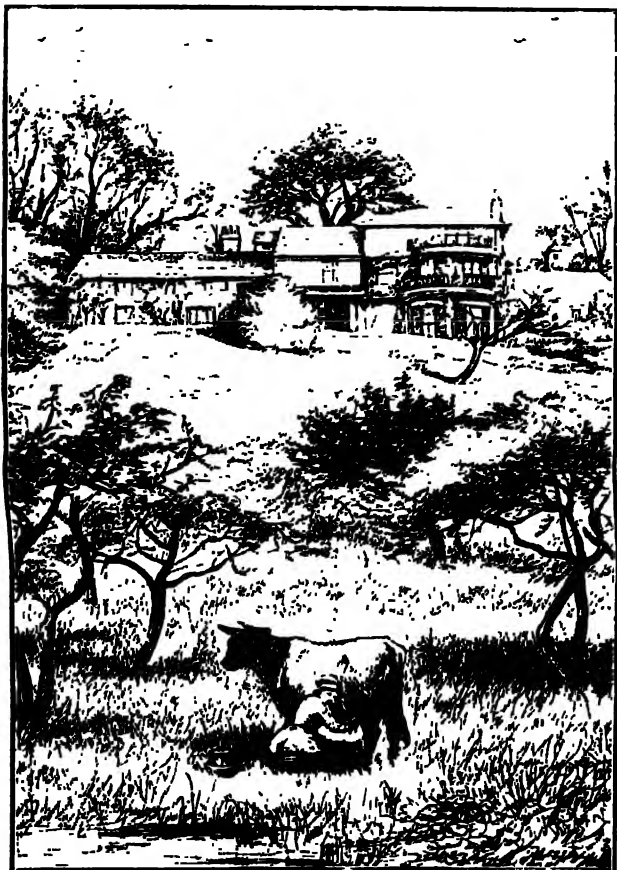
He was cautious in one respect—the autobiography was published posthumously. But it did his literary reputation a bad turn. The public was



Photo by Window & Grove.

Anthony Trollope.

irrepressibly inclined to say, "Ch, that's how it is done, is it. Well! so much for that!" Trollope's industry was an equivalent to that of Scott. His energy and iron will enabled him to lead a double life just as Scott did. For three hours while you and I were asleep he developed his narrative, set his characters in action and wove appropriate dialogue. For the rest of the day he was a Postal Magistrate, transacted business, travelled *en diplomate*, hunted, went into society and haunted numerous clubs until near midnight or after. What he does not sufficiently explain in his attempt to reduce writing to a question of mere cobblers' wax is the fact



From a drawing by Millars.

Farmhouse at Harrow,

where Trollope lived with his parents whilst he was attending the School.

that he inherited a remarkable gift of story telling and unvarnished narrative from his mother, the authoress of the "Vicar of Wrexhill" and the "Widow Barnaby," or that his mind was a perfect storage of characters and experience observed for the express purpose of their subservience to the objects of prose fiction. He gestated his plots, and he carried his more vivid characters with him wherever he went. It is a ludicrous mistake to suppose that the great scenes in Trollope were hurriedly conceived or mechanically transcribed to paper. To lay so much stress upon his incomparable fertility and scriptorial industry, as Trollope does in his Memoir, is to commit a grave injustice to the faculty he possessed alike as feuilletonist, character-linner and man of the world.

Trollope was very near to the texture of life. His power resided in the realism which means getting close to the fact and the ordinary or average type, without making them uninteresting; and as realism gained his value seemed for a time to appreciate. He had an

enormous public composed of people who liked to be initiated at second hand into the manners of the upper middle class, and of that class themselves who were amused by the general, if somewhat superficial, fidelity of the likeness. I remember an intellectual clown at Hengler's, of all places, making a sort of rigmarole of patter out of the titles of his books, and the product being received by salvos of cheers. So popular was Trollope as the distributor of a sort of vicarious happiness! No one, it is said, since Jane Austen has surpassed him in this power of patient and conscientious portrayal. Though he sometimes allows himself to appear upon the scene in person, a grotesquely unimpressive figure, he was more objective in this respect than either Dickens or Thackeray. Far more than they or even George Eliot he afforded his generation the peculiar pleasure of seeing in a book what they instantly recognised as familiar in life. Just why, the pleasure may be left to the psychologists, but it is of indisputable charm, and Trollope possesses it. We may talk sapiently and at length of his commonplaceness, lack of spice, Philistinism; he can be counted on to divert us. He lived valiantly up to his own injunction: of all the needs a book has, the chief is that it be readable. A simple test this, but a terrible one—that has slain its thousands. Few nineteenth-century makers of stories are safer in the matter of keeping the attention. You may step from chapter to chapter and from book to book almost without knowing it. The characters and the situations, the clerical conflicts and the hunting scenes repeat themselves again and again. Your interest may not be intense, but it is reluctantly withdrawn. You are always saying to yourself, "I'll read just one more chapter."

You don't always want *tendent* novels. Trollope sets out in the most systematic way to produce a cycle of stories illustrating certain sections of Palmerstonian England, certain types of English society, steadily, for a lifetime, with the artisan's skilful hand and tireless craft, he laboured at his vocation. It is the very antithesis of the erraticisms and irregularities of genius. He went to his daily stunt of work, by night and day, on sea or land, exactly as the merchant goes to his office, the mechanic to his shop. Few conjurors have been able to produce such a diversity of work-a-day world characters from under a hat. He had the faculty of direct, unprejudiced, clear observation, and he trained himself to remember and record whatever he saw and could understand; and he was far less obtuse than he was apt to appear when you met him casually at the Athenæum or the Garrick. Without Bassetshire, it is possible that Wessex would never have materialised. The capital of one is Salisbury, of the other Dorchester. But they are farther apart than this. One is essentially middle-Victorian. The other reveals an ancient land, an indigenous people and a native soil.

The first reason why Trollope's novels will not be remembered, as Jane Austen's or Defoe's are, is on account of the large proportion of verbal alloy that they contain. A great amount of the copy that he turned out during his matutinal vigils was not worth committing. Septimus Harding was a beautiful character, and there is a considerable amount of charm, beauty, almost poetry, about the whole conception of "The Warden" in 1855. But he never got quite so high upon the same plane

again. In "Barchester Towers" of 1857 he reached his highest point of relevance, vivacity and accuracy in delineating character. In these two books, the underplots are present only in embryo. There is a wearisome deal too much about Tom Towers and *The Thunderer* in the first, and about the Thornes of Ullathorne in the second. It is easy to skip these chapters. But the tendency to develop the underplot as a sort of shabby genteel echo of the High Life episodes grew upon Trollope like a malignant disease. "Framley Parsonage" was not so bad, it was a great success, owing a good deal to the prestige of its illustrator Millais, and to the infant *Cornhill Magazine*. The *Cornhill* was to appear in January, 1860, and every kind of arrangement had been made in advance to ensure a complete triumph. But Thackeray, characteristically, had omitted to provide the new argosy with its heavy ballast in the shape of a first-class serial, and it was not until November that under the greatest pressure of urgency Trollope was induced to furnish the serial, under the onerous conditions to any ordinary writer that 20,000 words must be in the printer's hands by December 12th. This was mere child's play to Anthony, who grew despondent, and conscious of "grave irregularity" at once if he were not producing his fifty thousand a month. But two of Trollope's very finest efforts "The Small House at Allington" and "The Last Chronicle of Barset" are appallingly disfigured by underplots of the most tiresome kind which have to be carved out like ulcers, and the cutting out of which postulates a certain amount of surgical skill in a mere reader. His next best effort, "Orley Farm," is vulgarised by the commercial traveller episodes, amusing though they unquestionably are. As he progressed, Trollope became more and more prone to abandon the thread of his narrative and his main characters for description, philosophy or criticism of life. Unfortunately, he had no real gift for discerning



From a miniature in oils by J. Harvieu.

Mrs. Trollope.
The novelist's mother.

or appraising the beautiful, no ideas; while as a critic, his standards are grovelling. The in some ways admirable political series, beginning with "Can You Forgive Her?" continuing with "Phineas Finn" and "Phineas Redux," and ending with "The Prime Minister" and "The Duke's Children," to which may be linked up "He Knew he was Right" and "The Way We Live Now," contain less of story and character, the novelist's strong points, and more of "life." Trollope seemed to imagine that Planty Palliser, whose career, begun in "The Small House," runs through all these novels, was his chief title to fame. But Planty Pall is an incongruity, he is not a consistent human character. It piqued Trollope to reflect that a pallid automaton of official action like Palliser should have such unrivalled resources and opportunities for satisfying every conceivable appetite that he, in particular, lacked. These books give us political England in the middle of the nineteenth century. Another series depict social life of the same period as revealed in manor and country houses and in cathedral closes and archdeaconries.



Drawn by Hablot K. Brown.

**The Captain for the first time
in his life tastes perfect bliss.**

From "Can You Forgive Her," by Anthony Trollope.



Drawn by Hubert K. Browne.

From "Can You Forgive Her," by Anthony Trollope.

The Tramps.

the reader, however well disposed he may be by reason of his admitted indebtedness to Trollope in the past as an unrivalled entertainer. He makes it an undeviating principle to keep rigorously to the realities of life. Passion is ruled out by avarice, and sentiment invariably subordinated to *£ s. d.* This is good as a corrective to too much idealism: but Trollope has too little. Life is often dull, no doubt, and the period

But the way we live now is not the way they lived then. Trollope's world has passed and the number of people who can check his details and his likenesses diminishes daily. The Barseshire country life has well-nigh disappeared. Parliament and politics have profoundly changed; politicians are no longer venerable; Tom Towers has ceased to exist; we no longer live in a world in which to play croquet on Sunday is regarded as one of the seven deadly sins. What Trollope would have thought of the modern woman, cannot even be surmised. The very idea of a female on the top of an omnibus would have made him faint. Locomotion, communication, clerical and religious ideas, the standard of life that Trollope knew— all have passed. His work was realised from the outset as dealing pre-eminently with likeness. But the fidelity of his portraiture is becoming increasingly problematic, there are few left to verify it. His figures become more and more shadowy. They will call him a photographer of a dowdy age.

Trollope had great faith in his copiousness, but this will eventually tell against him. He had an ambition to surpass such volcanoes as Vitruvius, Defoe, Smollett, Balzac, Scribe, Dumas, Scott, Mrs. Oliphant, Miss Braddon. In one respect he resembled most of them, he degenerated into something at times little removed from drivel. The test of readability would certainly not apply to such a tedious performance as "An Old Man's Love."

Another drawback to Trollope is his lack of ideality. There is no extraneous charm of personality, imagination, wit—no intensity of any kind. If his people are alive, and his fable runs briskly, all is well; but when the machinery gets clogged, and his characters lose colour, the coarseness of his mental texture begins to weigh heavily upon the reader, and his copiousness tells against him rather than in his favour. For there is no legend about Trollope to sustain a drooping faculty. Did he weep all night when he killed Mrs. Proudie, as Dumas is said to have done when he had to kill Porthos. We cannot believe it of him!

So it comes about that, in spite of the admitted fidelity to type, the unmitigated commonplaceness of Trollope's characterisation begins at a certain point to pall upon

of disillusionment only determines with death; but life, too, is often surprising. it does discover heroes and it is, as we all find out, full of the strange and the improbable. The clergy of a period may be worshippers of Mammon, desperately worldly and fatally opulent, but they can hardly be so entirely unspiritual and devoid of religious interest as the Archdeacon and his friends are represented. After reading much about Trollope's prudent, conventional, and extremely wideawake young ladies, one has a thirst for Dinah Morris, Maggie Tulliver, Jane Eyre or Clara Middleton. Scott had a weakness for sobriety in his heroes and heroines, but Jeanie Deans or The Bride of Lammermoor are romantic indeed by the side of Griselda Grantly or Madeline Staveley.

By the excision of all that is energetic, or eccentric, or impulsive, or romantic, you do not really become more lifelike; you only limit yourself to the common and uninteresting. That misconception injures Trollope's work, and accounts I suspect, for the decline of our interest. An artist who systematically excludes all lurid colours or strong lights, shows a dingy, whitey-brown universe, and is not therefore more true to nature. Barseshire surely had its heroes, and its villains, its tragedy and its farce, as well as its archdeacons and young ladies bound hand and foot by the narrowest rules of contemporary propriety.

Nevertheless, there are moods in which one simply longs for something not too bright and not too good for human nature's daily dietary. I belong by right, I suppose, and certainly by affection, to a generation whose favourite darling and ideal heroine was Lily Dale. She was an unsophisticated dear, pathetically sentimental, but still a Lily. Her simple story is soon told. She fell in love with an odious swell called Adolphus Crosbie, who wanted someone to worship him as Juliette worshipped the sacred and imperial person of Victor Hugo. The Dales were good people, but Lily was portionless, and Crosbie diverted his attention to the Lady Alexandrina de Courcy. Trollope was in love with Lily himself, and London went mad with joy when his literary representative, Johnny Eames, gave Crosbie a black eye, and the two fell struggling over the bookstall on Paddington Station. The

Archdeacon, Dean Arabin, Mrs. Grantly, Grace Crawley, the Major, the Bishop and Mrs. Proudie, Mr. Furnival, and a score of other characters—how extraordinarily homely and familiarised they were in the portrait galleries of forty years since.

Trollope's dialogue is in the main a strong point in his favour. It is unmannered, neither too brilliant nor too thin, sustained, and, in the main, lifelike. As a contributor to the great periodicals of his day alone, Trollope deserves a statue, for he was a model contributor. He never blotted a line, never wrote a naughty word or an ambiguous sentence, and above all, he could be absolutely relied on to come up to time. Procrastinating editors like Lewes and Thackeray blessed his name and wrote him big cheques (such as £2,800 for the two-volume "Claverings," which appeared in the *Cornhill* during 1867), without a qualm or a murmur. As in the range of Trollope's characters, so in his style evenness is apt to be compensated by commonplaceness. His style has been praised with discernment, even if a little overpraised, by the critic who, perhaps, understood him most familiarly of them all, Mr. Frederick Harrison. He goes to the length of summing up Trollope's style as limpid, flexible, and melodious. Eloquence, poetry or power, in De Quincey's sense, no; but a plain, serviceable prose, lucid, fluent, harmonious and energetic.

There is no poetic ricochet or associational value about Trollope's choice of words, their direct ballistic value is all that he seems to care about. Within these limits, his accuracy deserves the highest commendation. Such easy reading as he provides conceals a mastery, which we are apt to assess as one of the simplest things in the world. To a man endowed as Trollope was with such narrative power, strong will and assiduity in

effort, the gift came insensibly almost, but it is none the less a very valuable possession.

"From the first line to the last [continues the critic just named] the author strikes never a discordant note. We are never worried by a spasmodic phrase, nor bored by fine writing that fails to come off. Nor is there ever a paragraph which we need to read over again, or a phrase that looks obscure, artificial, or enigmatic. This can hardly be said of any other novelist of this century, except of Jane Austen, for even Thackeray himself is now and then artificial in "Esmond," and the vulgarity of "Yellowplush" at last becomes fatiguing. Now Trollope reproduces for us that simplicity, unity, and ease of Jane Austen, whose facile grace flows on like the sprightly talk of a charming woman, mistress of herself and sure of her hearers. This uniform ease, of course, goes with the absence of all the greater qualities of style: passion, poetry, mystery, or subtlety. He never rises to the level of the great masters of language. But, for the ordinary incidents of life amongst well-bred and well-to-do men and women of the world, the form of Trollope's tales is almost as well adapted as the form of Jane Austen. In absolute realism of spoken words Trollope has hardly any equal."

There is little creative about Trollope's work. He was an observer and narrator in the first instance. On a lower plane he criticised and reflected. He trained himself to remember and set down what he saw; and he also had the constructive ability to shape and carry on his story so as to simulate the effect of growth. With this went the valuable power of sympathetic characterisation enabling his readers to know and understand the people they are expected to take an interest in. Add to this a quiet everyday humour, a vast knowledge of human types, and a style in accordance with the unobtrusive harmony of the picture, and the main elements of Trollope's appeal to his contemporaries have been enumerated.

"PHIZ."

THE CENTENARY OF HABLÔT KNIGHT BROWNE.

By B. W. MATZ, Editor of *The Dickensian*.

I.

THE centenary of the birth of Hablôt Knight Browne, better known, perhaps, as "Phiz," falls on the 11th of the présent month. In recalling the fact we are reminded of a statement he made regarding himself towards the end of his life, when his career as artist had practically ended:

"It is just possible," he said, "I have helped to amuse a few in my time, and in my earlier days I was a bit of a favourite, I think; but the present generation 'knoweth not Joseph.'"

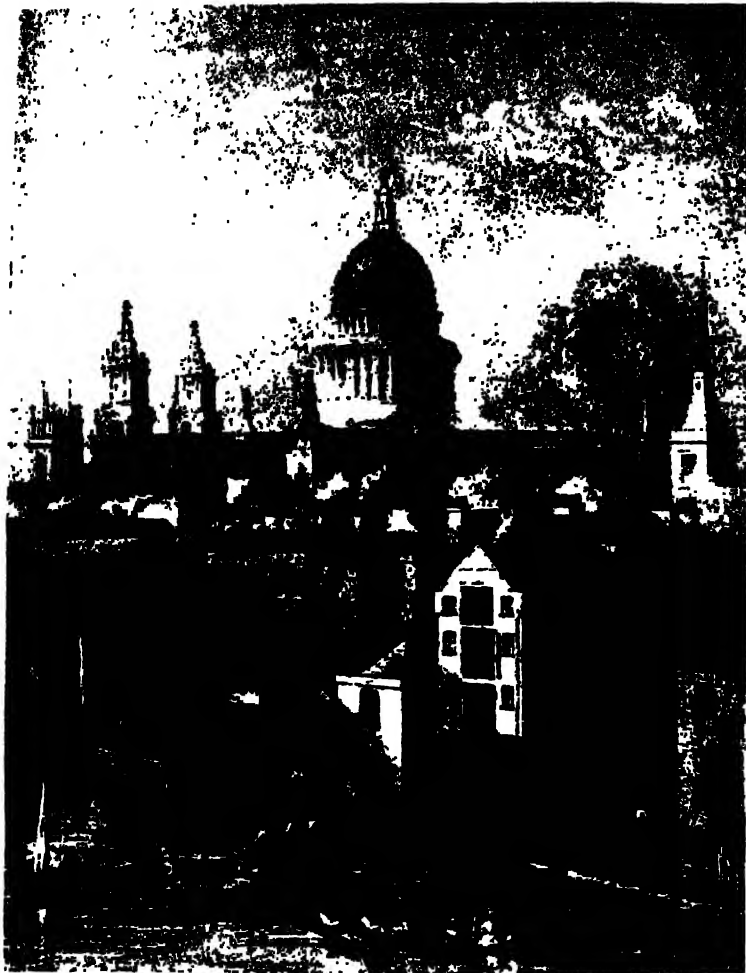
That his own generation had forgotten him was not, of course, true. The statement was merely another proof of his innate modesty. It is not even true today, thirty-three years after his death, although his name is

naturally not as familiar to everyone as it was during that period of the Victorian era, which yielded that rich vein of classic novelists with Dickens as its most imperishable jewel.



Hablôt K. Browne
("Phiz").

In those days it mattered materially whether the novel was illustrated or not, and the announcement that "Phiz" or Cruikshank—to name but two artists—would present the novelist's characters and scenes pictorially often secured success for the venture, even before the quality of the story was known to the prospective reader. As illustrator of "The Pickwick Papers," the name of Phiz became almost as much a household word as that of Dickens, and the fact that the cream of the popular story-tellers of his time enlisted him in their service goes to show



Drawn by Hablot Browne.

St. Paul's Cathedral.

View from Southwark Bridge.
From "Cathedrals of England."

how valuable a famous artist was to a famous novelist. Lever, Ainsworth, Le Fanu, Mark Lemon, James Grant, G. P. R. James, Trollope, Jorrocks, Smedley, are a few of the giants of the time with whom he collaborated, while he was equally in demand among publishers to illustrate such classics as Smollett, Fielding, and numerous magazines, "table-books," comic booklets and pamphlets, all of which bore testimony in their pages to his popularity. Dickens discovered him, and from the moment he commenced the task of illustrating "The Pickwick Papers" his name assumed a selling asset of no mean dimensions in the eyes of publishers and authors.

It may, however, be said that his art was peculiar to his time, and that, but for the sustained popularity of Dickens and, in a measure, of Ainsworth and Lever, Phiz's work would possibly be forgotten, or little known to the present generation. And so the hard fact has to be stated: that as the work of Dickens is immortal, so also is that of Phiz; reflected, it may be, from the greater man, but nevertheless so long as the one is read the other will be known. And although there are scores of readers who do not hesitate to express their dislike of the artist's work, there are very few who would value an edition of the works of England's most popular novelist without their original illustrations. To the student of Dickens Phiz is part and parcel of his enthusiasm; and a copy of "Pickwick" without Phiz's pictures is as much an anachronism as "Oliver

Twist" without Cruikshank's, "Alice in Wonderland" without Tenniel's, "A Christmas Carol" without Leech's. And, further, it is the pictures in their varying states which enhance or detract from the commercial value of first editions.

II.

Hablôt Knight Browne was born in Kennington Lane, London, on June 11th, 1815, and was christened at St. Mary's Church, Lambeth, in the following December. His son, Dr. Edgar Browne, of Liverpool, and F. G. Kitton, have given the date of the artist's birth as in July, but according to the parish register the exact date was June 11th.

He was the ninth son of William Loder Browne, who had a family of fifteen children, ten of whom were boys. He was given the name of Hablôt in honour of one of Napoleon's officers of the Imperial Guard who was engaged to one of his elder sisters, and who fell at the Battle of Waterloo. His second name was that of another friend of the family—Admiral Sir John Knight. His ancestors were Huguenots, who changed the spelling of Brunet to the English equivalent when they settled in Norfolk. Hablôt was educated at a private school at Botesdale, Suffolk, his tutor being the Rev. Wm. Haddock, who gave him every encouragement in drawing, which he discovered to be the boy's natural inclination.

When the time came, after leaving school, for deciding upon the career he should adopt, a choice had to be made between the Church and the Arts. Having decided upon the latter, he was apprenticed to Finden, the famous engraver, in whose studio he received all the artistic training he ever had. A fellow student in those days was Robert Young, the engraver with whom Browne became associated in later days in many business speculations,

Browne was not, however, enamoured of the mechanism of engraving, and his artistic genius inspired him with an ambition to make use of his talents in a manner unhampered by the exigences of the stock-in-trade of an engraver's art. In 1834, therefore, he cut himself free from those impedimenta, and sought a wider field for his powers. He had, however, a year previously received some public recognition by obtaining the medal of the Society of Arts for an engraving made by himself of his own drawing of John Gilpin, a picture full of that life and animation for which his later drawings have made him famous.

For a short time he devoted himself, in conjunction with a friend, to executing water-colour drawings in a small attic at the rate of three a day, which enabled him to subsist for the time being, on the simplest fare, whilst attending a "life" class in the evening.

The first publication in which Browne's work appeared was entitled "Cathedrals of England," a publication projected by a fellow student at Finden's—Henry Winkles. Browne contributed to the first two volumes

thirty-seven views, which were engraved by B. Winkles. The volumes appeared in 1836 and 1838 respectively.

In 1836 Browne and Robert Young started a studio together in No. 3, Furnival's Inn, Holborn, on the lines of Finden. Whether it was a prosperous undertaking or not there is no evidence to prove. But Robert Young and Browne remained fast and true friends for life, and continually worked together during the famous and full years of the latter's popular and hard-working prosperous days.

It was in 1836 that Browne became associated with the work of Dickens. The novelist published a little pamphlet entitled "Sunday under Three Heads," adopting the pseudonym of "Timothy Sparks," and this book contained three illustrations engraved on wood by "H. K. B." Whether this fact influenced Dickens's choice of artist to fill the post made vacant by the death of Robert Seymour during the early days of "The Pickwick Papers," is not definitely known. But as Dickens was living at the time only a short distance from Browne in Furnival's Inn, it may be assumed that it did.

Anyhow, when R. W. Buss, who followed Robert Seymour as illustrator of "Pickwick," failed to give satisfaction, Browne was the fortunate artist to step into the breach, and commenced by signing his pictures "Nemo." This he quickly abandoned, and adopted the now familiar "Phiz." So completely pleased were the novelist and publisher, that the artist and author henceforth worked together almost without a break until the publication of "A Tale of Two Cities," when the partnership was severed.

During these busy years Phiz did a quantity of work for other novelists and periodicals, to which reference will be made hereafter.

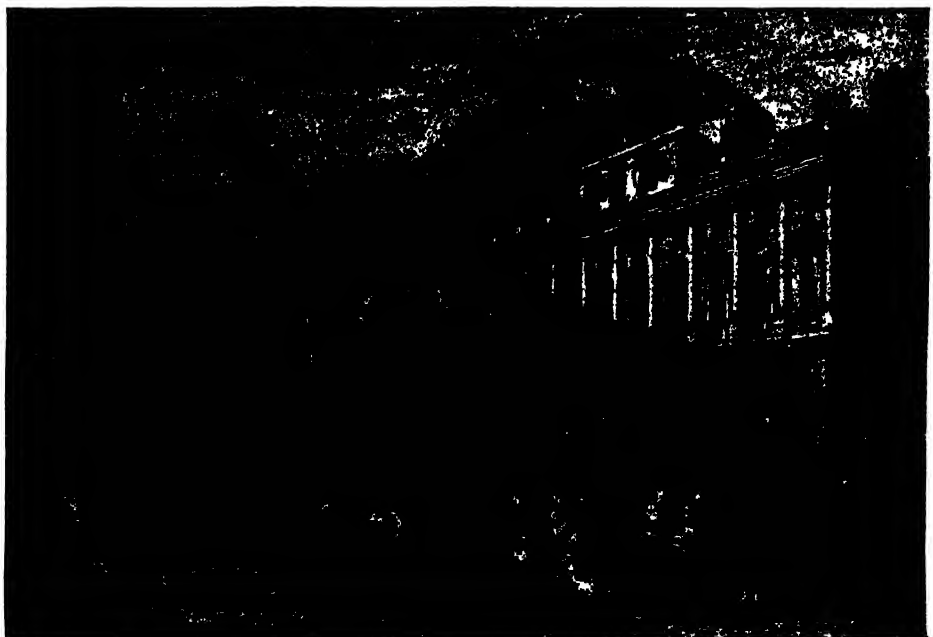
In 1840 Hablot K. Browne married Miss Reynolds. They had nine children—five boys and four girls. For a time they lived in London—in Howland Street, Tottenham Court Road, and Fulham Road—but, for the sake of Mrs. Browne's health, a move was made to Croydon in 1846, where they remained for thirteen years. They returned again to London in 1859, but finally removed to Brighton in 1880. It was here that Browne died two years later, on July 8th, and was buried in the Extra-Mural Cemetery there.

Baldly stated, these are the facts of Phiz's career; and it would seem that comparatively little is known of the man apart from his work. He was an extremely modest and quiet person. He shunned local society, and his chief recreation was hunting. Unbusinesslike so far as his own work was concerned, he nevertheless loved his art and worked at it assiduously

until ill-health overtook him towards the end of his career. But in those later years he accomplished much; and it would be difficult to arrive at an exact estimate of the number of pictures he was responsible for during his life. In 1883 an exhibition of his work was held in Liverpool and in London; at the former show over 400 items were collected together under one roof.

III.

To-day there are many who heartily dislike Phiz's illustrations to Dickens, asserting that the characters he presents in them are mere caricatures, entirely unlike any persons who ever existed, and, indeed, equally unlike the very "real" people so deftly drawn by the novelist with his own facile pen. That criticism is a terrible exaggeration, but is not wholly untrue. It is an incontrovertible fact that no modern artist has ever illustrated Dickens without basing his drawings on those of Phiz. Phiz created Dickens's characters for the eye—he visualised them for us, and modern artists who do not conform to that visualisation in re-presenting them by the aid of modern methods of art and of reproduction, can never hope to satisfy the Dickens student. The same, doubtless, would apply to Lever and Ainsworth and the rest. Personally I should decline for general use any edition of Dickens that did not contain the original etchings, although I have a high regard and admiration for the work of Frank Reynolds, Harold Copping, Cecil Aldin, and particularly Fred Barnard. But Phiz is the one man who created pictorially the Dickens characters: all others merely gild them. Whatever is said of them, moreover, it must be remembered that Phiz's work satisfied Dickens. At times he criticised details, and asked the artist to carry out certain alterations. But there was never any suggestion on Dickens's part that Phiz had caricatured his men and women. It was different with Lever, who, when "Jack Hinton" was published, said Browne's sketches were, as usual, caricatures, and made his scenes really too riotous and



Drawn by H. Browne.

Somerset House, Strand.

From Woods's "Views in London."

disorderly. The popular idea that his books were full of uproarious people and incidents he owed, he said, to Master "Phiz." That was, however, probably a sudden outburst of criticism not meant for publication, for Phiz and Lever were great friends and sworn allies. Indeed, so much did Lever admire Phiz's genius that he once thought of issuing a newspaper to be called 'The Weekly Quiz, with Illustrations by Phiz.'

Whatever the present generation may think of Phiz's drawings from an artistic point of view, there is no gainsaying the fact that the novelists whose work he illustrated gained considerable popularity in their early days by their association with him, whilst many a poor book often owed whatever success it attained to Phiz. Indeed, if one looks through the list of books he illustrated, there will be found scores of them whose names are entirely unknown to-day except to those who seek for "all books illustrated by Phiz," as the antiquarian bookseller puts it in his advertisements.

The fashion so successfully set by Chapman & Hall in issuing "The Pickwick Papers" in parts was naturally quickly adopted for other authors, and Phiz, who by then seems to have taken the place of Cruikshank as popular favourite, became, so to speak, artist in chief to the period. The serial form of publication was freely copied, an instance of which is found in Neale's "Paul Periwinkle"—an avowed imitation of "Pickwick," issued in parts in 1841 and illustrated by Phiz. The announcement ran, "published in every respect to correspond with 'The Pickwick Papers,' and illustrated by the same distinguished artist." It may have "corresponded" in form, but not in matter, except so far as Phiz was concerned. The more famous novelists who adopted the fashion with Phiz as their collaborator were Ainsworth, Lever, Smedley, Le Fanu, and Anthony Trollope.

Phiz was at the height of his fame then; and in the series of illustrations to the works of these distinguished Victorians some of his very best work is to be found. Not merely are his characters inimitably limned, but

many of his pictures are little masterpieces of drawing and composition. He was a humourist who exhibited his buoyancy and frolicsomeness in most of his pictures, but he was nevertheless an artist of a serious and grave demeanour, whenever occasion demanded—and that was frequently enough. His imagination and realistic instinct ranged upon a gigantic scale; and evidence of this is found in scores of moonlight and moorland scenes and river effects, all of which are beautifully executed. Students of Dickens will recall some of these in "Little Dorrit," "Bleak House," and other books, and similar examples are to be found scattered through all his work, instances quite Rembrandtesque in detail and in feeling.

Whilst speaking of the method of serial publication, the fantastic cover designs must not be passed over. They were a hall-mark of a phase of Phiz's power for ingenious design, and each of them is as full of ideas and humour as is possible within the limits of a single page. To follow out and examine these details and the acrobatic performances of the various figures entwined in the design, is a pleasant and exhilarating task.

No space is at our command to criticise his drawings separately, nor to even indicate the amount of work he actually accomplished. Everyone knows his Dickens pictures and has certain likes and dislikes. There can, however, be no two opinions regarding the series of extra plates he did for "Dombey and Son," "Barnaby Rudge," and "The Old Curiosity Shop." These were chiefly single full-dress characters, such as Major Bagstock, Edith Dombey, Emma Hare-dale, Dolly Varden, the Marchioness, etc., each full of delicate line and perfect in characterisation. And to particularise again, one would place some of his pictures to Ainsworth and Smedley in the first rank. Ainsworth was proud of his association with Phiz, and was full of admiration of the artist's work. The opinion has been expressed that if Ainsworth's novels were read as much as those of Dickens's, Phiz's reputation would be far greater than it is to-day. Indeed, the same might be said of others,

for Phiz's work was wonderfully equal in merit, which, considering the vast amount he accomplished, is astonishing.

As it is impossible to mention a tithe of the books which Phiz illustrated, so is it practically hopeless even to indicate the different phases of his work. As an illustrator of novels he is familiar enough, and when his name is mentioned it is in that connection almost entirely. But Phiz's canvas was of far greater dimensions.



Drawn by Hablot K. Brown.

On the Dark Road.

From "Dombey & Son."



Drawn by Hablot K. Browne.

Edith Dombey.

We have already mentioned Winkles' "Cathedrals of England," the first book he illustrated, which comprised a series of very fine plates of interiors and exteriors, showing a perfect knowledge of architecture. This was in 1836 and 1837, before and during the 'Pickwick' days. About the same time he was doing similar work—reminding us of the famous Shepherd plates—for a "History of London," which were engraved by John Woods. He signed himself Hablot Browne, and the volume contains nine specimens of his work, eight of which are described as "Drawn by Hablot Browne from a sketch by R. Garland." The other is merely signed "H. Browne del." and is called "Somerset House," showing the Church, and the side of the Strand where the *Morning Chronicle* offices were. Thus gives it quite a Dickensian value, apart from the fact that figures very like Mr. Pickwick and Mrs. Bardell are crossing the road arm in arm, and Tony Weller seems to be on the box of a coach passing at the moment. The book was published in 1838; but most of the plates bear the date of 1837.

Phiz was fond of the horse, and we have already noted that the only recreation he indulged in was hunting. In his work as artist the horse always figures where possible; and we suppose he has depicted the friend of man in every known attitude. His letters and pencil notes are full of little thumb-nail sketches representing the noble steed, and he seemed to delight in illustrating books and magazines where he could give play to his fancy and art in this direction. In Frank Smedley's novels he had full scope for displaying his knowledge of the horse in action, as he did in "Jorrock's"

Jaunts and Jollities," in "Hunting Bits," in "Racing and Chasing," and in the *New Sporting Magazine*.

Of his other work in periodical literature mention should be made of that in *The Illuminated Magazine*, *The Illustrated Times*, *Judy* (in connection with which "A Shillingsworth of Phiz" was issued), *Once a Week*, *Sharpe's London Magazine*, and *The Union Magazine*.

To give a full list of the writers of his period whose books he illustrated, apart from those already mentioned, would be to recapitulate a mere catalogue, but the following should be mentioned: Byron, Mrs. Trollope, Blanchard Jerrold, Bulwer Lytton, Mrs. Gatty, Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe, Augustus Mayhew, Albert Smith, James Grant, Mark Lemon, and Wilkie Collins.

At his death he left scores of unpublished pictures, paintings and drawings, amongst them were sets of illustrations to "Hartleap Well," "Venus and Adonis," and to Shakespeare's plays. The latter were reproduced in Phelps's edition, published in 1883. They were large in size, and engraved on wood. Some of Browne's most charming and delicate work is to be found in his pencil sketches, and there seem to be hundreds of them extant. His paintings in water-colour and in oil were numerous, some of which were exhibited at the Royal Academy and in other art collections; but with few exceptions, they had little claim to be considered the work of a master. His genius lay in his pencil sketches and his engravings, and on these alone his reputation depends.



Drawn by Hablot K. Browne.

"Sweet Lord, you play me false."

From "The Tempest."



Drawn by Hablot K. Browne.

From Lever's "Charles O'Malley."

Towards the later period of his life, Phiz was in monetary difficulties, brought about by his inability to work and his persistent ill-health. He became paralysed in his right arm, although to his friends he always maintained that he was suffering from nothing more serious than rheumatism. During this time one of his best friends was Sir Luke Fildes, R.A., who was instrumental in persuading the artist to apply for a Government pension. Browne prepared a memorandum for the purpose. It ran :

The Two Chestnuts.

"I am sixty-three years old, and have been before the public forty-five years as an artist, constantly illustrating from month to month all sorts of books and authors—Bulwer, Dickens, Lever, Ainsworth, and many others; magazines, papers, periodicals and all sorts, comic and serious. It is just possible I have helped to amuse a few in my time, and in my earlier days I was a bit of a favourite, I think, but the present generation 'knoweth not Joseph.' I have had a large family, nine still living—four girls and one boy still dependent on me. I have had one paralytic attack, and I have been blinded of one eye for five months by acute rheumatism, but I am all right now."

Although this pathetic note failed in its object, the Royal Academy later, through the instrumentality of W. P. Frith, Sir Luke Fildes, and Wells, awarded him an annuity.

He recovered slightly from his affliction, and one of the last books he illustrated was the Household Edition of "The Pickwick Papers." But by that time it was very painful to him to hold his pencil; and it is not surprising that the results were poor and uncharacteristic of his best days. So he ended upon the book with which he began.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JUNE, 1915.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

- I. A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best eight lines of original verse on the new "Bantam" regiments.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

- I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best lyric is awarded to Miss Diana Royds, of Heather Cottage, Bengal Road, Winton, Bournemouth, for the following :

PEACE ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Peace wandered weary on the field of war
Where, near and far,
Her own true sons cried out "The sword we take
For thy dear sake!"
Outcast she wandered, finding for her grace
No resting-place.

She climbed, and then she knelt—what messenger
Had help for her ?
Whispered a little wind about her hill,
And then was still.
Only the guns clove heaven with smoke and flame :
No answer came.

And then I saw her olive (plucked from thee,
Gethsemane !)
Shape, of itself, the Symbol of all loss,
Grow to a Cross—
Keeping, as altars keep the sacrificed,
Its crown of Christ.

Ascended ? Here, still here, O wounded brother,
O mourning mother !
He is our Peace ; where she is there is He.
His Calvary
She climbs ; His Resurrection-Garden, too,
Waits her, waits you !

DIANA ROYDS.

We also select for printing :

RELUCTANCE.

Marry, our day is brief,
Though time be as long as hate ;
And the joy or pain comes not again :
Love, it is getting late !

Pity, and now 'tis o'er —
Yet hold, we have still the night,
With its hour or so of afterglow :
Dusk of the old delight !

Tarry ? 'Tis soon the dawn !
O Love, is it hard for thee ?
Would'st thou have us stay and see a day
We were not meant to see ?

(H. Thompson Rich, Hanover, N.H., U.S.A.)

KINSWOMAN.

Kinswoman mine, whose haunting eyes
Still follow me in wistful wise.
From out thy canvas, where is limned—
The face the years have hardly dimmed—
Your glance meets mine at every turn,
And seems to say you greatly yearn
To come down from your vantage-place,
And tell some story of our race
Sweet lady ! How you'd prattle on
Of all our forbears dead and gone !
Though you may know not, it is true,
Much more of them than I of you.
Yet oft on you my thoughts are bent ;
For, in a chest of muniment,
All laid in lavender, there lie
Things that were yours in days gone by :
A girdle from your dainty waist ;
Your buckles too of sparkling paste ;
A bracelet, from your slender wrist,
Inset with pearl and amethyst.
No trinkets I, a man, may wear ;
But, when the days are over fair,
A child takes to the garden yet
Your parasol of sarsenet.

Fond trifles, faint with pot-pourri,
Air breathing old-world courtesy ;
Rare ribbons, gloves, a broken fan,
Faded epistles—from a man—
Upbraiding you, when all was young,
As flippant, pert, and tart of tongue.
Though country-bred, your flowered gown,
Dear Madam, surely " took the Town."
Your domino tells tales from far
Of masquerades at Ranelagh.
With ruffles, and with dainty lace,
And cherry bows to light your face—
I wonder with what Ralph or Hal
You flirted, up and down the Mall ?
I see those Blooms, with foolish leer,
Their pantaloons of cassimere,
Their quizzing-glasses, clouded canes,
Their periwigs for dandy brains —
They are my rivals ; and I hate
Myself, that I have come too late ;
For, in despite of Time's taboo,
Kinswoman, I'm in love with you !

(A. J. Thompson, The Homestead, Broadwater,
Worthing.)

From the very large number of lyrics sent in this month we select for special commendation the twenty written by A. M. Bowyer-Rosman (London, W.), Christine Chaundler (London, W.), M. O. Noel (London, S.W.), E. R. (Hull), Lady Skerrington (Edinburgh), E. Ottilie-Bell (Blackheath), W. Siebenhaar (W. Australia), Constance Morgan (Hampstead), Edwin J. Pratt (Newfoundland), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), Mrs. A. G. Greenwood (Gibraltar), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), Gwenn F. Newnham (Dover), Gerald S. Swindells (Preston), Reginald Grey (Darlington), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Arthur Powell (Stratford, U.S.A.), Bernard Spencer (London, S.E.), Owen H. Carsinne (Sheffield), Malcom Hemphrey (Aldershot).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss Maud Leith, of Laurel Court, Precincts, Peterborough, for the following :

A MAN WITH NINE LIVES. BY RICHARD MARSH.
(Ward, Lock.)

" I thought to pass away before and yet alive I am."

TENNYSON, *The May Queen*.

We also select for printing :

THE GOLDEN SCARECROW. BY HUGH WALPOLE.
(Cassell)

" Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty."

WORDSWORTH'S *Sonnet on London Bridge*.

(D. Bass, 55, Raglan Place, Ashford, Kent.)

PETER THE PARAGON. BY JOHN PALMER.
(Martin Secker.)

" He goes on Sunday to the church."

LONGFELLOW, *The Village Blacksmith*.

(Muriel Pinch, Wood's Place, Battle, Sussex.)

OUTLINES OF INTERNATIONAL LAW.

BY C. H. STOCKTON. (Allen & Unwin.)

" Gone with a flavour of . . . gas."

R. H. BARHAM, *Ingoldsby Legends*.

(Charles Powell, 67, Dickenson Road, Manchester.)



Drawn by Hablot K. Browne.

A Sunday Row.

From Dickens's "Sunday under Three Heads."

THE KISS AND OTHER STORIES. (Duckworth.)

"She faintly smiled, yet did not say 'Forbear!'"

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON, *Three Sonnets on Sorrow*.

(Mrs. H. M. Carrad, 7, Bowron's Avenue, Wembley, Middlesex.)

WITH THE ALLIES. BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. (Duckworth & Co.)

"Honour and faith and a sure intent."

RUDYARD KIPLING, *The Vampire*.

(Florence K. Robinson, Gibraltar Crescent, Parnell, Auckland, New Zealand.)

THE INK-SLINGER. BY RITA. (Stanley Paul.)

"A chiel's amang you takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

BURNS, *Captain Grose in Scotland*.

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 159, Holly Lane, West Smethwick, Birmingham.)

III.—Of the numerous rhymed lines sent in to precede or follow Young's famous line "Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," several are very good, but most are rather disappointing. The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is awarded to Mr. William James, of 4, Park Road, Merton, S.W. for the following:

TO A BELGIAN REFUGEE.

Pray Heaven may grant—to eyes that *cannot* weep—
"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

We select the best six among the other replies and specially commend for them Mary Earle (Birkdale) F. Drew (Okehampton), Agnes Glynn (Gort, Ireland), Doris Westwood (Sutton Coldfield), Jennie Morton (Croydon), J. W. Grant (Birmingham).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to Mr. G. E. Wakerley, 10, Chaworth Road, West Bridgford, Notts, for the following:

THE UN-MAKING OF EUROPE. BY PHILIP WHITWELL WILSON. (Nisbet)

Mr. Wilson's study of the War from the "unusual angle" of its effect upon "the life of nations, their finances, their ideals, their religion, their institutions" displays the practised hand of the journalist in marshalling material and presenting facts, and in addition has permanent value as a concise summary of events which presaged the war, its naval and military policies, its social, political and financial developments, its effect upon neutral nations. The present volume carries the record to Christmas, with a promise of continuation, and we look forward to a further instalment of this history of these tragic months.

We also select for printing:

ON THE FIGHTING LINE. BY CONSTANCE SMEDLEY. (Putnam)

All "bachelor women" should read this story, for it appeals to all women who know anything of the struggle for existence, and none can help admiring Minette's brave efforts to keep her head above water. Her friends are varied and various, and are sketched by a discriminating hand, the writer evidently delighting in "types." The description of the provincial household in a small country town is inimitable, and there are countless passages which provide keenest enjoyment. One is quite sure

that Minnette and Jack will "live happy ever after," and one is thankful that Minette got the best at last!

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

TYPES OF CHRISTIAN SAINTLINESS. BY W. R. INGE. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

One of the most remarkable features of contemporary thought is the revival of interest in the mystical elements of religion. No one has done more to foster this interest, and to give it intelligent guidance, than the Dean of St. Paul's, whose books bear the evidences of sound scholarship and deep spirituality. In this small volume he indicates what he considers to be the chief characteristics of the type of saintliness produced by Catholic, Protestant, and Liberal Christianity, and his treatment of the subject, which is surely unique, combines a candid criticism with a reverent appreciation.

(Douglas Harrison, 9, North Street, Bromley, Kent.)

THE STORM DOG. BY LILIAN ARNOLD. (John Long)

This is a story of the land of Tre, Pol, and Pen, and to those readers who are familiar with the delectable Duchy it makes interesting reading, for the descriptive writing is highly commendable. The writer knows her locale, and the plot develops along lines consistent with the scenario. But it is, perhaps, too melodramatic to find popular favour, and the *dénouement* leaves one quite unsatisfied. The characters are well sustained, one in particular, that of the hypocritical old parson, being cleverly limned. The story turns on the marriage of a young and headstrong girl, and the inevitable unhappiness which usually follows such marriages.

(Arthur B. Longbottom, 31, Gerard Street, Derby.)

ALLWARD. BY E. S. STEVENS. (Mills and Boon.)

"Allward" is a book of the open air, bringing to the restless mind of to-day, a soothing atmosphere of sunshine and wind—a scent of bog-myrtle, and green living things. How a world-worn man, possessed of the "Wunderlust," threw in his lot with the "travellers" of the New Forest, and lost his heart to a winsome gypsy girl, is told with conviction, and a real knowledge of the lore of the Romany, who lives at the very heart of nature. The tense interest never flags, while the vivid story in its picturesque setting has the charm of the unusual.

(Lucy Chamberlain, Plas Brith, Llandudno, N.W.)

THE BLIND SPOT. BY JUSTUS MILES FORMAN. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

This is a tale of modern New York society. Two men. One a social reformer, clever, plausible, and making some noise in his world. The other leading an apparently useless life, wasting his wealth and his opportunities. Linda Grey, weighing the two men in the balances, finds Copley Latimer sadly wanting, and becomes engaged to the reformer. She bravely abides by her choice until the reputation he has built up crashes in ruins round his feet—and hers. He had been wanting in one thing, love for his fellow-men which Linda discovers to be Copley Latimer's redeeming virtue.

(A. Eleanor Pinnington, 25, Wellington Road, Brighton.)

We also select for special commendation the twenty reviews by Hugh W. Strong (Whitley Bay), Miss Jackson (Beverley), Miss H. M. Barrow (Wandsworth), Arthur Davidson (Nairn), Katherine J. Wood (Birmingham), K. B. Krishnamurti (S. India), W. Hamilton (London, W.), Mrs. C. Murray (Christchurch, N.Z.), Octavia Teale (Worcester Park), K. Fisher (Warwick), D. Noble (Newcastle), A. W. Jay (Devonport), Catharine M. Ritchie (Merstham), F. Webster (Walworth), Olive Gillespie (Wetherby), Archibald J. Hayden (Mansfield), Marie Russell (Glasgow), Sidney H. Crowther (Lindley), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), Miss Hurst (Ramsgate).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss Emily Kington, Ardblair Castle, Blairgowrie, Perthshire.

New Books.

A PROFESSOR OF ENERGY.*

Mr. Rudyard Kipling was, some eight years after the Indian Mutiny, born in Bombay, in which city his father, Mr. John Lockwood Kipling, was at the time of his son's birth Professor of Architectural Sculpture in the School of Art. In his sixth year the boy was sent home to England, and remained in the charge of a relative at Southsea until he went to the United Service College, Westward Ho! in 1871. School-days over, he returned to India and obtained a post in Lahore on the *Civil and Military Gazette*, retaining his journalistic connection with that paper until, five years afterwards, he became assistant editor of the *Pioneer*, the most influential of the many ably-conducted papers of India. No inconsiderable number of the stories of Indian life which have since made their author famous in England, the Colonies, America, and on the Continent, first made their appearance in the columns of the *Civil and Military Gazette*. It was some time after his reputation had been established in India that Mr. Kipling's stories were brought to the notice of people at home. His first introduction to them synchronised with the period when the *Æsthetes* were claiming public attention. Of this period Mr. Falls writes:

"It was a tired world, very ready to die, that Mr. Kipling demolished. It was the easier to kill [in] that its life was rather a reflection of life than life itself, a beautiful mirage set in an ugly desert, a fantastic pleasure walled in from the world as one of mere rottenness and decay betokens blindness or affectation. This school had its philosophy, and it was not a mean philosophy. It produced Wilde's delightful play, 'The Importance of Being Earnest,' one of the finest pure comedies in modern English literature; his witty and often really wise 'Essays,' his 'Sphinx and Salome.' It produced a whole sheaf of minor poetry and at least one poet, Mr. Arthur Symonds, whose best work does not deserve the adjective. It produced, as its most typical flowers, the pallid women, soaked in sin, and the fat, leering rakes of Aubrey Beardsley. And its fact and fume, the fever of Dowson, and the savagery of Craven Thorpe, were fitting enough in a querulous age that was beginning to enquire whether the glories of the reign of Victoria the Good did not mask too many things that were far from being glorious."

The æsthetic movement was unoriginal, its ideas being borrowed from the Pre-Raphaelites, from Pater, and from the French Symbolists. It was also un-English. Mr. Kipling's work, on the other hand, was both original and English to the core. It may be that he did not set out intentionally to oppose and counteract the movement, but such in effect was the result of his writings. Mr. Kipling, as the author tells us, "laughed at Art with a capital A, representing the devil as requiring of every work of man's hands: 'It's pretty, but is it Art?' " That attitude may, and doubtless did, eventually, influence him, but at the outset he wrote as his genius dictated to him. The heroes of his stories did not bother their heads about Art either with a big or a little A. They were sent out to India, either as civilians or as soldiers, to do their work, and how well

and efficiently they accomplished their task Mr. Kipling knows quite well. No writer other than he has brought home to the people at home so vividly the significance of the work accomplished by those in the public services under circumstances and conditions often so irksome, laborious, disheartening and perilous as might dismay all but the stoutest hearts. Energy in any shape or form calls forth Mr. Kipling's greatest admiration. He has been called the Professor of Energy.

Mr. Fall's monograph is a very welcome addition to the excellent series of critical studies of modern writers published by Mr. Martin Secker. Its author has studied his subject thoroughly, and on every page of the book there is ample evidence of sound judgment and critical acumen. The style is admirable. The opening and concluding chapters are specially to be commended. The greater portion of the work is devoted to a study of the short stories which made Mr. Kipling's reputation in the past, and on which his fame in the future will chiefly be based. Mr. Falls is of opinion that Mr. Kipling is the best writer of short stories in the language, and not many critics will be disposed to dispute the truth or justice of that judgment. The British soldier and the junior officers of the Army have never had a greater champion than their panegyrist, and his soldier tales and "Barrack-Room Ballads" have done much to promote a more sympathetic attitude of the general public towards that much maligned and misunderstood individual—Tommy Atkins. But that attitude has been of somewhat tardy growth. No one in these times would dare to say one word against that worthy individual, but one is wroth to think that the appreciation should have been so long delayed.

Mr. Kipling's literary activities have not been confined to writing stories. He is also a poet, some of whose poems will live. In addition, he has written novels, one of which—"Kim"—may be called great, and if he is not the originator of the idea of Imperialism, at least he has borne a noble part in accentuating and emphasizing it. And the present upheaval with which we are confronted leaves no possibility for doubt that the idea of Imperialism is a living and mighty thing, linking the Mother Country with her virile and valiant sons of the near and distant colonies—one in blood for the most part, but, for the time being, one most assuredly in aim and object, strong to shock "the three corners of the world in arms."



Drawn by Hablot K. Browne.

The meeting in Delamore Forest.

From Alnsworth's 'Merwyn Clitheroe.'

* "Rudyard Kipling: A Critical Study." By Cyril Falls. 7s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

We cannot better end this inadequate review of Mr. Falls' intensely interesting and well-written critical study than by quoting his summing up of Mr. Kipling's style :

"Mr. Kipling is not a master of uniformly beautiful prose such as --to take widely different examples--Addison, Goldsmith, Pater, or Mr. Thomas Hardy, but there are to be found, particularly in his later work, passages of a grace and charm that cannot be surpassed. Apart from this, he has at his command a vigour of phrase, a power of compression, a mastery of the weighty short sentence, a gift of 'working up' a situation by means of a few deft touches, that set him alone among the writers of to-day."

S. BUTTERWORTH.

POETS AND AN ANTHOLOGY.

The Poet Laureate has done English literature a service in rescuing a precious thing, which might otherwise have been lost, in the poetry of Digby Dolben.¹ This "wondrous boy," who died--accidentally drowned--at the age of nineteen years, left behind him a certain number of poems, two or three of which should find a place in all the anthologies as belonging to what the judgment that is for ever going on oblivious of the contemporary critics will sift out and set aside for the great treasury of English literature. Digby Dolben was deeply concerned with religion. It seems to us now a strange thing that boys of fifteen and younger--a group of Eton boys--could be found to whom the primary and essential interest in their lives was not so much religion as the discussion of religion. It was the after-wash of the Oxford Movement. There was a great awaking in the Anglican Establishment. The Oxford undergraduates of Newman's "Loss and Gain" who, on their daily walks, discussed religion endlessly, were in the making in these Eton boys. Digby Dolben had much in common with Lionel Johnson. One discovers in him the same passionate interest in liturgy and ceremonial which was characteristic of Lionel Johnson. Reading Mr. Bridges' Memoir, one feels that Digby Dolben in these days would have been unmercifully ragged. To be sure, the white blackbird has always a more or less bad time among his normal brethren; but one finds no hint that Digby Dolben suffered at all at the hands of his schoolfellows, although the authorities at Eton found themselves obliged to take notice of his unorthodoxy. The Memoir is in a sense more enjoyable for its little bits of the Eton life in the early 'sixties than for its revelation of the poet, to whom it gives a freakish air which can hardly have been apparent to Mr. Bridges in those far-off days, since the loyalty of his friendship is undoubted. Digby Dolben was a boy of extraordinary promise. For performance he has left us a few poems which might have been written by Southwell. "Homo Factus Est," "In the Garden," "On the Picture of an Angel"--these have the authentic ecstasies, and ensure to this boy of nineteen a place in the starry procession of the English poet.

Digby Dolben had not the temper of the true mystic. His poetry is a singing of the joys and delights of religion. In a manner, the mystic conceals himself and hides his soul even when he is revealing it. Rabindranath Tagore has translated into English the ecstasies of an Indian mystic, Kabir,² and Mrs. Evelyn Underhill has written a preface for it. The difference between Kabir and Digby Dolben is that whereas one was curiously and deeply interested in the inner and the outer matters of religion and desired to share his thoughts and feelings with everyone he met, Kabir is a solitary who sits within the places of his own soul while the spirit pours from his lips. It is to say the essential difference between the East and the West. The spirit might have listened to Kabir,

"Make me thy lyre even as the forest is."

This book of ecstasy, which is never tired of praising and

¹ "Poems by Digby Dolben." Edited, with a Memoir by Robert Bridges. 1s. 6d. net. (Humphry Milford: Oxford University Press.)

² "Kabir's Poems." Translated by Rabindranath Tagore. 4s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

seeking after God, is a new delight not only for the lover of poetry, but for the Christian mystic as well. Kabir drank at the same fount of living waters as the mystic in all times, from the Psalmist to Thomas à Kempis, from St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross to A. E.

Doubtless this war will make many mystics, for it forces the world back on God. Here is a collection, calling itself "Song in the Night: A Little Anthology of Love and Death,"³ put together by Mary Warrack, which is for this hour and day when the call, "Come unto Me all ye who mourn" is answered by many a stricken heart. The little book is full of healing. It is beautifully illustrated by that truly spiritual artist, Mrs. Traquair. This collection is made by one who has the true touch for beauty and nobility in literature, and it will bring comfort to many a one who is "in the night." The book is being sold for the benefit of the Everyman Fund for Belgian Relief and Reconstruction.

The fantastically-named "Enchanted Tulips"⁴ is a book of verses for children by A. and E. Keary, who have already given proof that they possess the enchanter's wand for young people. This book of children's verses escapes one or two pitfalls into which the maker of such books usually falls. It is not the least bit in the world reminiscent of "A Child's Garden," with that everlasting amused eye of the grown-up upon the child. It is only just as humorous as the child chooses to be. And it is just as grave as the child chooses to be. Indeed, there is a great deal of charm and real poetry in these verses for children, as though a child wrote for a child.

"Poems,"⁵ by Maurice Maeterlinck, one cannot help feeling, must have suffered much in the process of translation; or, if they have not, then the poems are immature; or perhaps Maeterlinck's poetry finds its true vehicle of expression in prose. The calm and lucent beauty that makes "The Treasure of the Humble" an immortal delight is absent from the poems, much as they interest one because they bear the magic name. Mr. Miall has, one feels sure, approached his task of translation in all reverence. He pleads that his rendering is at least faithful. But--are faithful translations of poetry most desirable? When one considers the very few translations that rank as high as the original, it cannot be said that they are faithful. It takes a genius to translate a genius; and then it is the spirit of the thing that counts, and not the formal words and expressions. Mr. Miall is most satisfactory in those Japanese-like short lyrics at the end of the book, each with its little tragic suggestion of the soul or the heart. The unrest of M. Maeterlinck's youth, when he craved for liberty and the world seemed sick, is interesting, because it is his. One's complaint of the translation is not that it is not careful and worthy, but that it lacks charm.

Mr. Laurence Atkinson's "Avra"⁶ does not lack a sense of beauty in thought or in words, but Heaven has not endowed him with an ear. The queer staccato lines of his verses are most disconcerting to anyone possessed of a lyric sense:

"Black the dress
Of the lady
At the table.
And the shadow
Of her form
Makes rude incursion
On the ivory-calm walls
Of the dim-lit room."

This may have the pictorial sense, but oh, most assuredly it has not the sense of singing. Yet the little volume has somehow a sense of beauty about it that makes one wish

³ "Song in the Night: A Little Anthology of Love and Death." Chosen by Mary Warrack. 2s. 6d. net. (De La More Press.)

⁴ "Enchanted Tulips." By A. and E. Keary. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

⁵ "Poems." By Maurice Maeterlinck. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

⁶ "Avra." By Lawrence Atkinson. 3s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Anthony Trollope.

that Mr. Atkinson would learn his art and give us pleasing things.

"The wind is hurrying,
Hurrying to the forest.
You can hear them—the pines—
As they whisper each
The coming.
And their violet shadows
See them tremble.
They also know . . .
And I alone
Amidst the forest of my dreams."

Mr. Atkinson might do better things, one judges from this extract.

The author of "From the Lowest Slopes" has the gift of humility, and it may be that the humble enter in and possess the land. And so on the lower slopes of Parnassus this humble lover of poetry has gathered a handful of modest flowers which smell sweetly and give pleasure to the discerning eye.

James Rhoades has long since won his position as a poet of dignified accomplishment, and his "Words by the Wayside" will recall to many a one that we still have with us this singer after a great tradition. This is the Victorian music, the stately music that is heard in college cloisters and in places where life walks with dignity and is not overmuch concerned with the clamorous crowd. Mr. Rhoades has known so well how to abstain from the publication of his poetry that one is almost startled coming upon this book in which there are many commemorative poems, bringing us down even to the days of the Great War. Mr. Rhoades' diction is always stately when the occasion deserves stateliness, but it can be gay and charming as well. Altogether a worthy book in the best sense of worth.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

SEEING IT THROUGH.*

This war, of course, is a bad and bloody business, but it has done one incalculably good service already in opening the eyes of people all the world over to perception of the things that really matter. This may seem a very banal remark, but it is compelled by the opening pages of Mr. Adcock's interesting book, which recall the condition of domestic quarrel in which the British Empire was seething last July, and on which the German Head quarters Staff certainly counted as a factor in the speedy success they expected. Labour troubles had reached an acute point at home, and in South Africa were straining the relations between the Imperial and the Colonial parliaments; India was embroiled with Canada over the emigrant question; militant suffragettes were paralysing the civil authority; Welsh Disestablishment was splitting the Churches; Ireland was on the brink of civil war. Then the war cloud swept up, the enemy struck, "and in a flash all our discords ended, and the whole British Empire, united as it had never been united before, rose out of chaos and stood four-square against the common danger." The Germans were mightily surprised; we ourselves were, a little, and at first. But the surprise affected the two Empires very differently. In Germany it developed the hatred which is epitomised in the famous tag "God punish England,"—an innuendo of fear, inasmuch as it suggests that Germany will be unable to do so,—and in England it developed a confident courage which is bent on "seeing it through." The difference between the two empires is essential and vital, and, suddenly confronted with a plain issue, every man and every woman in the British Empire dropped personal interests and hurried to strike a blow for principles. In a stirring introductory poem Mr. Adcock shows

* "From the Lowest Slopes." By Clare Martin. 2s. 6d. (Humphreys.)

* "Words by the Wayside." By James Rhoades. 3s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

* "Seeing it Through." By A. St. John Adcock. 1s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

them gathering from every corner of the world, and summarises the contents of his book:

"These are they who, called to arms,
Came from shops, and desks, and farms—
Men of Peace while Peace was with us,
Men of war at war's alarms!
Swift the warning message ran
To the Empire's farthest span,
And they rose for England's honour,
Armed for love of God and man.

They have nothing there to gain
On the thunderous battle-plain
But the saving of the nations
That a tyrant would enchain;
They have seen the wrongs he wrought,
And, undriven and unbought,
Go to fight again for Freedom
As of old their fathers fought. . . ."

Those two verses are a fairly complete summary of the contents of the book. The story of how Britain answered the call is told in a series of pictures of "things seen," touched in with the deftness and vividness and appreciation of values that are characteristic of Mr. Adcock's work. But the story is not all that is worth noting in the book. There are definite, considered opinions on such matters as the necessity or advisability of conscription, the idea of nationality, and racial temperament, which give this unassuming volume a real value. Light, even cheery, in style, it has a steady sanity of thought that communicates the "courage armed with confidence" that belongs to ripe maturity.

C. M.

DOSTOEVSKY.*

The excellent enterprise of a complete Dostoevsky in English proceeds apace. Within little more than two years five lengthy volumes have appeared, totalling among them not far short of three thousand pages. We are astonished both at the liberality of the publisher, who gives so much for such a moderate price, and at the courage of Mrs. Garnett, who treads with such ease and assiduity the hard way of translators. The propagation, among English readers, of these intense enlightening novels in a form so cheap and so excellent is an enterprise that calls for very high admiration. I venture, however, to repeat the suggestion I made when the first volume appeared—that a list of the characters with the variants of their names should be appended. There are precedents for this in the old Tolstoy translations, and in some recent editions of Dickens. The stage of Dostoevsky is not remarkably crowded, it is true; but readers unused to Russian novels do find the names rather puzzling. The suggestion of a list arises not so much from my own fancy as from the complaints of some whom I have persuaded to read these actual translations. Mrs. Garnett once tried the bold experiment of dropping the feminine affix, and calling (for instance) the wife of Karénin "Karénin" instead of "Karénina." Perhaps a translator bolder still will drop the Russian formalities altogether, and give us something like the Western simplicity of address.

Anything that tends to make straight the way of the reader is to be desired, for Dostoevsky is certainly hard—hard through the high level, not of his intellectual plane, but of his emotional plane. "Diana of the Crossways" is not easy to read, because its highly elaborate expression of ideas makes many demands on the reader's intelligence; "Crime and Punishment" is not easy to read, because its intense expression of deeply troubled soul-states exhausts, by sympathy, the reader's feelings. Emotional activity is as tiring as intellectual activity. You may laugh or cry yourself as exhausted as any brainwork will leave you. It is this peculiar intensity of Dostoevsky's that makes him trying and tiring to read. You share Raskolnikov's terror; you long to hurry to the crisis of his agony; but,

* The Novels of Fyodor Dostoevsky: "The Idiot"; "The Possessed"; "Crime and Punishment"; "The House of the Dead." Translated by Mrs. Constance Garnett. 3s. 6d. net each. (Heinemann.)



Drawn by Hubert K. Browne.

Death's Revel.

From "Phiz and Dickens," by Edgar Browne (Nisbet).

like him, you are exhausted by suffering, and have to pause through sheer weariness. "Crime and Punishment" has one of the most terribly fascinating plots that novelist ever conceived, and such scenes as Sonia's reading of the Gospel and the lawyer's private appeal to Raskolnikov are scarcely to be equalled for intensity. However, just as Raskolnikov after his confession found peace of mind at last in his Siberian prison, so the reader who has shared the young student's suffering will turn with relief to such a book as "The House of the Dead," which, though it abounds in scenes of horror native to a convict prison, exhibits also the soul of goodness in things evil. The text of Dostoevsky's other books might be, "We men are also sinners"; the text of this might be, "We sinners are also men."

"The House of the Dead" has the special interest of being a direct transcript of Dostoevsky's own experience as a convict, just as the narrative of Myshkin, in the early chapters of "The Idiot," describes what Dostoevsky himself suffered when he was brought out on that awful winter morning to be executed, as he believed, but actually to be reprieved, as he stood stripped, awaiting the shots. "The House of the Dead" has yet another quality by way of relief: it is simple. It is the narrative of a prisoner describing his place of torment and his fellow-sufferers; so it is to use the inevitable word, more "objective" than the books that explicate the complex psychology of sick souls. The defect of any psychological analysis is that it tends to obscurity, and Dostoevsky cannot escape paying the price of his qualities. "The Idiot" and "The Possessed" are both obscure. In the former, Myshkin, simple, loveable, almost Christ-like in character, is expressly termed the "idiot" because of his epilepsy (another touch of autobiography), and his childish innocence of nature.

This is as well; for otherwise the puzzled reader might wonder which, precisely, among the crowd of apparent mad folk in the story the author chose for his titular idiot. The paradox of the book is the sanifying influence of the supposed idiot. He passes among the struggling, writhing, excited crowd of alleged sane people, and calms one, leads another, restrains a third, and so on, and when, in the end, one wild creature has murdered the woman he adored, it is the "idiot" who comes and keeps a dreadful vigil with the unhappy wretch, watching in silence by the dead. Such a subject does not make for clarity; and when to this real difficulty there is added an exuberance of detail imperfectly sublimed to the general design, the effect is certainly puzzling to the kind of reader who desires no more from a novel than he gets from a cigar and a liqueur after dinner.

Our own Dickens, beloved of us as Dostoevsky is of his countrymen, has, beyond almost any writer, the mastery of detail that Dostoevsky lacks. The canvas of Dickens is crowded indeed, but every stroke is put on with the touch of a supreme craftsman. In Dickens nothing is wasted. The most extravagant of artists in one sense, he is, in another, the greatest master of artistic economy. But Dostoevsky is carried away by the sheer delight of elaborating his detail, and lets his main design suffer; just as Dickens (on the side of matter) is carried away sometimes by his missionary spirit, and over-emphasises his colour. Dostoevsky is sometimes confused, but he never sophisticates even for the humanest of reasons. Dickens and Dostoevsky both pitied nobly the "poor folk" of the world; but in Dostoevsky the pity is an artistic emotion, in Dickens an artistic motive. Compare the death of the Chancery prisoner in "Pickwick" with the death of the



Drawn by Hubert K. Browne.

Death's Banquet.

From "Phiz and Dickens," by Edgar Browne (Nisbet).

consumptive convict in "The House of the Dead," and you will see the difference. The purpose of Dickens is so noble that you forgive him his melodrama; in Dostoevsky there is nothing to forgive. He, great artist by instinct, knew in such moments when to hold his hand. The character of Marmeladov is another instance of his restraint. You see this drunken, drivelling, tearful waster for a few moments only. He has every quality of the comic drunkard; yet Dostoevsky sets him down without a touch of excess, neither laughing at his drunken extravagance nor sentimentalising over his wretched end. The result is a moving piece of perfect literary art, reminding us (as we need to be reminded sometimes) that even in lowly subjects beauty is truth, and truth beauty.

GEORGE SAMIPSON.

A BRILLIANT FIRST NOVEL.*

The author of "Peter Paragon" is the well-known dramatic critic of *The Saturday Review*, and if in any man you may expect a cynical and disillusioned attitude towards life, you may expect it from the critic turned novelist. Youth, with its compromising enthusiasms and truculent censures, has long been hunted remorselessly out of critical work, for your critic knows too well that editors require old heads on young shoulders. To his abounding credit, Mr. John Palmer stands for something better in criticism than level-headedness, and in his first novel he has borrowed prodigally from his youth instead of trying to repress it. It may be that his memories of youth are not very ancient. At any rate, they are fully charged with ardour and sensitiveness, and the reader who is not too old at forty will find that Peter, in his hasty stumblings on love, provides an interpretation of adolescent experiences which, in the case of most of us, the perspective of memory has made precise, but which time has made impersonal and difficult to relate to the present. Peter Paragon in his twenties thought more of love than of anything else; love alone was urgent and clamorous. His problem was to reconcile physical and spiritual passion; on the face of things it seemed simple enough to separate them; where so many women were attractive, surely there could not be only one, to be sought like a needle in a haystack, who could satisfy both. If Peter was virtuous it was not because he was in love with the idea of virtue; there was in him, however, a fastidious aversion from being fobbed off with the second-best in love, while the best could still be rapturously imagined. The "incident," while a vision of ideal love lasted, was not tolerable, though it persisted in presenting itself glamorously as an expedient.

I am not quite satisfied with Mr. Palmer's solution of his hero's difficulty. After tentative ventures with other women, Peter's first love, Miranda, appears miraculously from an ocean tomb to marry him. It is not the miracle I object to; this casual disregard for probabilities is not so much lack of inventiveness as contempt for literary tricks; but I do not think that Peter, in the last chapter, has developed far enough for his ideal marriage. Miranda is going to make him a perfect wife, but he does not yet quite deserve such luck. Mr. Palmer has solved the burning problem of youth with an accident: he pitchforks Peter into the ideal love before Peter realises the nature of his ideal. Life may do these easy, banal things, but the novelist must not. Peter is an engaging young man who deserves to be happy in the long run, and of course a book must have an end, but I want to see him working out his own salvation by discovering the true romance of reality after all his illusions about it have been shattered.

In a review as short as this it is only possible to suggest, as allusively as possible, the rareness of Mr. Palmer's sympathy with youth. His book has other virtues, virtues of style and sanity and humour, and his Oxford is perfect in its

* "Peter Paragon: A Tale of Youth." By John Palmer. 6s. (Martin Secker.)

malice. There are some faults too. His political world is false, and it has no right to be false. But the balance marks "Peter Paragon" as an exceptionally fine novel, and arouses the highest hopes of Mr. Palmer's next.

O. R. D.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.*

It is some years now since Mr. John H. Ingram gave us in "Christopher Marlowe and his Associates" an admirable study of the life and work of the first of our great dramatists, and it was a happy selection on the part of the editor of Messrs. Harrap's "Poetry and Life" series that set him to write this interesting little book on "Marlowe and his Poetry," which combines biography and poetry in the best way, seeking to show how the life of the dramatist influenced his work, throwing sidelights on his character out of the utterances of the imaginary men and women of his creation, as in "Faustus," where there can be little doubt that Faustus's self-communings express the doubts and ambitions that were Marlowe's own and that led to his abandoning the career of the Church upon which he had entered.

Mr. Ingram is, it is needless to say, of the true faith; his appreciation of Marlowe's genius is sure and high; he discriminates, but his criticisms are always sound, and he has a noble gift of praising in no uncertain strain the fine things both in Marlowe's poetry and in his personality. His glowing praise of "Hero and Leander," and the passages he quotes from it should send new readers to enjoy all there is of that immortal fragment. Even those who have no acquaintance with Marlowe, and there are such unfortunates, can hardly read this thoughtful story of his life and the well-chosen selections from his plays and poems that are scattered through it without feeling that Mr. Ingram is justified of his assertion that the death of such a poet at the age of twenty-nine "was the greatest loss English literature ever suffered." In a word, this is a most desirable addition to an altogether excellent series.

DRAKE IN THE PACIFIC.†

In reading the more or less obscured lives of the great dead, one is often tempted to wonder how much we should change our opinions on this or that man or woman if we only knew the whole truth of them. Naturally some heroic figures would come down to a more ordinary level; and that fact would give us pause, even if we could have all the dark corners lit up. For, just as there would be pleasure in knowing that some of the Neros and Messalinas were not so black as Time's deep shadows and half-lines have left them, so we should be sorry to discover that most of our gods and goddesses of romance were just as earthy in their several ways as the Olympians were in their material loves and hates.

It was with such thoughts and fears at work that I, for one, opened these pages of fresh illumination on the first of our great empire-builders. But the fears passed away. The fiery, fiddling Devonian remains the same enthralling figure that "singed the King of Spain's beard" in that King's own harbour, and was ready to try to do it again. The same? No, not quite. He comes out even better than of old. We have grown accustomed to look on him as rather a rough sea-dog—boisterous, like to the waters over which he roamed in such devil-may-care a style, with the none too polished manners of his day, and the feeling of one who had a bone to pick with every Spanish craft he met. And every other vessel—if not more—in the Atlantic and Pacific was a Spaniard at that time; hence so much picking of very meaty bones on his part. And—

* "Marlowe and His Poetry." By John H. Ingram. 1s. net. (Harrap.)

† "New Light on Drake: A Collection of Documents Relating to His Voyage of Circumnavigation, 1577-1580." Translated and Edited by Zelia Nuttall. Illustrated by a Map and Plates. (The Hakluyt Society.)

as Mrs. Nuttall has discovered, amongst other things, by dint of infinite pains—it was over one such that he came out so much more a gentleman than it has been the common habit to regard him.

He had seized on one da Silva, a Portuguese, who knew the coasts of South America, and compelled him to be his pilot. It was by this means that Drake passed through Magellan's Straits into the Pacific. Of Englishmen, "he was the first that ever burst into" that unpacific ocean. Nor was he there long—after having weathered a severe gale that drove him far down south—before he began to take that toll of King Philip's treasure-ships, which he took so often and so freely, in return for what had been taken from him nine years before. Amongst the vessels plundered off the West Coast on that occasion was the *Nuestra Señora de la Concepcion*. Her master, one San Juan de Anton, had the misfortune to approach Drake after sunset, under the impression that his was a Chilean vessel. Drake immediately laid alongside him, shot away his mizzen-mast, drove his crew below with a volley from arquebuses, then boarded him, shouting that they were Englishmen, and commanding the Spaniard to strike sail. San Juan could not believe that an Englishman had found his way into the Pacific: but, when it was all over, was taken aboard the *Golden Hind*—re-christened from *Pelican* for the sake of luck, after a series of disasters. Drake, then "removing his helmet and coat of mail," embraced the Spaniard and said, "I have patience; for such is the usage of war." All the same, Drake relieved him of some 400,000 pesos in bars, reals and gold, 106,000 of which belonged to his Majesty of Spain. In fact, according to the documents discovered by Mrs. Nuttall, San Juan's sworn deposition being amongst them

"The sum total of the gold and silver that this English Corsair took in the South Sea, between the port of Valparaiso, where he plundered the *Capitana* named 'Los Reyes,' and the Cape of San Francisco, where he robbed San Juan de Anton, amounts to 447,000 pesos in coin, without counting the value of much porcelain, jewels of gold and silver, precious stones, and some pearls, as well as stuffs and vituals. The damage done to the ships which he set adrift in the gulf (he made several captures between the two mentioned above) together with what he seized in the bark of Chilca, which was worth more than 2,000 pesos, has been unanimously estimated as being of another 100,000 pesos. No estimate has been made of the many small things that he took in different places"—such as "the vituals he wanted and two casks of water, tackle, sails, canvas and a cable" from San Juan's carrack.

He had lost three vessels since he left Plymouth; but this was not a bad piece of work to make up for them. No wonder that Drake then got rid of his Portuguese pilot, and kept away to the nor-nor'-west, with the intention of returning home by China. He did not reach so far east, however, but he had the pride and satisfaction of being knighted by Queen Bess on his vessel's deck at Deptford, when he came back. Of course, we already knew much of that voyage—Drake's fifth to the West, and his third with himself as commander of the squadron. But the narratives left by Cooke, Cliffe and others were fragmentary and rather conflicting. Now Mrs. Nuttall's discoveries in the Mexican national archives and in those of Spain and Portugal, link up the pieces until we have a fairly connected whole; the main "find" being the log that Nuño da Silva kept of the fifteen months he spent as a prisoner aboard Drake's ship. This he afterwards supplemented, in a way, by two detailed narratives, which were made and sworn to before Spanish and Portuguese authorities. One point that had never been cleared up properly was whether or not Drake had any written command from the Queen as to this, his greatest, expedition. It was raised when Drake tried Doughty for mutiny, and had him executed, and has been the subject of contentions ever since. Now we know, from da Silva's testimony, made under oath in a Mexican prison, that Drake was furnished with a royal "comysnyon." Students of Elizabethan times, and writers on Drake in particular, will always be deeply in the debt of Mrs. Nuttall.

J. E. PATTERSON.

JANE CLEGG.*

Mr. Ervine is a playwright of considerable experience belonging to the modern Irish school, who deliberately ignore the heroic or the sentimental and paint life as it is. He has the true dramatic sense, his style as becomes his subjects is studiously simple; and his work has enough literary form to be worth reading. He dedicates this play to Bernard Shaw, nevertheless it does not belong to the Shaw school, for it is concerned with an entirely human topic; it's theme is not a problem in sociology or ethics, but a story of the clash of temperaments. The plot is confined to three days, in which the outcome of past actions is seen to come to a head.

Henry Clegg is a commercial traveller, a good-natured fellow: the kind of man of whom people say "he is his own worst enemy"; his wife has seen through him, has pardoned much for the sake of the children, but cannot forgive, and her love has well nigh died, but she keeps things going. Henry gambles, keeps a mistress, and to extricate himself from his difficulties cashes a cheque belonging to his firm. The cashier calls upon him for an explanation, at the same time the "bookie" to whom he is in debt appears. Everything then comes out, his various lies and excuses are all exposed. His wife gives up some of her money (for the sake of the children) that he may get off to Canada and his good name be preserved. As she is saying farewell she calls him an absolute rotter, to which he replies, making some sort of apology:

"I don't know. I'm not a bad chap, really. I'm just weak. I'd be all right if I had a lot of money and a wife that wasn't better than I am. . . . I ought to have married a woman like myself, or a bit worse. That's what Kitty is. She's worse than I am, and that sort of makes me love her. It's different with you. I always feel mean here. Yes, I am mean, I know that, but it makes me meaner than I really am to be living with you. Do you understand, Jane? Somehow the me an things I do don't amount to much. I can't tell 'em to you or carry 'em off as if they weren't mean, and I do meaner things to cover them up. That's the way of it. I don't act like that with Kitty."

After a study of these modern "psychological" plays we are confirmed in our view that their subjects are better fitted for the novel than the stage. That the authors themselves feel this is shown by so many of them turning with success to the larger scope given by prose fiction.

A. H. J.

WILLIAM MORRIS†

These two last volumes of the Collected Works of William Morris are among the most interesting of the twenty-four; the twenty-fourth, containing chiefly unpublished verses of the early and middle periods, will be for some quite the most interesting of all. The twenty-third also contains practically new things, not only letters from Morris in Wales, France and Italy, interwoven with Miss May Morris's introduction, but certain unpublished lectures, tracts, and articles, on Socialism, not included in "Signs of Change," or "Architecture, Industry, and Wealth," with which they are here printed. These papers, "How I became a Socialist," etc., are valuable as containing Morris's pronouncements on subjects dear to him, still more so as being full of those accidental self-revelations of which Morris, with all his articulateness, was capable to the last.

A mere enumeration and briefest description of the new-old poems in the twenty-fourth volume would fill this page. Briefly, they are the "Scenes from the Fall of Troy" ("Helen arming Paris," etc.), and some "Arthurian," and other pieces also belonging to the period of "The Defence of Guinevere," and already quoted by Miss Morris in her

* "Jane Clegg: A Play in Three Acts" By St. John Ervine. 1s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

† "Collected Works of William Morris: 'Signs of Change,' 'Lectures on Socialism' (Vol. XXIII.), 'Scenes from the Fall of Troy' and other Poems (Vol. XXIV.)." With Introduction by his daughter, May Morris. 24 vols. £12 12s. (Longmans.)

notes to an earlier volume—"The Wanderers," a suppressed introduction to "The Earthly Paradise," more than 2,000 lines long, in octosyllabic four-line stanzas; "The Story of Aristomenes" and "The Story of Orpheus," which grew too weighty for "The Earthly Paradise"; the fragmentary "Wooing of Swanhild," which is part of "the growth and development of 'The Earthly Paradise' tales, and a link, too, between the frame of mind of the time and that of the later handling of the Volsung epic"; and, lastly, "The Pilgrims of Hope," of which "The Message of the March Wind" was the opening section, the best and the only one published. "Unless," says Miss Morris, "anything turns up from some unexpected quarter, all my father's pieces of early date that have any quality of beauty, or that in any way throw light on his character and ideas, have been considered"; those not even yet published have been quoted in this edition. Unless they have been destroyed, curiosity both idle and studious will ask for the whole of them.

Everyone who cares will be glad to see the work now printed from manuscript. Nearly everyone will admire Morris's judgment in rejecting it. Those portions that are as good as the published work of their period would have added to it no more than bulk. Some, undoubtedly, are inferior. The Prologue to the "Earthly Paradise" can be read now chiefly with the feeling, how good this is, how like Morris that is, but how slight is the sum of it! "Orpheus and Eurydice," which actually went to the printers as part of the "Earthly Paradise," is worse. Look at this sentence:

"With none of these our story dealeth now
But with a stranger who went to and fro
Amid the dwellings that stood round about
The wood, and hearkened tales of dark and doubt
Men told thereof, silent himself, distraught
Amid the wondering men with bitter thought
With grief untold to these, which yet our tale
Shall tell of somewhat."

It has no more principle of progressive movement than a dog has that turns round and round on a mat before lying down; and this lack is pernicious to a narrative. Look at this clause in "Swanhild":

"A man of might
Whose fortune midst all trouble did prevail."

It is equal to one moderate adjective. In "Arthur's House," again, we may say that two lines, like

"And with a sword was girt about
Such as few folk will see, I doubt,"

are equal to one adjective.

The earlier pieces are better. Morris's method was less applicable to Greek story, with its clear, hard-cut lines and plain psychology, than to Arthurian story. Helen seems the wrong person to indulge in thinking about how she will look backward, with Troy still untaken. Arthurians, not Hecuba and Paris, should have spoken these words:

"Hec. I pray you, Paris, do not speak to me
As if you would shriek presently, nor look
With such fierce eyes as if you hated me.

Par. Mother, see now why I go not to fight:
It is no use I tell you; yea, see now
Why I cannot see Helen. I loved her
And do not wish to drive her mad with fear.
If she should weep I think I should kill her."

(Nobody has troubled to find out where, if not from himself, Morris got this kind of psychology from.) The cruelty of Pyrrhus, as he comes out of the wooden house:

"In yonder house
They dream, no doubt, of walking quietly
In the sweet meads again. Shall we slay them?
I long to begin killing."

seems a bookish cruelty—or is it a fisherman's? It reminds me of the "Compleat Angler."

What I enjoy is Morris freshening the Greek story with what he knew well, not what he could come at by Arthurian broodings. I like to hear Paris say:

"Look, Helen, hence upon our walls of stone,
Our great wet ditches where the carp and tench
In spite of arblasts and petrarise
Suck at the floating lilies all day long."

Hecuba, speaking of

"Some great lord with his outlandish men
Come to our aid with many wains of corn."

and reminding Paris of

"When 'twixt the sunny houses and the sun
You rode with Helen through the streets of Troy."

Helen, putting her arm out of the window to feel the rain, and saying:

"Three hours after midnight, I should think,
And I hear nothing but the quiet rain.
The Greeks are gone."

And then Helen's song, which ends:

"Kiss me, sweet, for who knoweth
What thing cometh after death."

It finds an echo in the last page of the book, in the poem "For the bed at Kelmscott," ending:

"I am old and have seen
Many things that have been,
Both grief and peace,
And wane and increase.
No tale I tell
Of ill or well,
But thus I say,
Night treadeth on day,
And for worst and best
Right good is rest."

Morris was a strong man and knew what rest was. He admired strength, but his best writing expresses, better than action, rest, as at the end of "The Message of the March Wind," or the action, fevered or heroic, which a man can dream of when he is at rest. His narratives fail because they show admiration for action more than the sense of action itself. No date is given to the Bed poem, but it is one of his best, being not wholly his, but the folk's.

EDWARD THOMAS.

YOU NEVER KNOW YOUR LUCK.*

Sir Gilbert Parker's new novel belongs to that class of emotional stories which a woman involuntarily characterises as "charming"; it appeals also to readers of the sterner sex, because it has strength besides prettiness; it thrills no less than it charms. Above all, in Kitty Tynan it possesses a heroine as captivating and original as ever carried a story on a headlong flight of successive editions. A bewitching blend of candour, whimsicality and high spirits, Kitty is described as "a symphony in gold," her hair, cheeks, eyes, skin, laugh, voice—all are good, and she harmonises adorably with the golden carpet of wheat that spreads as far as the eye can see about the prairie town of Askatoon. Here her mother keeps a *pension*, and quite early in the story one cannot help observing that Kitty's interest, if not her heart, is very much occupied by one of the boarders who has a habit of sitting with a mysterious unopened letter before him gazing at it for minutes at a time. Shiel Crozier, the owner of the letter and the victim of an inherited passion for gambling, is a fine piece of characterisation; he may be briefly described as a matrimonial deserter separated from a wealthy and attractive young wife by pride and a broken promise, and the story tells how Kitty stifles the cry of her heart and sacrifices her own chance of happiness with Crozier by bringing together the husband and wife. And it requires all Kitty's acumen and tact and healthy disregard of conventional standards of honour (to say nothing of a neat little trick with the unopened letter) to tear down the artificial barrier that separates husband and wife.

No story of a budding Canadian town would be complete without a big land deal taking a part in it, and in "You Never Know Your Luck" with its gambling hero, we naturally get a vivid little glimpse of this method of dollar-making. "It's Kitty you can't forget," says a happy phrase on the cover, and certainly Sir Gilbert Parker has given us one of the most memorable and lovable creations

* "You Never Know Your Luck." By Sir Gilbert Parker. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

in this outspoken, buoyant figure of unselfish womanhood. Here is the refrain which throughout the story is never far from her lips :

"Whereaway goes my lad—tell me, has he gone alone ?
Never harsh word did I speak, never hurt, I gave ;
Strong he was and beautiful : like a heron he has flown—
Hereaway, hereaway will I make my grave."

MELANESIAN SOCIETY.*

For at least one of his reviewers it must be admitted that Mr. Rivers' great collection of ethnological facts, traditions, customs beliefs and practices, has proved of engrossing interest for very different reasons than those which drew him to study Melanesian society. His own purpose is a demonstration of ethnological method, and differs from that of an earlier work on the Todas, which applied scientific method to ethnographical facts, their "collection and recording." I have read only as one who loves curiosities, without method and caring nothing for results—either in certitude attained respecting Melanesian history or revision of evolutionary doctrine. Since Mr. Rivers kindly tells us, I am glad of his escape from the latter in that "crude" form which prevailed when he wrote about Todas. I am glad also that he speaks with such wise humility concerning his scheme of Melanesian history, questioning whether this will be confirmed fully by future research. It offers, unawares, an example to experts in other departments, and shall warrant an equally frank admission on my part. Had Mr. Rivers put forth his scheme as a final formulation of ethnological science respecting Melanesia, I should have accepted it almost implicitly. This is mentioned with the object of showing that there are two classes who can read these volumes, and one of them is probably larger, though much less select, than the other. In the first are ethnologists and ethnographers, to whom I leave all judgment on methods pursued, trusting that some will detest "crude evolution." I am hoping for a scientific *Mastreya* to proclaim that there is no evolution, making so much more room for a Thomist philosophy of things. But I speak as one who regards a scholastic course at Salerno or Salamanca as preferable to modern debates. There is, however, my second class, which includes all who are attracted by "curious things of the outside world." They will find themselves moving here through a strange world, but one of which they are freemen. They may forget that it is Melanesia, which comprises—without being exhausted—the Solomon Islands, the Bismarck Archipelago and the New Hebrides. They may bring away few notions on ethnological method, but if they do not reap their reward in rites of initiation, taboo, secret societies, religion and magic, they are not the men of my thinking. An admirable index shall tell them what they may miss and what they can pass over at their proper peril only. Mr. Rivers will forgive me, I hope, but amidst "strangers taken for the dead," words substituted for words, sky-homes of dead people, metathesis, possession of ghosts, ghost societies and communion with the departed, there must be numberless possible readers who, like myself, will find scant time to consider what this great ingarnering may contribute "towards the construction of a science of social psychology."

A. E. WAITE.

MR. SLADEN AND HIS CIRCLE.†

On the title page of his "Twenty Years of My Life" Mr. Douglas Sladen justly describes himself as "author of 'Who's Who.'" He was the first compiler of this useful annual, and, perhaps from some force of habit formed at that time, he seems to have written much of his reminiscences on the same principle. There are opening chapters of autobiography, telling of his life from

* "The History of Melanesian Society." By W. H. R. Rivers, F.E.S. With Maps and Illustrations. 2 vols. 36s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

† "Twenty Years of my Life." By Douglas Sladen. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

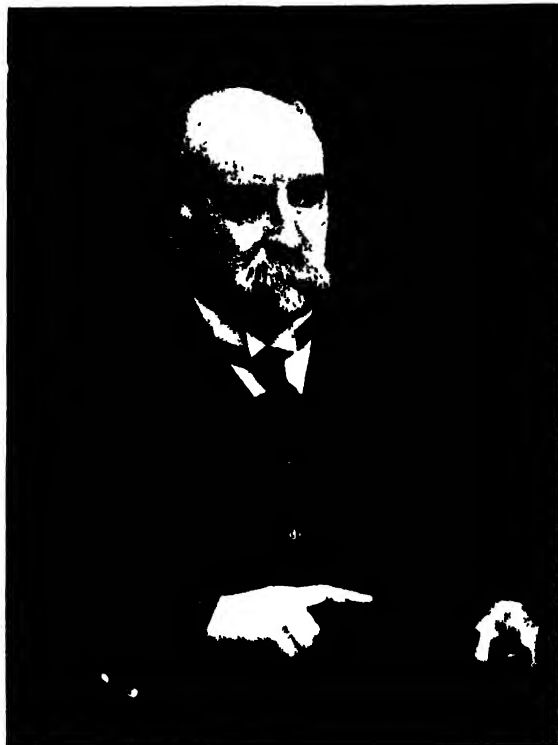


Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

Mr. Douglas Sladen.

1856 to 1888 ; then he passes to records of the at-homes at which he was wont to entertain novelists, humorists, poets, artists, and all manner of famous or interesting people, and it is here that his early "Who's Who" habit strongly asserts itself. He tells you a little about a multitude of men and women he knows or has known ; but if it is scrappy it is light and entertaining, and usually it is as much as you want to know about them. When he comes to men of more importance, or men he has known more intimately, he has more, sometimes much more, to say of them ; and, after all, this is only as it should be. The impression the book leaves upon you is that Mr. Sladen has had a very pleasant and crowded life and that the crowd has been well worth knowing. Not the least interesting part of it are the accounts of how Jerome, Zangwill, Conan Doyle, Charles Garvice, Eden Phillpotts and other well known authors came to start upon their literary careers, many of which accounts were specially contributed by the subjects of them. There are three chapters devoted to "My Novelist Friends," and others to "Other Author Friends," "My Traveller Friends," "My Actor Friends," and "My Artist Friends." It is the sort of book that you may open almost anywhere in the certainty of coming across some amusing anecdote, some entertaining fact or memorable, gossiping sidelight on the life or character of a celebrity of to-day or yesterday. There are good things in what Mr. Sladen has to say about the writing of his own books, including of course "Who's Who" ; but there are good things scattered through the volume everywhere. It is illustrated with twelve portraits and four charming colour pictures by Yoshio Markino.

C. W.

"EXTRAORDINARY MEN."*

"What most extraordinary men are these reporters !" wrote George Borrow in a passage which serves Mr. Bullard very aptly as a prelude to his excellent book. "I saw them during the three days at Paris . . . while the *mitraille* was flying in all directions. There stood they, dotting down their observations in their pocket-books as unconcernedly as if reporting a Reform meeting in Finsbury Square or Covent Garden."

Borrow himself had many of the qualifications most essential to the war-correspondent, and his life was not

* "Famous War Correspondents." By E. Lauriston Bullard. 7s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)

lacking in excitements and perils, but he might well have felt that his own career was tranquil and humdrum by comparison, and his own temperament unadventurous, had he survived to read of the feats of daring and endurance which were to win fame for some of the most "extraordinary" of the men whose character and achievements Mr. Bullard here sets forth for us. Mr. Bullard deals, in all, with about a score of the most celebrated "specials" of the last sixty years, beginning of course with Sir William Howard Russell, for so long in England the *doyen* of the profession, though not actually the pioneer in this branch of journalism, for in the war between the United States and Mexico in 1846 and 1847 there were special correspondents at the front, "moving about with the troops and describing in detail every action and incident of the camp." Russell's gifts were, however, so conspicuous and his success so wonderful, that his predecessors seem of small account.

Tact, *savoir-faire*, charm of personality, resourcefulness, and of course the gift of fluent and vivid writing—these were among the principal attributes which helped Russell to distinguish himself, but it was his moral courage that really "made" him: the courage which enabled him to tell the whole truth about "the chaos in the British commissary and sanitary arrangements" in the Crimea. "He must tell what he saw," writes Mr. Bullard, "or he must shut his eyes and hold his tongue":

"He might have the comparative comforts of toleration from the British officers by suppressing the facts which could not escape his attention, and allowing himself to be persuaded that such things were but the dire necessities of war, or he might write the whole story to his paper and accept the consequences. His biographer (Mr. J. B. Atkins) puts the case thus:

"The test which sooner or later comes to every man, came to him. In a few weeks he was to be a man of public affairs, engaged no longer in the description of incidents which were of no great importance one way or another, but concerned in the lives of thousands of human beings, supplying the facts which shook the Horse Guards and the Cabinet to their base, and eventually brought the Aberdeen Ministry to their ruin. The office of Special Correspondent was truly created at that time."

Russell, as we all know, was an Irishman—an Irishman with many of the characteristics common to the heroes of Charles Lever; but, according to Sir Evelyn Wood, he combined with the "humorous wit" of an Irishman, "the accuracy of an Englishman and the shrewdness of a Scotchman." This remark sets one speculating as to which of the three races is best equipped for the calling. Archibald Forbes—"the incomparable Archibald," as Russell once called him—seems to be the only Scotchman included in this volume; Russell himself, the picturesque MacGahan, and the scarcely less picturesque O'Donovan, make a fine show for Ireland; Bennet Burleigh and Mr. E. F. Knight, together with Mr. Winston Churchill and the late G. W. Steevens, form a strong combination for England, reinforced by Mr. Frederic Villiers, who, though he has lived the same life as the others, and can write excellently, is primarily an artist. The Irish trio are more homogeneous than the English quartette. Bennet Burleigh had more in common with Forbes than with E. F. Knight, and much more than with Steevens or Winston Churchill. These last, three, in their very different ways, stand for a far more highly-trained order of mind than most of their predecessors. They belong to a new species, of which Mr. H. W. Nevins is a noteworthy example; it would be easy to mention others, Mr. Perceval Gibbon and Mr. J. B. Atkins, for instance, and Mr. Lionel James. Mr. Philip Gibbs, who has scored perhaps more heavily than anyone else hitherto in the great war now in progress, is less easy to place. He is a brilliant young amateur in the game in which Archibald Forbes stands forth as the archetype of the professional. Let us hope that he and his colleagues of to-day will come out of it more happily than did poor Forbes—his "nerve gone and his physical energy but a memory" at forty-five. This is his own record, but even in penning it Forbes had no regrets. He had had a marvellous existence. He had "lived ten lives in as many short years." It had been his, over and over again, "to thrill the nations." He had, indeed, succumbed to his hardships and hairbreadth escapes. "Yet the recompense!"

FREDERIC WHYTE.

TWO POETS.*

Between these two writers, whom chance has thrown together for consideration in one review, there is a difference which could only be accurately defined on the basis of an accurate definition of the nature of poetry; and that, as all but pedants are glad to know, will not be found before the Greek Kalends. But it is roughly true to say that while Mr. Chesterton is a poet because he is a man of letters, Mr. Stephens is a man of letters because he is a poet; to which may be added that in neither case is the effect quite adequate to the cause, or, in other words, that both our authors are more excellent in their primary than in their secondary characters.

Mr. Chesterton is a brilliant and amazing man of letters. Although no living writer is more in earnest about his themes, he loves writing for its own sake. He plunges into his subject as a dog into water, and shakes his words from him in scintillant showers. And verse, though a recreation rather than his main business, is almost as congenial an element to him as prose. He revels in it, and, if words do sometimes get the better of him, his revelry carries conviction. His rhythms and his language are in themselves delightful, stirring, even uplifting; and, wanting that ultimate definition, we may be content to call such writing poetry. But there is an intangible something which Mr. Chesterton has not got. To say that he was not subtle would be absurd; he is subtle not only in dialectic but in perception. But he is at the same time so positive, so emphatic, that he gives us no sense of the unuttered and the unutterable. In his verses are no shadows which may harbour unseen presences; and when, as in his love poems, he attempts this art of suggestion rather than his own art of statement, he is not altogether successful. Without for a moment doubting his sincerity, we feel that he is working in an alien medium.

Theodore Watts-Dunton, in a famous article, described the great romantic rally of the nineteenth century as the "renaissance of wonder," and the eighteenth century, against which it was a reaction, as an age of acceptance. Mr. Chesterton is a romantic by conviction and, in the hour of its temporary decline, champions romanticism as ardently as Watts-Dunton himself championed its ascension. But he does not wonder: he accepts the wonderful. He brings a certitude as of the eighteenth century to bear on the mystical interests of the nineteenth. He is a rationalist for whom the scope of reason includes the miraculous. In other words, he is neither of the eighteenth century nor of the nineteenth (nor typically of the twentieth), but of the middle ages. Besides the mediæval gift of belief, he has the mediæval love of the concrete and ignorance of perspective and chiaroscuro, the mediæval naïveté. In his religious poetry, as in his allegorical novels, he reminds one of that clown who, having become a monk, would go through the performances of his old profession before the altar of the Virgin, believing that what he could do best was what he could do most to her glory. Like that pious acrobat, Mr. Chesterton takes his dexterity with words sufficiently seriously to dedicate it to the highest uses: as in the really beautiful stanzas of "The Wise Men":

"... The gods of violence took the veil
Of wisdom and philosophy,
The Serpent that brought all men bale,
He bites his own accursed tail,
And calls himself Eternity.

Go humbly . . . it has hailed and snowed . . .
With voices low and lanterns lit;
So very simple is the road,
That we may stray from it.

The world grows terrible and white,
And blinding white the breaking day;
We walk bewildered in the light,
For something is too large for sight,
And something much too plain to say.

* "Poems." By G. K. Chesterton. 5s. net. (Burns & Oates.)—"Songs from the Clay." By James Stephens. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

The Child that was ere worlds begun
 (. . . We need but walk a little way,
 We need but see a latch undone . . .)
 The Child that played with moon and sun
 Is playing with a little hay."

So, too, with the poems inspired by the passions which Mr. Chesterton holds only second to his religion, and, indeed, inseparable from it—heroism, patriotism, liberty:—"Lepanto," "The Wife of Flanders," "Blessed are the Peacemakers," "The Secret People," "Africa"; so, too, with the satires, often light and amusing but always fundamentally serious:—though lacking the magic which, in the view of some, alone deserves the name of poetry, they are all illustrations of language used not only with brilliance but with fine intention.

Mr. Stephens is a poet, and only a man of letters from the necessity of communicating his poetry. One often gets the impression that he would rather not write, that he writes grudgingly, and, therefore, carelessly. He himself says:

"Verse has fled from me so long,
 I have quite forgot to sing;
 I who had a hoard of song
 Now can scarce find anything
 Worth the singing, though I grope
 Less with fingers than with hope."

But one cannot help feeling that the real reason why he has sung so little is that he is unwilling to turn his visions into literature. Mr. Chesterton has, ready to hand, a well-wrought tool with which he is delighted to do any work that comes his way. Mr. Stephens has just as much work to do but he does it against the grain, and with an indifferent tool picked up casually for the occasion. And while Mr. Chesterton nearly always finishes off his work like a conscientious member of one of his own ideal guilds, Mr. Stephens sometimes sends his out only half done.

But we must not be unfair for the sake of an antithesis. It is only a few of the "Songs from the Clay" which are really spoilt by bad workmanship, and several of them are flawless. "Songs from the Clay" does not mark any such definite advance on "The Hill of Vision" as that volume marked on "Insurrections," but it does show a mellowing, a diminution of the satirical note, and a greater frequency of the joyful. It is, indeed, somewhat different in scope from its predecessors. There is less realism in it, and no such sustained effort of philosophic irony as "The Lonely God"; it has more of a faery quality, and, at the same time, more humanity. Mr. Stephens is very familiar with centaurs and fauns, and writes of them with the dainty and yet sylvan charm with which Mr. Charles Sims has painted them; and he has had the rare success of writing with pathos, yet without sentimentality, of the sorrows of more usual wild creatures:

"I hear a sudden cry of pain!
 There is a rabbit in a snare
 Now I hear the cry again,
 But I cannot tell from where."

But I cannot tell from where
 He is calling out for aid;
 Crying in the lightened air,
 Making everything afraid."

Making everything afraid,
 Wrinkling up his little face,
 As he cries again for aid;
 And I cannot find the place!"

And I cannot find the place
 Where his paw is in the snare:
 Little one! Oh, little one!
 I am searching everywhere!"

This poem illustrates a favourite literary device of Mr. Stephens—the repetition of lines—and also the imaginative sympathy which is, perhaps, the most constant note in "Songs from the Clay," appearing alike in the philosophic "The Waste Places," and in his beautiful variation on the old, never stale, theme that "Dust hath closed Helen's eyes."

"The time comes when our hearts sink utterly,
 When we remember Deirdre and her tale,
 And that her lips are dust . . ."

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Now she is but a story that is told
Beside the fire! No man can ever be
The friend of that poor queen."

Mr. Stephens can write "As they talk of you and I," and he ought not to do so. But he is full to the lips with the nameless spirit of poetry, and that is a rarer possession than a strict sense of grammar.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

Novel Notes.

THE HERB OF HEALING. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Here is yet another story of Four Corners, and those who have already read and enjoyed Mr. G. B. Burgin's previous Four Corner stories will be glad to seize this opportunity of renewing acquaintance with Old Man Evans, Ikey, and Miss Wilks. A most unique "heroine" is Miss Wilks, the ungainly, one-eyed, clay-coloured mule, whose intelligence is quite human. In a sympathetic and humorous vein Mr. Burgin tells of the further adventures of those three friends at Four Corners, and of Old Man's search for the Herb of Healing, in order to save the life of the little schoolmistress, who is dying of consumption. The secret of this Herb is guarded jealously by the Canadian Indians, and it is only with the help of Pahnewuska, a beautiful Indian girl, that Old Man is able to discover the wonderful plant; but before she will help him Pahnewuska extracts a promise from him which calls on him to sacrifice that which he most desires. Old Man's character comes out, strong and courageous at this crisis in his life. He is ever sympathetic and willing to help folks weaker than himself. "... you'll never be anything except the man who is called in to put things right when they go wrong"; he is told, "and where you are, Old Man, some one will always make things go wrong to give you the pleasure of setting them right." "In other words I'm a meddlin' idgeot," Old Man replies. But this is not the opinion of Ikey, his admiring friend. "He's great—real great," is Ikey's opinion; "and don't you forget it, or I'll 'polish you off the face of thisyer earth."

MARRIAGE BY CONQUEST. By Warwick Deeping. 6s. (Cassell.)

"I mean to marry you, to possess you, and my right is the right of the man who is stronger than his rivals. . . ." Thus the masterful, arrogant, Sir Richard Heron to the proud young widow, Stella Shenstone; and until John Flambard came to Doombridge no rival succeeded in standing up to this hectoring braggart. Enter then John Flambard. From a book-littered den in Cambridge, from tramps in Italy, from a fanciful world peopled by the creations of poets and scholars, John Flambard is called to Doombridge to become a Sussex squire. His neighbours with their gross manners, their big appetites, big thirsts and lack of self-restraint, soon make him feel like a fish out of water, an exile among the barbarians. Stella sees in this handsome newcomer, with the fine shoulders and the head of a mild lion, first a protector and then a lover. Sir Richard forthwith challenges Flambard to a duel, and failing to get a response instigates a dastardly plot to humiliate his successful rival. The scene in which Stella rescues her lover and turns the tables on her persecutor is a magnificent piece of dramatic writing. The whole story is splendidly alive, and gives a bustling picture of the Sussex worthies and gossips of a bygone bibulous day.

THE VOYAGE OUT. By Virginia Woolf. 6s. (Duckworth.)

It is the detail and intricacy of this essentially human book that gives it its strength and individuality. The many characters with their various and distinctive personalities Miss Woolf describes so intimately and with so sure a touch that the reader is made familiar with each one in turn, conscious of each trivial affectation and all the lights and shades of the different natures. Our first

acquaintance with the principal characters in the story is made on their journey out to South America in a small cargo steamer. The captain's daughter is a girl of twenty-four, whose innocence, or rather ignorance of the world and its ways, is equivalent to a child's, and the author tells of her awakening and development cleverly and sympathetically. The conversation is perhaps the only thing in a very realistic book that somewhat lacks realism, but it is so sparkingly vivacious, so witty and entertaining, that we are likely to forget the fact that the average individual has neither such a quick understanding nor such skill at making epigrams and similes as the human beings who people Miss Woolf's story, and enjoy the dialogue just because it is brilliant and humorous. The keynote to the book is the author's clear and complete knowledge of her fellow-creatures and an alertness for the minor things of life—the tangled undergrowth of little incidents—that make each separate existence at once so commonplace and so unique.

THE SWORD OF YOUTH. By James Lane Allen. 6s. (Macmillan.)

The author puts himself at once on good terms with the reader by dedicating this simple and gallant story of the American Civil War "to the Soldier-Youth of England in this War of theirs." We have ventured to call this story simple because of the extreme tenuity of its plot. And yet the situation it describes is one full of dramatic possibilities, of which the author does not fail to make such excellent use as his reputation would lead us to expect. Mrs. Sumner was a Virginian matron who had lost well-nigh everything in the war—husband, four sons, and all her worldly goods. Fate had still one unexpected blow to deal her in the rebellion of her only surviving boy, into whose secret ambitions she had never entered. But the time came when he, too, decided to prove his manhood and fill his brother's place in the Southern army. The mother's feelings are finely and skilfully delineated. She had canonised her dead, and resented even her own youngest son's ambition to share their glory. There is tragedy in this little love-story, for the mother's heart repented too late, and the only result of her death-bed summons was to lure her son into a deliberate breach of duty. Joe Sumner made the *amende honorable*; and, as he had the good fortune to serve under a banner which respected both honour and chivalry, he was enabled to come back to Lucy Morehead as a very true and perfect knight.

LONELINESS. By Robert Hugh Benson. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

This last book by the much-loved Monsignor Benson not only raises the apparently inevitable problem of last books: "How far would the author have improved it, had he lived?"—but is a cardinal example of a tendency which his most discriminating admirers had long deplored in him. In a word, it is morbid in conception; and the morbidity has prevailed against all else to a degree which makes the short final passage not less than afflicting in its theatricality of expression. There, at least, we may be certain that Monsignor Benson, had he lived, would have perceived and amended his error; but of the book as a whole that cannot possibly be said; and, despite its many charms—the musical interest, the diverting detail, the delightful characters of Marion Tenterden and Maggie Brent—we are constrained to say that it has profoundly, even distressingly, repelled us. But, apart from the ethical question, the failure in craftsmanship is great, for the conflicting issues are almost unbelievably ill-balanced. On one side stands the heroine, and with her stand art, nobility of soul, and deep religious sense; on the other side stands, totally alone, the paltriest sort of snobbery. For Marion to "renounce" this, incarnated though it be in the man she loves, is a struggle into which we do not follow her with ardour. The final interview between the lovers is true and poignant, yet we cannot but think that the grievous closing words will find many readers feeling that the dilemma has been one into which to drag the name of Christ was well-nigh to blaspheme it.



Mrs. Ward Muir,

author of "Summer Friendships."

SUMMER FRIENDSHIPS. By Dorothy Muir. 6s. (Grant Richards)

The caravan has taken its place as an approved method of holiday making, and has promptly been utilised as a background for fiction, several good stories having been published during recent years in which romance has been worked out in the small company of folks taking a rambling holiday in a pleasantly sophisticated form of "gipsying." To such good stories Mrs. Dorothy Muir makes in "Summer Friendships" a very charming addition. A young married couple are shown as setting out with a couple of gipsy vans de luxe a-wandering in Scotland. They are accompanied by Jeanette and her brother—respectively in their later and earlier teens—and the two-and-a-half year old Elspeth, and they are joined by a young bachelor and a middle-aged one. All these people (except the baby, she is much too busy) write to Jeanette's widowed mother in Surrey, telling in their varied fashions of the incidents of the tour and indicating the gradual growth of that love romance which converts a holiday chronicle into a story. It is all very charmingly and naturally done, and it will set many readers longing to go and seek such pleasant change as caravanning affords, and hoping that when the opportunity comes they may have company as good as that which travelled in the "Aminta" and "Carinthia Jane." This engaging book is illustrated with a fine series of many photographs by Mr. Ward Muir.

LOVE-BIRDS IN THE COCO-NUTS. By Peter Blundell. 6s. (John Lane.)

Mr. Peter Blundell, who described his first two stories respectively as "a tropical comedy" and "a nautical comedy," was hailed by more than one reviewer as a Jacobs-like humorist working in Oriental materials. The description serves as indicating something of the character of his humour but is inadequate, as labels generally are. There is a freshness, an individuality in his work which makes it particularly attractive, while the varied humour that permeates every page is of the most arid quality; it reaches well nigh to the pitch of "laughter holding both his sides" when Ferdinand Fernandez is the love-bird on whom the reader's attention is centred. Brought up as the son of an Eurasian couple on whom he had been foisted as makeweight in a sack of rice at the time of their marriage, he grows up a capable assistant to his supposed father, but a most conceited young man with

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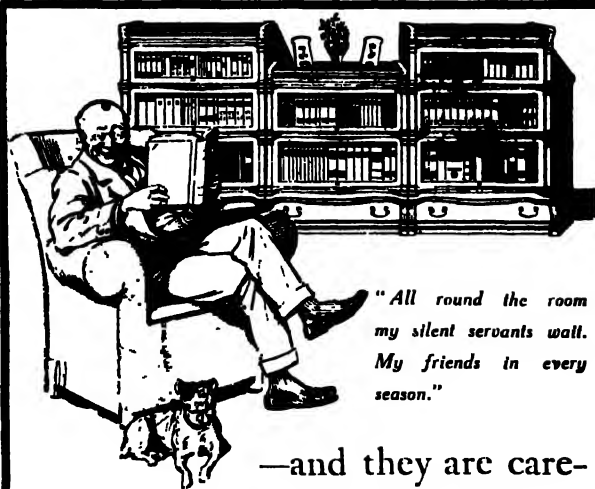
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perpetual hungering for news of London, of the bars and barnyards of which he has picked up a knowledge more peculiar than extensive. Always deliciously—and unconsciously—droll it is when Ferdinand believes himself in love that he is drollest, especially when he is, with ludicrous exaggeration, seeking to impress an English governess with his devotion, and when he is wooing (with unexpected success) the scheming lady who runs an hotel. Again and again, poor shuttlecock of fate, he has occasion to apostrophise himself as "Omiserableblighter." Though he is the greatest cause of diversion in a very diverting story, Ferdinand is only one of various love-birds who play their parts in the strange imbroglio in which a villainous magistrate, the wonderful Mrs. Roga, an English governess, and a young rubber-planter are all variously concerned. The author's rich sense of fun has not interfered with his real power in presenting the Orient in fiction; if he gives us the Orient as seen through quizzing glasses, it is so seen without distortion, and his latest story may be commended to the notice of all in search of joyous entertainment.

The Bookman's Table.

THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE. By Ernest C. Pulbrook. 6s. net. (Batsford.)

Something of the charm of this delightful book is expressed in its very chapter headings. What country scenes and sounds and fragrances live magically in such headings as "Up Quiet Creeks"; "Running Waters"; "Fords and Crossing Places"; "Ancient Bridges"; "The Footpath Way"; "Wayside and Market Crosses"; "The Village Green"; "Old World Towns"; "Country Inns Past and Present"; "The Awakening of Nature." And when you come to read the book itself you find that it amply fulfils the glamorous promise of its Contents page. Mr. Ernest Pulbrook is a lover of nature and has studied her ways and moods with the finest enthusiasm and written of them in a happy, picturesque fashion that should win many of his readers to go out and see for themselves the places and things he so vividly describes. Under Mr. Pulbrook's spell, the village green, that has been nothing to you heretofore but a pleasant grass-patch, grows alive and populous with memories of vanished May-Days; ancient names of field and meadow land, that had been meaningless to you, clothe themselves in meaning and are rich in historical associations; indeed, the whole countryside which for too many of us has no life nor beauty beyond what we can see in passing, flowers under his hand into stories, traditions, quaint records of the past, that are the

soul of the present. We have read no book that more alluringly recaptures the spirit and character of our English countryside, nor more skilfully blends the study of visible nature with the lore of the historian. The hundred and twenty-six illustrations from photographs are well selected and excellently reproduced.

VINELEAVES. By Arthur Lewis. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

This is a little book of "simple observations on the laws of life" which have the double merit of being terse and true. There is no better way of criticising than by quoting from it, so, having read it with the quiet enjoyment there is in reading such gracious philosophy, we turn back the pages and pick out an example here and there at random:

"Truth shall in the end prevail, but love prevails from the beginning."

"Gaiety is a method of defying sadness. Joy is sadness slain."

"Child-life charms because it has not yet learnt how to try to charm."

"Genius is instinct of the soul. Talent is the soul grown wise."

"A hero is he who making his own life of small account makes it of much."

"A mannerism is a method of doing a thing which has mastered the doer."

"Simplicity is that form of perfection which makes no one wonder why it is so perfect."

"He who strives to be sincere is like a man who seeks the hat that is already on his head."

It is a book of the homely wisdom that most men might learn from experience, but that few have. Mr. Lewis's art of crystallising in a handful of aphorisms.

Notes on New Books.

MR. JOHN LANE.

In something the same mood as that of Mr. Jerome's "Three Men" who went off in a boat, Mr. J. Henry Harris's three men, "Guy," "The Bookworm," and "Myself," in *Cornish Saints and Sinners* (2s. 6d. net), went to Cornwall to ramble just where they would. The first edition of the history of this visit was published enough years ago to make a new edition a new pleasure for intending imitators. These "three men" decided on going first to Penzance; and to those who already know and love the West the reminder of the first sight of the sea from the windows of the railway-carriage is alone worth much. "Up went the blinds, and down went all the windows, and every one who could gazed upon the blue sea shoaling into green, with white-flaked edging, on the frizzling sands." The book itself is a mingling of description of places and people, a recounting of legend and anecdote, a retailing of impressions, of commendable variety, in a gay, even flippant, style. Mr. Harris pokes fun at Cornwall's saints and kings and giants, but always with kindness. He gives to the ancient legends the light, modern touch of irreverence, but never of scorn. And for Cornwall's smugglers he betrays even something like admiration. Penzance, Falmouth, Truro, St. Austell, Morwenstow, Tintagel, Redruth; well-known and little-known Cornish villages and moors, mines and wells, harbours and farms—Mr. Harris is the friend of all these, and the friend of those readers who would know these spots for themselves. The book is delightfully illustrated by Mr. L. Ravenhill.

MR. EVELHIGH NASH.

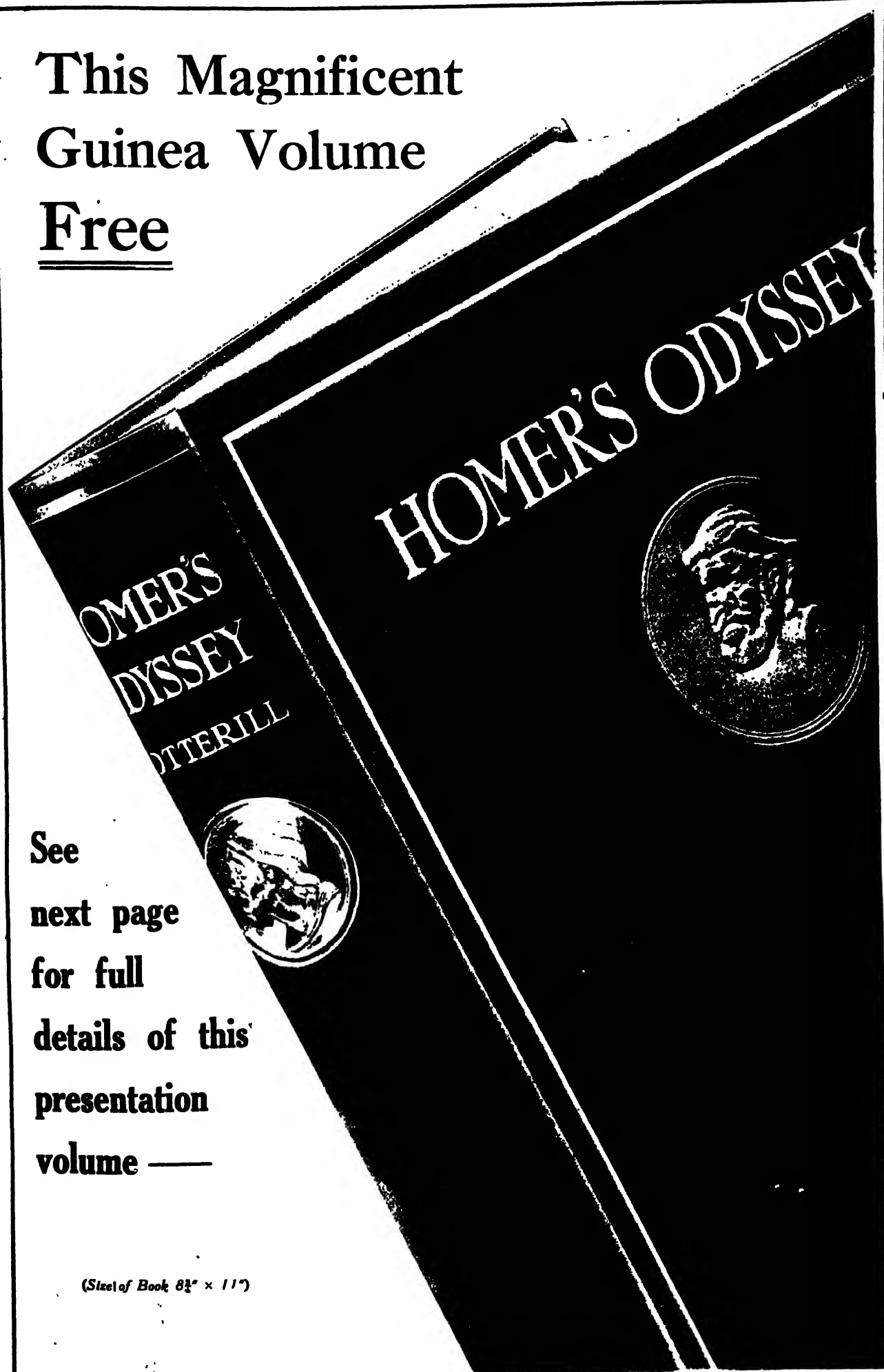
The Lone Wolf, by Louis Vance (6s.), is not an Indian story, as the title might lead one to suppose, but a "gentleman burglar" tale. The Lone Wolf had extraordinary talents for house-breaking and jewel thieving. Moreover, he was a scholar and a man of parts. He is very up-to-date, and looks upon the Sherlock Holmes and Raffles tradition as hopelessly *suranné*. He pours the scorn of his well-tempered intellect on to this kind of thing—a well-known rhetorical trick which does not disguise for us that he, in fact, belongs to the Raffles order himself. He is, we may say, an intenser Raffles. There is a feminine interest in the shape of a young woman whom he meets in the course of his subterranean life. An exciting aeroplane chase provides the final thrill in a book where thrills abound.



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No. 286. VOL. XLVIII.

JULY, 1915.

Price Sixpence.

6d. net monthly. Special Numbers 1/- net and 2/6 net.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS: British Isles, Canada and Newfoundland, 12/- per annum, post free. Other places abroad, 14/- per annum post free.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall are publishing early in the autumn "The Coming of the Great War," by J. L. Garvin. This book is founded on articles shrewdly foretelling the present war and contributed by Mr. Garvin to the *Fortnightly* during the last ten years. The same firm has almost ready for publication "The Literary Man's New Testament," by W. L. Courtney, a companion work to his admirable "Literary Man's Bible."

"Some Elderly People and Their Friends," a new book by Miss S. Macnaughten, will be published next month by Messrs. Smith, Elder.

The first volume of Treitschke's "History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century" will be issued shortly by Messrs. Jarrold in conjunction with Messrs. Allen & Unwin. Messrs. Eden and Cedar Paul have done the translation. The work will be completed in six volumes, the remaining five being issued at intervals of three months. Each volume will contain an introduction by William Harbutt Dawson.

A sensational story of adventure, "Three Gentlemen from New Caledonia," which won a £300 first novel prize, will be published shortly by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.

The third volume of Mrs. Clare Jerrold's unconventional biography of the late Queen will be published in the autumn by Mr. Eveleigh Nash, under the title of "The Widowhood of Queen Victoria."

Mr. John H. Ingram has written a volume on "Chatterton and His Poetry" for Messrs. Harrap's successful "Poetry and Life" series, to which he has already contributed a study of "Christopher Marlowe."

Messrs. Dent are publishing immediately "The Political Economy of War," by F. W. Hirst, the well-known editor of *The Economist*. The same firm announce "An Introduction to the Study of African Languages," by Professor Meinhof, translated into English by Miss A. Werner, Lecturer in Swahili at King's College, London.

A new novel by Mrs. Maud Churton Braby, "The Honey of Romance," will be published early in the autumn by Mr. Werner Laurie.

"In Mr. Knox's Country," a new humorous volume by E. E. Somerville and Martin Ross will be published this month by Messrs. Longman.



Photo by John Trevor.

Mr. John Masefield,
whose new tragedy, "The Faithful," Mr. Heinemann is publishing.

"The Fortunes of Virginia Bright," a new novel by Mr. Albert Kinross, is to be published early in the autumn by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. The same firm have in hand a new and exciting novel by Mr. William Le Queux called "The Green Ray." It tells of the discovery of a marvellous new light hitherto unknown to science, and the odd thing is that no sooner had the author finished his novel than the papers announced that Mr. Marconi had actually discovered a ray, such as he had imagined, by means of which one may see through a brick wall.

We hear with regret of the death, at the age of seventy, of Mr. H. L. Braeksted, Norwegian Vice-Consul in the City of London. In years gone by Mr. Braeksted was a familiar figure in the publishing profession, and his keen literary judgment led to the introduction to English readers of several Norwegian authors, notably of P. Chr. Asbjornsen, whose "Norwegian Folk and Fairy Tales," he translated. Mr. Edmund Gosse wrote an introduction to the book. Mr. Braeksted was connected with *Black and White*, when it first made its appearance in Fleet Street, and was a well-known contributor to many other journals.

Messrs. Methuen have issued in a limited edition Mr. Herbert Trench's "Ode from Italy in Time of War: Night on Mottarone." It was written in April last, and foretold the entry of Italy into the European War.

Mr. J. E. Patterson, whose story, "His Father's Wife," has just been published by Messrs. Allen & Unwin, has completed a new novel, "Hillary Marrtyn," which Messrs. Jarrold will issue at the end of September.

"Mary's Meadow Papers," by Mrs. Armel O'Connor (Violet Bullock-Webster), author of that delightfully intimate book "The Idea of Mary's Meadow," will be published in August by Messrs. Alston Rivers.

"Beltane the Smith" is the characteristic title Mr. Jeffrey Farnol has given to a new romance which Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., have in hand for the autumn.

"Dreams," a collection of short stories by George A. B. Dewar, is announced for early publication by Mr. Elkin Mathews.

"Vanishing Roads and Other Essays" is a new volume by Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, which Messrs. Putnam are publishing shortly.

Miss Winifred Holt, whose biography of Henry Fawcett, "A Beacon for the Blind" (Constable), we review on another page, is the daughter of the distinguished New York publisher, Mr. Henry Holt. She abandoned a promising career as a sculptor to



Mrs. D. Amawry Talbot,

whose new book, "Woman's Mysteries of a Primitive People," is published by Messrs. Cassell.

devote herself to the cause of the blind. Her pamphlet on Fawcett, written for children, has gone through several editions, and from this she was drawn to study his life in the places where he had lived, and in conversations with many who had known him, and so came, at length, to write the full record of his wonderful and heroic career. Seven years ago Miss Holt started, in conjunction with her sister, and in their own home, "The New York Association for the Blind." She started it with a borrowed capital of four hundred dollars, and when she came to England last June, as the



Miss Winifred Holt,

whose story of the life of Henry Fawcett, "A Beacon for the Blind" (Constable), is reviewed in this Number.

American representative at the International Conference of Workers for the Blind, her Institution possessed, free from debt, a model "Lighthouse," or headquarters, a model workshop, a vacation home, and had almost completed the establishment of an endowment fund of three hundred thousand dollars.

Mr. Arthur H. Adams, the Australian novelist and poet, whose delightfully fantastic story, "Grocer Greatheart" (Lane) was recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN, has written a comedy of Australian life: "Mrs. Pretty and the Premier," which Mr. Arthur Bourchier has accepted for production in London. The play was successfully produced by the Melbourne Repertory Theatre, and the Sydney Repertory Theatre, and to get over the difficulty of



Photo by May Moore, Sydney.

Mr. Arthur H. Adams.

coming in touch with London managers, Mr. Adams included it in a book of "Three Plays for the Australian Stage," and this, he says, was brought to Mr. Bourchier's notice over here by his agents, Messrs. Curtis Brown, with very satisfactory results.



Novelists of the new era.

**Mr. W. L. George,
Miss Ivy Low,**

**Mr. Ivor Brown,
Miss Viola Meynell.**

Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

Miss Netta Syrett has written a new novel that Mr. Fisher Unwin is to publish. At present it is called "The Making of a Modern Woman," but Miss Syrett is not satisfied with the title, and thinks of re-christening it.

Mr. W. J. Williams, who has been for twenty-seven years associated with Messrs. Smith, Elder, latterly as Manager of their Publicity Department, has been appointed Manager to Messrs. Williams & Norgate, in succession to Mr. W. Stanley Murrell, who has resigned in order to take up an appointment as Manager and Secretary of the University of London Press.

Mr. W. Horace Rose, whose "Golden Glory" won the prize in the South African section of Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's Thousand Pound Prize Novel Competition, sends a most interesting note on the way in which his story was written. As editor of the *Natal Witness*, and a busy journalist, Mr. Rose had little leisure to devote to the writing of fiction, even with a tempting prize to spur him to unusual effort. The plot came to him easily enough, but he was hard put to it for a title, and when he had written the first two chapters in three hours, this difficulty stood like a lion in his path and he found it impossible to make further progress till it was removed. He spent a day in desperate wanderings and thinkings, and an evening at a

vaudeville performance in which he could take no interest, then, in the middle of a gramophone turn, the title suddenly occurred to him, and his difficulties melted away. Thereafter, with intervals when inspiration deserted him and he felt

that the tale would never be done, working at it mainly between 9 p.m. and 5 the next morning, he wrote the whole story of a hundred and twenty thousand words inside six weeks, and considers that his success rewarded him handsomely for his labours.



The Hon. Cyril Russell,

whose successful novel, "Stilts," written under the pen name of Adam Squire, is published by Messrs. Duckworth. He is the son of the late Lord Russell of Killowen.

The new War books published during last month, and not referred to elsewhere in this Number, include:

"Armageddon." A Modern Epic Drama. By Stephen Phillips. 2s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

"Books on the Great War," an annotated bibliography. By F. W. T. Lange and W. T. Berry. 2s. 6d. net. (Grafton & Co.)

"Roumania and the Great War." By R. W. Seton-Watson. 2s. net. (Constable.)

"Flower of Youth: Poems in War Time." By Katharine Tynan. 3s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

"The Dardanelles." By the author of "The Real Kaiser." 2s. net. (Melrose.)

"Sonnets of the Empire." By Archibald T. Strong. 3s. net. (Macmillan.)

"Scotland for Ever!" Stories of the Scottish Regiments. With an introduction by the Earl of Rosebery. 3s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The Story of Alsace-Lorraine." By Leslie F. Church. 1s. net. (Kelly.)

"Comrades in Arms." By Mrs. F. S. Boas. 6d. net. (Wells, Gardner.)

"Secrets of the German War Office." By Dr. A. K. Graves. 1s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

"Sergeant Michael Cassidy, R.E." By "Sapper." 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)



Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart,

whose charming novel, "The Street of Seven Stars" (Casell) is now in its second edition.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

SIR JAMES H. YOXALL, M.P.

"**B**EHOLD! my heart dances in the delight of a hundred arts." The words of Kabir, the weaver-poet of Benares in the fifteenth century, seem to be echoed as it were in the life of the man who is essayist, novelist, journalist, Member of Parliament, and an authority on the gentle art of collecting—who is, indeed, master of many arts and living refutation of the stupid fallacy of the one-idea'd who find comfort for the narrowness of their own range in the aiming of proverbs at the more versatile. Sir James Yoxall does so many things well that he would be a difficult man to classify: no jack of all trades and master of none, he. Rather may he be regarded as a Crichton among the many. In his novels he is seen to be a master of the delightful art of romance, and there is pleasure in knowing that so many readers are of this opinion that some of his stories have "gone into" their thousands reckoned in tens; read his books on collecting, and you feel that for your soul's sake and your body's satisfaction—even to your purse's undoing—you must start collecting something; read his gossiping essays, his discursive wander-talk, and you feel something of the joy that comes on first looking into the "Round-about Papers" of Thackeray, "the good and gentle."

The preparation of school-books and the writing of boys' stories might not seem the most promising commencement to a literary career that was to put forth the sunny wisdom of the "Wander Years" and "The Villa for Coelebs," yet in such are to be found Sir James Yoxall's beginnings as a bookman. That the production of biblia-a-biblia does not necessarily atrophy the capacity for bringing forth literature is in his case made plain. By the way, a story is told of the author's son having read "Nut-Brown Roger and I" seventeen times! which shows that the prophet may be not without honour *even* in his own family, and further suggests that it is not altogether just to classify boys' stories with Lamb's books that are no books; Elia's catholicity, it may be believed, would not have placed them thus among the unreadables that masquerade in the form of books. "Nut-Brown Roger and I" was published in 1891, but it was not until eleven years later that the author of that tale put forth his first novel, though in the baker's dozen of years since he has published five further novels besides his essay volumes and the books

dealing with his amiable hobby of collecting. Despite his continuous work as journalist and educationist and his "Parliamentary labours" he has averaged a fresh book for each fresh year—and books it must be noted that are unmarked by any of the stigmata of haste or over-production.

The first of the novels was an engagingly fresh and interesting tale of the Derbyshire moors, "The Rommany Stone," in which the author showed himself one who had come under the queer spell of the gipsy that has put its comether over several of our men of letters. Some of us find far more fascination in the gipsy as reflected in the pages of Borrow, Watts-Dunton or Sir James Yoxall than in the people themselves; the glamour of the Romany is largely a literary glamour, and in the first of his novels, and an early successor to it, Sir James Yoxall has proved himself finely capable of imparting it. But before the glamour of "The Rommany Stone" had been recognised, one lover of old books on taking the new volume in hand was struck by the lavish way in which the author had prefaced his short chapters with texts or mottoes. No single scrap from an "Old Play" in the manner of Scott satisfied him. Not a chapter with fewer than six



Photo by E. O. Heppé.

Sir James Yoxall, M.P.

allusive quotations to introduce it, and some with half as many again! (It would, by the way, be a nice test of a reader's knowledge of literature to ask him to affix the authors' names to all these scraps and that though the titles of the works cited are given. Sir James is as quoteful as was old Burton.) Short as are the chapters of this story, of the many texts pertaining to them it can be said that each has its pertinence. This might seem a mere literary trick, but fortunately it was employed in connection with a capital story, rich in character, colour and incident, and presented in a refreshingly individual and engaging style. In his next story the author took a romantic theme, one lending itself to such varied action and such striking episodes as might easily have slipped into the unconvincingness of melodrama. That result, however, was skilfully avoided, though there is a mystery of family origin, a mystery of a woman who seeking a man of her kin marries him out of hand, and leaves him forthwith only to reappear to his astonished gaze as singer in a French cabaret. Easily might such a story have passed into the unreality of

sensationalism but, instead, in "Alain Tanger's Wife" is to be found the lasting reality of romance, the romance that not only compels the curiosity to wonder over the why and to seek eagerly the how, but also charms during every stage of the progress from the indication of the mystery to its fittingly romantic elucidation.

With his next book the novelist returned to the Romany and built a sweet but sad romance around a snatch of gipsy song that had re-echoed through "The Rommany Stone." In a sense the earlier story may be regarded paradoxically as the sequel of the one that followed two or three years later. In "Smalilou" is told the story of a child who had been stolen by gipsies, and it is told in a new and unconventional way and with an abundance of humour as well as of that tenderness proper to the theme of an unfulfilled romance—for in this story with its tragic, shadowed close, the reader is led up to no accustomed "happy ending." There is something of a haunting quality about the whole presentation of the tragic "Smalilou," taken from the hands of her abductors to pass a few years of happy childhood, only to be tricked again into the life from which she had been rescued. The befrienders of the child, the simple clergyman and his neighbour, the personification of kindly irascibility, Captain Qualm, are so well drawn, so cleverly presented, that they might have been delineated by some novelist of their own period, some sentimental Smollet. The author seems to have made himself for the time being belong to the period with which he was dealing, to have imagined himself into the very embodiment of the Worcestershire squire who is made to tell the story for the benefit of his heir. And herein is to be found no small part of the secret of Sir James Yoxall's success as novelist, for in several of his stories he has made one of his characters the narrator, and in each case has done so with that most convincing artistry of the story-teller which makes the reader forget the author for a reading-while and accept the imagined narrator as the actual one.

After telling the pathetic story of Smalilou the author turned again from his gipsy-interest to the writing of another novel set among such Continental scenes as have been his unfailing attractions in holiday times, and in "Beyond the Wall" rendered a romance full of such incident as should satisfy the most avid for exciting action. And again the incidents are presented with such an easy mastery of a rich literary style that the lover of form is no less delighted than the lover of action. The same may be said again of this book's successor, "Chateau Royal," in which a modern romance in a French setting is delightfully rendered. It is, indeed, in his dual capacity as deviser of a good story and as possessor of an individual literary style that

Sir James Yoxall has won the suffrages of those who enjoy a story for the story's sake, and those to whom the form alone is eloquent; in his work style and matter are happily combined. It is a style at once vigorous and nervous, lightly allusive, the product of a rare command of vocabulary, yet never stiffening into the moulds of those who place preciosity before all things. This style is, perhaps, most fully, because most personally (for the style is the man) revealed in the essay books, in the discursions of "The Wander Years" and the philosophising of "The Villa for Coelebs," wherein the author shows himself a fascinating *causeur*, one whose wide knowledge and ready wit enable him to treat of any theme in a way that shall both interest and entertain. There is in his work a lightness of touch that marks him as belonging to the race of friendly bookmen whom our fathers knew as familiar essayists, those who by the literary presentation of their essential selves can charm us by the grace of their style and entertain—in the highest sense of a sometimes abused word—by the humour with which they are able to inform their speculations. After reading the two books named we may feel inclined to regard their author as primarily a rambling essayist, but when we recall the grip of his romances, whether of gipsydom at home or of glamorous places abroad, we have to realise that he is no less successful as a novelist. The fact is that he is a man with a zest for life which he is able to impart to his work. There is a mellow wisdom in the treatment of many of the speculations touched upon with seeming lightness, but frequently most searchingly in the later of these two books, which cannot fail to impress even those who may not always be in sympathy with the point of view of the "elderly bookman." Never surely has agnosticism been more urbane put than in some of the passages in which the bookman deals with the high matters that may be raised even by a consideration of the Pecksniffian villa that has "emanated" as a home to which Coelebs may bring his Marian. Coelebs, Marian, the Assistant Curate, Lanyon, the Vicar,—all these people and others are but type figures, as though the author had found it easier to deal with the general by giving it the familiarity of the particular.

Not since the author of "Vanity Fair" was finding but an uneasy kind of an ease in the editorial chair of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and writing those "Round-about Papers" in which some of us find the essential Thackeray, has there been so companionable a work of a similar kind as "The Wander Years," has there been quite the same plenitude of whimsical wisdom within the compass of a single book as is to be found in "The Villa for Coelebs."

WALTER JERROLD.

THE READER.

NEIL MUNRO.

By D. S. MELDRUM.

I WISH to say at once, not to draw vain distinctions, but by way of a sub-title to this article, that it is as much about a journalist as about a novelist. There are expert hands in the present generation of Greater Fleet Street who declare that Mr. Neil Munro is the cleverest journalist they have known in the flesh. Some of them exalt his journalism high above his fiction, but they are those who have not read the novels. I am sure that they are quite wrong, but then I cannot conveniently take in the *Glasgow Evening News*. It may be conceded that Mr. Munro is a distinguished practitioner in both arts, but the farther intention of this paper is to observe how his practice in each is complementary to his reputation and influence as a man of letters. In the novels the supple hand of the journalist can be detected intervening often with advantage; and many of us preserve in our cuttings-books fine literature from what ought to be his ephemeral columns. So much may be said of other writers besides Mr. Munro. But it is in quite a special sense true of him, regarded as the leading representative of letters in Scotland—and that also is in the present bill—that you cannot tell where author and where journalist (stupid but understood distinction) begins and ends.

It is as difficult to say where each begins and ends in the circumstances of his career. His memoirs, which I trust are as yet far off being indited, will have down to this present date only happy events to record. (Having said which, I touch wood, on Mr. Munro's behalf.) For the present purpose only a few biographical facts need be recalled. Of the utmost significance is his having been born and brought up in his own Inneraora. Without knowing Inveraray outside of the novels, one can be certain that, when he was a boy ranging its closes and quay in the 'Seventies, its weavers and mechanics, "people of mere useful purpose," asserted themselves even more than in Gilian's day against the hinterland of high and numerous hills which he, like Gilian, inhabited with folk "of a more manly interest." Highland and Lowland merge in Inneraora, and they merge, with some jabble of meeting streams, in Mr. Munro.

Gilian, the typical Gael, has been mentioned, and it is in the story of which he

is the hero that the reader must seek the early springs whence the novelist drew his inspiration. Mr. Munro had ancestors of the Clan Attair, I am told, who lived in Ladyfield. He read voraciously, one is sure, from Miss Maclean's, though whether in 1875 as in 1825 (Gilian's date) she was still one of three undistinguishable sisters I have my doubts, knowing Mr. Munro's blithe invention. There was a Maam House, as it happens, though if there had not been Mr. Munro would still have introduced it for the pleasure of its sound. Those who are acquainted with Inneraora, as I am not, and the Aora, "the splendid river," and the glen behind it, can tell whether only because of that sense for the colour of words, or because they are indeed there in fact, we read of Baracaldine and the bushes of Tom-an-Deare, and the long, broad levels of Kinereggan. Only the other day a show of water-colours at a Bond Street dealer's displayed for me the flowers in the Duke's garden, the spaces of which, for Mr. Munro, however, are filled with the blooms of sentiment that enriched Gilian's emotional adventures. The novelist, like Mr. Spencer, shares them with us, his customers, "for the sake of bygone dusks." He remits himself, like the General, to the days before his teens, to recall not merely their material associations, but also the finer vibrations of the spirit struck in them. Some he probably owes to a Mr. Brooks, for well into his day, one knows, there lingered in Scotland kindly aspiring

schoolmasters who modelled their conversation on Dr. Johnson's. The Paymaster, and General Dugald, and their brother, Colm, who led the Royal Scots at Salamanca and Waterloo, are perhaps skilful compounds of tradition, *revenants* called up from Inneraora Churchyard, but Miss Mary, one could swear, is of more intimate if yet vaguer origin. "That dear, fond heart, a daily hypocrite, a foolish bounteous mother-soul, without chick or child of her own," the rarest of Mr. Munro's women, to whom Nan Turner and even her sweeter sister heroines must "boo," was surely drawn from one individual model, whatever her clan and designation, unnameable almost by her portraitist, and however wrapped about with his maturer sympathy.

It would be pleasant to remain in Inneraora, but



Photo by Annan & Sons, Glasgow.

Neil Munro.

An early portrait.

Mr. Munro did not do so, though he is constantly returning to it, and in his absences resides in the memory of Carnus. There was a brief period, after Mr. Brooks', in a lawyer's office in the burgh town, and then its supreme journalist was launched on the West of Scotland. Following some months', or perhaps only weeks' engagement at Greenock, which came to an end with the sheet he wrote for, he made his real start with the *Scottish News* (the daily, then edited by Mr. "Freddy" Wicks); and a year in Falkirk later has been, I believe, the only break since then in his association with that paper, in its morning or evening issues. In the early 'Nineties, meantime, he began contributing to the magazines (*The Speaker*, *The National Observer*, and *Blackwood's*) the short stories which were afterwards published in the volume "The Lost Pibroch" (1896). It was followed by "John Splended" (1898), "Gilian the Dreamer" (1899), and the other novels.* Ostensibly after the publication of "The Lost Pibroch" Mr. Munro ceased journalist and began author. The only change, in fact, was that the tie to office work was loosened, and his "stuff," instead of appearing in the paper anywhere was directed regularly into special columns. Frequently it overflowed them. During all the years he has been engaged on fiction, his hand has been copious, ubiquitous, and easily distinguishable in the *Glasgow Evening News*; and what more natural than that just now, which is no time for mere nouvelles, he is at work waist-deep in the conduct of that newspaper?

In normal times the best-known of these columns referred to are the Thursday's "Views and Reviews" about books, and Monday's "Looker-On," which is about anything and everything except them. The first is familiar to all aspiring authors and advertising publishers, which proves its practical efficiency. It supplies its readers from week to week with less interested prattle and a more consistent criticism and evaluation of current literature according to a personal standard of artistry than any of the other current causeries on Paternoster Row wares and affairs. The scope of the "Looker-On" is at once wider and more local; it is largely a vehicle for comment and *blague* about every interest and mood and diversion of that "thrang," complicated, self-conscious entity, the West of Scotland. It was under this rubric, (signing them, however, "Hugh Foulis"), that Mr. Munro brought the adventures of the humble Glaswegians, Mr. MacPherson, Para Hand, and more lately Jamie Swan, some of them published in "Erichie" and "The Vital Spark." These diverting brochures, which must be taken with the reservation imposed by the author's adoption of a *nom-de-plume*, belong to that class of journalistic literature the world over of which "Mr. Dooley" and "Wee Macgreegor" are other recent examples. They require for their origin and acceptance only a fluid and enterprising Society. Glasgow has long furnished such, and the first to exploit it, at any rate successfully, in that line (in line, literally), was Mr. A. S. Boyd, whose Twym drawings in *Quint* anticipated (how many years ago?) the vogue since enjoyed by Hugh Foulis and Mr. J. J. Bell. The "Erichie" series

have to be noted as proofs of their author's versatility, and his love of fun and a frolic: he flings himself with gusto into the presentation of what may be called Broomielaw humours, and their witty expression in equivalent suburban dialect.

But the popular Hugh Foulis series—and one may add, the play "MacPherson"—are significant of the broad basis of Mr. Munro's influence; and this brings us to a matter even more salient than his choice of Inneraora for a birthplace, his selection of Glasgow for his workshop. To revive in this brief space the rivalry between the capital cities of the East and West of Scotland would merely be to be provocative and run away. Yet since Stevenson amusingly published its existence abroad in his "Edinburgh" there have been developments that must be touched on. In that quarter of a century Glasgow has increasingly absorbed and reflected the energies of Scotland. Its enormous material resources and the national problems involved in them have been glimpsed in the present crisis. The Clyde is more than ever an Imperial river. And in the same period the great city on it has developed all the problems in self-government of a dense industrial community, and offered solutions of them, or at any rate some of them, for the inspection of the whole world. Other evidences of Glasgow's activities are indicated by recalling that the one vital (though brief) art movement in these years is known by its name. It is quite to the point in respect of art and letters, to remind the reader that it produced Mr. Muirhead Bone and Mr. G. D. Brown. One can easily make the picture so grandiose that Glasgow would not recognise itself. Equally with its more imposing, it is necessary for my present purpose to stress its still homely and local and often vulgar characteristics, for by the contrast and contest of the two become possible the humorous conditions with which Mr. Munro makes such admirable play. The West of Scotland, which is the country surrounding and including Glasgow, is the desk on which as a journalist Mr. Munro has been writing for over five-and-twenty years, and of course it has greatly helped his hand to have had his "copy" absorbed before it was dry by a newspaper that so competently reflects these vast and varied interests. It fortunately did not demand his entrance within the soul- and judgment-destroying zone of party-politics. In serving it he was given an opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of all the vital conditions of the community, industrial, social, religious, artistic, its conditions of all sorts, all of which he can display when required, and if he desired with such minutiae of observation as are revealed in the portraits of Erchie and other diverts. His hand, I have said, has been easily distinguishable. It could not be hid. Recognition of it, I am told, dates back among the craft so far as vivid character sketches in reporting the trial of Monson. No doubt by this time its identity with Mr. Munro would have been general in any case among the whole community on which it works. But it is characteristic of Glasgow and of Scotland that this recognition of the journalist came earlier and with greater weight and zest because of his also having made his mark as a novelist of distinction,* whose books rank with the best that his day has produced.

* In 1908 the University of Glasgow conferred on him the degree, *Honoris Causa*, of LL.D.

* "Doom Castle" (1901); "Shoes of Fortune" (1901); "Children of Tempest" (1903); "Fancy Farm" (1910); "The New Road" (1914). In 1907 appeared "Daft Days," a book of a separate and delightful genre; and Mr. Munro has also published volumes on "The Clyde" and of "Ayrshire Idylls."

As a novelist Mr. Munro began with "The Lost Pibroch: A Series of Celtic Tales and Sketches," and this was followed by "John Splendid: A Highland Romance," and "Gilian the Dreamer: A Novel." The sub-titles of these first three books indicate the scope of all their author's fiction. When analysed its elements are discovered to be the legends of Celtic life, the social conditions of the historical Highlands, and the normal material of the novel in illumination of Gaelic character. In "The Lost Pibroch," in an original manner—in the manner of genius—but yet the most natural and common-sensical (because without *parti pris* in favour of "the Celtic influence," and the like), his

imagination ranged over Celtic tradition without ever escaping from the heather and the hill into the clouds. Its knowledge of the legendary Highlands, "copious, original, and at first-hand," as Mr. Lang said, was an acquisition of an imaginative childhood. In "John Splendid," again, he identified himself with the Gael in history, and cocked his beaver to the world with an assumption of the bravery with which the traditions of literature and history have decked him. On the broad ground of Montrose's wars, he embroidered a faction incident, intensely localising history and individualising the hero and his associates. There was the farther difference between him and Sir Walter, and a difference between him and Stevenson, that he looked at the drama through a Highland window,

with a native eye for Highland character. For both these Lowland romancers "Gilian" was an impossible achievement. Circumstantially a story of the second quarter of last century, it was equally one of the 'Eighties of the same. It has been indicated already that its scenery is that of the author's boyhood, and no one can doubt that so is its sentiment. "Gilian" is autobiographic to that extent, and farther in being critical of traits that run in the blood of the author's own race. The historical romances (though the historical in them is disavowed) are picaresque. A certain weakness of construction in the best of them is in some others over-improved by slightly obtrusive mechanism. The story does not always absorb, its circumstance, and not the story itself, having the chief attraction for the author. Sometimes the heroine—possibly because less a "manly interest"—is not so individual as the hero. "Gilian" on the other hand is closer-knit and more consistent, and on that account seems freer and less mechanical, and the ornament, rich as in all the novels, is there chased with a particularly delicate hand. And further—reason for singling it out in so very general an estimate—it displays in largest measure the charming grace,

partly traditional, partly personal, that distinguishes all Mr. Munro's books.

Graceful, gentle, modern "Gilian the Dreamer" researches the complementary, the feminine side of the brave and gallant vanity of "John Splendid." It is a version of the tragedy of "Hamlet." The Gaelic boy carries the stamp of one defect. That Gilian's "particular fault" was the Prince of Denmark's is farther indicated by the contrast with Young Islay, who is as resolute as Horatio. I regret having no space to mark with what ingenuity of illustration the extension of this tragic flaw in the hero's character is traced. But I am

developing an argument from all the novels, in all of which one of the race is engaged on its subtle and intimate portrayal. There is no doubt about the novels: they are true heather-bred. Yet it has to be observed that they have not evolved along the line that the earliest of them seemed to prognosticate. Like Paruig Dall's lost pibroch, which gave it a title, Mr. Munro's first book "bound up all the tales of all the clans and made one tale of the Gael's past." One should not have wondered if in the romances that followed the background had retained the poetic depth and vagueness of that volume which so successfully added delicate exactitude to universal ideas. That particular note of "The Lost Pibroch" has, as a matter of fact, never been repeated, not even in "Children of Tempest" which in its atmosphere stands alone.



Neil Munro.

A recent portrait.

The spacious air of that story belongs to the Hebrides. In all his novels Mr. Munro enlarges the horizons of the *locus in quo*: how cleverly he does so in "Gilian," where they are, perhaps, the narrowest of all! Partly this is accomplished by a hand working on the wide and full landscape of the Scottish Highlands, and singularly cunning in the detailed expression of their features. And partly it is due to the modern reflective element that is essential to Mr. Munro's elaborate style. Let me repeat, there is no doubt of the heather-bred origin of the stories and romances. Mr. Munro is *the* novelist of the Scottish Highlands. He is a Gael, and Sir Walter was not and Stevenson was not. But to be a Gaelic novelist—as it was open to him to be—he has not chosen. He leads no Gaelic movement, in affairs or in letters. The legends of the Gael, his sorrows and imaginings, the pathos of his migrations and emigrations, and home-sickness for the croft (touched on in some of the poems), he knows and feels, but except in particular instances of tyranny, of man or circumstance, they do not rouse him to passion. The Highlands with a grievance is not his inspiration. There is no room in his *œuvre* for a pamphlet. The

Highlands for him, as a separate part of Scotland, are past, and it is with a wistful sentiment for the past that he veils their bravery in the novels.

If it had been otherwise, if the novels had been more esoteric in quality, Mr. Munro's *prestige* as Scotland's representative in letters to-day would have suffered. They might conceivably have adorned with a strange device his authority as a journalist in a country that still reveres Literature. But we should have been conscious of an incongruity at least, if not even an antagonism between them and the turmoil of affairs into which their author also throws himself, such as we do not associate with the novels as they are. On the contrary, while they are all amusingly contemptuous of the "more useful purpose," it would be possible to find in each of them a confession of acquiescence in that as one of the conditions of Scotland's progress. From "John Splendid," where the two forces contend in the nature of Gillesbeg Grumach, to "The New Road," which is almost Galtian in its interest in material

developments, one is aware that deliberately or subconsciously, the author is intrigued by the contest of race and reason, or of sentiment and reason, which justifies me in having said that in Mr. Munro Highland and Lowland merge with some jabble of meeting streams. They divide his affections. Like his "Widow of Glencoe," he is not grueing on the future, but he is minding on the past. And all the time, as I have perhaps unduly laboured to show, he is engrossed in the present. Though he preserves very jealously an estate of high romance in Lorn, there is an easy passage from it to the desk of actualities in Hope Street.

There is another question: whether only in Lorn, and not farther south—in the land of Burns itself—one can colleague with Romance. The discussion of that might be made to embrace the whole fortunes of the Scottish novel. But so far as it is the question whether, and in what manner there is to be a novel of present-day Glasgow, I hope it may be counted as only in abeyance, since happily Mr. Munro is still in the plenitude of his powers.

WHAT TO READ.

A LETTER FROM LONDON TO A COUNTRY COUSIN.

July, 1915.

... TASTES differ, thank goodness, otherwise there would be no sale at all except for the books that happened to please you and me. And I so strongly object to any sort of dictatorship, in this as in every other walk of life, that I do not even desire to be the dictator. Not that I am terribly difficult to please; I am not of that superior caste of readers who can enjoy nothing in literature below the highest. A contempt for Wilkie Collins is no proof of your capacity to appreciate Shakespeare. I am persuaded that I am not less susceptible to the finer culinary arts because I can thoroughly enjoy, on occasion, a meal of bread and cheese; and it is much with books as it is with food. Some men mistake a delicate appetite for a delicate palate; and imagine they must be persons of taste because, to them, so many things are tasteless.

My own taste just now is largely for books about the War, and I confess it without shame. After all, that is bound to be the one subject of supreme interest to all of us in these days, and, except in rebellious intervals, I find it difficult to give my thoughts to anything else. We have had considerably over a thousand War books published already. I believe I have read most of them, and none of them has impressed or interested me more than Mr. G. H. Perris's "Campaign of 1914 in France and Belgium." It is the amplest, most detailed history that has yet appeared of the first five months of the War. Mr. Perris became a War Correspondent more by accident than by choice. He happened to be staying in Paris last August, at the beginning of things, and remained there as representative of the *Daily Chronicle*. Except for brief occasional visits, he was not allowed to go to the front; no Correspondent was; but all roads then led to Paris—though the Germans didn't get there—and from refugees, from wounded officers and soldiers who had been in the thick of the fighting, as

well as from French official sources and his own privileged excursions up to the fighting line, he was able to gather so much of the truth about all that was going on, and is so skilled in the fine art of journalism that his reports were recognised at once as among the best informed and most brilliant that any of our newspapers were giving us. He has not merely reprinted his newspaper articles in this book; the whole thing is newly written, and he has added much of importance that was not allowed to be printed before. There are unforgettable pictures of the life of Paris in the terrible days when it seemed inevitable that the German hordes would soon be surging into its streets; and no less haunting pictures of the devastated towns and villages of France and Belgium; the whole thrilling panorama of the heroic stand at Liège, the great retirement from Mons, the splendid rally at the turning point, when the Germans were hurled back across the Marne, and the dogged struggle in the trenches from September to the end of December, is unrolled before you vividly with a quick sense of the mighty dramatic qualities and the deep tragedy of it all. I think this is the largest of the war books, and I know you will read every word of it with unflagging interest, as I have done myself. In a thoughtful Introduction Mr. Perris deals searchingly with the causes of the war; and you will see the significance of his brief analysis of the strength, weaknesses, general characteristics of the opposed Powers:

"At the Hague, in all the councils of Europe, Germany came to stand nearly always for the reactionary refusal of better things. Despotism Russia had, at least, spasms of righteousness. The Tsar would have revolutionary petitioners shot down in the street, but would yield them a Duma; would establish a State liquor trade, then abolish it; would persecute Jews, but liberate Poles; would wage a nefarious war in Manchuria, but establish the world's law courts at the Hague. Behind these inconsistencies flames the soul and genius of the Russian folk, for whom no hopes are too high. There has never been a



From a crayon portrait by William Strang.

Nell Munro.

Russian Treitschke, or a German Tolstoy. France remains, at heart, the land of the Revolutionary formula—liberty, equality, fraternity. England, with all the faults which her children are usually the first to point out, is still the England of Gladstone. Germany has not got beyond the Bismarckian doctrine that might is greater than right. For such a case the ancient warning was uttered: 'He who lives by the sword shall die by the sword.'

An exhaustive account of the momentous, complicated negotiations that preceded the outbreak of War is given in Mr. J. W. Headlam's "History of Twelve Days."⁵ It is based on official publications, and incorporates all the diplomatic documents issued by the various Governments. Rarely have so few days been crowded with so many great events, and Mr. Headlam's detailed explanations and analyses of them make this a very helpful and permanently valuable contribution to War literature.

Other War Correspondents whose admirable articles from the fighting area have added largely to their reputations are Mr. Philip Gibbs and Mr. George Adam. The latter, who is Paris Correspondent for *The Times*, takes up the great story⁶ at the date when the Germans had fled north across the Aisne and the stubborn trench warfare had begun. He has a graphic pen, and I, for one, cannot read his descriptions of the horrors he has seen without agreeing with him that it might have been well had it been found possible "to conduct parties of eminent neutrals round the battlefields of the Marne, the Argonne, Flanders and the East"; and that "it would have been better if the military authorities had managed to show our own people what horrors lie behind the phrases of the communiqués"—not that they might see "what is the punishment of national weakness": that is the mere clap-trap of party politics—but that they might realise the barbarity, the unspeakable damnable-ness of the militaristic idea, and be the more resolved not only that our own land should never imitate it, but should help to stamp the unclean thing out of the world of men or perish in the attempt. Surely it is sufficiently significant that not England alone, but nearly all the rest of the civilised world has risen almost unanimously against the bullying, menacing system which some people think we should have done well to imitate. What is valuable in Mr. Adam's book is the comprehensive description of the political conditions in France on the eve of the War, his lucid and vigorous account of the progress of the campaign, his poignant pictures of the swiftness and fine self-sacrifice with which France found her soul and became a nation united in face of the common enemy.

"In this book," writes Mr. Philip Gibbs, at the conclusion of "The Soul of the War,"⁷ "I have set down simply the scenes and characters of this war as they have come before my own eyes and as I have studied them for nearly a year of history. If there is any purpose in what I have written beyond mere record it is to reveal the soul of war so nakedly that it cannot be glossed over by the glamour of false sentiment and false heroics. You cannot read the terrible stories he has to unfold, and unfolds with such forceful and fearless realism, without feeling, as he evidently does, that the chatter

about "the ennobling influences of war" is the empty talk of foolish sentimentalists. War is never elevating, but often in the darkest hell of it some higher instincts of humanity survive, and the short-sighted misinterpret this. I have noticed that some reviewers charge both Mr. Gibbs and Mr. Perris with putting too much of sentiment into their descriptions of certain incidents of the war, notably the strange happenings in the trenches on Christmas Eve; but the man who could write of such things without wonder and profound emotion would not be imaginative or intelligent enough to understand them or to write serviceably of them at all.

Two books in which the shame of Germany and the martyrdom and the glory of Belgium are placed on record, in moving, unforgettable terms, by two of Belgium's own poets, are "Belgium's Agony,"⁸ and "The Barbarians in Belgium."⁹ They will do more to bring home to us a full realisation of the nameless horrors Belgium has endured than all the formal statements and grim, dispassionate evidence compiled in official documents. Quite at the beginning of the War Miss Violetta Thurstan went out to Belgium, the head of a party of English Red Cross nurses, and was working in Brussels before the Germans arrived there. When the Germans came she went on duty in a hospital at Charleroi; later, when English nurses and surgeons were expelled from the country, she travelled across Sweden into Russia and continued her work there. "Field Hospital and Flying Column"¹⁰ is the journal of her experiences in Belgium and in Russia. What she says of the uncouthness, the barbarism, the wanton cruelty of the Germans is the more striking because of her readiness to recognise the good qualities of the German soldiers who were among her patients, and to praise and be grateful for any show of courtesy and humanity in exceptional German officers and officials. She tells simply and graphically of what she saw, and much of it confirms the black indictment that Verhaeren and Pierre Nothomb bring against Germany. Miss Thurstan had to suffer hardships and face dangers that must be much better to look back upon than to go through, and her story throws a sidelight on some phases of the war that will assist you to see it in its true perspective. Note, by the way, her significant little sketch of the difference between the bearing of the German officer towards his men and of the Russian officer towards his. The root-causes of the war, and of the unspeakable atrocities that have accompanied it, lie in that silly, egotistical, overbearing arrogance of the leaders of German thought and action.

I think perhaps it was because I came fresh from a reading of such books as these to "The Grapes and the Thorns"¹¹ that I grew a little impatient of Mr. Gilbert Thomas's "Thoughts in Wartime"—a little impatient of the equable, nice philosophy with which he devotes himself to considering the causes of the War, and apportioning the blame amongst Germany and the nations that have been forced to rise in self-defence against her. No nation is without sin; the spirit of militarism needs putting down in every country; I share all Mr. Thomas's hatred of war, and there was a time when I

⁵ 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

⁶ "Behind the Scenes at the Front." By George Adam. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

⁷ 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

⁸ By Emile Verhaeren. 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

⁹ By Pierre Nothomb. 2s. 6d. net. (Jarrold.)

¹⁰ 2s. 6d. net. (Putnam.)

¹¹ 1s. net. (Headley Bros.).

was as keen a pacifist as he; but in this war Germany is so unquestionably the aggressor, there is such overwhelming evidence that for years past she had been sedulously preparing for aggression, and meant to embark on a career of conquest when she thought the time was ripe; and at this moment when she is making her great, swaggering effort after world-domination there is nothing for us to do but what we are doing. No choice was left to us, and I am in no mood to stand calmly aside and philosophise whilst our friends are fighting and dying to rehabilitate Belgium and to save us from Belgium's fate. It is as vain to harp on pacifist doctrines at this hour as it would be to hope to check the onrush of a mad bull by assuring it that you were a vegetarian. To argue that the faults of a class in our own country are so largely to blame for what has occurred that the responsibility for Belgium's suffering is ours no less than Germany's—that Belgium "has not been broken into by one bully called Germany, but by other bullies, one of whom is, incidentally, called England"—is, to put it plainly, pharisaical sophistry. Mr. Thomas writes so well, has so much to say that is true and wise and will appeal to thoughtful readers, that I am sorry he allows his pacifist doctrines to harden into bigotry and carry him, just now, to false extremes.

I need not tell you to get Sir Owen Seaman's "War-Time Verses."⁹ You have already read and admired many of them in *Punch*; I like the clean, sledge-hammer strokes of "Dies Irae"; the blistering scorn of "To the Bitter End"; the satire and shrewd humour of "Canute and the Kaiser," and "Moses II."; and am glad to have them in volume. Another book of verse, and one that has particularly delighted me, is "Ballads of Field and Billet," by W. Kersley Holmes.¹⁰ Mr. Holmes is, they tell me, a Lance-Corporal in the Lothian and Border Horse, and he has put into these spirited ballads just his personal experiences of soldiering—pictures of the life in the midst of which he has been living, and the thoughts and feelings it has given rise to. He finds inspiration in the everyday incidents of training and camp life, and touches in little character sketches of his officers and comrades with a gay and whimsical humour; now and then he strikes a deeper note, and his pathos is as manly and as true as his patriotism. His soldiers are very different men from Kipling's; he pictures them in "The Barrack Room," brought together in a glorious comradeship from all grades of society, from the office, the study, the plough, one from the variety stage where he was earning "fifteen

bob a week," one from a bank, and one from shooting pheasants on a big estate of his own.

"For each the work, the grub, the luck, the hope and fear the same,

Who comes for motives all diverse to learn the grimdest game;

And surely when, or soon or late, the weary war is done,
He'll be more quick to see a pal in every mother's son!"

"British Mud" is capital again; so is "Tommy and I," and "The Little Officers," "The Transport Driver,"

"Archie's Parting," "The Surprise," and "His Majesty's

Stew." It is not great poetry, and was not meant to be; but it is the cleverest, pleasantest and most intimate collection of soldier-poems that the War has given us yet. It is a book that everybody should read, for everybody is interested in our new armies, and the life and the spirit of them is the spirit and life of these ballads.

While we are talking of poetry, here is a brave new publishing adventure which I know will take your fancy. Mr. Erskine Macdonald, one of the most alive and enterprising of our younger publishers, has just issued the first volume in a series of "Little Books of Georgian Verse." The series is under the capable editorship of Miss S. Gertrude Ford, and I think she has made a very happy choice of this charming little bundle of lyrics, "Manx Song and Maiden Song," by

Mona Douglas,¹¹ for her first volume. Surely there can be few more essentially Georgian poets than Miss Douglas, who has not yet completed her sixteenth year. "I was born on September 18th, 1899, at Liverpool," she says in a brief note which Miss Ford prints at the end of her Introduction, "but both by descent and upbringing I am Manx, and when only a few months old was taken to the island to live." As she was rather delicate, she was allowed to run wild there instead of being sent to school. "At present," she adds, "I am helping in our own bakehouse in Birkenhead, in order to free a man for the front; doing housework as well, going to the School of Art and having other lessons at home, and writing in between times." In turning to the writing of verse she would seem to have followed a natural bent. The charm of these poems of hers is their spontaneity, their simple naturalness. There is music in them, a graceful fancy, a real love of nature and a sensitiveness to the beauty and mystery of common life. The verses are good in themselves—remarkably good if you remember the age of their writer, and what will please you even more is the promise that is in them. You must get this book, for its own sake, and because such a series started in such an uneasy time deserves



Photo by Reginald Haines.

Mr. G. H. Perris.

⁹ 1s. net. (Constable.)

¹⁰ 1s. 6d. net. (Paisley: Alex. Gardner.)

¹¹ 1s. net. Erskine Macdonald.



Can we help You?



OR several years we have been working at the problem of making the process of photogravure, which has hitherto been too expensive for general use, a commercial proposition for the illustration of books and catalogues at a low cost. The above picture is printed on a British-made machine by a British process; and the reproduction in photogravure in quantity, of all photographs and wash drawings, can now be undertaken by us in any shade of ink at commercial prices, and on receipt of your enquiries, specimens and prices will at once be sent you.

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and needs encouragement. Miss Ford expresses a conviction that the War will have a spiritually uplifting effect on our literature in general and on poetry in particular and that, as time passes, these little books of Georgian verse will justify that faith which is in her. Three other books in the series are already arranged for. They are "Poems," by C. A. Macartney; "Heather Ways," by Hylda C. Cole; and "The Fields of Heaven," by Nora Tynan O'Mahoney, the sister of Katharine Tynan. And it should flatter THE BOOKMAN'S vanity that the names of two of the poets out of these first four (Miss Mona Douglas and Miss Hylda C. Cole) are already familiar to readers of its Prize Competition pages.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

P.S.—If you are for reading that which will take your thoughts away from the War for a bit, there is Filson Young's "New Leaves: A Volume of Essays" (5s. net., Martin Secker)—thirty-four light and charmingly discursive papers on the homely things of common life that matter so much to all of us; there is "Minnie's Bishop and Other Stories" (6s., Hodder & Stoughton)—two dozen tales by George A. Birmingham that are by turns charged with the simple pathos of lowly human lives and with the liveliest, most irresponsible humour. And there are six novels that I can strongly recommend



Miss Violetta Thurston.
Author of "Field Hospital and Flying Column"
(Putnam).

to you—they are so newly published that I can only give you a list of them here, and leave what I have to say of them until I am writing again:

"Jaffery." By W. J. Locke. (John Lane.)

"Merry Andrew." By Keble Howard. (John Lane.)

"His Father's Wife." By J. E. Patterson. (Allen & Unwin.)

"The Man from the Past." By

Stanley Portal Hyatt. (Werner Laurie.)

"The Squire's Sweetheart." By Katharine Tynan. (Ward Lock.)

"Follow After." By Gertrude Page. (Hurst & Blackett.)

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JULY, 1915.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV., and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE. Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best Limerick beginning "If I were the Kaiser—"
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

- I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Miss Thora Stowell, care of Miss Ogden, Palais de Koubbek, near

Cairo, Egypt, and to Miss B. C. Hardy, of 19, Hartfield Square, Eastbourne, for the following:

THE MAKER OF IDOLS

I see him old and weary, and afraid
Of the Great Dark that his own hands have made,
Peopled with beckoning Things that grin and leer,
Touch his bowed shoulders, call, and disappear.

Out in the streets the little children run,
Laughing for joy beneath the summer sun,
Young girls go by with flowers for the gods. . .
His hands have fashioned them, he knows them clods
Of clay and stone, of silver and fine brass,
His face is bitter as the women pass.

There is no hope for him in earth or sky.
His gods are dead—and yet, he too must die!

THORA STOWELL.

FOR OLD AGE.

If I should live to know the greys of age,
Let me remember youth was grey as well,
And the dark years between in silence tell—
Yet all these ways led to an hermitage.

If I must live to weakness and unrest,
Who would have given my prime, but was forbid,
Let me recall the griefs in memory hid,
And know the evil past, the good possessed.

If I must linger the long twilight through,
And the dark night, and to the pearly dawn,
Let me forget in that last radiant morn
All but the pure, the fair, the good, the true.

O white and shining palace of the soul,
Kinged round with embers of out-worn desire,
To thee I will arise from out the fire,
In thee I find the imperishable goal!

B. C. HARDY.

We also select for printing :

MY HEART'S A NEST.

My heart's a nest,
It's bird is you;
You are a moon
In my heart's blue.

You are a gem
Of worth untold,
Set by Fate's hand
In my heart's gold.

(Mary Carolyn Davies, Oxford Apartments, Berkely,
California, U.S.A.)

DREAMS.

O the track that dips to the river through a mass of purple bloom,
And winds away to the hill-tops, where the great crags dimly
loom!

I was there again in a dream just now, by the low-walled mountain
fold,
When the sun was striking the Western hills with a sword of
burning gold.

O the low thatch-house on the gareys! with the yellow gorse
around,
And the little spring by the gable making music in the ground;
I went through the door as I used to do—but the hearth was
black and bare,
And the hush of cold desolation lay like a mantle everywhere.

O the curraghs out to the Westward! with their smell of rain-
wet turf,
And the noise of the little rivers running down to meet the
surf. . . .

I was only there in a dream, I know, but I shall not soon forget—
For I heard the call of my native land, and my heart is throbbing
yet!

(Mona Douglas, 37, Bentinck Street, Birkenhead,
Cheshire.)

The best of the large number of other lyrics received are those written by Clement H. Whitby (Yeovil), F. J. Popham (Dumfries), Reginald Grey (Darlington), A. M. Bowyer-Rosman, London, W., Adelaide Phillpotts (Torquay), Dorothy Fortescue (Merioneth), Habberton Lulham (Gloucester), Isabel Davies (Liverpool), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), Lettie Cole (Pontilias), E. R. L. (Durham), Harry Eyden (St. Helens), J. E. Beamsley (Bradford), Ivan Adair (Dublin), W. Siebenhaar (Perth, W. Australia), Frank G. Greenwood (Bingley), Thomas Moulton (Manchester), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate), Dorothy F. Hatford (Oxford), Hilda Trevelyan Thompson (Middlesbrough), May Kidson (Perth, W. Australia), George Savill (Brockley), Hugo Irvine (Aberdeen), A. N. Spice (Colorado, U.S.A.), A. B. Celliers (Stellenbosch, S.A.), Arthur Thrush (London, W.C.), E. T. Sandford (Saltash), E. Lavinia Plummer (Ontario), Dorothy Plimpton (Munster Park), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), J. Hartman (California), Enid Woolright (Chelsca), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), D. A. E. Garrod (Melton), Edwin J. Pratt (Toronto), L. M. Davis (Enfield), Eric Chilman (Hull), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), Vera Larminie (Kensington).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss A. Watson, of 2, Otterburn Villas South, Newcastle-on-Tyne, for the following:

A PROFESSOR OF ENERGY: KIPLING. BY CYRIL FALLS.
(Martin Secker.)

"For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever."

TENNYSON.

We also select for printing :

AT THE FRONT WITH THREE ARMIES.
BY GRANVILLE FORTESCUE. (Melrose.)

"Amid so many blows, of course, you'll suppose
He must get a black eye, or, at least, bloody nose."
BARHAM, *Ingoldsby Legends*.

(Philip Hickey, Kingstown, Ireland.)

CAN YOU FORGIVE HER? BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.
(Lane.)

". . . what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?"
HOOD, *An Open Question*.

(Charles Powell, 67, Dickenson Road, Manchester.)

WAR UP-TO-DATE. BY CHARLES E. PEARCE.
(Stanley Paul.)

"Up rose the Sub-marine."
T. HOOD, *The Sub marine*.

(G. F. A. Salmon, Tregoney, Lannoweth Road, Penzance.)

SEEING IT THROUGH. BY A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"And so I set my teeth together, and vowed I'd see it through."
WILL CARLETON, *Betsy and I are In*.

(Cicely Ford, Heather Cottage, Bengal Road, Winton,
Bournemouth.)

THE SONG OF THE HOPS. (Eden Phillpotts)

"Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe."
MILTON, *L'Allegro*.

(Jean Stewart, 16, Gibson Street, Hillhead, Glasgow.)

THE EVIDENCE OF THE CASE. BY JAMES M. BECK.
(Putnam.)

"She'd two black eyes, a broken nose,
And bruises half a score."

G. R. SIMS, *Christmassing à la mode de Slumopolis*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 159, Holly Lane, West
Smethwick, Birmingham.)

THE GOLDEN QUEST. BY A. AND C. ASKEW.

"High breeding is something, but, well-bred or not,
In the end the one question is, 'What have you got?'"
POPE.

(Miss C. Ransom, St. Mary Church, Torquay.)



Miss Mona Douglas,

whose "Manx Song and Maiden Song" is the first volume in Mr. Erskine Macdonald's new series of "Little Books of Georgian Verse."

The Bookman



VOLUME XLVII.

OCTOBER, 1914—MARCH, 1915.

London:

HODDER AND STOUGHTON

WARWICK SQUARE, E.C.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A RECRUITING OFFICER.
BY COULSON KERNAHAN. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"But as they fetch'd a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew;
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to."

Hood, *Faithless Sally Brown*.

(D. E. Grant, 1548, East Eighty-Sixth Street,
Cleveland, O, U.S.A.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best eight lines of original verse on the new "Bantam" regiments is awarded to George Duncan Grey, of 67, High Street, Weston-super-Mare, for the following:

TO THE NEW BANTAM REGIMENTS.

Little heroes, firm-willed, who demand to be drilled,
Though your stature be slight, yet your hearts are all right,
And it's courage, not height, that serves best in the fight
When the trenches are filled, and you kill or are killed.

Nelson's words still abide: Bobs's deeds have not died;
You are bone of their breed: you inherit their creed.
Little heroes! God-speed! You are Britons indeed.
Though your chests are not wide, you are soldiers inside.

GEORGE DUNCAN GREY.

Of the many other replies received the six best are by C. W. P. Rogers (Ipswich), Doris Westwood (Sutton Coldfield), George A. Vann (Sheffield), William Sutherland (Sunderland), Marie Russell (Glasgow), Mrs. J. O. Arnold (Sheffield).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to W. M. Lodge, of 7, Gatestone Road, Upper Norwood, S.E., for the following:

THE VOYAGE OUT. BY VIRGINIA WOOLF. (Duckworth.)

Here are gathered unusual people interesting, rather attractive, but not lovable personalities. So much stress—not entirely pleasing—is laid upon the necessity of the heroine awaking to the facts of life, that, considering her incapacities or limitations when she met them, it almost seems that old-fashioned instincts might have equally served her. One anticipates a fine climax, and after all there appears to have been a fuss about nothing. Nevertheless, it is an exceedingly able book in which the characters take themselves most seriously, are very individual, and particularly incline to announcing that they have no religious Faith.

We also select for printing:

THE SWORD OF YOUTH. BY JAMES LANE ALLEN.
(Macmillan.)

This book is very well written and full of real moving life. It abounds in vivid descriptions of Kentucky farm life and nature. Yet the book is fundamentally wrong, and its beauties are marred by the episode, which I should like to call the "key-stone" of the book. When, the boy obeys the foolish wish of a dying mother (foolish because no real mother would wish to see her son at the price of his honour) and puts in jeopardy, not only his own life, but that of a trusted and trusting friend, not only does he do a wrong thing, but, worse still, the wrong is cloaked with the semblance of heroism.

(Miss M. A. Pesci, 39, Highbury Hill, London, N.)

THE GREAT AGE. BY J. C. SNAITH. (Hutchinson.)

Those who turn to the great Age of Elizabeth with delight and admiration, will give this novel a particularly warm reception. It contains a lucid picture of every-day life in England in the days of Gloriana; of life at Court, on the stage and in the farm. Its distinctive feature is that Shakespeare whose life is still clouded with uncertainty, is boldly introduced as one of the chief characters. However, the author's surmise of Shakespeare the man, is, to a certain extent, plausible and beyond doubt, interesting. And the story is certainly fascinating, full of the very life-blood of drama.

(G. V. Krupanidhi, Madras Christian College, Madras, India.)

THE PASTOR'S WIFE. By the Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." (Smith, Elder.)

"The Pastor's Wife" may be a "little cold-watery, early-morning thing," with flame-coloured hair, but the reader is left with a strong impression that it is well for Robertlet and Ditti that they are set in the mould of their matter-of-fact grandmother rather than that of their emotional mother; easily scared she appears to be, yet undertakes a foreign tour (all unknown to the alarming Bishop), marries a perfect stranger, goes blithely off to East Prussia with him—and then embarks on a week's tour with the artist, Ingram.

(Miss Ritchie, Nethercote, Mersham.)

The best twelve of the other reviews received are by Hilda Ridley (Toronto), Marie Russell (Glasgow), Clifford E. Neale (Birkenhead), Miss Jackson (Beverley), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Brighton), David Conrad (Forest Gate), J. Clifford Rowe (Wanstead), Arthur Davidson (Nairn), F. Webster (Walworth), M. A. Newman (Brighton), Miss S. A. Griffiths (Ferndale), N. R. McIntosh (Birmingham.)

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss Mary Carolyn Davies, of Oxford Apartments, Berkely, California, U.S.A.

New Books.

RUPERT BROOKE'S LAST POEMS.*

Much, but not overmuch, praise has been bestowed on the five sonnets which were to be Rupert Brooke's last poems. They were acclaimed, on their appearance in *New Numbers*, as probably the finest poetry which the war had so far inspired—indeed, one can only think of Masfield's "August" and two or three pieces of Binyon's as worthy to be named with them—and after the death at Lemnos they were remembered for their prophetic appropriateness. For death—the coolness and sweetness and safety of it—was the predominant idea in all of them. More than one poem in this posthumous collection is evidence that, when war overwhelmed the world, Brooke was in a mood to welcome the catastrophe, a mood of revulsion against the commonplaces of emotional life, very scornful of

"Half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,
And all the little emptiness of love—"

glad of this vast thing in which he could swim clear of littleness. He has a bitter, disillusioned vision of some

* "1914, and Other Poems." By Rupert Brooke. 2s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

things—and especially of love, against the romantic conception of which he expresses himself with almost too conscious an emphasis in half a dozen poems. But he did not look on the war with an eye for which the heroisms are spoilt by the squalours and dishonesties, nor, on the other hand, with the candour of which Walter de la Mare wrote in his poem, "Keep Innocency"; but with a great eagerness.

"Now, God be thanked Who has matched us with His hour,
And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping,
With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened power,
To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping,
Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary,
Leave the sick hearts that honour could not move,
And half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,
And all the little emptiness of love!"

Oh! we, who have known shame, we have found release there,
Where there's no ill, no grief, but sleep has mending,
Naught broken save this body, lost but breath;
Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long peace there
But only agony, and that has ending;
And the worst friend and enemy is but Death."

To read that, remembering "There's Wisdom in Women," "The Chilterns," "The Way that Lovers Use" and the sonnet called "Love," is to get a glimpse of an emotional history, which certain other poems (especially "The Great Lover"), giving evidence of a marvellous and joyful responsiveness of the senses, do not contradict but illuminate.

It is probable that Brooke's bitterness was only a phase of his development, and that it would have passed without the monstrous accident which slew the mood only a little while before it slew the poet; but his responsiveness was a permanent characteristic, and his power of finding the words which could make his apprehensions ours rarely failed him. His great technical quality, indeed, was his sureness of hand, his adequacy to transcribe his poems; and since his mind was stored with deep and honest thought and bright and subtle impressions, his poetry has a combination of exactness and richness unequalled by any poet living, unless by Lascelles Abercrombie. Among the dead, one has to go back past the romantics and over the eighteenth century, back to Donne, to find Brooke a fellow. His poetry is "satisfying and abiding." The temptation to quote from it is hard to resist, but the choice, where there are so few lapses from the best, is difficult. The following sonnet, "suggested by some of the proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research," is as near perfection as poetry (which after all is but a pis-aller for the unattainable) often reaches:

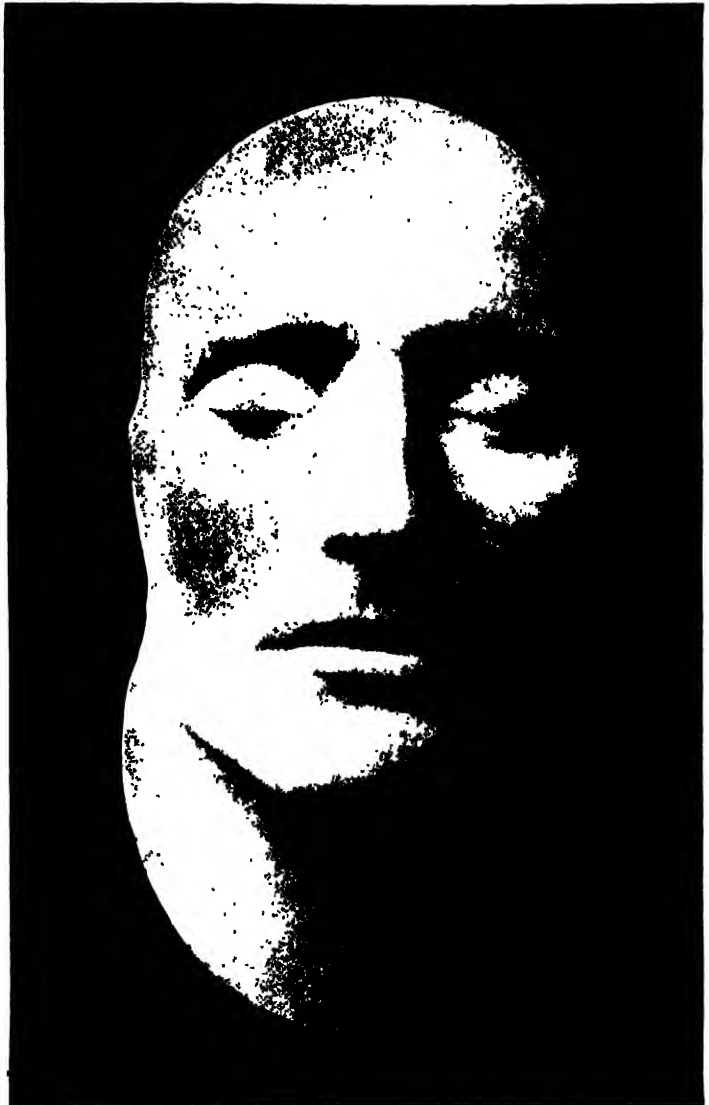
"Not with vain tears, when we're beyond the sun,
We'll beat on the substantial doors, nor tread
Those dusty high-roads of the aimless dead
Plaintive for Earth; but rather turn and run
Down some close-covered by-way of the air,
Some low sweet alley between wind and wind,
Stoop under faint gleams, thread the shadows, find
Some whispering ghost-forgotten nook, and there
Spend in pure converse our eternal day;
Think each in each, immediately wise;
Learn all we lacked before; hear, know, and say
What this tumultuous body now denies;
And feel, who have laid our groping hands away;
And see, no longer blinded by our eyes."

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

NAPOLEON'S DEATH-MASK *

"The Story of Napoleon's Death-Mask" is one of those rare studies in iconography that seem destined to make an appeal to the general reader. The facts which Mr. Watson sets forth in his little monograph are indeed so surprising, and constitute such a piquant tale of fraud, mystery, and imposture as suffice to remove the narrative altogether from the category of mere dry-as-dust investigations. Everyone who is interested in Napoleon has, of course, heard of, and has seen reproductions of, the famous Death-Mask, now in the possession of Prince Victor Napoleon. But, prior to the publication of the volume before us, few persons, if asked the question, could, we imagine, have given the name of the real maker of the mask. On the authority of indisputable documentary evidence—that of a despatch sent by Sir Hudson Lowe to Lord Bathurst, dated June 13th, 1821; that of a letter of the maker's printed in *The Courier* of September 10th of the same year, and that of a lecture delivered in Dublin by the maker's cousin, Dr. Robert James Graves, F.R.S., and published in the *London Medical and Surgical Journal* for July 18th, 1835—Mr. Watson establishes the fact that Dr. Burton, surgeon to the 66th Regiment of Foot, and uncle of the famous Sir Richard Burton, was the *only* beggetter of the Death-Mask, "that solitary cast which is the *fons et origo* of all the death-masks of Napoleon that ever were or ever will be." Here then is a story which explains why this priceless relic of St. Helena is the property

* "The Story of Napoleon's Death-Mask." Told from the Original Documents. By G. L. De St. M. Watson. 6s. net. (John Lane.)



The Sankey Cast.

From "The Story of Napoleon's Death-Mask." (John Lane).

of a Bonapartist prince instead of being housed in one of our own national collections, a record which serves to prove—once again—with what extreme consideration, nay, with what undue consideration, Sir Hudson Lowe comported himself towards "General Bonaparte" and his suite right down to the very end of the chapter. On Saturday, May 5th, 1821, as Napoleon lay dying, it was agreed that both Dr. Antommarchi, his physician, and Dr. Burton, should take death-masks of the great man, a proposal which met with the hearty approval of Sir Hudson Lowe. Napoleon died at 5.49 p.m. that same day. The next day, however, Antommarchi refused to attempt the task of making a mask, alleging that the plaster available was useless. Of this material, notwithstanding, Dr. Burton contrived to fashion a mould. The following day, May 7th, having received better and fresher plaster, the English surgeon took his cast from the mould and left it to dry all day. Returning the next day, he found that the front or face had been seized and packed up by Count and Countess Bertrand, who refused to hand it back to him. Thinking it unwise in this emergency to appeal to Sir Hudson Lowe, who, as his despatch to Lord Bathurst shows, would in any case have refused to interfere in the matter, Dr. Burton postponed taking action till he arrived in London. Then in September he took proceedings at Bow Street against the Bertrands for the recovery of the mask, and was non-suited on a point of law. But beyond writing the letter to *The Courier* to which we have alluded, a letter in which he claimed the sole authorship of the mask; beyond, too, filing a correspondence between

himself and Antommarchi, in which the latter stated that he knew Burton had made the plaster and taken the cast, a correspondence which Mrs. Burton, the widow, in the true fashion of Burton widows, burnt, the English doctor took no further steps towards vindicating his claim. He died of hæmorrhage of the lungs, October 24th, 1828. The Bertrands took the mask with them to France, from them it descended to their daughter, Madame Thayer, and from her it passed to Prince Victor Napoleon, the present owner. In the summer of 1822, however, when Antommarchi was their guest, the Bertrands produced the mask, and the Italian, having made a secondary or piece-mould upon it, took from this a secondary cast, which seems still to be in existence. In the winter of 1824-25 Antommarchi brought out his *Derniers Moments de Napoleon*, a work in which he claimed for the first time to have made the mask. But it was not till nearly nine years later—on July 15th, 1833—that he issued the *Prospectus* in which he invited subscribers to purchase those plaster and bronze reproductions which he impudently and falsely claimed to be derived from his own original cast.

Even more astounding, however, than this true story of theft, and of stolen fame, is the fact, which seems to be sufficiently well authenticated—that on May 7th, 1821, "while Burton's cast, as yet unabridged, lay hard and dry in the chamber of which the artist was free," a second secondary cast was taken from it—the first, of course, in order of time—by Joseph William Rubidge, a miniature painter, who had come out to St. Helena a little while before Napoleon died. From its maker this—the Sankey—cast passed to the Rev. R. Boys, chaplain at St. Helena, who bequeathed it to his daughter, Mrs. Sankey, who left it to her son, the present owner, Dr. Sankey, of Oxford. The pedigree of the Sankey cast, on this showing, seems, we admit, to be indefeasible. Notwithstanding, we should like to ask Mr. Watson three questions: (1) What became of Mr. Rubidge when he left St. Helena for London in the early autumn of 1821? (2) How does it happen that the only *documentary* evidence for the genuineness of the Sankey mask is provided by a certificate written forty-one years after the date at which Mr. Rubidge's cast came into the Rev. R. Boys's possession? (3) Have any reproductions been made from the Sankey mask?

W. A. L. B.

JOHN GALSWORTHY'S SATIRES.*

Mr. Galsworthy is a curious instance of the dangers of the literary life. He is not by temperament an artist; his main interests have always been of that grave and more discreet kind which mark the adventurer in sociology or philanthropy. In his more recent books, social economy, politics, love of animals, and a rather windy defiance of the ordinary man, have given to his writings an aridity which is effective but scarcely pleasing. For his method has great advantages. His persons are never allowed to interfere with his problems, nor, as a rule, does any inconvenient power of observation upset his preconceptions. In this volume, for instance, there is a series called "Studies in Extravagance." They treat in a rather heavy periphrastic style with different modern types—"The Writer," "The Critic," "The Plain Man," "The Housewife," "The Latest Thing." They are all singularly complete. In a way they are in the mode of terse character studies, of which Sir Thomas Overbury left such good specimens. But Mr. Galsworthy's vision is not sufficiently universal to make him a good writer of characters. His types are distorted. He just satirises or condemns traits he dislikes, and is careless as to their real suitability to those on whom he foists them. In writing of "The Plain Man," he says, "Something told him that he, beyond all other men, knew what was good for his wife and children. . . . Essentially a believer in

liberty, like every Englishman, he was only for pulling down a thing when it offended his own vista." Now there is nothing in that typical of the "plain man" more than, let us say, Mr. George Moore. The truth is, Mr. Galsworthy has an inherent distaste for the positive character. For him a decision must nearly always be wrong. There are so many sides to every question that it is better not to be certain about any. This indecisiveness is apparent even when he writes of subjects which arouse his enthusiasm. His "Little Man" gets a hero's halo through sheer lack of will. He clings to somebody else's baby all through the scenes of his little drama, not because he wants the child, but simply because he cannot make up his mind at critical moments to do anything. He just suffers. There is, of course, splendour in suffering; but it should be the crown rather than the goal of a career. It is scarcely an objective for a human being. Mr. Galsworthy has a superb dislike for success, but he is not quite fair to the successful; and he is over-elaborate in his attack on the prosperous. In "Ultima Thule" he tells us of a poor man who is a friend to animals—sick, wounded cats, or birds. The man's character is drawn with real affection, but Mr. Galsworthy is too anxious to assure us that anyone more competent would be without his old man's sweetness of spirit. He does not believe that the meek shall inherit the earth; in spite of such instances to the contrary as St. Francis of Assisi or St. Therese or George Fox, he would seem to believe in some mystical connection between incompetence and saintliness. When the hero of "Ultima Thule" dies, he leaves his poor pensioners to a rich friend—Mr. Jackson of the Harmony Theatre. Mr. Jackson accepts the trust:

"I'll take his old cats on; don't you let him worry about that. I'll see to his bird, too. If I can't give 'em a better time than ever they have here, it'll be funny!"

So he promises an acquaintance. And he takes the cats; and the acquaintance went down to see them.

"In the grounds, past the vinery, an out-house had been cleaned and sanded, with cushions placed at intervals against the wall, and a little trough of milk. Nothing could have been more suitable or luxurious. 'How's that?' he said. 'I've done it thoroughly.' But I noticed that he looked a little glum. 'The only thing,' he said, 'is the cats. First night they seemed all right, and the second there were three of 'em left. But to-day the gardener tells me there's not the ghost of one anywhere. It's not for want of feeding. They've had tripe and liver and milk—as much as ever they liked. And cod's heads, you know—they're very fond of them. I must say it's a bit of a disappointment to me.'"

Now it is plain that Mr. Jackson does not fail with animals because he is prosperous. Mr. Galsworthy presents him as an image of success, and his little old friend as an image of failure; but this is the false vision of literary sentiment. The old man could claim success just as much as Mr. Jackson. He succeeded in attracting stray cats to himself. That this denotes any particular nobility of character is just the wildest kind of morbid affectation on Mr. Galsworthy's part. The old man, or old woman, who devotes his life to quantities of pet animals is frequently too sordid for words. Mr. Galsworthy has gone "fey" about pet animals. They can become just as degrading a vice as company-promoting and theatre-floating. This brings me back to my original contention. The practice of literature has spoiled Mr. Galsworthy, as it spoils any man who, without the artistic temperament, meddles in the things of art. He can no longer control his own theories. He is mastered, like a politician, by the formulæ of his profession. He divides the world, a little nervously, into groups, and looks askance at the result. And all the time human beings, unaffected, natural, simple-minded, are waiting to be discovered. An artist has no business, even in satire, to treat Brown-Smith as simply The Plain Man; he must find out his Christian name—and his pet name. Perhaps the most significant thing in this book is the fact that none of the principal characters, from "The Little Man" to the old lover of cats, have any Christian name. They are attitudes, not persons. And without persons you cannot have a sound literature.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

* "The Little Man, and Other Satires." By John Galsworthy. 6s. (Heinemann.)

TWO PATHS OF CONTEMPLATION.*

There is one point of view from which it is possible to look at these two books together, diverse as they are in their subject, and more indeed than diverse in method and treatment. Both are concerned with certain states in consciousness, leading up to a single state, which the habit of centuries has qualified by the term mystical, though it is a most unsatisfactory word, considered as the measure of an alleged experience by the least characteristic fact that is known or affirmed concerning it. Mrs. Rhys Davids uses the term sparingly, but her psychology is not less that of mysticism. Miss Underhill uses it and its correlatives frequently, and cannot do otherwise, for in her case there is no other word available, and it might be mischievous rather than helpful were it possible to find a substitute. Both in Buddhist psychology and in Ruysbroeck, the states are salient points or stages in the travelling of an inward path which must be called that of contemplation, though again without being satisfied by the word, and as in respect of the eastern records it would be ridiculous to use eastern terminology in the present notice, I will adopt certain approximate equivalents which Mrs. Rhys Davids has furnished here and there.

The practice of the path in Buddhism is (1) by applied and sustained attention, having eliminated the discursive work of intellect; (2) by the composure of self-contained mind, born of concentration; (3) by abiding in lucid mind; (4) by passing beyond that pair of opposites included by the notion of joy and misery, and by attaining thereafter a state of pure lucidity which is called indifference of mind, "wherein is neither happiness nor unhappiness." Mrs. Rhys Davids tell us that these are all states of "ecstatic contemplation," an expression which is perfectly familiar in Christian mysticism. In the fourth state there is reached that mode of being which is called "higher consciousness." But there appears to be a fifth which has also four grades, as in a path of quest, thus: (1) elimination of all distinctions, which are replaced by a sense of infinite space; (2) realisation of the infinite as consciousness; (3) transcension of infinite consciousness, and realisation of an infinite nothingness; (4) the state of abiding in that which is "neither perception nor non-perception."

Students of Christian mysticism will be reminded at once of pseudo-Dionysius, who describes in his "Mystical Theology" an analogous entrance into negation and darkness, and of the old English "Cloud of Unknowing," with its "abiding in the nowhere and the nought." The analogies in Ruysbroeck may be gathered from many texts, when he speaks of repose in a state "above all resemblance"; a state "above the self, in unity"; a state of emptiness in bare love, etc. But beyond all the analogies there is a contrast which is greater than these. While the end for the Buddhist, as for the Christian saint, was "banishment of self," for the former this experience was followed by no sense of Divine Union. The suspension of the reflex act did not lead up to God-consciousness. Christian mysticism seeks to enter the Dionysian void, but it is in order to attain God, or—with Ruysbroeck—to "find within themselves, above reason, the Kingdom of God and God in His Kingdom." So does "the closed heaven" open for the inward man, who is "turned with a full heart to the Eternal Goodness." The practice of Buddhist psychology leaves the soul in the void, in an unimaginable condition, having neither the self nor God. Give to me therefore, as ever, the Way in Christ.

Mrs. Rhys Davids has taken as the foundation of her study a mediæval compendium of philosophy and psychology which has been made available to English readers, under the auspices of the Pali Text Society, by

* "Buddhist Psychology." By Mrs. C. A. F. Rhys Davids, M.A. (Quest Series.) 2s. 6d. net. (G. Bell & Sons)

"Ruysbroeck." By Evelyn Underhill. (Quest Series.) 2s. 6d. net. (G. Bell & Sons.)

herself and an oriental collaborator. From this starting-point she pursues the Buddhist "inquiry into mind and its activities" through some of the old texts, and again through later developments, outside the compendium mentioned. We have thus the psychology of a long line of memorials on "mind in term and concept," consciousness and the external world, feeling and ideation. We have also the psychological developments of the later period as regards introspective analysis and definition. There should be no need to speak of the ripe knowledge which Mrs. Rhys Davids brings to her subject. She has also the admirable humility which comes from knowledge. She speaks of her work as "a rough provisional sketch" and "a temporary makeshift." To myself, on the other hand, it seems of no less importance than interest, though it has to be said that, largely on account of the subject, but in part also through a certain want of care in her writing, she is a little difficult to follow, and one would have thought otherwise that she was for the zealous and prepared student rather than for the "layman" to whom the Quest Series appeals. Miss Underhill, on the contrary, has not only a simple subject, but a facile style and between them gives exactly what is wanted for such an undertaking. Those who are content to know in a general way what was done and thought, experienced and recorded by the great Flemish mystic of the fourteenth century have no need to go further than her pages. And those—on the other hand—who are familiar with Ruysbroeck will sympathise with Miss Underhill over many things which have had to be omitted or treated slightly, in view of the space at her disposal.

A. E. WAITE.

RUSSIA AND THE WORLD.*

Mr. Stephen Graham's power of interpreting Russia to England is a valuable national asset at the present moment. We have had several excellent writers who have been able to describe Russia encyclopædically (so to speak)—to give us its dimensions, its population, its productions, and all the rest of the statistics; but till recently we have had no one to show us the very pulse of the machine. Careful, discriminating readers of the great Russian novelists have learnt much about the real country—the country of countries that, in the case of a nation with a soul, dwells in the people rather than is dwelt in by them (just as it is truer to say that heaven dwells in the saint than that the saint dwells in heaven); but such readers have been few, and the bulk of the remainder, fed by cheap newspapers and cheaper drama, have persisted in regarding Russia as the wintry-looking background of Nihilists, knouts, and the secret police. Such interpreters, then, as Mr. Maurice Baring and Mr. Stephen Graham, are doing a real service to all of us. Mr. Graham, who has caught so deservedly the ear of the greater public, is fortunately conscious of his power and his responsibility. The present volume rings more true than anything that he has written about Russia. There is nothing here like the rather affected and self-conscious disquisition on pilgrimages that marred a fine earlier volume. The writer, resembling here as in many other things, the people he describes, has been touched by the war to an exaltation that, like any true uplifting, is simple and penetrating as well as sincere. His papers or chapters are all short, and, in Mr. Graham, brevity is strength. They are all admirably varied. There are conversations, sketches of character, things seen, discussions of policy and forecasts of the future. The whole thing is thrillingly actual and apposite. No other volume will give the reading Englishman so clear and sane an idea of what Russia and the Russian alliance really means to both sides. To read this book is both a duty and a high delight. It is Russia's finest interpreter at his strongest and best.

* "Russia and the World." By Stephen Graham. 10s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

THE VALLEY OF FEAR.*

As a detective story, this Sherlock Holmes tale, or at any rate the first half of it, is as good as anything Sir Conan Doyle has ever written. But admirers of Sherlock Holmes have been educated up to the point of expecting not only a good detective story, but a picture that will unmistakably reveal this character's greatness. Here there is some failure. The picture is a trifle blurred. The figure does not stand out clearly against the background. At times it melts into that background; at other times it is even overshadowed by it.

Dr. Watson is as good a foil as ever in rushing to hasty conclusions, in running on the trail of every red herring drawn across the path; but even Dr. Watson makes some subtle observations and one discovery that is vital to the elucidation of the case. The detective Macdonald is hardly a foil at all. He shows strong common sense, and in making him occupy the stage so much in the early chapters, the author seems to be more occupied in building up the mystery than in preserving the prestige of the great Holmes.

The great Holmes is as consistent as ever—from a moral point of view. His sarcasm is even more biting than before, and in his lofty advice to his inferiors to go and study the view or to pay more attention to the local guide, the man again stands before us as of old. Particularly well drawn is his contempt for womankind as expressed in one word "ululations." But intellectually Holmes, partly from some not very intelligible design of the author's, partly by misadventure, does not stand so forcibly before us. He is tricked by the sticking-plaster dodge: he fails to take the hint given him by the woman.

Perhaps his creator desired to make him more human, to sacrifice the strength of the portrait to the demands of realism. If so, we cannot arraign his art, though we may his judgment. But in the second half of the story the author seems to lose his grip of his subject and his art. In this half by a violent dislocation we are carried away from "a haunt of ancient peace," such as Igham Moat, from placid butler and housekeeper, from placid waters of the moat, from ancient garden and yew hedges, and we are transported to a time a quarter of a century before, and to scenes of crude repulsive wickedness. The beautiful English background gives place to the ugliest of American scenes. Esthetically the wrench is as trying as the change of time is intellectually. But through these lurid scenes moves a man who equals Sherlock Holmes in craft and surpasses him in daring. Holmes disappears not only from the written page but from our memory. Time, place and hero—all are changed. In short, the two parts of the story are not welded together, while the violent contrasts between them serve no artistic purpose.

W. A. F.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.†

This short but enthusiastic study of the life and writings of the Indian poet, Rabindranath Tagore comes rather late into the field. Quite apart from the war, interest in his writings is not what it was. The charming grace and fancy of "Gitanjali" was not caught so happily in "The Gardener" and "The Crescent Moon" and we suspect that neither "Sadhana" nor his plays has made any great impression on the public mind. The fact is that Tagore was overestimated in the first flush of enthusiasm. His reputation is finding a saner level. But even in the perspective in which we now see him he shows up as a remarkable figure. A sane mystic, a dreamer with his feet on earth, a poet and a practical man—the combination is sufficiently rare. And the quality of his work in every direction is on a distinguished level. Something Western has touched his Eastern intelligence. His poems show

* "The Valley of Fear." By A. Conan Doyle. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

† "Rabindranath Tagore." A Biographical Study. By Ernest Rhys. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

that in their curious mixture of modern romanticism and Indian imagery. He is, apparently, no believer in creeds. His God has the pantheistic qualities which would have appealed to Shelley. There is wisdom, gentle irony, and beauty in Tagore's verse. And perhaps there is genius. It is difficult to say, especially as we read it only in translations. He is not (as we know his works) a creative or original artist of the highest rank, and, therefore, outside his own country, he can never expect the widest recognition. His sudden European popularity was not, strictly, a literary popularity, it was the popularity of the new moralist. His simple and soothing philosophy impressed the Occidental mind as the pearly, country dawn impresses the mind of the town-dweller. It was the spell of something that, in a moment, seemed to simplify life and to make plain the dark places of the heart. The reaction comes when we find that only for the chosen few is there this "open sesame" to existence. Tagore's philosophy is all right for a Tagore. . . .

In regard to Mr. Rhys' book it is difficult to make any comment. It is one long hymn of praise. Such enthusiasm is refreshing but uncritical. The whole book is written upon a note of laudation; but it is written, obviously, in the most perfect sincerity and with the only purpose of presenting a new genius, one might almost say a new saint, to the world. Fortunately, the collective mind is more cautious than the individual. It takes a terrific blow to convert the world. All the same, Mr. Rhys has much to say that will attract readers of Tagore's works, more especially on the biographical side. His wide knowledge of the literatures of two continents has helped him in his comparative estimations, and his idealism has enabled him to write confidently of the idealism of his subject.

R. C.

THE ART OF JOSEPH PENNELL.*

To find Mr. Pennell, the apostle of modernism, making a pilgrimage to the central shrine of classicism is an experience worth hailing as a great event. It is a long, long way to the Parthenon from Panama, and longer still, in a sense, from gigantic themes of hydraulic engineering to studies of ruin and survival among the triumphs of Hellenic architecture. We can fancy the cynic proclaiming that at last the ages are having their revenge, and that modernism has exhausted its resources. On the other hand, we can easily conceive Mr. Pennell turning with a keener zest than ever to the inculcation of his favourite gospel of the essential claims of Labour on the attention of Art, now that he has given serious and open-minded thought to the classics and their message as expressed in its purest form and amid its own surroundings. Whether or no, this sincere attempt to learn what Greek art has to say, especially by a Westerner of such original and unconventional temperament, is perhaps the most considerable victory over the New World by the art of the Old since Whistler went to Venice and doubled his horizon and his powers.

Curiosity and a kind of honourable pique were the motives at work, as Mr. Pennell shows in a characteristically candid preface. He went to Greece to see if the greatest work of the past was as inspiring as he had been told; and he wanted to clear himself from the taunt of being "a ragtime sketcher who couldn't see Greek art and couldn't draw it if he did." In regard to both counts, we feel inclined to adopt the formula employed by Cabinet Ministers disposing of questions on the paper for the day, and say that while the answer to the first is in the affirmative, the second is drowned by the derisive cheers of both sides of the House. For this book of temple studies is a complete and handsome vindication of both the artist and his theme. He admits a wish that he had more diligently studied classic writings, for then he would have

* "Lithography and Lithographers." By Joseph Pennell and E. Robins Pennell. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)
"Joseph Pennell's Pictures in the Land of Temples." 5s. net. (Heinemann.)

seen still more than he did, but his native vigour of perception showed him one thing which these drawings display to perfection, and that is the supremacy of the classic architects in utilising a perfect sense of Mass and Design in relation to Site. Therein, of course, they were more fortunate than we, for the whole earth was theirs and the fulness thereof; moreover, they were not hampered by ganglions of drain-pipes and "tubes" or the preservation of vested interests. And they are happy in these latter days in having made a convert of a great and masculine artist like Mr. Pennell, who owns up handsomely with pen as well as pencil, and pays them the double tribute of this welcome book of lithographs and explanatory notes.

The larger book is no less welcome; first, as a reprint, or, rather, a revision of a costlier and now inaccessible monograph; and, secondly, as the pioneer volume of a new Series on the Graphic Arts. Mrs. Pennell has rewritten her historical section in the light of our fuller knowledge concerning Senefelder and his great invention. The rest of the chapters—critical, theoretic, and executive—by Mr. Pennell himself, embody the substance of the Cantor lectures he delivered a year ago before the Royal Society of Arts, and the reproductions make a superb and striking gallery, illustrating the art of the stone in all its bewildering scope and potency. As a whole, the book indicates the strenuous and prosperous crusade which has been waged by the Senefelder Club, and encourages the hope that the work of the lithographer will banish from our hoardings much of the hideous and garish chromo-work that has been searing the public retina for years. Lithography is, after all, the directest form of appeal between the draughtsman and the spectator, and, in days when personality and subjectivity are accounted everything, this frank and splendid craft should come more and more into its own.

POEMS IN TRANSLATION.*

A number of translations of Chinese and Japanese poetry have appeared in English within late years. Their authors have sought to contain the volatile spirit of this Oriental poetry in all kinds of forms—Omarian quatrains, rhymed and unrhymed couplets, and stanzas of various kinds. One feels with regard to Mr. Pound's "Cathay" that he has, at any rate, sought for an honesty of method. His translations are not mere excuses, as is so often the case with this kind of work, to irradiate with a little of someone else's spirit a blameless but dull technique. Mr. Pound uses the *vers libre*—waving unequal lines whose length and rhythm are determined on a purely arbitrary system. They are subject to no other discipline, as far as can be discovered, than that of caprice. Whether a frank and simple prose would not have better still suggested the delicate charm of these enamelled poems is another question.

For all this very personal manner of altering the line-length of the verse, of paragraphing, and of making stanzas at will suggests inevitably to the reader that the poet is sophisticating himself with affectations. The translation of classical verse must be approached, above all things, with humility, and any affectation in the execution of it is repellent to the mind.

Still Mr. Pound does not gravely err in this direction, and often gives us little poems in which the rich yet fastidious colours of Chinese art are admirably reproduced. The little book provides a procession of bright images and sweet words. Peach boughs, apricot boughs, dragons, dancing girls, yellow dogs, blue jade, green eyebrows are here—all the motives and all the highly-wrought beauty of a wise and ancient Oriental art. The poems translated are mostly from Rihaku, and the notes of the late Ernest Fenollosa are drawn on by the author.

Theodore Botrel has been officially recognised in France

* "Cathay. Translations." By Ezra Pound. 1s. net. (Mathews).—"Songs of Brittany." By Theodore Botrel. 1s. net. (Mathews).—"Poems." By Emile Verhaeren. Translated by Alma Strettell. 3s. 6d. (Lane).—"The Kasidah." By Sir Richard Burton. (Hutchinson.)

as the "Chansonnier des Armées," a rich and enviable title pleasantly reminiscent of the Middle Ages. The Breton poet sings his songs to the troops and inspires them with his own ardour when too much trench life has momentarily depressed them. In order to introduce Botrel to the British public, Mr. G. E. Morrison has chosen here and there some thirty of his most typical *chansons*. He has succeeded in conveying to us a very good idea of the charm of the Breton poet. Botrel's note at its best is pure and limpid, and not unlike that of Mistral. But the Breton, of course, is at once a less simple and a less learned man than the poet of Provence. For Botrel the *chansonnier* has two distinct kinds of simplicity in his style; one which is natural and instinctive, and another which he seems to think is expected of him, and tries to live up to. In this second manner he draws little morals, and seeks to improve the occasion. It tends to make an oleograph of his work. But underneath it there is a charming manner such as we have hints of in "The Accursed Isle."

Miss Alma Strettell's translation of selected poems of Emile Verhaeren is a reprint of a book which was, I fancy, a blossom of the efflorescent 'nineties. There are pieces here from some of the representative books of the Belgian poet—"Les Villages Illusoires," "Les Heures Claires," and "La Multiple Splendeur." The translation is well done, and within its limits the book gives an idea of Verhaeren's work.

The "Kasidah" is a new edition of a curious poem by Sir Richard Burton, to which Mr. Roger Ingpen offers a foreword. The poem well represents its author's sceptical and eclectic mind which betokens the anthropologist with something of the poet in him. Burton ranges over a library of philosophies and a pantheon of gods to find material for his verse, but the effect, as might be expected, is more curious and interesting than poetic. E. S.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LIFE *

This new life of Fawcett does not attempt to challenge the position awarded to the biography compiled by his great friend, Sir Leslie Stephen, but it does throw considerably more light on his character, especially as it was affected by the injury to his eyes, and in so doing it presents us with a magnificent example of courage.

Let us admit at once that Fawcett was peculiarly fortunate. His tastes, pursuits and more serious interests were just those that are least affected by blindness. When the accident occurred he had already given his whole soul to political economy, which is easily studied by a blind man. His passions for angling, for skating, for walking were not seriously interfered with.

Add to this that he had naturally a buoyancy of temper which frequently found vent in infectious hilarity. Even his loud ringing voice was an asset to him in his calamity. Another asset was his great power of conversation, which, graced as it was with self-restraint and sympathy, made him a host of friends. Luckily too, or providentially, he met with a lady who exactly harmonised with him in her interests, and whose sense of humour was no less vivacious than his own.

But when all these fortunate circumstances have been enumerated, there still remains unaccounted for that unconquerable will and high courage which persisted in distilling good out of ill. Heaven helps those who help themselves, and in a short time happiness became natural to him, and he "saw infinitely more of the beauty and happiness of life than the average person." As with so many blind persons his other senses became more acute. In his own words he could "see" his fishing line caught in the tree above his head, while "the thud of the falling apple on the hard ground in the orchard made him laugh as it brought autumn to his ear." He proved the truth of Miss Helen Keller's dictum: "To be blind is to see the bright side of life." W. A. F.

* "A Beacon for the Blind: Being a Life of Henry Fawcett." By Winifred Holt. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

MR. JONES GOES TILTING.*

"There is nothing worthy of admmation in persuading a theatrical manager to lose a thousand pounds a week in producing some tract or message that could be easily printed for a few shillings." Whence it happens, as the author points out, that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, with a soft heart towards managers, will present the public with a burlesque in narrative form rather than damage his reputation with playgoers and ruin his manager. I would point out one fact against even the success of that course, and that is the higher standard of literary taste the reading public exact, in comparison with the playgoing public.

Mr. Jones, fearing the reader may lack a standard, tells us that a burlesque should smite the great vices and insincerities of the time—should strip us bare to the skin—rump and shout around us. If that be the case, then the author is hoist with his own petard, for "The Theatre of Ideas" miserably fails as burlesque when we apply Mr. Jones's own standard. Most literary readers remember with affection those famous burlesques, Chaucer's "Rime of Sir Thopas," Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle," "The Rehearsal," "Don Quixote," Sheridan's "The Critic," and just lately those gem-like burlesques which our own Barrie set in some of the Revues. All these possess the blessed gift of unfailing humour, sprightly wit, happy invention and infectious gaiety. Broadly speaking, burlesque should be the perfect conjoining of the lofty and the little, with the sole view of exciting laughter. In "The Theatre of Ideas" the author has, I think, wrongly chosen the allegory form, with the result that it reads like an attempt to parody "The Pilgrim's Progress" through the Slough of Advanced Ideas. He brings us to an externally imposing temple, his so-called Theatre, in which a swaying figure sits valiantly astride a large rocking horse, plunging his sword into various parts of our social system; presents us with statues standing on their heads; pacifist professors fighting with each other—in fact, all the stodgy paraphernalia of humour one associates with mid-nineteenth-century jokes about the intellectuals. The whole thing is too obvious—the humour too pedestrian.

Now the Preface to the book is really valuable because in it Mr. Jones submits his apology *pro vita sua*. After pointing out that "No sympathy should be given to dramatists, however lofty their aims, who will not study to please the general body of playgoers of their days," he tells us somewhat wistfully of his own deeds in the desire to impart a higher standard to his work, in examples like "Saints and Sinners," "The Crusader," and "Michael and his Lost Angel," and of their failure as commercial plays. Then he ends up by stating that whenever he has found leisure he has employed it in writing plays without any consideration of production in the theatre.

And this burlesque and three short plays are examples of his efforts in this direction.

In "The Goal," which is really clever in its characterisation of Sir Stephen Famariss, and has all those penetrative qualities which are Mr. Jones's chief gift, we have a one-act play which lacks the indispensable virtue of unexpectedness in the situations which are necessary to complete success in a certain-raiser, although the contrast between the gay sounds of the adjoining dance chamber and the death-scene presented on the stage, have strong dramatic value. "Her Tongue" would make a capital opening piece because of its richly humorous qualities. The picture of Patty Hanslope, the handsome woman with the irrepressible and irresponsible ripple of chatter and the silly laugh is very acutely observed—and bears the hall-mark of reality. I shall be surprised if some astute manager does not avail himself of it pretty soon.

"Grace Mary," a one-act tragedy in the Cornish dialect, calls out for performance. The reader would like to experience in representation that thrill at the end where Nick is about to follow the disembodied spirit of his love

* "The Theatre of Ideas." By Henry Arthur Jones. 3s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)



Photo by E. O. Hopff.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones.

over the cliff edge. The only criticism one might pass is that the supernatural element is sprung too suddenly upon the spectator to enable him to readjust his impressions. But it is worthy of performance by one of our Repertory Companies.

The printing of the three plays was worth while, but the burlesque was unnecessary. May one remind Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, too, that we shall never arrive at National Drama by any self-conscious measures on the part of the dramatic author. When it comes, I am sure it will be an inspiration.

ROBB LAWSON.

"ART AND CRAFT."*

Although no "preliminary announcement" has been made concerning the method and scope of this series, although the volumes appear without a "general editor," there certainly exists somewhere in the background of their manufacture a most decided "conspiracy of uniformity."

Each author has elected to gossip inconsequently about his subject, to dogmatise with an air of subtlety, and, scorning the beaten track, to wander over the fields of literature after a merry fashion of his own. Every one girds at his own generation, though not without hopes of a millennium; all declare that their own pet topic has been ruined, or neglected, by the academicians. We learn, for example, that we have few "real" essays, little "true" criticism, and not many "genuine" parodies. When, as Mr. Wells foreshadows in "Utopia," "men again find leisure to fight for a woman's beauty, the essay may be" reborn. The English have "never been brought to see the point of the critic; and for what they do not see the point of, the English will not pay." The vogue of the revue indicates that parody may soon "play a more important part in the history of literature. There may be a time when the leather strop, upon which young men have sharpened their wits hitherto, shall become a veritable scourge wherewith to rouse the world."

We are aware, of course, that much modern literature is created by half-hearted imitations of Shaw and Chesterton

* "The Essay." By Orlo Williams—"Parody." By Christopher Stone—"Criticism." By P. P. Howe—"The Ballad." By Frank Sudgwick—"The Art and Craft of Letters." 1s. net each. (Secker.)

playing with the English dictionary—bulls not in the china-shop, but the word-factory. To-day we all of us have courage enough to beard the lexicographer in his den.

Nevertheless, I think, the connection between these unmade volumes and "Art" or "Craft" remains obscure. The authors have taught us, indeed, to seek for treasure where we should least expect to find it—offering us "the essay in a play, criticism on the golf-links, and an argument in Mrs. Jarley's waxworks." But they can neither deny, ignore, nor explain away the root-significance of craftsmanship—which is the method of making; or of art—which is the form of the thing made. We are reasonable, after all, in having expected an "Art and Craft" series to deal with technical matters; the architecture of letters, its divisions by variety in expression, the materials of its construction, its history and regulations.

Here, indeed, we learn that "parody is the quizzical art, the art of the man with the eyeglass"; that "the critic is the middleman in the industry of the arts"; that an essay "should set out to prove nothing"; that a "ballad is not literature"; statements which tickle the fancy, but do not carry us very far. In fact, according to the definition quoted, our authors have certainly set themselves with a will to the writing of "essays"—that "airy mould of thought" which "admits of" everything "compatible with its essential smallness of scale." Finally, as Mr. Howe remarks of his contribution to the series—"if anybody expected this little book to be a history of—from the earliest times to the present, I hereby refer him to Prof. —'s great work on that subject."

However, if our authors do not give us either strict analysis, consecutive history, or ordered criticism, they all have an infectious enthusiasm for literature, and a pleasant familiarity with the by-ways. They quote with discretion, set up one writer against another with the air of a friend, and ignore the text-books.

Mr. Sidgwick we have purposely left for a concluding paragraph; because his little volume is a serious and welcome contribution to a fascinating subject, only recently considered in the spirit of science. Opening the matter with a discussion of the question, "What is a word?" he shows us that if, as Wordsworth declared, "the poetry of art is 'emotion recollected in tranquillity,' then poetry of the folk is emotion crystallised in a crowd." That is, he conjectures "communal" authorship for the old Ballads, and gives us a most instructive impression of "crowds" in the act of composition. Again, the poetry of the folk is democratic; of which we judge the excellence not from the beauty of one line, but by "at least a verse of four lines." Finally, "in literature the thing is not so much what a man says as the way in which he says it; in ballads the criterion is reversed"; and "the ballad-language is common popular stock; the folk will have nothing to do with the phraseology of the artists."

Every word of these six or two pages merits careful study.

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

THE GERMANS IN AFRICA.*

This is a most welcome book, welcome because it is remarkably apropos in the present moment of history, but no less welcome because it is a wholesome, balanced, clear, and accurate account of how Germany acquired her extensive and important colonial possessions in Africa. Mr. Lewin is the librarian of the Royal Colonial Institute, and is known as a keen student of Imperial affairs, and his work is one of very great value. If it has a fault, it is the defect of its quality; its sober, controlled, scrupulous statement has all the weight and authority of an official history, but it lacks the glow and romance of the ambitions, the intrigues, the energy, that won Germany her very considerable footing in Africa.

Germany has long nourished hopes and determinations to achieve colonial greatness. But she found England

* "The Germans in Africa." By Evans Lewin. 10s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

already firmly established in Africa, and little disposed to welcome the intrusion of a new rival. Her desire to find room for herself was perfectly legitimate, but her methods on the other hand, were deplorable, though exceedingly clever.

Earl Grey, who contributes an introduction to the volume, points out that Great Britain has acquired colonies either in order to protect ill-treated natives, and to substitute peace, law, order and prosperity for tyranny, bloodshed, famine and war, or for legitimate purposes of trade; while Germany has in her colonising been actuated by military considerations. The regular procedure was for German traders and adventurers to obtain concessions from native chiefs, to establish trading settlements, and once that was done, to claim Imperial protection. "The flag follows trade" was Bismarck's dictum, and though originally averse from the idea of Germany as a colonial power, at any rate for a generation to come, he declared in 1884 that he would place under imperial protection trading settlements established as already related. But Germany's real aim was to thwart and hamper the slowly developing British ideas of expansion. Everywhere they tried to take in territory that would prevent the enlarging of British boundaries. She wanted to connect her colonies in West Africa and East Africa by obtaining the forests in the basin of the Upper Congo and the Karanga regions from the Congo Free State, and by acquiring territory from Portugal, and so make the Cape to Cairo route impossible. South-West Africa she regarded less as a colony than as a jumping off ground for attacking British South Africa, and so, after the savage suppression of the Herreros she still kept an utterly disproportionate garrison in the colony, waiting a chance.

What Germany did in South-West Africa may be guessed when we realise that a native population of 300,000 in 1898 was barely 100,000 in 1912. The Germans did not understand the natives; the natives revolted, and were subjected to a war of extermination, which cost £30,000,000 and depleted the colony of labour, besides making the name of German stink among the native people. Mr. Lewin has a very interesting chapter on the future destiny of the million square miles of German African colonies, which is perhaps a little premature! But the book is a super-excellent one.

FICTION IN WAR TIME.*

What function should fiction serve while the Allies are fighting to preserve the soul of civilisation? All sorts of questions explode in a shrapnel shower of conjectures as I confront this batch of new novels. Apparently, they were all written in that far distant world, submerged beneath the tides of war—a lost continent of experience. Now, surely, amid the birth pangs of a new era, we look to novelists, either for cheering and distraction, or to inspiration to brave doing and endurance, or for encouragement to lay firmer hold of the faith that is in us.

Those people who think they cannot read novels—but have a perfect right to mope, and despair of the Army Council—should immediately borrow, or preferably buy "The Blue Horizon," by Mr. H. De Vere Stacpoole, a delightful counter-agent, on the whole, to the obsession of the newspapers. Many of its pages open a casement on to a veritable magic sea, Florida way; they introduce you to pleasant people who fish for humorous monsters of the deep, make love in an infectious way, and almost come up to the high-water mark of open-air romance set in "Treasure Island." All the long short stories and several of the shorter ones concern summer life on the Florida

* "The Blue Horizon." By H. De Vere Stacpoole. 6s. (Hutchinson.)—"Two Sinners." By Mrs. David G. Ritchie. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)—"Stilts." By Adam Squire. 6s. (Duckworth.)—"The Girl from Nippon." By Carlton Dawe. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)—"Allward." By E. S. Stevens. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)—"Miss O'Corra, M.F.H." By Miriam Alexander. 6s. (Melrose.)—"Annora." By the Author of "My Trivial Life and Misfortune." 6s. (Blackwood.)

coast, where rich Americans counteract the "grouche" by fishing for tarpon and sea bat, while young men fall into love—and keep there. As for the girl nick-named "Benn Gunn" in "Skeleton Island," she is what any of her Transatlantic admirers might call a "peach." Indeed, "The Blue Horizon" is just the right tonic for war worried folk.

Mrs. David G. Ritchie's sincerity is good to encounter at any time. Her work rings true as ever, even now when the soldiers of the King are fighting to save truth and honour from being crucified on the cross of Germanic diabolism. How Maud Monckton found her real self is described in "Two Sinners," a novel of distinction, in conception, thought and treatment, which brings home afresh the dramatic interest of the antimony between spirit and matter. Her sister Ursula is a beautiful study in self-sacrifice, and her half-sister Stella, a cleverly realised type of modern girl. Wealthy Major Kames, with whom Maud's life is bound up, is a Philistine when she meets him first, and some readers may find the change in his nature a little hard to accept, because the way of it is not sufficiently explained. Her aunt, Lady Dorothy, and "Kiddie" the inevitable dog, tell for gaiety.

Pleasant, too, is "Stilts," by Mr. Adam Squire—a refreshing novel with several of the scenes set in Italy. Although the author is not credited on the title page with any other novels, the workmanship suggests considerable experience, for the theme is charmingly handled. This love story of Tommy Inglis and Constance Tancred—complicated by an ethical question relating to the possession of a pearl necklace—is an aid to self forgetfulness, and the portrait of a retired American diplomatist is a likeable memory.

People who still look to novelists to provide them with excitement, will find plenty of it in "The Girl from Nippon," by Mr. Carlton Dawe. The central character, Dr. Mohri, and his poison gas, versus Kenneth Everard, a young English barrister (East arrayed against West), and a beautiful heroine, niece of the Japanese scientist, form the ingredients of this deftly told piece of sensationalism.

When you have read "Allward," by Miss E. S. Stevens, you will look with awakened interest at the next gipsy you happen to meet. Readers who love their Borrow will delight in this novel, dealing as it does with the sadly diminished Romany world in our midst. They will follow with unabating interest the immersion of "Allward," the great inventor, amongst the works and ways of the children of nature, with whom he is so akin. Mary, the fascinating gipsy girl and her folk are so much alive that you almost hear them breathe, and the coming of love to the true-hearted daughter of the English wild is a beautiful idyll. The sophisticated folk, particularly Miss Price, live in their own fashion quite as vitally, while lovers of nature will find much of description and observation to delight them.

One might almost use the cliché "merry and bright" in describing "Miss O'Corra, M.F.H.," by Miss Miriam Alexander, a good example of the sporting novel. Noreen O'Corra's horsey adventures in Ireland, made possible by a fine inheritance, will afford an evening's amusement, especially to the instructed in equine matters, particularly hunting. An aunt, a girl friend, two suitors for the M.F.H.'s hand, the "quality" and some Irish peasants assist in sustaining a breezy note throughout the book. The descriptions of the meets are exhilarating, and if the farcical note is a little overdone sometimes in the treatment of the characters, this is an artistic fault which just now will be welcome.

The author of "Annora" has an engaging way with her, for surely only a woman could have written this engrossing story of nineteenth-century life. The plot leads off with a hint of the skeleton to be found in the cupboard of the Jervoise family, and from this the subsequent developments mainly arise. The writer is an acute observer, the characterisation is unfailingly good, and Mrs. Wilfrid Jervoise lingers in the memory as a distinct achievement, and really commands more interest than the character

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from whom the novel takes its title. Certainly "Annora" is a book to read and re-read, and one welcomes the hint of marked individuality printed in a foreword, which explains why "I have allowed the old lord to swear in my book," and why the expletives are not hidden under "swear dashes"

WILKINSON SHERREN.

BEAUTY AND WISDOM.*

There is one curious contradiction in our national attitude towards the nobility—and it may be a simple kind of poetry and love of the picturesque which is at the root of "loving a lord"—and that is that a titled author's books have no more chance of selling than anyone's else; in fact, if anything, they have less chance. Readers generally seem to regard a title of nobility on a title-page with suspicion. They think a lord very delightful in his place, but they distrust him as a man of letters.

I think Lord Dunsany's reputation as an author has suffered because of his title. It may even have affected men of letters adversely. They regard with suspicion the entrance of the gilded into their trade. One comes to the title with a prejudice; but, having read Lord Dunsany, one is compelled to admit that here is a man of letters and a poet born; that the art he works at is the art to which he is born; and that, if he were silent, something very beautiful and worth while would be lost to the world.

Now I concede that in his most fantastical fantasies Lord Dunsany is not every man's meat. Indeed, he is far from it. Take "The Gods of Pegana," for instance. One can imagine the youth of Stevenson's story being shut up on a wet Sunday in a country inn with "The Gods of Pegana" for sole mental provender. "Golly! What a book!" he would have said.

But the delightful thing about these "Fifty-One Tales" is that a simple person, not being a wily Philistine, can understand at least the meaning of some; while to anyone who appreciates the marvels of language, the beautiful and sonorous diction must be a lasting delight. These "Tales" are each a very little vessel—some are quite tiny. In fact, it is a whimsicality of Lord Dunsany's to call them "Tales" at all. But each is a vessel of pure gold and nearly always filled with fine vintages. I say "nearly," because sometimes a bit of trenchant satire hardly deserves the stronger praise, although there is nothing in the book which is not good. The "Tales," in fact, are little poems. In every poem is a real thought; and the whole is perfectly and cunningly set forth. Lord Dunsany handles his words as a master his music. If I were talking for ever of this beautiful book I should not persuade as much as one quotation from the book itself will do. And here is a tiny masterpiece which Lord Dunsany himself could hardly better.

WIND AND I AG.

"Way for us," said the North Wind as he came down the sea on an errand of old Winter. And he saw before him the grey, silent fog that lay along the tides.

"Way for us!" said the North Wind. "O ineffectual fog, for I am Winter's leader in his age-old war with the ships. I overwhelm them suddenly in my strength or drive upon them the huge sea-faring bergs. I cross an ocean while you move a mile. There is mourning in inland places when I have met the ships. I drive them upon the rocks and feed the sea. Wherever I appear they bow to our lord the Winter."

And to his arrogant boasting nothing said the fog. Only he rose up slowly and trailed away from the sea, and crawling up the long valleys took refuge among the hills; and night came down and everything was still, and the fog began to mumble in the stillness. And I heard him telling infamously to himself the tale of his horrible spoils. "A hundred and fifteen galleons of Old Spain, a certain argosy that went from Tyre, eight fishing fleets and ninety ships of the line, twelve war-ships under sail with their carronades, three hundred and eighty-seven river-craft, forty-two merchantmen that carried spice, four quin-quarèmes, ten triremes, thirty yachts, twenty-one battleships of the modern time, nine thousand admirals. . . ." He mumbled and chuckled on, till I suddenly rose and fled from his fearful contamination.

* "Fifty-One Tales." By Lord Dunsany. 5s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Lord Dunsany has a double gift, for we see as well as hear the things he tells us, and as we listen we have a vision of an old blind poet chanting—Homer perhaps, for there is much of the Greek spirit in Lord Dunsany's work, and in the marshalling of his splendid words. Nor is he without the completion of humour, lacking which the greatest gift must be lop-sided. One has only to read "The Hen" to be sure of that.

The discriminating who know what it is to be swayed by the magic of words will see to it that they possess "Fifty-One Tales," and return to it again and again.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

Novel Notes.

POLLYANNA GROWS UP. By Eleanor H. Porter. 6s. (Pitman.)

Pollyanna has already won for herself such a wide circle of friends among the reading public, that this further book about her is sure of its place in a great many hearts. There are few people who have not heard of Pollyanna by this time, and those few should certainly make her acquaintance at once, for in these days of stress and anxiety no better antidote to depression could be found. Pollyanna is a little girl who is possessed of a wonderfully infectious optimism; she deliberately sets out to find something in everything to be glad about, and is indeed a "tonic" to all who come in contact with her. Pollyanna as a child was one of the most delightful persons we had ever met, but if she could possibly be more charming, more fascinating, and more wholly lovable, she becomes so when she grows up. Pollyannaites may rest assured that they will not be disappointed in this second Glad Book; it is the happiest and cheeriest of companions, and leaves us more in love than ever with its lovable little heroine, and hopeful that this is by no means the last we shall see of her.

MISS BILLY'S DECISION. By Eleanor H. Porter. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

If you have already met Miss Billy you will need no mere reviewer to advise you to get a copy of "Miss Billy's Decision"—a sequel to the first delightful Billy book—you will be certain to get a copy. If you have not yet met Miss Billy you would do well to take the earliest opportunity of doing so. Miss Billy is very refreshing, very lovable and entertaining, and in this latest story about her we meet again many old friends. For here are the three brothers Henshaw once more: William, still collecting teapots; Cyril, still absorbed in his music; and Bertram, still painting his "Face of a Girl," and here is Aunt Hannah with her countless shawls, and Kate Hartwell, still putting her finger into everyone's pie; and of course, here is Billy, still the same warm-hearted Billy, in love with Bertram and with her music. There is also a new-comer "Mary Jane," who turns out to be "six feet of muscular manhood" and who creates almost as much consternation as Billy herself did when she first arrived in the midst of the Henshaw household. Billy and the gay, irrepressible Bertram are now engaged, but owing to "Mary Jane," Kate Hartwell, and a "Face of a Girl" picture, complications arise which seem likely to terminate the engagement. What Miss Billy decides to do, and the consequences of her decision keep the reader interested and amused until the last chapter of the book. Miss Eleanor Porter writes with her usual charm and vivacity and maintains throughout the tale a sweet and fragrant atmosphere.

THE INVISIBLE EVENT. By J. D. Beresford 6s. (Siddewick & Jackson.)

We cannot recall another book—not even another by Mr. Beresford—which gives so fine an impression of honesty as this one. At no point can any paltering with the stuff of life be detected; and since all novelists must palter somehow and somewhere, a watchful reader would seem forced to the conclusion that Mr. Beresford has learnt to

its last letter the art of concealing art. Yet that conclusion is not the whole. Something more than art is here, and something more than sincerity. It is honesty—an attribute of the spirit rather than of the mind and will, for everyone can be intermittently sincere, but no one can be off and on with honesty. The story is of Jacob Stahl (whom already we know and love) and Betty Eele, a clergyman's daughter, who comes, against her conscience but in obedience to her loving instinct, to make her home with Jacob while his wife is still alive, and undivorced from him. Her conflict, first with herself, then with Jacob, is moving and absorbing; a certain duality in the manner keeps so constantly in tune with the duality of the central figures that the final effect is of extraordinary unity. We learn to know the lovers by the same means that they learnt to know each other, and Mr. Berestord has registered the subtle process with an authenticity which perhaps only his peculiar gift for letting life alone could have achieved. And, interesting and precious as this is, there is much besides—the book has a delightful humour and variety.

THE GOOD SOLDIER. By Ford Madox Hueffer. 6s. (John Lane)

We should like to be able to regard this book as a satire, because it is so difficult to think that the author could otherwise have considered his characters worth describing. But the gusto and literary skill which he has brought to the task both seem to make that hypothesis untenable. We are somehow driven to conclude that the author, like his Mrs. Ashburnham, "saw life as a perpetual sex-battle between husbands who desire to be unfaithful to their wives, and wives who desire to recapture their husbands in the end. That was her sad and modest view of matrimony." One other short quotation from the volume will throw more light upon it than any words of ours, and it is a quotation we heartily endorse. "There was a great deal of imbecility about the closing scenes of the Ashburnham tragedy. Neither of those two women knew what they wanted. It was only Edward who took a perfectly clear line, and he was drunk most of the time." When we remark that this Edward who took this clear line and all this drunk is the "good soldier" of the title, ex-captain of the 14th Hussars, it will generally be agreed that Mr. Hueffer has not been very fortunate in the moment of his book's appearance. The story, indeed, has little bearing on the joys and sorrows of normal human life, but we can well imagine that the work will prove of some value to the specialist in pathology.

THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S HEART. Anonymous. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)

This, as the title would suggest, is a love-story; and, like many love-stories, it is also a story of hate, and misunderstanding, and revenge. Told in autobiographical form by the heroine, Elaine Cassilis, it opens on the day of her marriage to Robert Cassilis, and leads us through her "fool's paradise" and many another adventure to the day when she writes: "I had tasted everything in life from poverty to the greatest wealth, and I knew now that the happiest condition of all was the one I was seeking again . . ." (which was Love in a Cottage). "Every hour of suffering that I had endured, that Robert had endured, had been caused and been brought about by me—by my infinite vanity and pride. What did it profit me if all the world admired me, and I lost the one and only thing worth having? But I was reawakened now to the greatness of Love. . . ." The story is full of exciting and thrilling incidents, and is told in a realistic, intimate style that is admirably suited to its theme.

PLAIN JILL. By Mary L. Pendered. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

"Plain Jill" is, as the title-page describes, "a mere love story," but it is one of the sweetest, most delightfully fragrant love stories one could wish to read. It is the history of a girl's devotion to a man whom she has known

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all her life, and who regards her merely as his little playmate, while she is worshipping him with all the passion of her heart. Socially, he is far above her, and when he becomes infatuated with and engaged to a girl of wealth and position, it seems to poor Jill as if life has ended; but it is neither the end of life, nor love, nor sorrow for her—nor happiness either. Miss Mary L. Pendered tells the refreshing, wholesome story of love, with all its thousand pains and joys, in such a tender, sympathetic style, and her characters live and feel with so sharp an intensity, that although the novel has a simple theme, it grips throughout, and the memory of Jill's romance and of her charming personality will linger in the reader's heart long after the story is finished and the book closed.

A MAN WITH NINE LIVES. By Richard Marsh. Gs. (Ward Lock)

To describe a man as being one with nine lives might seem to be a somewhat wordy way of dubbing him a cat; but anything less cat-like than the six-foot form of humanity known to his fellows as Martin Adair, it would be difficult to imagine, and therefore we cannot help regretting that Mr. Richard Marsh did not endow his hero with two or three more lives. Had he done so, we may feel confident that the readers' entertainment would have been proportionately increased, for the mysteriously made master of money is, as it were, destined to adventurous episodes and narrow escapes, destined to such, but bearing ever that secret of long-living which—we never so thrilled at his danger—assures us that he will win through. To find crowded into a single story such a wealth of wonderful happenings, such an ingenious series of plots and counterplots, devices, and mysterious inter-relations as those concerning a certain noble family, is to be lost in admiration of the way in which a master of his craft can hold us for a reading while to believe in the most extraordinary impossibilities. How the money-lender was murdered, why he left his vast wealth (and all those stolen jewels, too!) to the scantily clad giant who acted as his clerk, why Miss Dennis was seen fleeing from the scene of the murder within a few minutes of the crime, what was the mystery of the Putney "Dovccote"—these are among the questions that arise and are answered in the author's good time in this particularly lively example of the sensationalists' art.

The Bookman's Table.

QUAKER WOMEN. By Mabel Richmond Brailsford. 7s. 6d. net. (Duckworth)

Miss Brailsford's account of the ideals and work of the earliest Quaker women—from 1650 to 1690—is likely to become a standard work in the history of Nonconformity. In its preparation the author received whole-hearted assistance from the Friends, who gave her free access to the unpublished manuscript records as well as to the contemporary printed books and pamphlets preserved in the Friends' Library at Devonshire House, Bishopsgate. The book has a definite historical value, the greater, perhaps, because it is the work of a non-Quaker, and is free from any suspicion of over-zealous partisanship. It has also an unusually strong human interest, due in large measure to the liberal quotations from the written words of these pioneer women missionaries who recorded with quite singular simplicity of diction events of real importance and personal experiences of poignant intensity. It is provocative of thought in very many directions, and should be "ordered to be read" by everyone who is interested in the modern phase of the "Women's Movement." Further, to the layman it may be recommended as a really surprising book of adventure. The stories it contains are too numerous to be told in much more than outline, but enough detail is given to stimulate a curiosity for fuller information that can hardly fail to dispel the cloud of general ignorance in which the history of the

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The retirement of Professor George Saintsbury, who has long been one of THE BOOKMAN's most valued contributors, will happily leave him more leisure for his own literary work. He has been Professor of English Literature at Edinburgh University since 1895. Mr. Saintsbury has recently completed a volume on the Augustan age in English Literature, which Messrs. George Bell & Son are to publish early in the autumn.

Ralph Connor (Rev. Charles W. Gordon, D.D.) the famous Canadian novelist, is now in England. He has come as Chaplain with one of the Canadian contingents and will shortly be going to the front.

Mr. W. B. Maxwell has been unable to complete the new novel he was to have had ready for Messrs. Hutchinson to publish this autumn. He has been serving for some time past in the 10th Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers.

"Guy and Pauline," a new novel by Compton Mackenzie will be published by Mr. Martin Secker

in September. Mr. Mackenzie, who acted as Official War Correspondent at the Dardanelles during Mr. Ashmead Bartlett's disablement, is now serving on Sir Ian Hamilton's staff as head of the Interpreting Department.

Lady Elgar, several of whose songs have been set to music by her husband, the famous composer, sends us the following lines, commemorative of England's entry into the World War:

ENGLAND.

AUGUST 4th, 1914.—A RETROSPECT.

Holding her reign in kindly state and might,
Still deeming honour trod in knightly ways,
Half armed, lay England through the summer
days;
Her rule, outspeeding dawn, outchecking night,
Welded the sphere, in wide, majestic flight.
When lo! a foe appears who neither stays
Nor warns, but sweeps the Belgian plains and
sways
Grim hosts and arrogates a devilish right.

"England still sleeps," he said, "and dreams of
gain;
She will not stir, who once was battle's lord,
Or risk the clash of squadrons on the main;
Her treaties may be torn, while 'gainst the horde
These lesser folk may plead for help in vain. . . ."

But, throned amidst the seas, she bared her sword.
C. ALICE ELGAR.



Miss Winifred Graham,

whose new novel, "The Imperial Malefactor," is published by Mr. Werner Laurie.

George Acorn, the author of "The Driving Force," which has just been published by Mr. John Long, is another novelist in khaki. When he puts off his pseudonym he is Lance-Corporal S. Cottage, and is at present

serving with the Colours.

Our readers will be interested to know that one result of the Booksellers' Red Cross Week which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton recently arranged for the benefit of the Red Cross Society, is the presentation to the Society of a £400 motor ambulance. They are issuing at once a new popular shilling edition of "The Way of the Red Cross" with a preface by Queen Alexandra. The publication of this book has already produced nearly £1,000 for the Red Cross Fund.

Mr. Heinemann is publishing this month "The Freelanders," a new novel by John Galsworthy.

"The Jolly Duchess" is the title Mr. Charles E. Pearce has given to his story of the career of the famous Harriot, Duchess of St. Albans. It is a vivid record of the English stage and English society in the fifty years from 1787 to 1837. The book will be published this month by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.

Monsieur Louis Conard, the Paris publisher, commenced last month the publication of "The Standard Collection of British and American Authors," a series of copyright volumes by leading novelists for Continental circulation. It is a timely enterprise; we wish it every success, and hope to see it supersede the hitherto popular Continental Library of Baron Tauchnitz. M. Conard's list contains already seventy-five per cent. of the Tauchnitz authors, and has made a beginning with the latest novels of H. G. Wells, "Q," Arnold Bennett, H. A. Vachell, Booth Tarkington, Richard Pryce, Maurice Hewlett, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, "Rita," Violet Hunt, Pett Ridge, J. C. Snaith, and other well known writers

Mrs. Hugh Fraser has translated "The Patrizi Memoirs," by the Marchesa Maddalena Patrizi, and the book is to be published by Messrs. Hutchinson this autumn. It is an intimate record that throws valuable sidelights on certain aspects of Napoleon's career.

We have so accustomed ourselves to the idea that the men of our new army are a totally different type from those of the regular forces, that it is well to correct this impression by reading in last month's *Millgate Monthly* an interesting account of the life and work of Quartermaster-Sergeant Gurnett. Mr. John J. Gurnett, who has been serving in the Royal Artillery now for eighteen years, published last year a little book of verse, "Reveries," which we reviewed in *THE BOOKMAN*, and as we noted at the time it is a fine humanity and no lust for military glory that marks his utterance. War is abhorrent to him, but, as he puts it, "until the world has learned to do without war soldiers are necessary," if it is only that a nation may defend itself against invaders. He is a Theosophist, has studied political economy, and is keenly interested in archaeology, but of his varied interests poetry, like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest. At his best, as Mr. Frederick Rockell remarks in his article in the *Millgate Monthly*, Mr. Gurnett writes with a stark simplicity and imaginative forcefulness that is reminiscent of Blake.



Photo by C. Davis, Edinburgh.

Lance-Corporal W. Kersley Holmes,

whose successful book of soldier poems, "Ballads of Field and Billet" (Gardner), we reviewed last month.

"The Rainbow," a new novel by D. H. Lawrence, will be published shortly by Messrs. Methuen.

Mr. R. Scotland Liddell, whose record of his experiences in Belgium at the time of the German invasion ("The Track of the War") was published last spring by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, is at present serving on the Eastern front with the Russian Red Cross. He is engaged on a book that is to tell what he has seen of the heroic fight the Russians have made against the common enemy.

Mr. Walter Haydon (of the Canadian Northern Railway) writes to us as follows:

"A letter which will be read with deep interest by all lovers of the poems of the late E. Pauline Johnson (Tekahionwake) — described by Theodore Watts-Dunton as 'this beautiful and grand Canadian girl' — recently appeared in the *Vancouver World* from Evelyn H. C. Johnson, sister of the poetess, dated from New York. From her sister's letter it appears that Pauline made a new will

a few days previous to her death, but Miss E. H. C. Johnson states that 'she was not in a proper condition to adequately plan for the disposal of her cash assets, as sales of her books had to be made afterwards, to enable the debts and expenses to be met according to the will.' Miss Johnson felt, moreover, that she would not be pursuing an honourable course if she accepted any of the residue, and as the estate of the poetess is now closed, she has accordingly placed with the *Vancouver World* a draft for \$217.17, and another draft for the same sum with the *Brantford Expositor*, Ont., the total amount

representing her share of the residue, which was to be equally divided between Mr. Walter Jackson McRae and herself, and she has requested the editors of these papers to undertake, in conjunction with any suggestions which may come from local societies, the disposition of the proceeds of the drafts. 'When Pauline Johnson,' the letter mentions, 'first became an invalid some two years prior to her death, and, because of her illness and suffering, unable ultimately to maintain herself, the Pauline Johnson Trust Fund was organised in Vancouver for the purpose of disposing of her books for her benefit, and thereby provided means for her immediate needs. Later, from all over Canada, people who knew and loved Pauline Johnson purchased her books, and numerous societies contributed towards her maintenance, for she was indeed beloved.' Miss Johnson had originally intended to establish with her share of the residue a Pauline Johnson section of the Vancouver Museum, to which the poetess had bequeathed her Indian costume, etc., but its ultimate purpose will be decided in the manner already mentioned.



Canon Henry Scott Holland,

whose new book, "A Bundle of Memories," was published last month by Messrs. Wells Gardner.
From a drawing in colour by F. T. Dalton.

Small though the amount is, some fitting memorial to the author of 'Flint and Feather' will doubtless be resolved upon, and whatever form it may take we may be certain that it will 'cherish her memory more and more, for of all Canadian poets she was the most distinctly a daughter of the soil, inasmuch as she inherited' — again using the words of Theodore Watts-Dunton — 'the blood of the great primeval race, now so rapidly vanishing, and of the greater race that has supplanted it.' "

"Allies," a romance of the Great War by John English, will be published this month by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. The story is edited by Mr. J. E. Patterson.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing immediately a translation of "J'Accuse," the terrible indictment of the German Government, written by a German "who is uncorrupted and incorruptible; who is not bought, and is not for sale," and who says he wrote this book because he loves his Fatherland and would save it from the doom that its leaders are bringing upon it.

Another remarkable war book which Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co. are publishing, is "Germany Embattled," by Oswald G. Villard. The author writes with great sympathy for the German people as distinguished from the German Government, and believes it is best in the people's own interest that their rulers should be defeated in this war. Mr. Villard, who has lived and studied in Germany, and has eight relatives in the German Army, is President of the *New York Evening Post*.

Mr. Henry Scott, of Belfast, writes to us: "In THE BOOKMAN for June, reviewing 'Famous War Correspondents,' Mr. Frederick Whyte says, 'Archibald Forbes . . . seems to be the only Scotchman included in the volume; . . . Bennet Burleigh and . . . form a strong combination for England.' Now, Mr. Bennet Burleigh was a Scot; a native of Glasgow or Greenock; and, curiously enough, Mr. Whyte seems to notice in him something 'in common with Forbes.'"

The firm of Tonudo, of Tokyo, has published an authorised translation of W. B. Yeats's "Ideas of Good and Evil," with an introductory essay by the distinguished Japanese poet, Yone Noguchi. Mr. Noguchi, in his essay, makes an interesting comparison between the Celtic temperament and the Japanese mind of earlier times, "before it was

troubled," as he says, "by any Chinese poetry or sad, Buddhistic imaginings." This is the first book by Mr. Yeats to appear in the Japanese language.

Messrs. Greening & Co. are publishing this month a translation of Theophile Gautier's "Life of Charles Baudelaire," supplemented by selections from his Poems, "Little Poems in Prose," and Letters to Sainte-Beuve and Flaubert, with an essay on his influence by Guy Thorne.

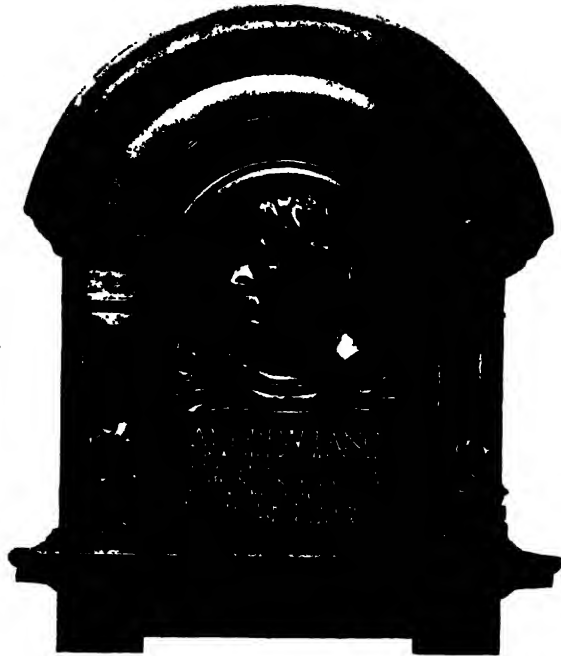
Messrs. Charles P. Sisley & Co. have in preparation a series of books relating "The Stories of Our Regiments." The first four of these, which are to be published immediately, deal with "The Grenadiers," "The Black Watch," "The Buffs," and "The Northumberland Fusiliers."

We have received Nos. 2 and 3 of "Loose Leaves," the series of occasional leaflets in which Mr. Edward Storer is issuing his own writings. No. 2 denounces latter day ideals

and conditions of life in a consideration of "The Case of the Modern Artist"; No. 3 contains a reissue of his lyrical drama, "Helen," from the pages of *Poetry and Drama*. The price of the first leaflet was a penny; the second has risen to twopence, and the third, which, however, runs to sixteen pages, to sixpence. They are on sale at the Poetry Bookshop and at Mr. D. J. Rider's.

"Battle," a book of dramatic lyrics of the War, by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, will be published by Mr. Elkin Mathews in September.

Messrs. Allen & Unwin are publishing shortly "Sicilian Studies," a volume of essays and stories, by the Hon. Alexander Nelson Hood. Mr. Hood, who is the Treasurer to Her Majesty the Queen, has intimate associations with Sicily; he holds the Nelson family estates there, with the title of Duke of Bronte, which was conferred on Lord Nelson by the King of Naples after the Battle of the Nile.



Memorial to Andrew Lang.

designed by Percy Portsmouth, and unveiled by Sheriff Chisholm in
Selkirk Free Library on the 21st July.
From a photograph kindly sent by Mr. William Fowler, of Selkirk.

**Mr. F. W. Wile,**

whose striking exposure, "The German-American Plot," just published by Messrs. Pearson, is one of the most remarkable of the new War books.

"Tales of Temptation," a new collection of short stories by Margaret Strickland, will be published shortly by Messrs. Angold.

A volume of timely articles, "The War Thoughts of an Optimist," by Benjamin A. Gould, will be published this month by Messrs. Dent. Mr. Gould is an American citizen who has for several years resided in Canada, and he argues that there is no such thing as a German-American.

An important book that Mr. John Murray is publishing shortly is "William Wordsworth: His Life, Works and Influence," by George McLean Harper. Fresh material, has been available for this extensive critical biography, and, in particular, new light is thrown on those earlier years when Wordsworth was in fullest sympathy with the hopes and aims of the French Revolution. Mr. Harper is Professor of English Literature at Princeton University.

"Afterthoughts," a new novel by May Openshaw, will be published shortly by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall.

Mr. Roger Ingpen's new book, "Shelley in England," which has been delayed in consequence of the War, will now be published shortly by Messrs.

Kegan Paul & Co. Much new information concerning Shelley's early days has come to light since the publication of Professor Dowden's great biography, and Mr. Ingpen has had access to this, and to the mass of recently disclosed documents relating to the poet and his family. The volume will contain twenty-six hitherto unpublished letters from Shelley.

The portrait of Butler on our cover is reproduced, by permission of Mr. R. A. Streatfeild and Mr. A. C. Fifield, from the photograph by Mr. Alfred Emery Cathie, which is used as a frontispiece to "The Note Books of Samuel Butler."

Among the most interesting of the new War books are :

"Russia and the Great War." By Gregor Alexinsky. 10s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

"The German Peril." By Frederic Harrison. (Fisher Unwin.)

"Defenceless America." By Hudson Maxim. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Russia and Democracy." By M. de Wesselitsky. 1s. net. (Heinemann.)

"A War Time Journal." By Lady Jepson. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

**Mrs. Nora Tynan O'Mahony,**

whose new volume of poems, "The Fields of Heaven," has just been published by Mr. Erskine Macdonald.



Mr. Michael T. H. Sadler,
whose new novel, "Hyssop" (Constable), is reviewed in this Number.

"Kultur and Catastrophe." By Theodore Andrea Cook. 1s. net. (John Murray.)

"The German-American Plot." By Frederick William Wile. 1s. net. (Pearson.)

"The Battle Glory of Canada." By A. B. Tucker. 1s. net. (Cassell.)

"Italy and the Italian People." (Nations of the War series.) 1s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

"The War and What After?" By Raymond Unwin. 1s. 6d. net. (Letchworth: Garden City Press.)

"Spies and Secret Service." By Hamil Grant. 7s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

READING IN WAR TIME.

By A GENERAL READER.

"I DO wonder—if everybody writes and nobody reads, what's the use?" says Maria, in Mrs. John Lane's delightfully amusing book, "Maria Again"; and I confess I have lately been troubled with the same doubt; such a number of new books have been published this year, and so many persons who ought to know have told me sombrely that nobody is buying any. Therefore, for my own satisfaction, in my walks abroad during the last week or more, I have made a point of chatting with various booksellers when I have dropped in upon them to buy a book (for I am still buying a few myself) and getting them to tell me which of the recent volumes they find most in demand.

MESSRS. W. H. SMITH & SON, of Kingsway;

say that business has been much better of late, and that, on the whole, "six shilling novels have been going very well." They named the following as their twelve best sellers:

- | | |
|---|--|
| "Poems" of Rupert Brooke. | "Jaffery." By W. J. Locke. |
| "Poems" of G. K. Chesterton. | "Follow After." By Gertrude Page. |
| "Ordeal by Battle." By F. S. Oliver. | "The Valley of Fear." By Sir A. Conan Doyle. |
| "The Soul of the War." By P. Gibbs. | "Armageddon." By Stephen Phillips. |
| "The Statesman's Year Book: 1915." | "The Little Man." By John Galsworthy. |
| "General Sketch of the European War: First Phase." By Hilaire Belloc. | "The World's War Ships." By F. T. Jane. |

MESSRS. A. & F. DENNY, of 147, Strand,

did not answer me so favourably. They find the sale for six shilling novels is rather quiet, but there is a very considerable demand for sixpenny, sevenpenny, and shilling editions of all sorts of books. They have printed a catalogue of some seven thousand such, and Mr. F. Denny said he had given it broadcast among his customers with uncommonly gratifying results. He named as his twelve best-selling books:

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|-----------------------------------|--|
| "Ordeal by Battle." | "The Soul of Germany." By T. F. A. Smith. |
| Belloc's "War Book." | "Nationality and the War." |
| Buchan's "History of the War." | "When Blood is Their Argument." By F. Madox Hueffer. |
| "King Albert's Book." | "War Time Verses." By Sir Owen Seaman. |
| "War and Democracy." | "Aunt Sarah and the War." |
| "The Red Glutton." By Irvin Cobb. | |
| "Poems." By Rupert Brooke. | |

Mr. Denny added that the new edition of Henry James's "Tales" was selling well; that there had been an increase in the unflagging demand for Kipling's prose and verse; and that, in spite of the war, the steady sale of Thomas Hardy's novels continued.

MESSRS. JONES & EVANS, of 77, Queen Street, Cheapside,

were disposed, like Mr. Denny, to be somewhat pessimistic, and Mr. John G. Wilson there said they were not selling much fiction except in the cheap editions, which were being bought in large quantities by people who were sending them to soldiers at the front or in training at home. First favourites among these are all Gene Stratton's Porter's books, Ridgwell Cullum's, W. F. Shannon's, and such stories as "Daddy Long-Legs," "The Drummer of the Dawn," "Spud Tamson," "Kitchener's Chaps." Phrase books in French, Flemish and Russian are selling largely, and there is a marked increase in the sales of the more serious magazines, such as the *Fortnightly*, *Round Table*, etc. Mr. Wilson added that the new editions of some of the Russian novelists are doing well; and six shilling fiction of the lighter kind, by Stephen Leacock, George Birmingham, tales such as Dorothy Muir's "Summer Friendships," and others, were going satisfactorily. He considered his twelve best-sellers were:

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---|
| "Bealby." By H. G. Wells. | "War Time Verses." By Sir Owen Seaman. |
| Rupert Brooke's "Poems." | "War and Democracy." |
| "Jaffery." By W. J. Locke. | "War Lords." By A. G. Gardner. |
| "Russia and the World." | "War and Lombard Street," and other books on Finance. |
| "Scotland for Ever." | By Hartley Withers. |
| Belloc's "War Book." | Cammaerts' "Belgian Poems." |
| Buchan's "History of the War." | |

Mr. Wilson mentioned too that there is a run on all Kipling's books; that there is a good sale for serious

works such as Jane's "Interpretation of History"; and that he is selling more "local" Guide Books than usual, which he takes as a sign that many who mostly spent their holidays abroad are this year arranging to spend them somewhere at home.

I pushed my enquiry among several other booksellers in Central, West, and North London, and, to summarise their replies, was glad to learn that in the main they found business much better than they had expected it to be. Some of them are selling new six shilling novels pretty freely, others are having the same experience with them as Mr. Denny, but all are selling plenty of cheap editions, and war books seem to be in demand everywhere. Collating my other lists of best-sellers I find they substantially agree with the lists I have already given, but to the books included in these must be added one or two that have made their appearance since I visited the three booksellers I have named, and some that were not referred to by either of those three; for, of course, every best-seller does not sell best at every shop. According to this general consensus of opinion, other books that are enjoying a considerable vogue are:

"Maria Again." By Mrs. John Lane. "You Never Know Your Luck." By Sir Gilbert Parker.

"Spies and Secret Service." "The German-American Plot." "Nicky Nan." By "Q." "Conquest." By Olive Wadswell. "The Blue Horizon." By H. de Vere Stacpoole. "Love-Birds in the Coco-Nuts." By Peter Blundell. "Miss Billy's Decision." By Eleanor H. Porter. "Belgium's Agony." By Verhaeren. "The Campaign of 1914." By G. H. Perris. "Brunel's Tower." By Eden Phillpotts. "The Amateur Army." By Patrick MacGill. "Roumania and the Great War." By Seton-Watson. "In Mr. Knox's Country." By Somerville and Ross. "Golden Glory." By W. H. Rose. "A War Time Journal." By Lady Jephson. "The English Countryside." By E. C. Pulbrook. "With the Allies." By R. H. Davis. "A Lover's Tale." By Maurice Hewlett. "Sergeant Michael Cassidy." "The Barbarians in Belgium." By Pierre Nothomb. "The House of the Misty Star." "The Battle Glory of Canada." By A. B. Tucker. "Behind the Scenes at the Front." By George Adam. "Through a Dartmoor Window." By Beatrice Chase. "Yvette." By Guy de Maupassant. "The Real Crown Prince." "Kultur and Catastrophe."

These facts bring me to the conclusion that I need not share "Maria's" anxiety—that if everybody is writing nearly everybody must also be reading; that if the book trade is not nearly so busy as it would like to be, it is so much busier than it might have been in such days as these that there is no reason for pessimism, except that some of us, like Newman Noggs, are "never so happy as when we are miserable."

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

ROBERT LYND.

By ST. JOHN G. ERVINE.

THERE are two kinds of "literary editors" of newspapers: one is a man of letters in whom the critical faculty is predominant; the other is a person whose chief work seems to be to make a list of "Books Received," and send volumes to various reviewers as indiscriminately as possible. The latter is, generally speaking, a failure as a journalist. He is employed as "literary editor" (a) because he is too incompetent to be a police-court reporter; (b) because the general editor or proprietor of the newspaper feels sorry for him; and (c) because literature is not supposed to be of much interest to the mass of newspaper readers, and, therefore, he is not likely to do much harm to the paper if he is allowed to look after the books. A casual survey of the London newspapers will enable a moderately intelligent person to decide instantly to which of these two classes any particular "literary editor"

belongs. It is quite obvious, for example, that the "literary editor" of the *Daily Squeal* is a man who does not know the difference between what is literature and what is not. It is equally obvious that the "literary editor" of the *Daily News and Leader* is a man of letters.

Newspapers, like people, have distinguishing features. Men read the *Daily Telegraph*, they say, because its foreign news is so good. Others read the *Daily Mail* or the *Daily Express* because it has the knack of serving up the news in a way that is palatable to them. Newspapers, too, have their traditions. The *Saturday Review* and the *Star* have a tradition of good dramatic criticism to maintain: the former has employed Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Max Beerbohm, and (now) Mr. John Palmer to criticise English drama; the *Star* has employed Mr. A. B. Walkely, Mr. Gilbert Cannan, and (now) Mr. William Archer for a similar purpose. The



Photo by E. O. Hopf.

Mr. Robert Lynd.

Daily News and Leader has a tradition of good literary criticism to maintain; and its "literary editors" in recent years have been Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, Mr. R. A. Scott-James, and (now) Mr. Robert Lynd.

I am not, perhaps, the proper person to write an article such as this on Robert Lynd. He is my friend, my fellow-townsmen (we were born in Belfast), and also (what is rare in one's friend and fellow-townsmen) a man for whose literary and personal qualities I have so much regard that I am more likely to write fulsomely about him than critically. However, I need the money which I shall receive for this article, and so, indiscriminating or not, I will write it.

Robert Lynd is the son of a Presbyterian minister, the late Dr. Lynd, of Belfast, who was a man of considerable repute in Ulster. Like all intelligent Ulstermen, Robert Lynd is a Home Ruler. Indeed, his love of Ireland is so great that he has actually learned to speak Gaelic, and when he goes to Ireland he embarrasses his countrymen very much by speaking to them in the old language of their country. "Nach labhrann tu Gaedhilg?" he says to them, and they glance at him sharply, and ask him if he is English! Ireland is to Robert Lynd what King Charles's head was to Mr. Dick. No matter what subject he writes on, his Irish love is certain to betray itself somewhere. If he cannot actually name Ireland, he will use some simile that is sufficiently local to be almost exclusively Irish in origin. Where an ordinary writer would use a sentence such as "the difference between a duke and a dock labourer," Robert Lynd will use "the difference between a lord and a linen lapper." This instinctive choice of Irish images, Irish turns of speech, is one of the most notable features of Robert Lynd's work. He is a devout lover of Cathleen Ni Houlihan.

If I were asked to name the writer who most intimately feels Ireland, I think I should say Robert Lynd. He would probably say that Padraic Colum gives a more familiar picture of Ireland than any other writer, and certainly Mr. Colum in "My Irish Year" introduces the stranger very nearly to Irish life; but there is more intimacy, more warmth, more homeliness in Lynd's books on Ireland than in Colum's. I have just read the four books which Mr. Lynd has published: "Irish and English," "Home Life in Ireland," "Rambles in Ireland," and "The Book of This and That"; and the feeling they have aroused in me is one of intense homesickness. It seemed to me when I had finished "Home Life in Ireland" that I must somehow get the money to pay my passage back to Ulster. I did not get that sensation when I read "My Irish Year," nor do I get it when I read the books of other Irish writers. I imagine that anyone, whatever his or her nationality may be, who reads Lynd's "Home Life in Ireland" will get the feeling that Ireland has been made as friendly and familiar to them as their own country. I am prepared to assert dogmatically that the reader of "Home Life in Ireland" and "Rambles in Ireland" will learn more of that country

from those two books than they will learn from all the speeches and solemn volumes that have ever been made.

"The Book of This and That" is a collection of essays, all of which appeared originally in *The New Statesman*. "Irish and English" is a similar collection from the defunct *To-Day*.

It is in the first of these two books that one finds most evidence of a second strongly marked characteristic of Robert Lynd's work, and that is, his intolerable tolerance. He is, as it were, so conscious of the fact that he is a sinner, that not only will he not cast the first stone, but he will not cast any stone at all. He has actually written an article in advocacy of gentle reviewing of bad books, although he must be aware of the fact that the most urgent need in literature to-day is the need for brutality in criticism. Lynd will not lay people out, and he will not let anybody else lay them out. When he employs me to criticise a book, he invariably "cuts" all the thumping bits, out of sheer kindness of heart. This unwillingness to wound sometimes causes his work to look weak, even when he is obviously angry. One of his essays, "Thoughts at a Tango Tea," a brilliantly bitter satire, contains this passage:

"Slowly and separately each girl appears, sometimes from the back of the stalls, sometimes from the back of the stage, and marches before your vision as obtrusive as an advertisement, while the band plays some tune like 'You made me love you.' One should not say 'marches,' perhaps, but glides."

That final sentence is characteristic of Lynd. Too often, I think, he is not certain whether he should say "marches" or "glides."

He can, of course, be angry. He can even be unjust. Ask him to tell you what he thinks of Mr. Rudyard Kipling . . . but then every Irishman can be angry with Mr. Kipling. I have personally seen Lynd getting angry and more angry. He and a friend of his from Belfast and I were sitting in his house talking about Home Rule. The friend was an indifferent Unionist, and he began to say things about Nationalism which were not pleasant. I, who am an intolerant bigot, was getting ready to lose my temper, when I discovered, to my astonishment, that Lynd had lost his. There was a sharpness in his speech that I have since longed to see in his criticism, and he utterly annihilated the pallid Unionism of his old friend, not alone with facts, but with fiery language.

One of these days Robert Lynd will suddenly leave London and return to Ulster. I always think of him as a man who is not quite happy in England. Someone will have the common sense to found a weekly review in Ireland and make him editor of it. His feeling for his country is so strong that I am sure he will sometimes become so angry in his weekly review that my truculence will seem to be tepid in comparison. Whether or not he edits a review in Ireland is not nearly so important as the fact that he will one day write a book on Ulster which will make Ulster understood throughout the world.

THE READER.

SAMUEL BUTLER

(1835-1902).

BY GEORGE SAMPSON.

"SAMUEL BUTLER was, in his own department, the greatest English writer of the latter half of the nineteenth century"—thus Mr. Bernard Shaw, in a sentence that has been rather overworked as a testimonial. Coleridge might have written with equal magnanimity of the Germans whom he quarried for ideas—had he been as cute as Mr. Shaw. Frankness is usually the next best policy.

The tribute is worth a moment's examination. To call Butler "the greatest English writer of the latter half of the nineteenth century" is so plainly excessive, that the statement is qualified by a parenthesis, "in his own department." But that is the whole point. Precisely, what is Butler's "own department," in which he is pre-eminent? A qualification of such magnitude begs the entire question. Just the same claim could be made for Tupper. Butler was indubitably a satirist; yet to call him the greatest English satirist of the latter half of the nineteenth century does not tell us much, as he seems to be the only one. He wrote on evolution; but he is obviously not the greatest modern writer in this department. He translated the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," discussed the authorship of the latter, and investigated the dedication of Shakespeare's sonnets. Is the department of pure literary criticism that in which he is the greatest of his time? Butler himself would have been surprised to hear it. He wrote on art, stood for the Slade Professorship, and had pictures hung in the Royal Academy. Can it be that he was our greatest recent art critic? Really, it would seem that this testimonial comes, like Hamlet's decessed parent, in a very questionable shape. Perhaps we had better agree, first that Butler had no "department," and next that "greatness"—the quality of

Shakespeare, Rembrandt and Beethoven—should not be applied to men on the slight scale of Butler. With these deductions made, the rest of Mr. Shaw's encomium is true. Butler certainly wrote in the latter half of the nineteenth century.

If we must deal in superlatives, I should suggest that Butler's most valuable and most perilous gift was his inspired irreverence. The worth of such a quality is as real as its danger. Nothing is more cleansing and stimulating than courageous dissent; nothing is more stupidly imitable than oddity. A sleepy acquiescence in whatever is, an unquestioning assent to everything put forward with an air of authority, will surely petrify nations and individuals alike. Butler was a born heretic. He lived when what was called Science had been set up in antagonism to what was called Religion. People gave up swallowing Jonah and took to swallowing Spencer instead. If a preacher said that God was all-seeing and all-loving, they were properly derisive; but

if a professor said that all existence was a blind struggle ending in the survival of the fittest, they were highly reverential. Now Butler was not one of those people. He had not abandoned priests in order to be imposed upon by professors. If he wrote ruthlessly about the Resurrection, he wrote just as ruthlessly about Evolution; and his consequent unpopularity can be imagined. In the latter half of the nineteenth century you were taken up by the Church if you wrote against Science, and championed by Science if you wrote against Religion. Butler questioned the dogmas of both parties, and was damned all round. Perhaps the whole thing is now more historical than vital in interest. We still profess and call ourselves Christians, even in Germany. The "survival of the



Photo by Alfred Emery Cathie, 1898.

Samuel Butler.

Frontispiece to "The Note Books of Samuel Butler." (A. C. Fifield.)

Reproduced by permission of Mr. R. A. Strathfield.

fittest" has itself been found unfit to survive. Existence, so far from being the state of blind antagonism depicted by the disciples of Darwin, seems, if we are to accept Reinheimer's theory of sym- genesis, to be something like a super-coöperative society on the cosmic scale. Butler's contributions to the controversy will at least be always lively and readable, which is more than can be said for the others. Perhaps, too, they may retain some scientific value. Professor Hartog, a very competent person in such matters, seems to think so. Anyhow, Butler, who inclined to Erasmus Darwin (eighteenth century), and disagreed in some respects with Charles Darwin (nineteenth century), has now been publicly acknowledged by Francis Darwin (twentieth century), before the whole British Association in solemn conclave assembled. And in Dublin, too, so near to Belfast! Rest, rest, perturbed spirit of Tyndall!

Butler's insistence on thinking his own thoughts was not limited to matters of science. He was a heretic in art and literature as well. As became a classic, he flew to Greek for support. In the artists he disliked he found only "gnosis"; in the few he liked he found "agapee." If we call "gnosis" "technique" and "agapee" "charm," we shall get roughly near the relevant meaning. The distinction may sound pretty in theory; in practice, however, Butler's appreciation came to this sort of thing:

"As for the old masters, the better plan would be never even to look at one of them, and to consign Raffaele, along with Plato, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, Dante, Goethe, and two others, neither of them Englishmen, to limbo, as the Seven Humbugs of Christendom."

Here is another summary damnation:

"Talking it over, we agreed that Blake was no good because he learned Italian at sixty in order to study Dante, and we know Dante was no good because he was so fond of Virgil, and Virgil was no good because Tennyson ran him, and as for Tennyson—well, Tennyson goes without saying."

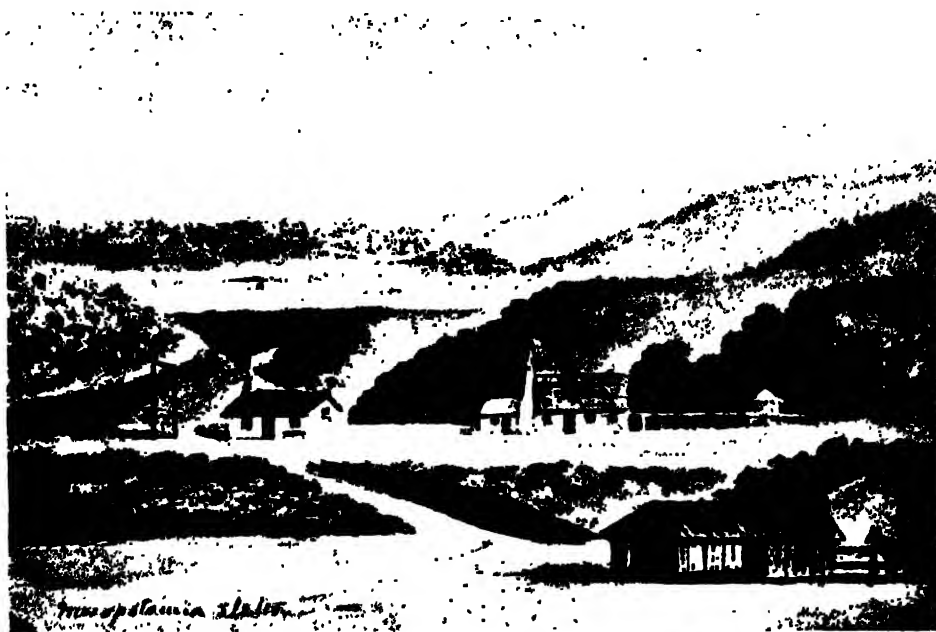
He disliked Dickens, and held it a crime that the novelist was buried in the Abbey next to Handel. He not only thought that Handel was the greatest of all musicians—a possible view, but he thought as well that

all other musicians whatsoever were negligible. Of Bach he says:

"It is imputed to him for righteousness that he goes over the heads of the general public and appeals mainly to musicians. But the greatest men do not go over the heads of the masses, they take them rather by the hand."

Butler had apparently never seen or heard anything of the vast crowds of "general public" who throng St. Paul's to hear the "Matthew Passion" in Lent as cagerly as they stay away from Brahms's "Requiem" in Advent. Believing as I do, with firm conviction, that

the work of Beethoven is almost the noblest treasure bequeathed by a man to mankind, I can scarcely keep my temper, sometimes, with the critic who, professing to be a musician, could obtusely dismiss Beethoven with contempt as "sickly and maudlin." Still, these views must



Mesopotamia Station.

Butler's homestead at Christchurch, New Zealand.
Reproduced, by permission of the author, from "Five Years in New Zealand, 1859-1864," by Robert B. Booth.
(J. G. Hammond & Co.)

be borne with, as they were the opinions of one whose intellectual honesty was unimpeachable. Better by far these genuine heresies than all the stock judgments and slam enthusiasms about art. The late Poet Laureate once wrote an article deploring the decay of authority in criticism and the substitution of mere personal opinions. As if criticism, honest criticism, could be anything other than personal opinion! Did he expect us to admire by platoons and gush in sections, at the word of command from someone with a Court appointment? Appreciation must be a personal matter, or it is dishonest. We can learn much by considering the views of others, but we have no more right to appropriate a man's opinions than we have to appropriate his purse. Butler's irreverence is a wholesome corrective of the unhealthy passivity and mechanical enthusiasm that Academies tend to induce. But we must be careful with this valuable remedy. It may be worth a guinea a box, but not as an article of diet. There is something even worse than imitation enthusiasm, and that is imitation heresy. Budding lawyers, we are told, used to imitate Sir Thomas More's way of wearing his gown, and thought they were on the road to the Woolsack. So silly young people imitate Butler's antipathies and think they are clever enough to write another "Erewhon." Quite possibly there is a rarefied height of culture at which Dante seems despicable; but it is generally safe to assume that, when a man can see nothing in a poet

**Postcard from
Samuel Butler
to
Mr. R. A. Streatfield,
written at
Basle,
March 29, 1902.**

Rome, Hotel Vittoria Sat. Apr. 5. My dear Streetfart,
I grieve to see what a hunt you must have had through
those maddening abbreviations. And you must have got a very
long way for the passage you sent me in a long way of the book
- & then to copy out so much! What can I say but thank you
thanked! The F. Mainlands are here - I have seen them & shall see
them again. If you find you might ear burning you will know what
it is, for we shall do every good praises. And now, please, I have
went to the Biblioteca at Capote & found Book Edition, but was
so appalled by the abbreviations that I turned tail - As luck was
it, however, I lighted on the second passage within $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour. Here
part of the Collegium Rom. ^{no 2} of the Public Edition of 1845 - 1845
(1845) of the Congregation of the Holy Spirit near the end of the book
found your extract pretty soon but was some 10 or 15 before I found
following. "We read that one Hieronymus has recorded how a homonym
of Memphis named Phantasia, a ^{prophet} [?] [?] of Memphis
composed both the story of the Trojan war & of the wanderings of
Homer & placed the books in the temple of Memphis the Pharaohs
Memphis - when Homer came there & having procured a copy of the
originals, wrote the Iliad & Odyssey - Some say that he wrote the
Iliad by night, or travelled by night and taught the people
May Heaven protect you - W. S. Parker

**Postcard from
Samuel Butler
to
Mr. R. A. Streatfeld,
written at
Naples,
May 15, 1902.**

These postcards, written shortly after Butler's death, are reproduced in facsimile by permission of Mr. R. A. Streatfeild.

of world-fame, it is not he who is above the poet, but the poet who is above him. To scoff is always easier than to understand, and derision itself invites suspicion. When a man professes to find everything in Homer and Handel, and nothing in Milton and Mozart, we should begin to ask not only what his condemnation is worth, but what his appreciation is worth. If you find nothing but "gnosis" in Bach, can you really find "agapee" in Handel? The duffers are always with the scoffers. When a cultivated man derides Milton, he has the hearty support of the uncultivated many who deride all poetry. Any fools can say that they can't bear Beethoven—and certainly most fools can't. Butler earned the right to be eccentric. Him we can abide; it is the imitation Butlers who are intolerable. Butler admired Homer and despised Tennyson. The proper sequel to this is not the Butlerette who also admires Homer and despises Tennyson, but a man like Upton Sinclair, who despises Homer and prefers Sienciewicz. Butler himself must be treated in the Butlerian manner. He must be challenged and suspected, never taken blindly as a prophet. The famous chapter on machines in "Erewhon" is at once an example and a warning. The argument seems flawless. Every objection the puzzled reader can urge appears to be anticipated and answered. Yet he knows quite well that the author is pulling his leg. In this instance, the ingenuity of the argument is refuted by the patent absurdity of the conclusion. But other cases will not always be so clear. The author who so cleverly proves that a dead machine is a living entity may just as cleverly—and falsely—prove that a living lion is a dead donkey.

Butler's heterodoxy came aptly from a man full of personal oddity and highly irrational rationality. Look at the portrait in that fine volume of the "Note Books," and mark there a sad lucidity of soul mingling (as best it can) with a sense of cosmic absurdity. He said himself of "Erewhon" that, in the language of the stud, it was by "Analogy" out of "Hudibras." We might go further and suggest that the author of "Erewhon" was by Voltaire out of Virtue, by Mephistopheles out of Margaret; though to rebuke such impiety we have the indubitable fact that his father was a canon and his grandfather a bishop. It is not necessary for me to say anything about his actual life, because everyone interested in Butler either has read or must read two books containing all the vital facts—his own novel "The Way of All Flesh," and the volume called "The Humour of Homer," with its most excellent biographical preface by Henry Festing Jones, Butler's friend and fellow hobby-horseman.

"The Way of All Flesh" is an important tractate imperfectly disguised as a story. It is autobiography with a purpose and criticism with a vengeance. Readers who care to see how much Mr. Bernard Shaw is indebted to Butler, and how clumsily he has disposed of his pickings, should read in close succession "The Way of All Flesh," and the treatise on parents and children prefixed to "Misalliance." Butler's book is a valuable piece of social history illustrated in three generations of the Pontifex family. With fine restraint of power—and some occasional exaggeration of line—he draws such a picture of the stupid repression in a strict religious

home and the wasteful, inutile education at a big public school, as amounts to a telling and unforgettable indictment. He describes what he knew and had suffered. When he attacked the "hypothetical language" in "Erewhon," he wrote with the authority of one who had come out twelfth in the Classical Tripos. When Bagehot uttered his famous gibe that public schoolboys derive, from the pain and suffering of several years, not exactly an acquaintance with Greek and Latin, but a firm conviction that there are such languages, he had the familiarity with that kind of education proper to one who took honours in classics at London. But arguing from knowledge is not Mr. Shaw's way. He prefers to lose his temper and draw upon his fury for facts. He does not write about the schools he knows (if there are any), but, with shrieking omniscience, he indicts all parents as tyrants, all homes as prisons, all schools as chambers of horrors, and all teachers as scoundrels indulging an obscene lust for child torture. Butler by restraint, made his picture terrible; Shaw, by excess, makes himself ridiculous.

Butler, too, failed a little in sense of proportion towards the end of his life. "Erewhon Revisited" has found some to praise it, but very few to love it. The original satire is a masterpiece of economy; the sequel fails to recapture the first fine careful rapture of its predecessor. Mr. R. A. Streatfeild, Butler's literary executor, thinks the later book a better work of art. I can only record my disagreement. "Erewhon" itself is certainly not all of a piece; but its parts are at least all high in quality. "Erewhon Revisited" is just as patchy, and its parts are sometimes very poor in quality. The farce of Hanky, Panky, Balmy and Downie simply doesn't fit on to the sentiment of Yram and George, and the satirical element is very like sheer burlesque. "Erewhon" might have been modelled on the best of Swift; "Erewhon Revisited" seems copied from bad imitations of Lewis Carroll. We all know that sequels usually fail to live up to their forerunners, but at the worst they carry on the story. The sequel to "Erewhon" is unsuccessful because, literally, it doesn't succeed. Its hero is a different person pretending to be the same, and struggling to blend imitations of the original character with his new rôles of Don Juan, mental degenerate, pavement artist and heavy father. "Erewhon Revisited" is as much below "Erewhon" as "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is below "Henry IV." Butler was sometimes the victim of his own inventiveness. His "works" impeded his faith. That almost fiendishly clever book "The Fair Haven" is overweighted by an elaborate mechanism of irony; in "Erewhon" the wheels creak, but they go round; in "Erewhon Revisited" the machinery grinds out very small irony, having ground itself by this time into very old iron.

I must pass with the briefest possible mention over other aspects of Butler—his prose, so clean and clear in its best moments, his gift of inspired misquotation, and his humour, strangely akin to that of Mark Twain. The verses (collected in the "Note Books") do not call for extended comment. "The Righteous Man" is good, though rather heavily outlined; but no praise can be too high for the "Psalm of Montreal," a poem really unique in the power of invective concealed beneath

its apparently harmless humour. "Alps and Sanctuaries," that wisest of holiday books, with its jolly little pictures, is a pure delight. It was published in 1881. In 1882 appeared "Swiss Letters and Alpine Poems by the late Frances Ridley Havergal"—a lady whose poetry on Christmas and Memorial cards has attained what must surely be the largest circulation in the world. The reader who wants some fun pleasantly mingled with instruction should read these two volumes together. What Butler revolted from will be shown with greater emphasis.

Butler can never be a popular writer. His admirers will always be few, so they must make up in discretion what they lack in numbers. In particular they must beware of trying to atone for past neglect by present adulation. Butler is not one of the great beacons of human progress, and it is stupid to pretend that he is. Yet, though he is a lesser luminary, he casts a very clear light in some very dim places. He is valuable even

in his negations. The spirit that denieth is invidiously assigned dominion in the lower regions; but denial is an inseparable part of affirmation. It is part of the Power, not always understood, that seems to will the Bad, and often works the Good. Mankind needs the critical spirit as well as the missionary spirit. Butler said "nay" that men might utter a wiser "yea." In all that he wrote there is invincible moral courage. He had many crotchets, but he was innocent of quavers. He had (he complained) to steal his own birthright, and was bitterly punished; but he saved his soul alive. He refused, at a great cost, to accept the Church's ordination, but nevertheless he was all his life a man upon whom invisible hands had been laid. He might disdain sermons, but he never ceased to preach. He might attack dogma, but he was always dogmatic. In Samuel Butler there was a dash of Uncle Toby, a deal of Puck, some Zadig, of Quixote not a little, and very much indeed of the Shorter Catechist.

THE WIFE OF CHARLES DARWIN.*

BY S. BUTTERWORTH.

CHARLES DARWIN and his wife, who was also his cousin, were the grandchildren of men famous in their day. Erasmus Darwin, physician and poet, whose "Loves of the Plants" was so happily burlesqued by Canning, Frere and Ellis in their "Loves of the Triangles," which appeared in the *Anti-Jacobin*; and

* "Emma Darwin: A Century of Family Letters, 1792-1896." Edited by her daughter, Henrietta Litchfield. 2 vols. 21s net. (John Murray)

Josiah Wedgwood, the celebrated potter of Etruria, near Burslem, in Staffordshire, who employed as his designer of the "Wedgwood Ware" the sculptor Flaxman. Emma Wedgwood's father and uncle (Josiah and Thomas) were closely associated with another great man, the poet Coleridge, whose benefactors they were, for it was they who for his encouragement generously allotted to him an annuity of £150 unconditionally; though it was rather highlandedly stopped by Josiah Wedgwood



S. Pancrazio, Taormina.

From a hitherto unpublished water-colour by Samuel Butler. The original is the property of Mr. R. A. Streatfield, Butler's literary executor, who kindly lent it for reproduction.

shortly after the death of his brother in 1805, after its continuance for some seven years. With one exception, however, there is no mention of Coleridge in the correspondence during his lifetime, and that merely a passing reference to one of his works, "The Statesman's Manual: A Lay Sermon." Subsequently, when the name appears in one or other of the letters of the many correspondents, it is to receive some slighting or disparaging comment. After the glamour of his personality diminished, his genius appears to have been forgotten when his lamentable moral weaknesses were recalled to mind. To make up, however, for Coleridge's practical non-appearance in the pages of Mrs. Litchfield's interesting work, there is a delectable account of the meeting of Wordsworth with his enemy Jeffrey, doubly welcome from the circumstance that it is, I believe, new. Writing to her aunt, Madame Sismondi, wife of the celebrated Swiss historian, Elizabeth Wedgwood tells her that

"Fanny had a grand dinner yesterday: Bishop Copleston, Sir T. Denman . . . Jeffrey . . . There was a party in the evening, too, which was made memorable by bringing Wordsworth and Jeffrey together. When Sir James [Mackintosh] proposed to Mr. Wordsworth to introduce them to one another he did not agree to it. 'We are fire and water,' he said, 'and if we meet we shall only hiss—besides, he has been doing his utmost to destroy me.' 'But he has not succeeded,' Sir James said, 'and he really is one of your greatest admirers,' and upon that he took Mr. Wordsworth by the shoulders and turned him round to Jeffrey, and left them together. They immediately began talking, and Sir James came, very proud to tell us what he had done, and to fetch us to see them; and Mr. Wordsworth looked very happy and complacent. Mr. Lockhart said it was the best thing he ever saw done. The two enemies liked one another's company so much that, when the rest of the party broke up at past eleven, they remained talking together with Sir James, discussing poets, orators and novelists, till one o'clock, with Mr. Sheil listening with all his ears, and Mr. Empson and Fanny and Uncle Baugh as audience. I, alas, was obliged to carry my head to bed. Sir James enjoyed his two hours' talk very much."

The meeting took place in 1831. Six years after this, Crabb Robinson notes in his Diary, under date August 17, 1837:

"Empson related [during a breakfast at Rogers'] that Jeffrey had lately told him that so many people had thought highly of Wordsworth, that he resolved to re-peruse his poems and see if he had anything to retract. Empson, I believe, did not end his anecdote; he had before said to me that Jeffrey, having done so, found nothing to retract,

except, perhaps, a contemptuous and flippant phrase or two. Empson says, he believed Jeffrey's distaste for Wordsworth to be honest—mere uncongeniality of mind. Talfourd, who is now going to pay Jeffrey a visit, says the same."

The Sir James Mackintosh mentioned in the first citation was Emma Darwin's uncle by marriage, having married her aunt, Catherine Allen, for his second wife. At first in favour of the French Revolution when he wrote his "Vindiciæ Gallicæ" in answer to Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution," he became afterwards its opponent, for which change of view he was looked upon as an apostate, and as such was victimised by Charles Lamb in a famous political epigram:

"Though thou'rt like Judas, an apostate black,
In the resemblance one thing thou dost lack:
When he had gotten his ill-purchased peli,
He went away, and wisely hanged himself.
This thou may'st do at last; yet much I doubt
If thou hast any bowels to gush out!"

Many an interesting individual flits across the pages. Thomas Carlyle and his wife—Charles Darwin's opinion of the latter was, "It is high treason, but I cannot think that Jenny is either quite natural or ladylike"—Madame de Stael, Queen Hortense, Sydney Smith, Mazzini—with whom Carlyle had an "amusing dispute" about Beethoven's music—Samuel Rogers, and others too numerous to mention.

The second volume, which greatly enhances the cumulative interest of this attractive work, is devoted chiefly to the happy family life of Charles and Emma Darwin and their children. In spite of the great naturalist's concentration on the research which formed his life's work, and which was carried out during years of ill-health, his devotion to his wife and family was a beautiful trait in his character, and was amply repaid by the answering love of all his children. When his epoch-making books, "The Origin of Species" and "The Descent of Man," made their appearance and he was the most execrated man in the kingdom, it must have been ample solace to this sweet-natured soul—if, that is, he was hurt by the vituperation of the unthinking and ignorant public, and there is no evidence that he was affected by it—to be so loved and revered by his family as he was. In these storm-tossed times it is no little relief to take up these charming volumes, with their atmosphere of peace and, for a dream-while at least, to forget the terrible upheaval that is to make or mar us.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

AUGUST, 1915.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best tribute to General Botha in four or eight lines of original verse.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Mona Douglas, of Ballarragh, Laxey, Isle of Man, for the following :

THE STOLEN CHILD.

Did the fairies see the gleaming of her little sun-browned feet
Running through the rushy claddaghs in the mornings daisy-sweet ?

Did they think her childish laughter, ringing out along the shore,
Sweeter music than the wave-beats and the wind's long roar ?

For they beckoned from the mountains, and they called her
through the rain,
Till her heart went out to answer them, and came not home
again ;

And they drew her o'er the silver path that leads across the sea
Till her eyes were cold with moonshine, and her spirit free.

Now the shepherds hear her singing on the hills at break of day—

And the sadness of all ages chrysalises in her lay—
Or the fishers see the glimmer, far across the rocky steep,
Of a moon-white Form that wanders by the homeless deep. . . .

I have heard the Howlæa moaning out among the drifting spars,
And Ben Varrey's wildest music winding up among the stars ;
I have seen the roaming spirits on the lonely, wind-swept hill—
But the stolen Child of Maughold, she is sadder still !

We also select for printing :

FAERYLAND.

There's magic afoot in Cornwall,
As you, who are Cornwall's, know,
For she twines your heart in her fingers,
And never can let you go.

You may think to forget in the city,
But a hurdy-gurdy's strain,
A beautiful face, a colour,
Or lamps that swing in the rain—

And the old, strange spell is on you,
And the world shrinks to be
A green cliff in Cornwall,
A green cliff and the sea.

(Brenda Duncan, Park House, Croydon.)

" MISSING."

When the anxious hearts say " Where ? "
He doth answer " In My care."

" Is it life or is it death ? "
" Wait," He whispers. " Child, have faith ! "

" Did they need love's tenderness ? "
" Is there love like Mine to bless ? "

" Were they frightened at the last ? "
" No, the sting of death is past."

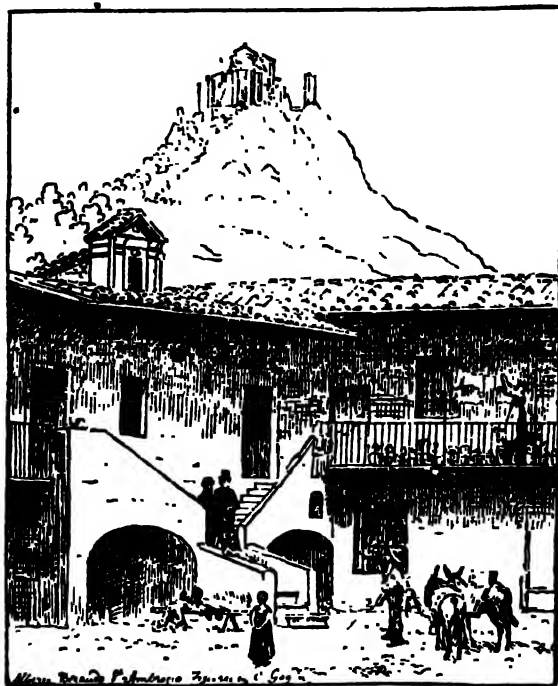
" Did a thought of ' Home-Love ' rise ? "
" I looked down thro' Mother-eyes."

" Saviour, tell us, where are they ? "
" In My keeping, night and day."

" Tell us, tell us, how it stands."
" None shall pluck them from My Hands."

(Ivan Adair, 54, Palmerston Road, Dublin.)

Three competitors have sent us didactic poems, each about a hundred lines in length ; two or three have sent sonnets that are not lyrical. These are, of course, disqualified. The best of the numerous other lyrics received are those by Joyce Tompkins (Catford), E. A. Potter (Birmingham), Vivien Ford (Bristol), B. C. Hardy (Eastbourne), Rev. T. Sefton (Bangalore), Constance Kew (Ashton-on-Mersey), Kathleen W. Coales (Market



Drawn by C. Gogin.

Inn of S. Ambrogio.

The two small figures on the steps are Butler and Mr. Festing Jones.
From " Alps and Sanctuaries of Piedmont and Canton Ticino,"
by Samuel Butler (Fifield).

Harborough), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), D. N. Dalglish (Wandsworth), Carol Ring (Birmingham), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Ada M. Hudson (London, W.), Mrs. Oliver Lodge (Norwood), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), M. P. Noel (London, S.W.), Duncan W. Johnson (Ontario), Kathleen Birch (Bexhill), Hylda C. Cole (Kilmalcolm), Catharine Mary Ritchie (Merthsham), W. Siebenhaar (W. Australia), Dorothy M. Bunn (Hull), Evelina Ida San Garde (Accrington), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Alex C. Welsh (Victoria, Australia), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), M. E. Kennedy (Ranelagh), B. M. Wills (King's Lynn), Helen W. Brock (Rondebosch, S.A.), Susannah Phipps (Croydon), Isabel Gray (Luton), Mrs. Monypenny (Billinghurst), E. T. Sandford (Saltash), W. M. Thorp (Nottingham), Phyllis Marks (London, N.W.), Peggy Grant (Southbourne), Marjorie Fleming (Strathbungo), Annie M. Birch (Hull), J. E. Beamsley (Bradford), Isabel Davies (Liverpool), Hilda Trevelyan Thompson (Middlesborough), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Peggie Lawford (Newton Abbot), Ethel Webster (St. Helens), May O'Rourke (Dorchester), E. C. L. (Birmingham), Frank G. Greenwood (Bingley), Margaret A. Layton (Redditch), George Duncan Grey (Westonsuper-Mare), E. Burgess (Douglas), E. R. L. (Durham), Stella Beaumont (Wimbledon), J. R. Ellaway (Basingstoke), J. A. Bellchambers (Highgate), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), M. Crowther (Bradford), C. P. F. Ferrier (Glasgow), C. S. (Hackney), Irene Harrison (London, S.W.), Jean Stewart (Glasgow), Ethel Ashton Edwards (Cambridge).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Charles Powell, of 67, Dickinson Road, Manchester, for the following :

TWO PATHS OF CONTEMPTION.

REVIEW BY A. E. WAITE.

" I looked cock-eyed at my nose." •

TENNYSON, *The Northern Cobbler*.

We also select for printing

A MAN WITH NINE LIVES. BY R. MARSH.
(Ward, Lock.)

" To one who to tradition clings
This seems an awkward state of things."
W. S. GILBERT, *Bob Ballads*.

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

TWO SINNERS. BY MRS. DAVID G. RITCHIE.
(Smith, Elder.)

"I blush to say I've winked at him,
And he has winked at me."

W. S. GILBERT, *Gentle Alice Brown*.

(Muriel Pinch, Wood's Place, Battle, Sussex.)

TWO SINNERS. BY MRS. DAVID G. RITCHIE.
(Smith, Elder.)

"When these are guests I bolt the door
With 'Not at Home' to any one."

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

(Miss E. F. Parr, 62, Clifton Park Road, Clifton, Bristol.)

MR. WASHINGTON. BY MARJORIE BOWEN. (Methuen.)

'Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway.'

GOLDSMITH, *The Deserted Village*.

(Ernest A. Fuller, 10, The Circus, Greenwich, S.E.)

THE TURBULENT DUCHESS. BY PERCY BRENNER.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"... was gone, and the Duke was glad of it."

BROWNING, *The Flight of the Duchess*.

(Miss D. N. Dalglush, 19, Nicosia Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best limerick beginning "If I were the Kaiser——" is awarded to Miss Schill, Croston Towers, Alderley Edge, Cheshire, for the following:

If I were the Kaiser, I'd say,
'Eat, drink, and be merry; you may
Know the rest of the saying—
It's quite well worth laying
To heart, if at Tyrant you'd play.'

The best six out of the very large and varied number of limericks sent in are written by S. M. Isaacson (Campden Hill), C. Ransom (Torquay), Doris Dean (Bromley), G. F. A. Salmon (Penzance), Albert E. Barnes (Beaconsfield), W. Hodgson Burnet (Kensington).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to the Rev. J. Napier Milne, of 19, Holyrood Crescent, Glasgow, W., for the following:

HUGH: MEMOIRS OF A BROTHER. BY A. C. BENSON.
(Smith, Elder.)

Religious biographies are apt to be "goody," and written by one of the family they usually tend to err on the side of tribute. Here we have, not a full, but a faithful life of Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson. The limitations and deficiencies of the strong man are delicately portrayed. Withal, it is a finely-gifted soul that we see, extraordinarily intense, one to whom nothing matters but religion and its outward æsthetic expression. Mr. Benson has often delighted us when the congenial theme has been himself: he pleases us not less when the subject is a brother beloved.

We also select for printing:

BROTHER-IN-LAW TO POTTS. BY PARRY TRUSCOTT.
(Werner Laurie.)

It is said "romance is the commonplace with a halo round it," an apt description of this charming story—clever in characterisation, in its picture of suburban life, which tells of the fortunes of a bank clerk, one of thousands—true to type—but with a heart of gold. So sympathetic is the writing, incongruities do not obtrude themselves, and we become absorbed in the brother-in-law to Potts, pursuing his pathetic, unselfish way, seeking inspiration from the star of love—alas, unattainable—to find at, long last, happiness if not romance, in the commonplace. How much better the original title "Such is Life."

(Lucy Chamberlain, Plas Brith, Llandudno.)

ORDEAL BY BATTLE. BY FREDERICK SCOTT OLIVER.
(Macmillan & Co.)

Amongst multitudes of war books, "Ordeal by Battle" stands out because of much originality and clear thinking. Mr. Oliver deprecates dreams of inevitable and speedy victory. He also dwells on the folly of treating our nation as if we were children, and wheedling us with half-truths. He says that if the whole case can be put unflinchingly it is not the people who will flinch. The issue may be left with safety to a tribunal which has never yet failed in its duty, when rulers have had the courage to say where its duty lay.

(Irene Harrison, 18, Nevern Place, Earl's Court, S.W.)

WHO GOES THERE? BY R. W. CHAMBERS.
(Appletons.)

If Mr. Chambers's book is any guide to New York sentiment, then America is with us in this war, in soul if not in body. The scenes of the story are laid in Belgium, Holland, England and France, and excitement and adventure are rife. The German spy system is ruthlessly exposed; one is forced to admire the ingenuity of the agents. Kurt is a delightful hero, and though Karen is a little forward for a modest maiden, their romance makes most enjoyable reading.

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forrester Road, Bath.)

We also select for special commendation the twenty reviews sent in by Rev. H. Chaplin (Handsworth), H. Calvert (Victoria, B.C.), J. A. S. Wilson (Bridge of Allan), Gordon Fletcher (Erdington), Agnes E. M. Baker (Kilburn), D. O. Teale (Worcester Park), M. A. Newman (Brighton), Millie A. Parker (Auckland, N.Z.), Rolanda Hirst (Wexford), A. L. Balasubramanian (Madras), Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), Alix Hoare (Codford St. Mary), Janet Kendal (Pickering), W. M. Lodge (Norwood), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), Bernard Spencer (London, S.E.), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), Eric Gillett (Cheshire), H. M. Barrow (Hastings), G. D. (Belfast), Lettie Cole (Pontilas), H. J. Taylor (Ramsgate), Hedley V. Storey (London, N.W.), Miss J. A. Jenkins, (Birmingham.)

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to G. M. Northcott, of Virniew Bank, York Road, Colwyn Bay, N. Wales.

New Books.

SINCERITY AND ART.*

It revives one's faith in the permanence of ideas that, at a time like the present, when all the spiritual truths in which we had learnt to put our trust appear to be in process of dissolution, there should still be men left with leisure and confidence to discuss the principles of art and their relation to life. No one, of course, could ever doubt that these are the permanent things of life, surviving the demolition of kingdoms, and the succession of races. Plato and Aristotle are as vital to-day as they were 2,000 years ago. But in the present welter of emotions the mind seems forcibly divorced from all the ideals of art; and Mr. Bosanquet and Mr. Sturge Moore deserve the gratitude of all thinking people for carrying us back into the world of ideas, and for reminding us once more that

* "Three Lectures on Æsthetic." By Bernard Bosanquet. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan).—"Hark to These Three." By Sturge Moore. 1s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

the spirit of beauty may indeed be obscured for the moment in the bitter life of man, but can never for long be absent from his heart or his aspiration.

Here are two little books, then, modest in size, but penetrating in insight, which seek to explain the meaning of æsthetic pleasure, and its influence upon man's soul and circumstances. Mr. Bernard Bosanquet's contribution takes the form of a series of lectures, delivered at University College, London, last autumn; and it may be said, by way of a general distinction, that his survey of taste is rather esoteric and philosophic, while Mr. Sturge Moore's is mainly technical and artistic. The one in short is the view of the theorist, and the other of the practical worker; and the two strengthen and supplement one another in a thoroughly interesting and profitable fashion. Where, asks Mr. Bosanquet, is the æsthetic attitude to be found? And he proceeds to lay down, as a working axiom, that æsthetic pleasure is stable, relevant, common: that is to

say, it will be found to recur with the revival of the stimulating circumstances: it is related to some appreciable object; and it can be communicated from mind to mind. It is imaginative and creative—a form of spiritual expression. But æsthetic pleasure, on the other hand, is not a kind of opiate dream, dulling the senses: nor is it a vision of faerie. The true lover of the beautiful must come home from fairyland into the world of simple vision and humanity. Unless he can make that return, his way is beset by pitfalls. For directly the artist yields to a deliberate, self-conscious effort towards beautiful expression, the danger of ugliness overshadows him. Hence all that false decoration of useful articles, which fills our villas with contorted monstrosities—products of a commerce which is absolutely fraudulent, since its whole object is to make things appear different from what they are. When once—as that eminent artist, Mr. C. F. A. Voysey, has been reminding the world elsewhere—when once art gives the rein to deception, beauty vanishes from the workroom. You cannot separate between art and life. Art must represent life, and interpret it. The whole world of beauty is “the individual operation of a single impulse, the same in spectator and creative artist, and best discerned when we penetrate the heart of strength and greatness under the veil of commonplace destiny or tragic collision.”

Turning now to Mr. Sturge Moore, we descend from the Platonic atmosphere of theory to the Aristotelian arena of practice. Mr. Moore's brilliant little essay in criticism takes the form of a dialogue upon the secret of Style. A young writer, who has just published his first novel, is worried about his style, and consults two middle-aged men of taste and judgment. “You thought the style awful?” he asks, hoping, no doubt, for a reassuring reply. “There hardly seemed to be any,” is the answer, “except for two pages.” And those two pages prove to have been purely imaginary? “Of course,” rejoins the critic, “art is imagination; style is happy imagination.” And so ensues the discussion, old as the practice of all forms of expression: What is Style? What is Distinction? And how shall it be attained?

Mr. Sturge Moore's dialecticians go back to essentials, and arrive at the conclusion that sincerity is the one thing needful. Here they are at once allied to Mr. Bosanquet, for the art that interprets life must, first and last, be sincere. All decoration, introduced for decoration's sake—all art, in fact, “for art's sake,” is so much leather and prunella. “Literature only triumphs, when it is a genuine part of life: it must not be a mere pastime.” . . . “The beauty of style always makes us feel that success in the world without it is a bastard article not worth its cost.” When art is sincere, it will be bound up with the very soul of life. The truth will make it free; and it will look through life and death, into the very secret of the soul.

“Art and life are so complex, so inextricably one; add courage to intelligence, to imagination add taste—add rectitude, all is nothing without enthusiasm and still nothing without patience; and keeping the whole warm, you will be so much the more likely to miss those moments of contented poise in which a thing comes off. Yet only life in art trains a man's heart and brain to work together, renders failure as fruitful as victory, transforms contact with the best from knowledge into very being, and never leaves him restless, however spent or humbled it lay him in the grave.”

We began by saying that such a discussion as this fell strangely on the ear at the present time; we may end

with the assurance that there never was a time which stood in more earnest need of such enlightenment. A year ago the world of art and letters was full of seething affectations, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace. There came a breath of reality, blowing across the fields of strife, and scattered all such rubbish to the winds. And when the tempest sinks down again, the ground will have been cleared of many obstacles. The simplicity of beauty will then be much easier to appreciate than it was before. And with simplicity will come happiness. For, as Goethe says: “The more that this beauty penetrates the being of a mind, seeming to be of one origin with it, so that the mind can tolerate nothing else, and produce nothing else, so much the happier is the artist.”

ARTHUR WAUGH.

ONCE MORE, MR. SHAW! *

When in doubt, say the theatrical managers, produce *East Lynne*! When in doubt, say the publishers, print a book on Mr. Shaw! I do not know how many books on G. B. S. have already been published, but here are two, one full of adulation, one full of abuse, to add to their number. I have read every book on Mr. Shaw that has been printed. Most of them are dull, as dull, for example, as M. Augustin Hamon's comparison of G. B. S. to Molière, and some of them are absolutely silly; but none of them more so than Mr. Owen's “Common Sense About The Shaw.” He is clearly a devoted pursuer of Mr. Shaw. He has read every little paragraph on Mr. Shaw that has ever appeared in print. Mr. Owen knows what Mr. Shaw said to the Ancoats Brotherhood “some years ago.” He can tell you what Mr. Shaw was saying in 1904 (which is probably more than Mr. Shaw can do). He can tell you not only what Mr. Shaw has said ever since Mr. Shaw began to talk, but he can tell you what other people have said about what Mr. Shaw said. If a Prussian professor has ever said a word on Mr. Shaw, Mr. Owen knows all about it. Let an American professor speak his mind on G. B. S., and instantly Mr. Owen makes a note of it in his little book. He is, in short, a Shavian Datas, memorising all the Shavianalia he can discover.

The book is ostensibly a reply to Mr. Shaw's “Common Sense About the War.” In reality, it is a futile exhibition

* “Bernard Shaw: The Twentieth Century Molière.” By Augustin Hamon. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. 7s. 6d. net. (George Allen & Unwin.)—“Common Sense About The Shaw.” By Harold Owen. 2s. 6d. net. (George Allen & Unwin.)



G. Bernard Shaw
in his study.

By Max Beerbohm.
Reproduced by permission of the artist.

of mud-slinging. Mr. Shaw's pamphlet on the war was open to strong criticism, but this hysterical sludge never comes within a thousand miles of strong criticism. The author's contentions are (1) that Mr. Shaw is of no importance, and (2) that his pamphlet does not contain any sound arguments. The war, it appears, destroyed Mr. Shaw's reputation, and therefore he started to make a fresh one by publishing "Common Sense About the War." He failed to do so. Nobody took any interest in the pamphlet. Hardly anyone, except Mr. Owen, read it, and so, since Mr. Shaw had failed to make a fresh reputation, it became necessary for Mr. Owen to set up a reputation for him, and then knock it down again. I should have thought any rational man would have known that it was not necessary to write a two-and-sixpenny book to destroy the already destroyed reputation of a man of no importance.

The following is a specimen of Mr. Owen's style :

"We [the English] go serenely on, the politest race on earth, the most successful and, I venture to believe, not the least honourable. But we tolerate, and by our toleration positively encourage, all these criticisms, because we have rather a higher standard of conduct than most other races!"

When Professor Ostwald and Professor Adolf Lasson and Herr Richard Doorman and General von Disfurth wrote in similarly silly terms about the Germans, Mr. Owen described them, most politely, as "flat-footed and crude," and he, most politely, refers to Mr. Shaw throughout his book as "the Shaw." What a Prussian professor this Owen would have made!

M. Hamon, who has translated Mr. Shaw's plays into French, works out a theory to show that Mr. Shaw's model and influence is Molière. M. Anatole France, when he was in London a year or so ago, publicly addressed Mr. Shaw as "the English Molière." I do not doubt that the comparison is very interesting, but it seems to me to be of very little importance. An artist does not say to himself, "Let me see now, what style shall I follow?" Mr. Shaw, when he began to write his plays, did not take stock of Scribe, Molière, Shakespeare, Ibsen, Sardou or Dumas, and say, "Molière's my man!" Mr. Shaw wrote his plays in the way he has written them because he could not help himself, because, like Turgenev, he "simply did not know how to work otherwise." All that is but to say that Mr. Shaw is an artist: he chooses his form by instinct, not by pattern. It is the second-rate, the artisans, as Oscar Wilde called them, who write according to rule.

Mr. Edwin Pugh, in a recent issue of THE BOOKMAN, wrote that Mr. Shaw's reputation would gradually decline because his work was too topical. Had Mr. Pugh been a contemporary of Cervantes, he would probably have had a poor opinion of "Don Quixote" which is a skit on current romances, and actually contains criticisms of novels which were popular in Cervantes' day, but are now only known because Cervantes mentions them. Dickens's "Pickwick Papers" was actually begun as letterpress for Seymour's pictures! Fielding wrote "Joseph Andrews" in derision of Richardson's "Pamela." William Morris wrote "News from Nowhere" to show his contempt for Bellamy's "Looking Backward." All these books might very justly have been described by contemporary critics as "too topical to endure." But they have endured, and I suggest to Mr. Pugh that the topical parts of Mr. Shaw's work will not prevent the universal parts from interesting men's minds long after we are all dead: they may even add interest to them. I suggest, too, to Mr. Owen that a man who has provoked discussion among the nimblest minds in two continents, not for a month or a year, but for something like a decade, as Mr. Shaw has done, is not the negligible person that Mr. Owen, with great pains and at great length, tries to prove him. ST. JOHN G. ERVINE.

THE WAR LORDS.*

There are many people—and many among them do not share its politics—who buy the *Daily News* on Saturdays only, because every Saturday it contains another of Mr.

* "The War Lords." By A. G. Gardiner. 1s. net. "The Wayfarer's Library." (Dent.)

A. G. Gardiner's brilliant studies on the personalities of men and women of the hour. Two collections of these have been made in "Prophets, Priests and Kings," and in "Pillars of Society," and now Mr. Gardiner makes a third and very timely collection in "The War Lords," this time limiting his choice, as the title indicates, to those essays that deal with men who are playing leading parts in the present war. Mr. Gardiner is the most careful and conscientious of limners; he neither flatters his sitters by toning down whatever is unpleasant in their features, nor is unjust to them by doing the reverse. He is no caricaturist, but a portrait painter whose one concern is to get the fullest, truest possible presentment of his subject into his work. You feel always that he is writing of what he knows; that he knows more than he reveals, and it is such reserves of knowledge that lend sureness to his outline and enable him to touch in those little intimacies of detail which are the life and soul of all true portraiture.

The striking study of President Wilson should help to subdue those who criticise him because he goes his own way and not theirs. The Kaiser's diplomats, like some of ourselves, mistook Mr. Wilson for "a timid, academic person"; but he emerges clearly and impressively in Mr. Gardiner's study of him as "a man of iron, a man with a moral passion as fervid as that of his colleague Mr. Bryan, but with that passion informed by wide knowledge and controlled by a masterful will—a quiet, still man who does not live with his ear to the ground and his eye on the weathercock, who refuses to buy popularity by infinite handshaking and robustious speech, but comes out to action from the sanctuary of his own thoughts, where principle, and not expediency, is his counsellor."

There are sympathetic, finely suggestive studies of King Albert, of General Joffre, of King Nicholas of Montenegro, of General Botha; vigorous, mercilessly searching pictures of the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, and Bernhardt; there is a masterly, impartial, somewhat sinister sketch of King Ferdinand of Bulgaria; and one that, whilst it laughs at his vanity, is full of respect and a certain liking for von Hindenburg. An admirable and informing chapter is devoted to the Asquith Cabinets and the spirit of England; there is nothing better in the book than this and the shrewd, discriminating estimates of Lord Fisher, French, Jellicoe, Sir Ian Hamilton; and one reads with peculiar interest the thumb-nail record of Sir William Robertson, "in many respects the most significant figure in the British Army."

No living writer excels Mr. Gardiner in the subtle power of analysis with which he practises this difficult art of characterisation; to say of "The War Lords" and his two other books that they are worthy of a place beside those studies Hazlitt made of some of his contemporaries in "The Spirit of the Age," is high praise—but not too high.

TWO BOOKS ABOUT CANADA.

When a Canadian picks up a book which professes to give a truthful interpretation of life in the Great Dominion a quizzical smile flits across his face. If the book has been written by a visiting Englishman or a globe-trotting Scot, the Canadian's smile broadens into a grin, for he expects to find rich entertainment offered by a fly-by-night author who came and saw but did not understand. In nine cases out of ten, books on Canada written by short-term tourists who never get away from the main lines of the transcontinental railways are misleading and the cause of mirth when read by the native-born whose habits they pretend to depict.

But along comes the *rara avis*, the tenth book. The author is a Scottish woman of Stirling, Miss E. B. Mitchell. She has produced a work on conditions in Western Canada that is well worth reading, because she got away from the big centres of population, away from the railway lines, and buried herself for a while in the

1 "Western Canada Before the War." By E. B. Mitchell. 5s. net. (Murray.)

heart of the prairie country. She spent the year 1913 in North Saskatchewan and North-East Alberta, where pioneering is not yet a thing of the past. She gives a faithful picture of the joys and sorrows of the western farmer's life. She does not idealise, in fact, she goes to the other extreme in her effort to spare her old-world readers none of the realistic details which a bright-eyed body from Stirling can gather in a fairly long sojourn in a great, wide, lonely country where there is "a great deal of dish-washing with very little water." The only evil which she has forgotten to celebrate is the mosquito plague, worse in Saskatchewan than anywhere in Canada.

Although Miss Mitchell declares that the prairie farmer is engaged in a grim struggle with poverty, being discouraged by frost, drought and hail, the three furies of the West, although he is surrounded by Galicians and other undesirable neighbours, at least undesirable socially, although he and his wife have to rough it, still they live in one of the securest corners of the earth.

"Farmers' wives," says Miss Mitchell, "drive about alone in the dark across the solitudes without two thoughts." (She does not mean that they are vacant-minded, but that they have no fear of Indians or gunmen.) "If you leave your house for a few hours, it is prairie etiquette to leave the door open. The passer-by may take food and light a fire, but he ought to extinguish the fire and chop more wood before he goes. Nothing else is taken."

And the prairie towns are almost as law observing as those remote gopher fields fifty miles from the railway. In these "unfinished, toy-box wooden towns," as Miss Mitchell describes them, the natives are right up to date. The young business men tend to grow bald, but they dress very neatly, and all drive motor cars. Their wives are such efficient housekeepers that even if they have no servants they get through their work early, in plenty of time to sally forth in costly frocks and feathers to afternoon At Homes in each other's houses. Besides well-dressed women every prairie town has "picture palaces, magnificent school buildings, telephones, hot-air furnaces, electric light, water supply laid on, and cement or wooden 'sidewalks' to keep the smart frocks out of the mud or dust."

Speaking as a Canadian I endorse Miss Mitchell's lively chapters, so packed with interesting observations, as being true and faithful records, perhaps the most vivid and most reliable descriptions of the social conditions in the prairie country that have yet been written. I must enter my protest, however, at her idea that there is a distinct cleavage between town and country in the Canadian west. She has got the impression that city and town people in Canada look upon agriculture as a degrading occupation. Perhaps the urban dwellers do not have sufficient sympathy for the difficulties of the farmers, but I have never seen any of this scorn of Canadian city people for the man on the soil. They honour him and many of them envy him, for every one in Canada that has any brains at all realises the fact that her future welfare depends solely upon the man behind the plough. But in spite of Miss Mitchell's over-emphasis on their isolation, her failure to appreciate the great success that has been achieved by farmers in the Canadian West, and her ill-grounded pessimism as she looks to the immediate future of the country, her book must take its place as one of the brightest and most reliable of the many volumes on the subject.

William Peterson, LL.D., Principal of McGill University, Montreal, is what is known in Canada as a "Canadian Club orator." In every important town in Canada the leading citizens meet at regular or irregular intervals to dine together and afterwards listen to an address by a distinguished visitor to the city or by someone specially invited to give his views on a public question of the moment. Mr. Kipling has addressed Canadian Clubs in various cities from Vancouver to Halifax, and upon one occasion told the members that "they tied their victim to a stake and then waited to hear whether he had anything to say." As one of the big men of the country and an orator of repute, Principal Peterson has often been tied in this

agreeable way, and the stately volume in which some of his addresses are now published² proves that he has had many things to say.

With the exception of a couple of articles which appeared originally in *The University Magazine*, the two score and ten offerings in this book are addresses delivered by Dr. Peterson at Canadian Clubs and at Canadian and American Universities. As might be expected, he has had most to say on educational subjects; and whether he is dealing with the claims of classical studies in modern education, or the relation of education to business, or on such an abstract theme as the unity of learning, he shows that he is a broad-minded nation-builder, perfectly at home with his subject, and able to get into close grips with his audience. Addresses delivered by university presidents, especially if they are famous classical scholars with a whole string of honorary degrees after their names, are not apt to be easy reading. But it can be said of Principal Peterson that he thinks the thoughts of the wise and speaks the language of the simple.

The general reader will enjoy best of all Principal Peterson's addresses on imperial questions. Twenty years' residence in Canada has made him familiar with every phase of the Dominion's politics. For years he has been an ardent advocate of imperial federation. Neither Sir Wilfred Laurier nor Mr. Henri Bourassa will be pleased to see many of the doughty Principal's addresses in print, for he has criticised their attitude towards imperial defence in most severe terms. This stout lover of the Motherland hates such words as "autonomy" and "individuality," the shibboleths of little Canadians. A careful reading of such speeches as Dr. Peterson's "Canada and the Navy" and "Dominion and Empire" ought to give any old-world student an excellent idea of the warm imperial sentiments of the average English-speaking Canadian.

W. T. ALLISON.

BEALBY.*

Mr. Wells is one of the most prolific and certainly the most versatile of living authors. He is a humorist, yet unlike most humorists he has been able to get serious folk to take him seriously as a thinker; he is one of the shrewdest, most stimulating of modern philosophers, but can turn from his carefully-planned Utopias, from earnest considerations of our complex social problems, from subtle psychological studies, from searching examinations into the causes and effects of the Great War to the writing of such a joyous, irresponsible farce as "Bealby." And, after all, this is only as it ought to be. Most philosophers grow dull and fossilised and foolish at last, because in their anxiety to maintain a reputation for portentous wisdom they never allow their lighter moods, if they have any, to get the better of them; they grow decorously stale for the want of occasional relaxation, as a man may grow stiff in the joints by too obstinately persisting in a dignified attitude. Mr. Wells is troubled by no such affectations; he fearlessly gives his moods the rein and is never afraid to lay his sober studies aside and let his mind take holiday in the gayest and most frivolous form of literary relaxation.

In "Bealby" he is indulging in one of these happy intervals, and anyone needing a change of thought, a brief escape from a too-continuous dwelling on the one absorbing topic of the times, will find in this book the recreation and tonic laughter that will meet his complaint. It were as futile to outline the story as it is to dissect and explain a joke, or to attempt to describe a colour. Bealby himself is a wonderfully human boy; the Lord Chancellor, one of his victims, is a scandalously clever blend of reality and caricature; and you may say very much the same of the caravanning party of ladies and the two husbands; of

* "Canadian Essays and Addresses." By Wm. Peterson, LL.D., Principal of McGill University. 10s. 6d. net. (Longmans, Green.)

* "Bealby" By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Methuen.)

the butler and other domestics with whom Bealby starts his adventures, and the gloriously rascally tramp in whose company he nears the end of them. The unfortunate young man who accidentally becomes Bealby's scapegoat belongs more to legitimate comedy than to roaring burlesque, but he could not have made such a satisfactory and unsatisfactory lover if he had been fashioned otherwise. There are streaks of shrewd characterisation and worldly wisdom in the book, but its great merit is that it is a thing for nothing but laughter, the sort of laughter that in days of stress is, like sleep itself, "tired nature's sweet restorer."

IN A DEVON GARDEN.*

"I once knew a poet who declared a greater pride in growing a perfect cauliflower than in creating an exquisite sonnet. Another, whose name to-day is to be seen in almost every bookshop, lived at one time in a wood where he cultivated a garden and attended to the vagaries of poultry. He seemed immensely proud of the fact that he made poultry pay, as well he might be—prouder than he was of his epic. It appears to be the peculiarity of the modern man of letters that he does not find happiness until he has taken root in the soil and is on more than speaking terms with Mother Earth. Mr. George Russell, when he is not A. E., grows eloquent on the cultivation of Golden Tankards. It is possible he might prefer, like Cobbett, to see a field of these in good heart rather than see a mystical poem of his set up in type. I have found "George Bourne" showing greater zest over his daffodils, trumpeting the Spring under twisted apple trees in his old-world Surrey garden, than in labouring at his Bettsworth books. Mr. Charles Garvice has been represented walking with a straw in his mouth casting a bucolic eye over sleek Devons grazing on verdant pastures. Mr. J. W. Robertson Scott might very well be depicted as Pan piping followed by a flock of goats, and Mr. Tickner Edwards as encircled by a halo of bees in a Sussex garden.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts boldly declares "the great gardener" to be a rarer genius than any other creative artist. "Never call yourself 'a great gardener,'" he says, "for, since Adam, the great gardeners have been far fewer even than most other great people, and not one man in a generation is worthy of such praise." With tender solicitude for his work as a gardener he robes his book concerning his little bit of limestone crag in greater splendour than he has given to any of his romantic creations of the wide moors. There is an opulent spaciousness about this broad-leaved book which gives it a mid-Victorian atmosphere. One thinks of a leisurely life lived behind large walled-in suburban gardens in which the lilac and the laburnum flourished, where now their roots are brutally torn asunder to pave a path of gold for the ground landlord. Nowadays, few dwellers in cities can enjoy shrubs of their own beyond the imprisoned tuft of Pampas grass, unless they enjoy them communally in the great gardens of our parks. Mr. Eden Phillpotts is therefore, lucky in the possession of a Devon shrubbery, even though a County Council school shouts on the other side of his wall over which the *Plagianthus* droops its masses of snow-white flowers. Mr. Phillpotts may have his privacy disturbed, but some young genius in the new republic of letters will surely draw inspiration from a display of beauty which refuses to be hidden by a nine-foot wall.

As a man of letters, Mr. Phillpotts has had a severe task to create a lovely literary bouquet out of nomenclature such as *Grabowskya*, *Eleutherococcus Henryi*, and *Fluggea*. And what shall we say to *Damnacanthus Major*, which sounds like an echo of Hyde Park in this year of khaki?

"The spot is merely an extension of study and work-room, a private sanctuary in whose adornment I take my pleasure." But what an extension! Here the literary artist by glancing round at his flowering shrubs which

* "My Shrubs." By Eden Phillpotts. With 50 Illustrations. 10s. net. (John Lane.)

have been imported from the ends of the earth can surround himself with the colour, the fragrance, the atmosphere of the snow-capped Himalayas, of the wooded marshes of the Rio de la Plata, of the mountain gorges of the Andes, of the rocky plains of Nevada, of the steppes of Siberia, of the blue hills of far Japan, of the rugged slopes of the Atlas, of the wild wastes of Manchuria, and of the illimitable veldt of South Africa. Mr. Phillpotts has brought the beauty of five continents to stay with him and delight his eyes in a garden but "little larger than a table-cloth," set upon an unkind limestone crag. Disregarding the advice of distinguished horticulturists he has made rhododendrons grow here by heaping peat above limestone, "so that your rhododendrons, azalias and the rest have their roots safe out of the reach of the nether fires." Let no one imagine however that Mr. Phillpotts keeps any plant for its rarity. If it has nothing but that to commend it, he tells us, it has no charm for him. Like a true artist he rejoices in the success of others.

It would not be fair to notice this book without commenting upon the wonderful work of the collaborating artists, Messrs. Durrant and Son, the beauty of whose photographs more than atones for the ugliness of the names of the flowers.

F. E. GREEN.

WILLIAM BLAKE.*

No other single book gives as complete an account and criticism of Blake as M. Berger's. It forms, therefore, a most suitable introduction for Blake to French readers, who will find in it a clear outline of his life and character, a description of all his writings, and an appreciation of them which is cordial, independent and calm. Nor is it a book to be neglected by English readers. For if they want more than M. Berger gives, they must read half a dozen books. His only weakness, it seems to me, is that he spends too much time over the Prophetic Books; for he does not care for them, and he makes practically nothing of them. Instead of a long chapter on Blake's Universe, I should have preferred to see one on Blake's Earth. M. Berger has not failed to notice certain peculiarities which helped to disguise the fact that, for the most part, Blake dwelt upon this earth very much like a common man.

The difficulty is that he was an unlearned man, who can only be understood completely by the very learned. He had made for himself something unlike the earth of the geography books, out of the streets of London, the fields of Dulwich, and ruminations among all sorts of books and pictures. He saw these things, he dreamed over them, and I think there can be no doubt he was playful with them, mixing them up, taking them literally, like a child. The Bible, Shakespeare, Milton, the mystics, newspaper reports of the American War and the French Revolution, popular songs, Westminster Abbey, pictures, sculptures, engravings, were more real to him than London and the sea. He had no need of crying:

"What do we here
In this land of unbelief and fear?
The Land of Dreams is better far
Above the light of the morning star."

For this land and the Land of Dreams were one. He said that a thistle was a thistle and also "an old man gray." Books were, if anything, stronger than experience, or he could not have mingled eyesight and memory of books about foreign lands as in "To the Evening Star":

"Let thy west wind sleep on
The lake; speak silence with thy glimmering eyes
And wash the dusk with silver. Soon, full soon,
Dost thou withdraw; then the wolf rages wide,
And the lion glares thro' the dim forest. . . ."

He wrote of England as if her poets played on harps and wore "laurel wreaths against the sultry heat." He could

* "William Blake, Poet and Mystic." By P. Berger, Professor of English Language and Literature in the Lycée, and Lecturer in the University of Bordeaux. Authorised Translation by Daniel H. Conner. 15s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)



William Blak.

not think of a shepherd without thinking of Christ. A letter from Felpham shows how suggestive the word "father" might be to him. It seems to have had almost the same value as "Our Father which art in heaven":

"The villagers of Felpham," he writes, "are not mere rustics; they are polite and modest. Meat is cheaper than in London; but the sweet air and the voices of winds, trees, and birds, and the odours of the happy ground, make it a dwelling for immortals. Work will go on here with God-speed. A roller and two harrows he before my window. I met a plough on my first going out at my gate the first morning after my arrival, and the ploughboy said to the ploughman, 'Father, the gate is open' . . ."

It is doubtful if three years by the sea added anything to his geography. His sea and his mountains are from books. The only poems that might have sprung from the recollection of actual times and places are those in a small class of poems, like "The Echoing Ocean," "Laughing Song," and "Nurse's Song." In all three there is an echo, and in two a most real sense of the last half-hour of child's play in the evening. Childhood, also, may have lent him the memory of a folk-song in the words of

"As I walk'd forth one May morning,
To see the fields so pleasant and so gay,"

and in the tone of "My Pretty Rose-Tree," which is like "The Seeds of Love":

"A flower was offer'd to me,
Such a flower as May never bore;
But I said, 'I've a pretty rose-tree,'
And I passed the sweet flower o'er."

It might prove a more profitable search than any other to look for the origins of Blake's mysteries in his own experience and in other men's words. M. Berger rightly draws attention to Ossian's influence. But I think he might have made more of it. Take away Ossian and Milton and the lyrical Blake from the Prophetic Books, and you have a sorry little left. Nor was that little made "out of nothing," though M. Berger seems to believe that imagination creates out of nothing "ideas that are entirely new." He says more truly that "Blake's vagueness arises from a deficiency of mental precision and observation," and in another place he says, I think, that the labour that would have to be spent in getting to the bottom of the Prophetic Books would be beyond their worth. This is a rash prophetic statement, but it was not likely that one who could make it would add to our knowledge of the books. The fact is that M. Berger has been too respectful towards what he imperfectly understands, considering how plain it is that he sees very grave faults and sources of mystification. Had he only used this knowledge he could have got further than any kindly use of Messrs. Ellis and Yeats can lead him. But he leaves it plain for ever that the Prophetic Books have mostly nothing to do with literature. Their interest is psychological. Their language has long stretches that are ambiguous and opaque, and more than short stretches that are either madness or cold, lost, disintegrated dream-stuff, if there be any difference. A countryman of Voltaire and Rousseau might well have proved the case, though it is only fair to say that in such a book of interpretation and appreciation it might have seemed out of place.

EDWARD THOMAS.

THE SPIRIT OF ENGLAND.*

When war broke out, it will be recalled that the Bishop of Hereford wrote a letter to the papers giving it as his opinion that our country had no choice but to take up the sword in this conflict. "I trust," said the Bishop, "that every Englishman will do his part." Three interesting books have just been published which reveal the different ways in which three writers have fulfilled the Bishop's hope. Here is the Right Honourable George

* "The Spirit of England." By the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell. 5s. net. (Smith, Elder.)—"Reflections of a Non-Combatant." By M. D. Petre. 2s. 6d. net. (Longmans, Green.)—"The Eve of Battle." By J. R. F. Schlater. 2s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

W. E. Russell, a nephew of Lord John, wondering how best he can serve his country. The Editor of *The Daily News* writes and offers his columns, and this letter is promptly followed by another from a different quarter emphasising the good service which can be rendered by writing and keeping the national resolution firm. So Mr. Russell takes up his pen, casts his mind back to the struggles of former years, and draws wise lessons of how a nation should conduct itself in war. It is most interesting reading, and yet throughout the book there is an undercurrent of seriousness which begets a feeling of quietness and confidence. The Napoleonic period gives Mr. Russell plenty of opportunities for drawing on his inexhaustible store of reminiscences. "When I was young," he writes, "I sedulously cultivated old society." Hence Mr. Russell can say that he has talked to folks who vividly remembered the French War of 1793-1815. There was Marianne Thornton, the last survivor of the "Clapham Sect," who could remember Hannah More exclaiming on Clapham Common: "Thank God, the wind has changed, and it will be dead in Boney's teeth when his flotilla tries to cross." And it was Mr. Russell's uncle, Lord John Russell, who heard Napoleon at Elba make this observation on war. "Eh bien! c'est un grand jeu, une belle occupation." It is this hellish spirit which rouses Mr. Russell's ire. He loathes Militarism with all his heart. In an inspiring chapter on War and Freedom he writes:

"I have often been accused of being unjust to the military spirit. In reply, I point to the spirit which animates the present conduct of Germany, and if that is the military spirit, I am perfectly just to it, for it is, and I have called it, damnable. It has absolutely nothing in common with the spirit, which fights for freedom and national existence, or sacrifices itself for the salvation of the weak and the deliverance of the oppressed."

These are very strong words, but they come from a man who loves his country passionately, but worships the spirit of freedom more.

These papers have been greatly improved by their expansion and inclusion in book form, and speaking as one who has read practically every line which the author has written, I have no hesitation in describing them as among the most vigorous which have come from this polished pen.

The author of the "Reflections of a Non-Combatant" is not optimistic about the fortunes of her book. "The great ones amongst us," she says, "unless they be military authorities, can no longer compel attention." This is a humiliating thought for our strong personalities. Parenthetically, one cannot help calling to mind the names of some of our striking individualities in the realm of literature who have successfully refused to suffer even a partial eclipse! It is the non-fighters who are liable to take the war-fever in its most pernicious form, and we should be grateful to writers like Mr. Russell and Miss M. D. Petre who can stand aside from the turmoil and calmly survey the spirit of England in war-time, and note how she holds herself in the day of affliction. Miss Petre would have us realise some highly interesting truths about this "German Militarism" we are all inveighing against. We must all admit, she observes, that it is the Germans who know most about Militarism, and that war with them is war, and not a kind of cricket as with us, nor tinted with the romantic pursuit of glory, as with the French. War in itself is not meek and gentle, or chivalrous and generous, but angry and vindictive, cunning and crafty, fierce and one-sided. In other words "civilised warfare" is impossible. This is a very able little book, and will have a real value and a deep interest long after the world-war is over, when mankind sits down to think, and dreams dreams, and sees visions.

There is little space left to deal with a small volume of addresses by the Chaplain of the 9th (Highlanders) Royal Scots to his charges on "The Eve of Battle." The Bishop of Hereford, we noted, hoped that every Englishman would do his part. We have seen how Mr. Russell has written to sustain his countrymen in this crisis; we have noted, too, how Miss Petre has stimulated thought by tackling the deep problems of the war with courage

and insight. But it is the Chaplain, after all, who has had the greatest opportunities! We do not often use evangelical phraseology now-a-days, but "the eternal verities" are the themes for the solemn moment of the eve of battle, and it is in them that men find their hope and consolation. Mr. Sclater has made good use of his fine opportunities.

I. P. N.

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.*

Sweethearts and wives are, as it were, the nuclei about which most of the matter that goes to the making of novels may be said to gather. Thackeray gave us a novel without a hero, but a novel without a heroine is scarcely worthy of the name, and the seven writers whose stories lie before me have all in their various ways been true to tradition. Age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety—the words which smack of high falutin when applied to one woman, even when that woman is a Cleopatra, are but statement of fact when applied to the heroine of fiction, and varied indeed are her manifestations in these seven novels. The importance of the heroine is accentuated, too, by the fact that in four of the seven she is given titular honours, and twice as wife, for though old-fashioned story-writers used to think that as soon as the alchemy of a church service had turned the glamorous sweetheart into a mere wife—"a creature not too bright or good for human nature's daily food"—the reader's interest must automatically cease, later novelists have long since come to recognise the foolishness of that convention.

Mr. J. E. Patterson, in "His Father's Wife," takes his heroine from childhood, through matrimony, to tragedy, and does so with rare skill and in an absorbingly interesting fashion, making the reader feel in deepest sympathy with the three persons indicated in the title. The relations of these three are suggestive of Greek tragedy, though here the drama is worked out against a background of that low-lying Essex coast which Mr. Patterson has studied with deep understanding. Aaron Rugwood, left a young widower with a five-year-old son and an adopted orphan girl, Barbara, is a successful farmer who looks to adding acres to acres on "the island," and hopes to hand all on in due course to his son. But—it is one of life's little ironies in such a case—Roger, when he grows towards manhood, decides to go to sea. He is a somewhat indeterminate young man, who, when he finds himself falling in love with Barbara, postpones his declaration that he may make sure—and then returns from a voyage to find that she is about to become his father's wife. Mr. Patterson renders his story in a powerful and reticent fashion, which makes it deeply impressive; he presents his Essex folks and their surroundings as poignantly, understandingly, and well as Mr. Eden Phillpotts does his people and province in the West.

It is quite another presentation of the wife as heroine that we get in Mr. Douglas Sladen's topical romance. Here the lady is a German Baroness, Erna Lysnar von Adlerstein, who, that she may see something of the world before deciding definitely whether she will marry her wealthy cousin, the Graf Lysnar von Wald, comes to England as companion in a well-to-do middle-class English household. The period is the spring of last year, and the Isherwood household consists of father, mother and son, the mother being one of those futile folk who are ever fussily busy to no end; the son is a young officer who, to the foreign observer, seems to take his military duties all too lightly. Nevertheless, Erna falls in love with

Renny Isherwood and marries him, and they are honeymooning at her ancestral Adlerstein when war breaks out. Thanks to the magnanimity of Renny's rival, they succeed in getting away for England, after lively adventures, and then the poor German wife finds her life made a misery by the suspicions of those who insist on regarding her as a spy. Back in her native country—having acquired a passport by sheer daring—she finds herself again in unhappy case, the people about her ever saying things which she knows to be untrue of her husband's country; she comes to determine that British suspicions are less intolerable than German "hate," so returns again to England. Her husband meanwhile has been out at the front and won distinction, and when we take leave of them they are happily reunited, though he is once more en route for active service. It is a capital romance in which the difficulties of the heroine's situation are well shown, and one that will interest many readers for its serious consideration of the problem of "enemy" wives.

Romance is played out in the heroine's sweetheart stage in Katharine Tynan's story of "The Squire's Sweetheart," and romance full of more sensational excitement than we are accustomed to finding in the dainty love-tales of its author. The Squire has reached what he terms the old-fogey age of forty when he meets the beautiful Dolly Egerton, whom he finds to be more or less completely under the hypnotic influence of a man who has saved her life and that of her little niece. This man Cooper is the baleful influence whose actions prevent the course of true love running smoothly. He is a resourceful man, ready to turn his hand to anything, but evidently a man of mystery, a man with a past, and—no gentleman. The Squire breaks through the malign influence, wins Dolly, and the marriage is arranged, when suddenly the girl and the woman who had been serving her disappear. The scene shifts to the coast of the Pas de Calais, and there in a lonely farmhouse are eerie happenings before the due happy ending is reached. There is a subsidiary romance in the story of the Squire's cousin Hilary and the terribly-situated Margaret South and her unhappy mother, and a dramatic reassertion of Cooper's past. No reader who has once got well into this story will willingly lay it aside unfinished.

The sweetheart in Mr. Keble Howard's "Merry Andrew" speaks the words with which the story opens, and the closing sentence records that "she kissed him," but she plays a subsidiary part in the story; if her appearances are infrequent, she is always there in the background as the influence under which her merry lover does his best to "make good." Andrew is at Oxford when we meet him, merrily going in for the Church to please his father and a wealthy aunt; but his father having died, the youth is by no means disappointed at his failure in the examinations, and lightheartedly sets out to conquer London as a journalist. He is promptly victimised, and finds it expedient to turn from writing to teaching for a time. If his experiences as a penman and as a schoolmaster remind us of those of "Pendennis" and "Nicholas Nickleby," that is not his fault or his author's. Mr. Keble Howard enlists our sympathetic interest in the young man who is determined to make the best of his talents, and who, on receiving a rebuff, merely retires *pour mieux sauter*. It is a hearty, healthy and refreshing story.

"Sally on the Rocks," in her determination to be the wife of a man whom she has not met, without troubling as to whether she is to pass through the sweetheart stage or not, stumbles upon love in an unorthodox fashion and so attains to the orthodox rank. She has lived in Paris, and, on hearing of an unmarried bank-manager, returns to Little Crampton with the object of capturing him matrimonially. Mr. Bingley, a "pomptious" person who falls a victim to her somewhat flamboyant charms, is most amusing by his frequent consultation of an oracular book of advice left him by his mother; and Miss Hopkins, the gossip-monger of Little Crampton, is as entertaining on the printed page as she would be detestable in real life; while of Sally herself it must be said that, though

* "His Father's Wife." By J. E. Patterson. 6s. (Allen & Unwin.)—"His German Wife." By Douglas Sladen. 6s. (Hutchinson.)—"The Squire's Sweetheart." By Katharine Tynan. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)—"Merry Andrew." By Keble Howard. 6s. (Lane.)—"Sally on the Rocks." By Winifred Boggs. 6s. (Herbert Jenkins.)—"Hyssop." By M. T. H. Sadler. 6s. (Constable.)—"The Rose-Coloured Room." By Maud Little. 6s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

she diverts us, she rouses little more of sympathy than do those two. Miss Winifred Boggs writes in a lively spirited fashion; if she did not do so her new book would be depressing owing to the low estimate which she appears to take of men and women.

In "Hyssop" we have, apparently, a carefully-considered and well-written first novel, readers of which will look forward with interest to further work by Mr. M. T. H. Sadler. It is a story of Oxford life, and particularly of young Philip Murray, of his friends, of his affections, and of his start in life. The son of a collector of pictures, it is only by the successful sale of those art treasures on his father's death that Philip is enabled to go to the University, hoping later to enter the Civil Service rather than join his uncle, a commercial magnate in New York. Then comes the sweetheart and the joyous generous hopes of youth—with a sequel foreshadowed by the title of the story. Mr. Sadler presents real people in natural surroundings, and deals seriously with serious subjects, so that his work will be best appreciated by those who regard the art of fiction as something more than the telling of a mere time-killing tale.

Miss Maud Little's story of "The Rose-Coloured Room" is described as "the love-idyll of a rich young idealist," but somehow the arranging to elope with another man's wife will not square with most people's ideas of the idyllic. There is something unreal about Michael Quentin and that strange "Corner House" to which he was adding a rose-coloured room when the end befell, yet readers not too insistent upon probabilities—even those who may echo the words of Michael's servant, "He's up a pole"—so long as they have a taste for the sentimental, will find entertainment in this strange story of Glasgow life.

WALTER JERROLD.

SAILORMEN ALL.

In a way it is a pity that Mrs. Bruce Marriott has quoted so much from the *Lady Nelson's* logbooks.* Of course, it is well to know that the records are still intact and to be seen; it always is so in such cases, because we then know where to obtain facts when they are wanted. But how often, alas, do extracts like these make dry reading! And how could they do otherwise? They are but little more than the bare bones, which the newcomer should cover, giving fresh life and movement. Explorers have seldom, indeed, been more than men of action; therefore we do not look to them for more than skeleton records. And the seamen portion of the whole have generally been even more laconic than land explorers. Thus the log entries of both Grant and Murray are terse enough in all conscience. Not even Grant's "Journal" is a sufficiently detailed piece of work for book-making. And, to judge by the authoress's own work both in this book and in her previous ones, if she had elected to tell the story of the *Lady Nelson's* doings in her own way she would have made a much more interesting volume.

The vessel was a brig of 60 tons, we are told; but by the reproduction of a painting of her, as she lay in the Thames, just prior to sailing on her history-making voyage, we should have thought her to have been more like 200 tons. Measurement in those days was different from what it is to-day. Yet whatever her tonnage was, it is another story of great daring and large results in a little packet, such as, short of the fighting, was done in the small craft that laid the foundations of our over-seas empire in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. She had, however, "a centre-board keel," the invention of one Captain John Schanck, R.N., which we take to have been centre-boards that were let down through or by the side of the keel, as they are to-day. And by the captain's

name and the fact that both the centre-board and the lee-board are considered to be of Dutch 'long-shore' origin, we have a suspicion as to where he got his idea.

At any-rate, she had three of them. They could be hoisted and lowered at will, and largely by their aid she reached Cape Town, then Australia, and was the first vessel to circumnavigate that continent. Truth to tell, the exploring, charting, surveying, etc., done by her two commanders was of vital importance to our well-being in the antipodes. It was by their work that England laid claim to and got possession of Australasia. And one is sorry to learn that the pirates of Baba made a prize of the gallant little packet in 1825, twenty-five years after she left the Downs on her great voyage. She deserved a much better fate.

Mr. Safroni-Middleton's book† is as different from Mrs. Bruce Marriott's as chalk is from cheese. It is a book on which we could expend the whole of our space in pointing out errors and finding fault generally. At the same time it is an effort on which we could write a BOOKMAN page of praise, particularly if we knew nothing of vagabond life away from this right little, tight little island. The author's sense of literary method, regularity and continuity set's one teeth on edge, and his humour does but little to mitigate this. The first-rate personal material that he throws away with a mere reference or two is appalling. Then off he goes into a page of something that is but mildly interesting. He sets out with the laudable intention of writing a veritable "human document," and, because of incidents, personality and outlook, few men, except natural roamers of individual make, have had better scope for such a work. But what does he give us? A mess of pottage—or a curate's egg, if you prefer that—where fine, descriptive passages in good English, and showing a sensitive nature that appreciates beauty, go cheek by jowl with bad grammar, and casual intimacies such as one would look for in the personal story of a Simplicissimus. With these there are statements of this sort: "I will tell you that which no man has written before," and "Aye, you shall hear of things that men dream of in silence. I will pour them out of my soul, for the calm eyes of stern reality," etc. And here are samples of the English that occurs, all too frequently: "Walking along Queen Street one night I stood by a tea shop." "He did me also." "I . . . got a job in a tanning yard where they cured sheep and cow skins"—truly a queer mixture of businesses for a tan-yard to carry on! Then he writes of seeing the vessel's figure-head from the main top, a cheese-cutter *hat*; and on p. 30 he says that his shop had "two large windows," while on p. 31 it has "a solitary window."

At the age of fourteen Mr. Safroni-Middleton ran away to sea—so we gather—and sailed "before the masts." His first passage was to Brisbane. There he "jumped" the ship, acted the fool thoroughly with an out-back tea shop, lost his money, loafed about, played his fiddle on the streets, got drunk, had a spell up country, and returned to his former life in the townships. He then crossed to Sydney, and shipped to the Samoan Islands, where most of the incidents took place. There he lived, off and on, with the natives and had various experiences. It is just the old, old story of the rolling stone "down south," the rough and tumble, starve and luxuriate yarn of thousands of men, not one in every generation of which can tell it all any better than the next man could, if he tried. The difference here is that there is a partially-revealed personality. A wholly revealed one (and revelation in this sense is not made by isolated slaps of bare-armed intimacy), more method, knowledge of the essentials of such a work, and good English throughout would have given us a book to welcome whole-heartedly and to keep. For, after all, what is true autobiographical writing but individuality and manner—the way in which the story

* "The Log-Books of the *Lady Nelson*: With the Journal of the First Commander, Lieutenant James Grant, R.N." By Ida Lee, F.R.G.S. (Mrs. Charles Bruce Marriott). With Sixteen Charts and Illustrations from the Originals in the Admiralty Library. 10s. 6d. net. (Grafton.)

† "Sailor and Beach-Comber: Confessions of a Life at Sea, in Australia and amid the Islands of the Pacific." By A. Safroni-Middleton. With Twenty-Four Illustrations. 16s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

is presented to the reader? Some—much, in fact—of the right thing Mr. Saffroni-Middleton has in him. Yet to do better with the next instalment, which he promises us, he must shed the unliterary peculiarities mentioned above. In Samoa he met Stevenson several times, and gives a good general idea of the man, not so much by writing about him as by faithfully describing the meetings and what R. L. S. did and said. There is no new light in this; nor does it lend itself to quotation. It is just what we all know Stevenson to have been—so far as outsiders may know from the written and spoken word—and in that fact, the true likeness, we see the needlessness of the author's reiteration that he is writing the truth about himself.

J. E. PATTERSON.

OLIVER*.

If one were asked to name the quality which, above all others, distinguishes the work of Mr. B. P. Neuman, one would say, I think, that it is a certain austere reticence—an economy of emotion, as it were—which may sometimes give the impression of aloofness, but which, at its best, produces an effect of directness and power that can be got in no other way. In Mr. Neuman's new novel, "Oliver," one finds this quality displayed in greater measure than in any of his other books, so that if, as the pundits say, the highest aim of the artist should be to conceal himself, then in this respect alone "Oliver" must stand very high among the novels of our time. Happily, however, there is no need to discover the merit of this novel by the application of arbitrary rules. "Oliver" is indeed an admirable piece of realism, sincere, restrained, and, in the truest sense, artistic, but it is more than this: it is an intensely moving story, a book which takes a place among the small but select company of those that appeal no less to the heart than to the intellect, because of their simple and essential truth.

Mr. Neuman's method has been made familiar by a score of other novels, and, perhaps, in the Mr. Grimwood of this tale there is more than a slight reminiscence of the elder Roddles and Josiah Porlick. Like them, Grimwood is self-made, self-assertive and opinionated, "hard as nails and as tough as wireworm," yet with a curious streak of sentimentality that now and again emerges. But this is the only echo in a book which is undoubtedly the finest and the biggest piece of work Mr. Neuman has yet given us. Grimwood's son, Oliver, is the central figure, and the development of his character, through boyhood and youth to manhood and maturity, is its single theme. All the influences that react upon him and form him are etched in with a sure hand. In the first part of the book, at least, there is nothing irrelevant; every detail and every incident helps forward the conception of Oliver's personality. We see him, a self-conscious, delicate child, at the little private school, under the charge of the egregious "Dr." Arkwright and his kindly but incompetent daughters; we follow him to the boarding-school at Eastbourne, and watch the growth of a morbid introspection as the idealistic and sensitive boy becomes more and more insistently conscious of the weak strain in his moral nature. Then come the years of clerkship in his father's office, and the artistic aspirations which lead to an unconventional art-school and a somewhat tawdry bohemianism. In these surroundings Oliver finds for a time the spirit of romance, but always the full satisfaction of life is denied him because of that moral weakness, upon which his mind continually dwells. A short and unhappy period of married life does nothing to solve his difficulties, and it is not until he is faced with the upbringing of his infant son that he begins to find himself.

At this stage of the story, the author's conception seems to waver. The characters are as clear-cut as before; there are perfectly-finished vignettes, such as the character of Miss Paking, which live in the memory, and Oliver's

struggles and self-abasement are described with real sympathy and understanding. But, with the development of young Roland, the unity of conception seems more and more to be violated, and the introduction of the war into the last few chapters, though it rounds off the story and solves many difficulties, is too obviously a device. One finds oneself speculating as to whether these closing incidents were a part of Mr. Neuman's original plan, and, if not, what that original plan was. The last arc is broken; what would one not give for the perfect round!

C. S. EVANS.

PROFESSOR FLINT.*

Even the grey lot of a professor of theology may have a few of the coloured moments of life, but Professor Flint had less than usual. He was never married. He was never tried for heresy. He rarely entered the ecclesiastical arena. He had his defeats, for he was one of the unsuccessful candidates for the Edinburgh Chair of Moral Philosophy in 1868, and the circumstances of that notorious election drew him into controversy. But he had academic successes to counterbalance this. Had he not been elected, when a young parish minister, to Fernier's Chair in St. Andrews, over T. H. Green? And did he not eventually succeed to Chalmers' Chair of Divinity in Edinburgh University? This, again, led to newspaper controversy. Academic circles have never quite made up their minds as to whether Crown appointments or appointments by a Board are more likely to be a "job." Flint's qualifications were pre-eminent, in this case, but there were local and financial questions raised, and Edinburgh enjoyed one of its favourite scandal-hunts. For this the *Scotsman* newspaper was responsible. Those who know that excellent journal's history will smile over Dr. Macmillan's apology for its sins, on the ground that the offending article was well written, and that the journal "always stood up for freedom, righteousness and progress, both in Church and State."

The real events in Dr. Robert Flint's life are his books. The biographer has entrusted two chapters on his writings and philosophy to other hands. The captious reader will feel that both of these chapters are somewhat egotistical and discursive. But Dr. Macmillan's part is done excellently. He has given a vivid, balanced sketch of Professor Flint's character and position, which will be grateful not only to his personal friends but to those who, in this country and on the Continent, knew him mainly as a polymath. It is the old, honourable story of the Scots "lad of parts" rising from a humble social position to pre-eminence. When he resigned his Chair in 1903, Professor Butcher wrote to him: "You are the most distinguished member of our body, to put the fact bluntly, and your withdrawal from the Chair will be felt all over Scotland and outside this country." Colleagues are often kind to retiring colleagues, but this was more than a nice word from a colleague. Professor Flint stood for speculative theology and erudition far beyond his own church and country. The dominant interests of his mind were logical and historical rather than speculative, it is true; he did not break fresh ground in theology or philosophy. Yet his intellectual breadth and vast range of learning enabled him to move in the regions in which others speculated, and to appraise their contributions with an authoritative touch. His reputation here was so high that it could afford to dispense with any keen interest in literature or biblical criticism.

At one point, Professor Flint's career contradicts the common view that when men fail as preachers they are elected to chairs of theology. Professor Flint was a vigorous and influential preacher. It is one of the traits in him that remind us of Chalmers. But while Chalmers poured out his soul in practical church-life rather than

* "The Life of Robert Flint, D.D., LL.D." By Dr. Donald Macmillan. 12s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

* "Oliver." By B. Paul Neuman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

in the philosophy of religion, Flint made himself an authority in the latter sphere. He did not live to deliver his Gifford Lectures, but his published volumes are often Gifford Lectures before the time. For, although he was a loyal Churchman, his mind worked, as Dr. Macmillan observes, "with the fundamentals, not of any particular religion, but of religion itself."

JAMES MOFFATT, D.D., Litt.D.

ENGLISH DRAMA.*

There is one rather obvious criticism which might be urged against a series entitled "Channels of English Literature," and that is that English, less perhaps than any other literature, may be said to flow in channels. The notorious individuality of our national character is fully in evidence in what is our highest national expression. Development there has been, and at any rate until the revival of romanticism and the birth of modern democracy, when an individuality innate and hitherto unconscious became conscious and militant individualism, there has been a continuous and discernible flow of tendency which lent itself to fairly inclusive generalisation; but this broad stream, with its innumerable deeps and shallows, its cross-currents and tributaries and unexpected inlets, is inadequately described by a word which always carries an implication of narrowness. This stricture is particularly applicable to the subject of the latest volume in the series, the drama; for the infinite repertory of English plays is as motley an assemblage as was ever capable of a single generic description. Plunge almost at random into this book, and you find yourself in what seems at first sight a chaos of unrelated manifestations of the dramatic spirit.

This first impression is, of course, corrected by more consecutive reading, but it is a tribute to the writer's capacity that it should be given. It is an earnest of his fidelity to the characteristics of his subject. Professor Schelling, of the University of Pennsylvania, is well known to students of English literature by his large book on the Elizabethan drama, and by a variety of kindred works. Having to get much matter into a limited space, he writes in a concentrated and even crabbed style, and he appears to have curious theories as to punctuation; but his book teems with interesting information and just appraisal. It is a story which has been often told, but one cannot think of anything else on the subject at once so compact and so complete.

And it is a fascinating story. Gradually the drama disengages itself from the ritual in which, here as everywhere else, it had its origin. First came those vast cycles of mysteries, founded on the scriptures or the legends of the saints; then the moralities, of which "Everyman" is the most famous example. But the need of the groundlings for more profane amusement had already been recognised by the insertion of such episodes as "The Second Shepherds' Play" in the Towneley Cycle, and soon came the jolly interludes of John Heywood or William Cornish, according as we accept this or that ascription of the learned. The Renaissance brings Plautus and Seneca into fashion, and true comedy is born with "Ralph Roister Doister" and tragedy with "Gorboduc." Then follows the development first manifested in Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy," a crude work yet one of more than mere relative interest; and Kit Marlowe, who, in his too rare moments, is greatest for sheer poetry of all Shakespeare's predecessors, is not far behind. Contemporary with him are the other "University wits" (a term which Professor Schelling dislikes), Peel, Greene, Nash, all of them at least as notable for their undramatic achievements. This brings us to the very threshold of the unparalleled world which is Shakespeare.

In treating this Elizabethan drama, Professor Schelling wisely and logically arranges his subject not under authors but under types. Thus five consecutive chapters are called "Shakespeare and his Contemporaries in History and Romantic Comedy," "Dekker, Heywood and the

* "English Drama." By Felix E. Schelling. 5s. net. (Dent.)

Drama of Everyday Life," "Shakespeare, Webster and the Height of Tragedy," "Jonson and the Classical and Satirical Reaction," "Beaumont and Fletcher, and the Romantic Continuance." In this way, while each chapter is dominated by one or two great figures, the individual writers are constantly appearing and reappearing in different connexions according to the variety of their achievements, and a panorama is thus evolved which is a better reflection of the subject than a procession would have been.

This amazing era of our theatre, which, if Shakespeare had never been born, would still have been made great by Marlowe and Webster, Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher, came to an end in Shirley and Ford, in the second of whom alone the old fire burnt with real clarity. Drama, like the lyric, was decadent before the coming of the Puritans, and, like the lyric again, after the Restoration it reappeared with a new though a different excellence.

On leaving the field of his predilection, Professor Schelling, as he frankly admits, relies to a greater extent on the judgments of other critics and historians, but his account of the Restoration drama, though it lacks the brilliancy which, even if factitious, seems the only appropriate treatment of that theme, is adequate enough, and he does what he can with the dreary period of Steele, Lillo and Garrick.

Professor Schelling ends his detailed narrative with Sheridan, only devoting a brief concluding chapter to the unliterary plays and the literary plays unfit for the theatre which until recently represented English drama. He has nothing direct to say of the revival of late years, though there are indications that he does not set it so high as some of us like to think it deserves. Commenting on the moralities, he writes:

"In our own time the example of "Everyman" has begotten a progeny of contemporary plays, English and other, and created even on the popular stage of England and America, a wholesome diversion from the dismal problems and trivial improbabilities that for the most part rule there."

But surely the value of the mediæval moralities was their relationship to contemporary thought, and their modern representatives are not the anæmic productions of which "Everyman" is the parent, but such plays as "Strife" and "Justice." Nor, delightful as are the comedies of Oscar Wilde, are they the most hopeful indications of a real reunion between the theatre and art. Not in them nor in the brilliant journalism of Shaw, but in Synge and some of his Irish colleagues, in plays like Masfield's "Nan" and "Pompey," Houghton's "Hindle Wakes," Lawrence's "Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd" and Abercrombie's "Deborah" do we look for the grounds of our hope. But it is unfair to attack Professor Schelling on ground deliberately avoided in an able and useful book, in which there is so much admirable information and comment not only on the drama as literature but on the theatre as a vital organism.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

NICKY-NAN AND JAFFERY.*

Here are two delightful stories, though as unlike as chalk and cheese. The one with consummate artistry shows you how the war might affect a simple out-of-the-world community in Cornwall; the other will answer to the mood that makes us want sometimes to forget the stern realities of Flanders and Gallipoli in a world of make-believe where there is no echo of gun-fire.

"Nicky-Nan" must be almost the first war novel brought out by any author of considerable repute, and it is not a war-novel in any conventional sense. "Q" is far too shrewd an observer of the times, far too conscientious a craftsman, not to be aware that years and years must go by before Armageddon can serve as material for even a new Tolstoi's or Hardy's treatment. He touches but the fringe of the world-drama, aims at no more than picturing the disturbance which an eddy of the whirlpool might create in a little backwater of civilisation. He asks us still to be content to move in such a tiny Cornish fishing village as has hitherto helped him to scenes of farce or

* "Nicky Nan." By "Q." (Sir A. T. Quiller Couch). 6s. (Blackwood).—"Jaffery." By W. J. Locke. 6s. (John Lane.)

studies of life's ironies. But just because he confines himself to what he knows by heart, he is able to transcend his apparent design.

Polpier, after all, is England in miniature. Its startled complacency, its slowness to realise the bearings of the clash on its own conscience, its tragic awakening to the fact that the whole face of things has changed—are not these phases typical of the nation at large? In that microcosm, if you look with the seeing eyes of a "Q" you can find concentrated the heart-searchings, disillusionments and debates so many of our finer souls passed through a twelvemonth ago. They are all reflected in "Nicky-Nan"; the thing can be done provided you reduce your scale sufficiently, and understand your locale and characters inside out as they would figure under normal conditions. "Q" does, and so he succeeds in relating his injured reservist, his policeman and postman, his farmer, his fisherwives and children, his parsons, his bank-manager, his corporal, his busybodies and scandalmongers to the new spirit and the new facts and emotions.

Very artfully are the elements of local trivialities and national crisis combined and contrasted. You get both at once in the opening tableau of the youngsters playing at war and wounded soldiers, while Nicholas Nanjivell, with his bad leg broods over the prospect of eviction, and never realises the respite which the war brings with its moratorium. The entire plot turning as it does on this Nicky-Nan's discovery of a miser's hoard, and his efforts to conceal his wealth, makes for the lightest of light comedy. And yet at its every turn, with the introduction of every new *dramatis persona*, the war makes its influence felt. It tinges everybody's talk—such racy, piquant talk; it influences everybody's conduct; it works slowly on the young men's hearts, till at last even the most dubious of them enlists, after thus indicting his elders, "We've got to go because you've brought this about. . . . Why were we brought up one way to be tortured turning our consciences to another?" "Q," you will see, goes right to the root of things even in a story that has a laugh on every page.

"Jaffery," in other hands than those of Mr. Locke might have shaped very differently, but it could hardly have been more charming. It is based on a case of literary imposture, or rather on the predicament in which the robber of a dead man's fame is placed, when wife, friends, publishers, public all are urgent that he shall repeat his success and favour them with another work of genius. He tries, but all in vain; the result is brain-fag, surrender to alcohol, mental paralysis and death. One can imagine how some authors would have revelled in the opportunities for elaborate analysis such a situation could be made to involve, how readily they would have played the vivisector with the poor wretch's strained nerves and spiritual agony.

Mr. Locke has no taste for the surgeon's job; his fastidiousness rejects even the temptation to look in on Adrian Boldero as he wrestles all alone with his impossible task. He hints at the tragedy, and leaves the rest to his readers' imagination. The business he finds more congenial is to describe how Adrian's crime reacted on the living, to dwell on an instance of just that sort of chivalry which is the favourite topic of his art. Not Adrian, but Jaffery is his hero, and Jaffery is one of those big-hearted, blundering Quixotes who cheerfully double their responsibilities. The preoccupation of Adrian's friends is to prevent his widow from hearing of his fraud, and in pursuance of this benevolent plan, Jaffery goes so far as to work up a novel out of the impostor's fragmentary notes, and to endure any amount of petulance from Doria Boldero when she chooses to think he has spoilt her husband's book by the very touches which give it its quality. The irony which Mr. Locke always commands as well as graceful wit and fancy is admirably turned to account in his handling of this couple's encounters. Both are vivid creations, the woman in the unconscious cruelty with which she eases the pain of her bereavement being particularly well done. Here, in fact, is Mr. Locke at his fantastic best.

F. G. BETTANY.



Anatole France in his Study.

From an amateur photograph, lent by Miss Winifred Stephens.

THE BOOK OF FRANCE.*

The appearance of this book is one of the many proofs of the worth of our friendly understanding with France. Designed to aid, by the profits of its sale, the French Parliamentary Committee's fund for the relief of invaded Departments, admirably edited by Miss Winifred Stephens, it was published on July 14th, the National Fête, under the auspices of an honorary committee presided over by the French Ambassador. In books of the class to which this volume belongs—"Charity Books," one might call them—although highly meritorious in intention, one frequently finds that the names of the books are often more interesting than their contributions. It is an unavoidable defect arising out of the necessity of writing to order. No such fault, however, is to be observed in "The Book of France," which is an entirely delightful and interesting miscellany. The plan of the book is as original as it is successful. Some of the most distinguished French writers of the day have contributed to the volume articles, which have been translated by English writers, of no less eminence, who are able in this manner to pay graceful homage to their *contemporains*. Thus Mr. Thomas Hardy translates an article by M. J. H. Rosny *aîné* on "Great Britain" as a worthy foe and a loyal friend. It is a generous appreciation in which some of our shortcomings are touched upon, but with such tact as to make them appear almost virtues. Mr. Hardy gives us a version of a characteristic piece entitled "Invasion," by M. Remy de Gourmont. M. Anatole France's "Let us arise and end war!" finds a worthy translator in Mr. H. G. Wells, who modestly suppresses the reference to himself in the first line of the original, but when he comes to an allusion to the Martians which he created, and which have since become a universal symbol, he is forced to keep to the text.

Perhaps the most remarkable contribution to the volume is a masterly essay (translated by Mr. W. G. Hartog) on the mentality of the Germans by M. René Boylesve. The German character is as it were dissected with the skill and care of a practised surgeon. Nothing is overlooked or misunderstood, and by this process the complete organism of our chief enemy is revealed, and the seat of disease pointed out. Naturally at a time like the present we are all interested in the mental condition of Germany. Such curiosity is even shared by those to whom such studies before the war offered no attraction. Mr. Boylesve, who never raises his voice or misuses superlatives, calmly and deliberately tells us how, since 1870, the German people have submitted to a military despotism that has tended to destroy all humane ideals. In admitting that this is

* "The Book of France." Edited by Winifred Stephens. 5s. net. (London: Macmillan. Paris: Edouard Champion.)

nothing new, he shows that we failed to understand the character of modern Germany, just as the Germans failed to understand the character of France, Russia or Britain of to-day. To a superficial observer the Germans, French and English each exhibited certain exterior features that have been mistaken for national character. The German appeared as kindly, humane and sentimental; the French as volatile, pleasure-loving and materialistic; the English were regarded as entirely wedded to sports and too indolent and indifferent to trouble about responsibility. The war has been the means of disclosing the real spirit of the nations. Heroism is common to all the combatants, but those deeper things which form the essential or fundamental basis of ideals have been revalued by the Germans who follow Nietzsche: the Prussian has willingly destroyed his soul, the French has found his. Mr. Henry James has supplied a kind of prologue to the volume in the form of an essay on France. The subject and sentiment are excellent, but they are conveyed in the author's most turgid style. Mr. Rudyard Kipling, by way of epilogue, contributes a poem also called "France." It forms a suitable pendant to the volume, and concludes with these lines:

"First to face the truth and last to leave old truths behind—
France beloved of every soul that loves or serves its kind."
ROGER INGPEN.

Novel Notes.

GOLDEN GLORY. By F. Horace Rose. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton).

This is the story of Napo the Dwarf, who fought and ferreted his way through half a continent on the quest of the Golden Glory; the story, too, of Keshwan the Giant and Baroa the Bushman, who by attaching themselves to the Dwarf founded just such a triple alliance of strength, size, and cunning as the gods respect and story-lovers adore. Dwarf, Giant and Bushman—baboon, lion and jackal—truly a magnificent trio, another Three Musketeers, if we agree to overlook the muskets and fine trappings and think only of the exploits and escapades, the ups and downs of that joyous camaraderie. Not *la belle France*, but benighted Basutoland is the setting for this original novel. A hundred years ago Basutoland was overrun with wandering tribes who devoted their leisure hours to "massacres and devastations on a wholesale scale; passed their days in unprovoked attacks and spent their nights in desperate resistances; moved about the country in a procession of bloody forays and criminalities of the most atrocious character; and thought nothing of murdering a hundred people because someone had gone off with an ox, or of burning fifty kraals because a few fowls were stolen." It will be seen that the tourist anxious to negotiate such a country stands in need of a very special outfit, and indeed Napo, Keshwan and Baroa have many excursions out of the frying-pan into the fire and back again into the frying-pan before the end of their quest draws near. Again and again the author wins our admiration by his quick wit, his ready expedients, the joy with which he flings his heroes into a private quarrel or a desperate conflict with the enemy. Napo loves a fight and the description of his Homeric contest with the Zulu hosts can thrill even in these days. Turning to the lighter side, the vain-glorious Giant in the guise of a witch-doctor, with his ratskin bags, his bladders and bones and other stage properties, is a figure to remember, and his performances—as magician and calamity-monger—are as laughable as they are dramatic in results. Equally diverting are the Bushman's hints on love-making and the strange bridal customs which are touched upon. But perhaps the strangest and most fascinating feature in this story of savage life, is the glimmer of the vision splendid that besets the soul of the grotesquely ugly Dwarf and lifts him above the level and the comprehension of his companions: "There is a Golden Glory that haunts the dreams of men! It is found in war by some, by others in wealth and herds. Some find it in the love of women, many in chieftainship

and high honours, others only in food, drink, and carousals." We are not surprised to note that this powerful, full-blooded story of a continent that now looms larger than ever in the public eye was singled out for distinction as the South African prize novel in its publisher's All-British £1,000 prize novel competition.

THE ROLL OF HONOUR. By Evelyn Close. 6s. (Melrose.)

Miss Evelyn Close has written a powerful war-novel that will appeal to all who have realised the stirring events of the past year—and who in this country has not? Opening in July, 1914, it takes us back to those historical times when England's part in the great European struggle was undecided, when days were pregnant with unknown dread, and the drums of war sounded ever nearer and nearer. A fleeting glimpse of a quiet old Rectory garden in England, of placid farm-life in Belgium, of happy lovers, and that peace and contentment which is now nothing more than a memory; then the author carries us forward into the throes of war, and traces its story of agony and horror, crowning its final tragedy with a noble triumph. Her style is at once strong and tenderly sympathetic, and her novel is more than a thung of the imagination, for its incidents are terribly true and such as are happening around us now every day of our lives. The story of the lovers who wed at the outbreak of war, to part at the church door, in answer to their country's call; to be driven further asunder through heart-rending calamity, and brought together at last only to be divided once more by the swift hand of death, is an echo of many present-day tragedies. The graphic realism of the book grips intensely, and will make "The Roll of Honour" sure of its place, at least, in the hearts of those who too have played their parts of courage and fortitude in this war, and to those likewise who in sympathy have shared their suffering.

THE RISE OF JENNIE CUSHING. By Marv S. Watts. 6s. (Macmillan.)

This is a long and thoroughly competent novel with a well constructed plot. It is wonderfully human and just sentimental enough for simple people but with that reality and grip of life which is essential to good fiction. The heroine, Jennie Cushing, appears first on page eleven and we never once weary of her to the very end. She is, no doubt, a little too clever, virtuous and handsome; yet she is no prig but always intensely human; she manages to get the good out of all her experiences; partly because she knows so well the darkest parts of life. She has her own code of morality, and though many of her actions do not fit in with the conventions of good people, almost all will agree that she is a good woman. The contrast and the likeness between herself and her friend Marie is brought out with a genuine pathos. The scamp Harrish has attractive qualities and can respond to goodness when he sees it. The plot is laid in America, part in the low life and part in the high. One feels that the author writes with an intimate knowledge, that she is always a sympathetic critic and full of hope for the future.

LOVE IN A PALACE. By F. E. Penny. 6s. (Chatto.)

We confess that we always look forward to a novel by Mrs. F. E. Penny with anticipations of pleasure. Mrs. Penny has managed to capture to a considerable degree the atmosphere of the East, about which she writes with knowledge and insight; she has the gift of the story-teller and her characters are usually real and living. In "Love in a Palace" Mrs. Penny has produced a book which will undoubtedly please her wide circle of readers. In this story of Indian life, she has centred the interest rather in the native characters than in the Anglo-Indians. The Nawab is a wonderfully well-sketched character, and one follows the progress of the story—in which he plays a considerable part—with unflagging interest. The comparatively few Europeans who appear in the pages are of quite secondary importance, though they are by no means puppets. The feud between two important native families

which figure in the pages of this interesting book gives one a real insight regarding native customs and view points. Hassan, with his Oxford education, is one of the most carefully drawn characters; and the conflict of ideas between him and his father—the old Mohammedan nobleman, with his extraordinary and purely Eastern views of women and the fate that was sure to overtake all infidels—is clearly and interestingly indicated. Nissa, the girl who was going blind and with whom Hassan was so deeply in love, is a most charming character, and readers will be glad of the unexpected denouement which Mrs. Penny very skilfully brings about in the last few pages. We like, too, Mrs. Barstow, who was usually far more discreet than are most of the memsahibs who have been depicted in novels. "Love in a Palace" may be thoroughly recommended to those who can enjoy a fresh and well-written story, and to whom India appeals as a land of mystery and of charm.

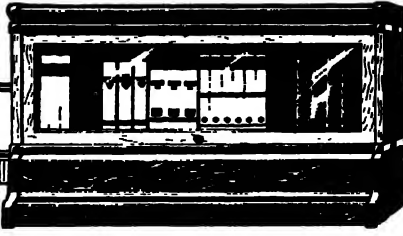
THE ENCHANTING DISTANCE. By Lilian Arnold. 6s. (John Long).

When an author possesses genuine skill at characterisation, sympathy, and a keen sense of humour, it is improbable that any story related by her (or him, as the case may be) would prove other than a success. Mrs. Arnold, while possessing the above qualities for telling a good story, has also chosen a good story to tell. She understands and sympathises with the unrest, the divine discontent, that is stirring among sections of the community who live an aimless, conventional existence at the present day; yet, though sympathising, she does not spare them; she brings the searchlight of her genial criticism and wit to bear on the weak points in their armour—and makes them all the more understandable and likeable to the reader. The Hon. Patricia Case, endowed with enough of this world's goods to be entirely independent of work, pines for a definite purpose in life, other than marriage. How she breaks away from her life of ease and idleness, attracted by the enchanting distance of a Bohemian life in Chelsea, and what happens thereafter, constitutes an uncommonly entertaining story. There are many arresting situations in the plot, which, as the tale unfolds, revolves round the doings of a practical man of business, and a man of dreams and imagination. Which man finally wins Patricia, and why, keeps a strong love interest running throughout.



Photo by Bassano.

Mrs. Lilian Arnold.



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THE STORY BEHIND THE VERDICT. By Frank Danby.
Gs. (Casell.)

Mrs. Frankau has created in her latest book a character of striking personality and originality—an eccentric literary egoist, who, being himself an unsuspected and not altogether guilty murderer, becomes absorbed in the unique hobby of ferreting out the stories that lie behind the commonplace verdicts of coroner's juries—prompted by nothing more than an interest and curiosity concerning human nature. His investigations result in several thrilling, dramatic episodes, sparkling with that brilliant and witty dialogue in which the author is so notably skilled. The book is one that is sure to be popular—for who does not enjoy a cleverly concocted mystery, and to watch its gradual unravelling? and here are mysteries in profusion, so varied and seemingly unsolvable, and yet so cleverly worked out that the reader passes from one plot to another with ever increasing interest and admiration. Although the central figure of these stories would probably be an aggressively selfish and most aggravating acquaintance in real life, in fiction he is a fascinating personality, and so well drawn that it is difficult to believe he is not real. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Frankau will introduce him again into some other of her works, for surely countless books could be written around such a powerful individuality. Fresh and vigorous, it is a book that mingles tragedy with its comedy yet contains nothing akin to morbidity, and lacks neither excitement nor humour.

The Bookman's Table.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AND THE ENGLISH NOVEL. By Allene Gregory, Ph.D. 7s. 6d. net. (Putnam's Sons.)

Dr. Allene Gregory's study in the *tendenz* romance, "The French Revolution and the English Novel," is a very valuable excursion into the byways of our literature, none the less valuable because the apparent results of the excursion are mainly negligible. Dr. Gregory must have known before he started on his investigations it was unlikely—a *priori*—that any popular work of fiction voicing Revolutionary sentiment could have secured publication between, say, 1793 and 1815. So he cannot have been seriously disappointed when he discovered no serious doctrinal utterances in any of the novels written by such pro-Revolutionists as Holcroft, Godwin, Bage, Shelley, and Mrs. Inchbald. Humanitarianism, individualism, and idealism may be more or less self-conscious in these novels; but in actual teaching and tendency their tone is less Revolutionary than that of Fielding's "Jonathan Wild," less democratic than that of Goldsmith's essays. It could not have been otherwise. A man who, like Holcroft, depended on his pen for a living, simply could not afford, however keen his pro-Revolution sympathies may have been, to fall foul alike of the executive and of the populace by proclaiming unpopular opinions in his plays and novels. As for Bage, his propagandism would scarcely have shocked Burke; he is merely Goldsmith much diluted, and less idiomatic. While the Godwin of "Popular Justice" may be sought in vain in "Caleb Williams," and in those other romances in which Shelley's father-in-law develops the character of his favourite egoist-hero. In taking leave of a work which is as scientific in method as it is cogent and reasonable in criticism, we must, in justice to Dr. Gregory, add that in his seventh chapter, which deals with "The French Revolution and the Rights of Women," he affords Mary Wollstonecraft, alike as woman and author, the fairest and yet the most sympathetic treatment she has yet received.

OR IN THE GRASS. By Madeleine Caron Rock 2s. 6d. net. (John G. Wilson.)

There are few things more exciting than to open somebody's first book of verse. In very many cases the excitement subsequently shows itself in using the poor book as a

projectile, and in asking vainly why another person has recited the same songs and wasted both his time and ours. It rarely happens, as may be supposed, that something new awaits us—either new in method or in melody or thought. And, if it does, the first look somehow seems to be still more pathetic. Why should all these things be offered to an unpoetic world? But no, they will be found by persons few and fit, and we are sure Miss Rock will go as unperturbed as Meredith, from whom the title of this book is a quotation. It has not been chosen without cause—the note of many of these poems is a kind of wistfulness, a seeking for the mysteries of life, a sadness and low laughter, like the sound of woodland creatures that were so well known to Meredith. Some of these poems, in the Irish way of speaking, are delightful:

"For it is then—after I've looked
That I am stronger than the world
And stronger than the song av the bird—
Wid the red fire and wild honey in me heart—
It is then I am answered."

Some of the poems, we confess, are so profound as to be beyond us; but the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts, and the language is always so pretty, nay beautiful, that one understands the poem first in one way and then in another—and what could be more satisfactory than that? It was so in Berlin on the morning after the first production of Hauptmann's "The Sunken Bell"; and something of the same excitement would be witnessed here in London if this little book were read as much as it deserves. It is a book of gypsies and of strange children and of something on the other side of shadows. Who would not be attracted if his eye should fall upon this verse:

"Once my battle smoked,
But then the smoke turned sapphire blue,
And curled and foamed away—
And I was flat upon the field
Knowing that the enemy had laughed and gone."

Notes on New Books.

MR. WERNER LAURIE.

Miss Winifred Graham is daringly original in her latest novel, *The Imperial Malefactor* (6s.) for she not only sets her story in Germany, but introduces into it a living personality of the present day, and one that has been aggressively prominent in recent times—the Kaiser himself! Perhaps nobody but Miss Graham could have mingled fact and fiction with such skill and boldness, or have presented such vivid pictures of their Imperial Majesties the Kaiser and Kaiserine. She has written a clever, entertaining story, telling of an English girl who, at the outbreak of war, finds herself stranded in Germany and unable to reach her native country. A German Count, the Kaiser's chief adviser, takes her under his care and into his household, falls violently in love with her, and through his strong personality, persuades her to promise to marry him. Fortunately Providence intervenes in the shape of a young American, who rescues the girl from such a fate and takes her safely back to England at last. Extremely topical, it is a war-story that barely touches on the horrors of war, but throws many side-lights on German people and customs. The author has tried to keep an unprejudiced point of view throughout. It is a book we can recommend—a novel with a good plot and ingenious character-studies, and written in the author's usual vivacious, interesting style.

MESSRS. MILLS & BOON.

A collection of short stories from the pen of Mr. Marriott Watson is sure to be a collection of stories well worth reading, and, indeed, none of his many admirers will be disappointed in any of the nine Mr. Marriott Watson has published under the title of *Chapman's Wares* (6s.). The first and longest, is a complicated romance, told in the author's usual vivid and powerful style, and more tragic in its absolute naturalness than if it had ended in tragedy; it grips intensely throughout—though perhaps it is not more impressive than "The Instrument," a weirdly fascinating tale, based upon a scientific discovery which sets up a definite relationship between the Cosmic Force and Numbers—an intricate instrument that ultimately results in disaster to its inventor and the loss of one very dear to him. But all the stories are absorbingly interesting, and in so many varied ways that it is impossible to select the best; there is something to please everybody who enjoys a good, thoroughly well-written tale.

A ROSARY OF PRAISE

—that is how we may describe the letters of appreciation, letters from every sphere of life, which have been received as touching the beautiful Modern English Dictionary—choice, exact, scholarly—which “The Bookman” has arranged to present, under generous conditions, to its readers. It is a £1 book, and is the latest and ripest product of modern scholarship. The names of some of the Editorial Contributors are given on the page facing this. It is a distinguished list. Through the usual channels this identical book—bound sumptuously in leather, like a Bible—cannot be had for less than £1 net. Special arrangements have been made for a certain limited quantity of these books to be distributed among “Bookman” readers for a sum of 5/- each, including postage (Foreign and Colonial postage requires 6d. extra). It is virtually a presentation. Early application must be made. Cut or copy out the printed corner slip, and send at once to the Dictionary Dept., “THE BOOKMAN,” St. Paul’s House, 20, Warwick Square, London, E.C., enclosing 5/-. An Edition de Luxe, gilt edges, an ideal gift, 1/6 extra; a Goat Skin Library Edition de Luxe, a perfect specimen of the bookbinder’s art, 15/- extra. If you are not completely satisfied with the Dictionary the amount you have paid will instantly be returned. But, when you have received the Book, you will take up the note of approbation which is so prominent in these distinguished letters following:—

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No. 288. VOL. XLVIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1915.

Price Sixpence.

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SUBSCRIPTION TERMS: British Isles, Canada and Newfoundland, 12/- per annum, post free. Other places abroad, 14/- per annum post free.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The October BOOKMAN will be a Compton Mackenzie Number, and will contain a special article on the novelist and his work, illustrated with many interesting portraits, and photographs of places associated with him.

Messrs. Pitman are publishing shortly, "Anne of the Island," a new novel by Miss L. M. Montgomery, the author of "Anne of Green Gables."

Mr. Charles Marriott's new novel, "Davenport," will be published this month by Messrs. Hutchinson.

"The Chorus," a novel by Sylvia Lynd, will be published shortly by Messrs. Constable. Mrs. Lynd is the wife of Mr. Robert Lynd, the literary editor of the *Daily News*. She has contributed some charming lyrics and many sketches and articles to the *Nation*, the *New Statesman*, etc., but "The Chorus" is her first book.

Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter has written, for an American magazine, an admirable and sympathetic

article on the poetry of Miss Constance Lyndsay Skinner, whose beautiful Indian song, "The Cradle-making," was awarded a prize in THE BOOKMAN Twenty-one Guineas Prize Poem Competition two years ago. Miss Skinner has written some very remarkable Indian psalms and poems and, writes a correspondent from Edinburgh, Mr. Robert Cochrane, "Mrs. Stratton-Porter has been greatly disappointed with the reception hitherto accorded to them by American editors. Miss Skinner is of British extraction, born and reared in the home of a trader in British Columbia where, in childhood, she was brought into daily contact with the highest type of Indian, those of the sea-coast, the cold climate, the atmosphere of the Far North; and living and playing among them, learning their language, traditions, religion, customs, it is natural that she should understand and sympathise with them, and that their lives and thoughts and feelings should have passed into her song. After the death of her father, Miss Skinner went to San Francisco, thence to Chicago, and now she lives and works in New York, with a mother dependent on her for support." Her poems had been rejected wherever she had sent them in America before she made her first success by winning THE BOOKMAN prize. Mrs. Stratton-Porter's article should draw attention to a new poet of real imaginative power.

"Upsidonia," a new novel by Mr. Archibald Marshall, will be published this month by Messrs. Stanley Paul.

Mr. Louis Stone, whose new novel, "Betty Wayside," we review in this Number, is an Australian author, who was born in England, at Leicester, in 1871. He went to Queensland in 1884; thence to Sydney in 1885, and was educated at Sydney University. He is still at Sydney, where he is assistant master in the Department of Public Instruction. He had written and destroyed many poems, essays and stories in the ten years before he wrote his first novel, "Jonah," an admirable story of larrikin life in Sydney which was published over here by Messrs. Methuen in 1911. He gave four years to the writing of "Jonah," which is admittedly one of the best and truest pictures of Australian life ever written.

"Nights in Town," a series of personal essays described as "A London Autobiography," will be published immediately by Messrs. Allen & Unwin. The author, Mr. Thomas Burke, is a born Londoner, and knows and loves London as only a Londoner can. Mr. Burke has lately completed another book, "Limehouse Nights: Queer Tales of Chinatown," which Mr. Heinemann has in hand for publication early next year.

"A Crown of Amaranth" is the title of an anthology dedicated to the memory of those who have fallen in the great war, which Miss S. Gertrude Ford is compiling, in collaboration with Mr. Erskine Macdonald, who will publish the book this month. It will contain poems by many well-known writers, including Mr. and Mrs. Meynell, Katharine Tynan, and Lord Crewe, with an introductory poem by Miss Ford to the memory of Rupert Brooke.

Mr. J. O. P. Bland has translated and edited, and Mr. Heinemann is publishing, under the auspices of the French Foreign Office, "Germany's Violations of the Laws of War," an important book that deals with such violations in France, as Lord Bryce's

Report dealt with similar happenings in Belgium. The undertakings entered into by Germany are plainly set forth, and are immediately followed by records of Germany's performances. Twenty-three of these undertakings are enumerated, in which the text of the Hague Convention is quoted, and appended to each one is the story of the barbarous deeds by which the German Army broke their

nation's bond. Only offences are included which were ordered by the superior authorities; all individual, spontaneous acts of soldiers and officers are excluded. Two other books to be published by Mr. Heinemann are written by two neutrals, and may be read in support of the French Government's revelations. One is "Among the Ruins," by Gomez Carrillo, a Spanish War Correspondent, who has been all over those parts of her country which France has recovered from the Germans since the battle of the Marne; the other is "Before, During and After 1914," by Anton Nystrom, a Swede, who does not share Sven Hedin's idolatry of Prussian hooliganism. For the latter volume Mr. Edmund Gosse

has written an introduction.

One of the literary events of this war-time has been the publication by Mr. A. H. Bullen, at Stratford-on-Avon, and by Mr. Heinemann, in London, of a collected edition in six volumes of the works of Aphra Behn, under the brilliant editorship of Mr. Montague Summers. It has long been customary for works of reference to dismiss the plays of Mrs. Behn as more gross than Dryden's worst and to express, sometimes, a rather prim satisfaction that they are now little known. This was to exaggerate her faults; and the first English professional authoress, one, moreover, who in her once famous novel, "Oroonoko," first stirred the public conscience against the horrors of slavery, deserved to have justice done to her work no less than to her private character. This she receives from Mr. Summers in his sympathetic and scholarly introduction to these volumes, and his editing of the



Photo by Adelphi Studios.

Mr. Montague Summers.

plays and novels is so careful and complete as to indicate a very genius for editorship. Mr. Summers was born at Clifton Down, Bristol, and educated at Clifton College, where the incentive of his form-master, Mr. W. W. Asquith, brother of the Prime Minister, fostered his interest in literature and, he says, directed him to the writing of English verse and prose and Latin verse. Always fond of books and the second-hand stalls, one of his earliest purchases was a set of Dryden's plays in Congreve's



Amélie Rives
(Princess Troubetsky)

whose new novel, "Shadows of Flames," Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing.

six volume edition. These he soon knew by heart. From Clifton he went to Trinity College, Oxford, where he came under the influence of the late Professor Robinson Ellis, to whose friendship and encouragement he ascribes not merely his great keenness for the classics, but an ever-growing love of English and Italian literature. After leaving Oxford he travelled in Italy and Greece. In literature his tastes are very Catholic, Elizabethan, Restoration and modern drama, perhaps, claiming a first place. "From the death of Queen Anne until the last decades of the nineteenth century, with the advent of Ibsen, Barker, Galsworthy," he remarks, "the theatre has little or no interest for me. In modern Italian literature D'Annunzio is supreme. The novelists and dramatists of the sixteenth century and the Venetian poets are among my chief favourites. In French, I am drawn to modern literature and have a great liking for Huysmans. Mysticism attracts me greatly, and I have



Photo by Lafayette.

M. E. Francis
(Mrs. Francis Blundell),

whose new novel of Irish life, "Dark Rosaleen," is published by Messrs. Cassell.

a weakness for the macabre and the ghostly. In modern English literature I particularly admire Hugh Benson." Mr. Summers's first literary venture was a book of poems. He has dealt at some length with Art and Literature, from 1485 to 1714, in Cassell's "History of the English



Miss Ianthe Jerrold,

daughter of Mr. Walter Jerrold, and a great-granddaughter of Douglas Jerrold. Before she was in her teens, some of Miss Jerrold's verses had won warm commendations from the late Theodore Watts-Dunton. Now, at the age of seventeen, she has collected her poems into a volume which Mr. Erskine Macdonald is publishing this month, under the title of "The Road of Life," in his Little Books of Georgian Verse series.

People," and he has just written chapters on the Elizabethan and Restoration Dramatists for Nelson's "Illustrated History of English Literature." Last year he edited the Duke of Buckingham's "Rehearsal"; and he is now collecting matter and collating texts for projected editions of Shadwell and Sir Charles Sedley. He is busy with some publications for the Early English Drama Society, and is further engaged on a novel of modern life.

The current issue of the "New Harmsworth Self-Educator," edited by Arthur Mee (which ends with the publication of one more part), contains a unique and most useful list of books on Literature, Philosophy, Eugenics, Agriculture, History, Chemistry, Society, Politics, and a multitude of other subjects. Though the "Educator" ends, as Mr. Mee says, its spirit will go marching on in his popular monthly, *My Magazine*, which deals with the life and thought of our own days and is already looking ahead to the great changes that will follow in the track of war.

The war that is responsible for the death of some papers has brought about the appearance of *New Days*, a new penny weekly, the first Number of which is to be published on the sixteenth of this month. "Old things are passing away and crumbling into ruin," says the prospectus, "but amid the ruin a new world is being born—one in which faith, hope and charity will prove greater forces than they did in the old. With a view to expressing this new spirit *New Days* has been established." In addition to notes and articles on the social developments of the time, it will include reviews of suitable books and occasional literary articles.

Miss Muriel Stuart, whose first book, "Christ at Carnival and Other Poems," Mr. Herbert Jenkins is publishing this month, has been writing verse practically all her life, but has done so for her own

pleasure, and has been in no haste to publish. Until a year or so ago she had made no effort to obtain publicity beyond sending some verses to *T. P.'s Weekly*, when she was sixteen. She received, in reply, an encouraging letter from the genial T.P., who said her work was full of promise and "far beyond anything that is usually submitted to us." Thereafter, for some four or five years, she went on

writing, none outside her own family ever seeing what was written, until some of her work was shown one day to a critical friend, and it was his praise that decided Miss Stuart to make an effort to publish. "I thought I would try what is called a literary publisher," she says, "so I sent a collection of my poems to Mr. Herbert Jenkins, thinking that, as a writer himself, he would be more sympathetic to a beginner. He accepted my volume, but told me frankly of my faults and urged me to work on the poems and give them a most drastic revision. If he was my most appreciative he was also my severest critic.

I told him once I was surprised he should be so much interested in work in which he saw so much room for improvement; but he said, 'Your friends will tell you of its merits, it is my place to point out its defects and urge you to bring it as nearly as possible to perfection.'" When the revised poem had safely passed her publisher's censorious eye, Mr. Jenkins sent "Christ at Carnival," without the author's knowledge, to Mr. Austin Harrison, who was prompt to recognise its power and beauty, and it duly made its appearance in *The English Review* for April last, and met with the warmest appreciation from critics and that growing public which is interested in new poetry.

It is a good sign when a young poet is amenable to criticism; and Miss Stuart's toleration of it goes, as might be expected, with an entire absence of anything like affectation. "I write just because it is a great pleasure to me," she tells you. "I never try to think of ideas; I wait for them and take them as they come to me, and, oddly enough, I mostly think of my title first; it is the title that suggests the poem. It was so with 'Christ at



Photo by Kathleen Murray.

Miss Muriel Stuart.

Carnival,' and it was so with a new poem on a somewhat similar theme with which I am engaged at present." She works systematically, giving up three hours every evening to writing or revising. "It is a little trying for the family," she admits, "for sometimes I forget about dinner and do not hear the gong; at others I have something sent up to me, sooner than break away before I have finished. I assure you I have great sympathy with any household that contains a poet!"

Mr. Shaw's model and influence is Molière.' Never have I attempted to demonstrate this, for the very good reason that I know quite well that G. B. Shaw has never taken or followed any model. I say in my book that Bernard Shaw's technique is the same as Molière's, and I demonstrated this. But this never meant that Bernard Shaw copied Molière. I was the first to prove that the comic art of Bernard Shaw is the same as the comic art of Molière and that, in consequence, it is quite different from the dramatic art of Scribe, Sardou, Ibsen or Shakespeare."

M. A. Hamon writes us, with reference to Mr. St. John G. Ervine's review of his book, "Bernard Shaw: The Twentieth Century Molière," in our last Number, "Mr. Ervine is wholly mistaken when he writes that I 'work out a theory to show that

Miss Helen Mackay, whose remarkable novel, "Accidentals," was recently published by Mr. Andrew McIlrose, has written a book of poems, "London One November," which the same firm announces for early publication.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

L. M. MONTGOMERY

(MRS. EWAN MACDONALD).

ALTHOUGH it was in 1911 that the author of "Anne of Green Gables" married the Rev. Ewan Macdonald, of Leaskdale, Ontario, she still signs her stories "L. M. Montgomery." Mr. Macdonald a few years ago was the Presbyterian minister at the settlement of Cavendish, in Prince Edward Island, and here he met the Prince Edward Island lady who was to become one of the most popular of present day writers.

No Canadian Province has a more passionately devoted citizen than Mrs. Macdonald is of Prince Edward Island. She was born at Clifton, P.E.I., in 1877. Her mother died soon after her birth and she was taken to live with her maternal grandparents at Cavendish. Her grandfather, Mr. MacNeill, was postmaster of the settlement. As soon as she was able to run about, her playmates were cousins and the children of the neighbours. Everyone who has read Miss Montgomery's stories knows how common it is in Prince Edward Island for neighbourhoods to be

closely related. To this day, with most vivid distinctness, the author will describe every nook and cranny,

every pasture field and slope of her island home. There was a sloping field where each spring they went to look for wild flowers. A day came when the field was ploughed, and the little girl thought her heart would break. Near the homestead, she remembers, was their playhouse. Its walls were built only in imagination. But the children had fastened a door to a tree, and everyone who came into the playhouse had to come by the door. This vivid remembrance of the scenes of her childhood, and her passionate attachment to each inch of ground and memory are part of Miss Montgomery's treasure as a story-writer. Like Robert Louis Stevenson, she has never wholly lost the spirit of childhood. In her heart she is still the girl who played in Prince Edward Island.

When she was a child of twelve or so her father sent for her to join him in the western province of Saskatchewan.



Miss Lucy Maud Montgomery.



Morley Roberts,
at 3 years of age.

From a daguerrotype portrait.

of a castaway into "a terrible fact—that all the land of the world has sunk, leaving water everywhere, with myriads of "whit'uns" a-wash on the waves. You are made to share in the horrific spell demented Billy cast over the crew of the ship which picked him up. To suspend the faculty of reasoning and make the unbelievable seem true, is not within the power of many writers to accomplish, but Mr. Morley Roberts does it

here with as convincing effect as any Edgar Allen Poe produced.

In "The 'Flying Cloud'" we have the swan song of the sailing ship. There is no plot. A boy quarrels with his uncle and takes a steerage passage in a ship bound for Australia. The officers, certain passengers and members of the crew are realised with vivid actuality. Storms, calms and the ship itself stand out no less livingly as characters in this absorbing narrative.

Indeed, the ship is the hero, and human beings are made to feel their kinship to her in such a description as this:

"There is something inexplicably spiritual in a ship, from whatever standpoint she is viewed, whether from the main deck or from the taffrail under which the divided waters join and bubble joyfully, or from the end of the jib-boom, which is nearest to her purpose, as one might say. She is a magnificent creature, a thing complete, visibly complete and austere adequate (the austerity lying in the nothing beyond her purpose, her splendid economy of means) and her spirituality comes from her completeness; her finite and declared divisions; her lofty silences; her community with the winds, the sea and sky. . . . Oh, most blessed of created things, of the works of man working divinely! Every step of hers in the great waters is a baptism."

The author's unsleeping curiosity about life peeps out even in the sea stories. In one place, for instance, we find him asking "What difference is there between a ship and the sailing earth? Let some young angel say." The romantic point of conjecture in this magnificent story of the sea is the conduct of the skipper, only explicable on the theory that he took opium.

Man in primitive surroundings holds his imagination, whether on board ship or opposed to the rude terms of life in the outposts of the Empire. "The Prey of the Strongest" (Hurst and Blackett), a story of lawless passion envisaging the personnel of the Fraser mill, is related in the spirit of it to the spirit of his sailordom. The brutality belongs to the picture, and is redeemed by one Mary, a memorable study of a woman's loving devotion.

At the very least there are six novels devoted to sophisticated life which demand consideration, even within the limits of a short article. Who that has once read "Immortal Youth" (Hutchinson, 1902) can forget the joy of young time it expresses? Lacy's introduction to Bohemia—Chelsea way—blazed the trail for other

novelists who saw material in the artistic temperament. Epigrammatic in style, there is some of the false intellectual glitter which had coruscated over the literary firmament from the genius of Oscar Wilde, in these sort of sayings, "Monogamy properly understood means carrying on but one intrigue at a time," and "Youth means so much, and accomplishes as little as age." Quite as light in style, but not intellectually modish, is "Lady Anne," a delightful portrait of a modern girl, who has eluded the grip of a dead elderly lover, and finds her mate in a contemporary. The setting of both novels is London. "Maurice Quain," a subtle study of an interesting man, should not be missed.

Built on greater lines is "Rachel Marr." Its moving scenes are set in Cornwall, and it is comparable to almost any other novel in the provincial genre published during the last twenty-five years. It glows with life and colour, and in this respect is like a piece of minutely woven tapestry, with hardly discernible figures, symbolical of the forces of nature and of human passions, looming behind the play of the characters. Its rapid development proceeds with smooth inevitability. Two brothers love Rachel, one a religious fanatic, who marries a mistress of his profligate brother. Rachel loves the married man, who returns her passion—in thought—and her history is annotated by a rustic chorus. Dog lovers are grateful for the gallant part played by Sigurd, a Great Dane. The setting of "David Bran" (1908) (Eveleigh Nash), published four years after "Rachel Marr," is also Cornwall. The situations arise out of complications almost as complex. David loves two girls who love him, and his mother, an austere Calvinist, is mashed pretty well to pulp in the wheels of the plot—though she undeservedly escapes condign punishment in the end. The author flashes the searchlight of his imagination about every nook and corner of the hearts



Photo by Debenham, Luton.

Morley Roberts.
Aged 10.

of his feminine characters, and his psychological analyses explain their freedom of action. Lou is as lovable as Rachel; they are both cast in the grand mould, and belong to the select portrait gallery of heroines.

"Time and Thomas Waring" (Eveleigh Nash) is thrilled by the touch of human things. It is a testament of the obscure suffering of those who have had to submit to the healing of the surgeon's knife. It is a chart of the Dantesque region of anæsthesia. The mind which suffused "Rachel Marr" with poetry and showed throbbing life fulfilling itself in love has here attacked the problem of pain in relation to human personality and conduct. Waring's threefold relationship to a trinity of women—one of them dead—makes an enthralling plot interest. All the characters are as much conditioned by the agony he endured in the nursing home as he is by the living memory of the dead woman—his wife—for whom he had lived. Who else could make literature out of such material? This novel is also noteworthy in that the rebellious attitude discernible throughout the author's serious fiction is mitigated to something approaching acquiescent attitudes, a serenity in no way related to physical satisfactions.

Waring marched bravely on the feet of pain to a city not built with hands, though the schools may quarrel as to the name of that city. The time came when it is written of Waring:

"There was now no revolt in him. He could suppress the feelings of dread which came; he beat them down and put them aside. He felt he had made his peace with the world. He seemed to understand far better than he had ever done, he accepted things bravely. Some might say he was beaten, but that would be false; he had conquered. For those were conquerors who worked out all that was in them; who had not feared, or if they had feared, still fought."

He had no hope of immortality to buoy him up, "All those notions of survival, of the spirit, of the soul, were nothing but the vain endeavours of humanity to perpetuate itself." Yet—there's a slight concession apparently to this blank negation, or is it, perhaps, an unwitting inconsistency? for we find Waring thinking "in his dust there would be one little speck of memory"—the memory of the dead woman, so much beloved. This remarkable novel strikes several new notes in fiction, and is in a class by itself.

Some pleasing glimpses into the mind of this writer of diverse talents will be found in "The Wingless Psyche" (Elkin Mathews), a volume of essays published in 1904—interesting chips from his workshop.

"Of late years," he writes in one of the essays, "I repent me of cutting down nettles with my stick; I am morbidly anxious to save a moth from my lamp; I have even perspired with shut windows when there were many winged insects who fancied they saw heaven inside my lamp-glass."

This accords with the temper of mind informing his work as a novelist, for readers must never be misled by the brutal mask he has sometimes worn. Another passage which reads like a piece of self-revelation runs thus:

"I have my own ways about things, being as hard of persuasion as some are of hearing, and love to fight my own devils, or feast Jove-like with my blameless Ethiopians at my own time and with weapons bought not with money. I have an obstinate trick of obstinacy, and am to be tamed but by Famine."

One has only to turn to "The Western Avernus," for instance, to see that this is true.

His versatility is amazing. His characteristic short stories are well known to magazine readers; his occasional verse sometimes rings vigorously in the newspapers, and a few years ago he published "Four Plays." As romancist and thinker, as poet and craftsman, Mr. Morley Roberts has won the respect of his fellow writers, and in private life the affection particularly of his juniors. It is interesting to conjecture whether he would have achieved a greater

popular success if he had concentrated upon one style of fiction alone, and had reproduced his successes. English literature might have been poorer if he had done so, and I suspect he would have found it impossible to limit himself to one mode of expression.

As much as any living writer, Mr. Morley Roberts approaches the type of the richly-endowed Elizabethans, who needed ship and sword, as well as pen to express themselves. His knowledge is encyclopædic, and he sends even well-read people to the dictionary occasionally. If his knowledge seems to sit a little heavily on him at times, the fault becomes almost a virtue when one thinks of the poverty of thought in a good deal of present day fiction. Philosophic, even scientific, he invariably secures the inevitable adjective or epithet in describing the objective world. Whether he is describing a ship, an operating theatre, or a sawmill, he provides their technical articulations, to the satisfaction of the expert, and to the conviction of the general reader. His uses of the elements of suspense and surprise in narrative reveal the born storyteller who, because he reverences his craft, is still at school. The metaphysical reflections—flashes of poignant questionings about time and human destiny suggest that he is intensely aware of mystery, and though he does not extract much laughter from life, he makes you aware again and again of the existence of comedy. He is a vital and significant figure in the literary commonwealth.

As sorrow begets thoughtfulness—and the sable wings of sorrow fan all the wide spaces between us and the fateful trenches—it is hardly too much to expect that his best work, in milieus other than the sea, will be read by an increasing number of people.



Photo by E. J. Sloneham.



Morley Roberts,
at 24 or 25.

MR. MASEFIELD'S JAPANESE TRAGEDY.*

BY WALTER DE LA MARE.

THE most interesting speculation with regard to Mr. Masefield's new play is what impression it would make on the mind of a Japanese critic. In many respects, especially in the earlier scenes, wherein the dialogue is reduced to its barest elements, and almost every speech has the precision and directness of action, it resembles those examples of Japanese drama with which we are familiar in translation. But in a later scene, when Kurano, its chief character, for a defence against his vigilant enemies who are seeking occasion to do away with him, feigns madness, and raves and prattles with a kind of childlike *naïveté* and inconsequence on life and death and love and friendship and woman, skilfully screening the significance and irony of his philosophy in his artless, rambling expression of it, we are, perhaps, far nearer the old conventions of Elizabethan drama than the Japan of the early eighteenth century. But one would very much like to have an expert Japanese judgment on this particular episode. There is a still more vital question, how would the underlying motif, the ethical argument of the play, impress that very alien mind? Revenge is sweet, we say, but none the less look a little askance at the methods and activities of justice in the wild, wild West. And though, when the Herald in the last act of Mr. Masefield's play, armed with his mysterious "order," bids Kurano and his followers kill themselves as an act of sacrifice and retribution for their "murder" of the crafty oppressor, Duke Kira, they undemurringly obey, it is with the sure and certain hope of their joyous reception by the long-dead heroes who man "the ramparts of God." Kurano nobly sacrifices his all—his ill-fated wife, his children, his property, his life for his master and friend Asano. He is faithful. But his refusal to take instant effective action, when his fellow-conspirators advised it, lest by so doing such vehemence should lose Asano's "estates to the rightful heir" is in the event apparently unjustified. And the assassination of Kira after a year's interval, on the very day before the arrival of the envoy (still inexplicably unaware apparently of the injustice he has been guilty of in condemning Asano to death) will merely replace one tyrant with another. And the cause, in fighting for which Asano was gulled and betrayed to his death, is lost.

But the play is the thing; and it is only because Mr. Masefield appears indirectly to be bent on some fundamental moral that one is tempted to analyse a theme which he has treated with so much vividness and concision, and in many of his scenes with a true poetic and dramatic insight and beauty. Here and there the simplicity is slightly forced and conscious. But no stage setting could keep the spectator closer to the actual presentation of the play than the book will keep the reader to the imaginative. The few scenes

* "The Faithful." By John Masefield. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

excepted when we seem to be in the company of Webster rather than of Bashō, dress, atmosphere, dialogue are all in keeping. And though Lord Kira spends his last evening on earth as if his maker were well aware that it is his last evening—leaving his amorous play with a new mistress, "The Starblossom," to indulge in premonitory philosophising over a "single" at chess—this is at most a defect in excellent company; and the steady climax of the play, with its quiet interior of Kira's winter palace, the dark, snow-crested deserted, lantern-lit courtyard without, and the sense of an inevitable doom steadily thickening its coils about its victim, is vividly and imaginatively realised.

"The Faithful" is in prose, and a prose more poetical in its intensity than the verse of "Philip the King":

"Look at her! all this beautiful bait to catch the little foolish fish in man. It is beautiful, those eyes and the mouth, and all the curves, and the ears and the pretty teeth. Men have thought of these things going to death; thought of them with prayers. . . . You were never driven mad by one of these things. You never will be; this does not stir you. Be glad; they are fatal things. When we grow up they twine round us and fawn and purr and clog us to a standstill. They call themselves our mates. O heaven! that a thing so empty should have such power upon men. Do you see this head, how beautiful it is? Is not it wonderful, poised on the throat like that? Look how the flesh dimples, and then these shadows, and the red lips that the worm will eat, and these eyes that glitter so and tell her brains about us. Did you ever cut open such a head?" "No, did you?" "With my mind. There was nothing there. I was puzzled at that."

There is a tinge of rhetoric and forced sentiment in this fragment, but that does not detract from its music and simplicity and its truth to a feigned sinister craziness of mind. Mr. Masefield's lyrics are a kind of irregular metrical rendering of this prose, and whether or not such was his intention, have something of the effect of a translation:

"Once very long ago,
When there was still the sun,
Before these times, before
The light was darkened,
One whom we used to know
Made life most noble; one
Who would have changed the world
Had people hearkened.
It was a dream, perhaps
Time drugs the soul with dreams
To all but blind desire
For high attempt;
Then the intense string snaps;
The project seems
A hearth without a fire,
A madness dreamt."

This attempt to catch the very accent of an alien literature is a curious and interesting experiment. It is now Mr. Yone Noguchi's turn to try his hand at a play with English characters and an English setting in the days of Queen Anne.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

SEPTEMBER, 1915.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best selection of six books to send out to the soldiers in the trenches and the best reason, in not more than sixty words, for choosing the books selected.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each is sent to Elinor Wray, of 15, Wellington Road, Belfast, and to E. Jotham, of Port St. Mary, Isle of Man, for the following:

THE QUEST.

By all your silence and your pride
And all the words you did not say,
You taught me more of love, my friend,
Than I could learn another way.
But you were gone before I knew
That I would rather have you stay.

The nights are strewn with golden stars,
The days are wrapt in silver light.
Once, long ago, I thought that God
Had done these things for my delight;
But now I know the world is fair
To make me fairer for your sight.

Though you should never come again
To where I have my dwelling place,
I will not sorrow; for you sought
For Beauty through the wide world's space,
And prayed for it beyond the spheres,
And then you found it in my face.

ELINOR WRAY.

THE WIDOW.

If one should whisper near that bended head,
"The Empire falls!" she would not move nor cry:
To her whose All is dead
What else can die?

If one should whisper, "O the Empire stands!
And Peace and Victory wake its children's cheers!"
She would not lift her forehead from her hands,
Or cease her tears.

If one could whisper, "By a mere mischance—
A broken disc—the blunder of his men——"

O God in Heaven! O quiet grave in France!
What then?

E. JOTHAM.

We also select for printing:

THE CALL.

I sat me down toil-weary, as the sun
Drooped to the distant hill,
When sweet-voiced Love came in the garb of one
Who wore His meekness still;
Said Love, "Oh son of bitterness and woe,
Wilt thou arise and go?"

"Dear Lord," I cried, "the way is dark and long,
The night is drear and cold"
"It ringeth only now to evensong:
Thy sheep are in the fold."

"Nay, go not thus," I cried, "a moment stay—
I cannot see my way."

"The way," said Love, "is kindled by the sword,
Under the starless sky."

"And what if I should go? What then, oh Lord?
I do not fear to die."

"My throne," said Love, "is in the firmament."
So I arose and went.

(A. G. St. Fillan, 62, Grange Loan, Edinburgh.)

CONTENTMENT.

They turned the rope—the poor, little girls;
And they chattered, as children can:
With a calm command and fling of the hand—
Wee Mary, and Maud, and Ann;
And Mary said— with a twirling spin,
As she flung the rope about:
"Forgets and forgives are both out,
And it's my turn in!"

They turned the rope, the rich, little girls,
In the din of the dirty street:
With their dresses torn, and their boots outworn—
But faces content, and sweet
I mused o'er the little they had to win!
Of the ready laugh, and shout:
"Forgets and forgives are both out,
And it's my turn in!"

(Edith R. Leatham, The White House, Durham.)



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Morley Roberts,
at 45.

the large number of other lyrics received we highly commend those sent by T. O. Dowling (Waterford), Mary Carolyn Davies (California), L. M. D. (Oldham), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), F. J. Popham (Dumfries), Dorothy Louise Warne (Ramsgate), Geoffrey Knight (Manchester), Hilda Fairfax Brown (Braunton), Headley V. Storey (Camden Town), John A. G. Carson (Birmingham), S. R. Noyes (Pretoria, Transvaal), Stella Beaumont (Wimbledon), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate), J. W. Lucas (Bolton), E. C. L. (Birmingham), David M. Campbell (Kelso), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), W. Siebenhaar (Perth, W. Australia), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Ivan Adair (Dublin), William G. Kelynack; Joyce Tompkins (Catford), Gertrude Pitt (Highgate), George Savile (Brockley), C. E. S. (Glasgow), F. N. Wood (Hull), M. E. Kennedy (Dublin), Lilian Holmes (Charing), A. S. Barnard (Prestwich), Kathleen A. Foley (Salisbury), E. L. Foyster (Croydon), A. Siffleet (Tooting), Charlotte L. Plummet (Ontario), Kathleen Birch (Bexhill), Winifred Barrows (Glos.), Reginald Gray (Darlington), Lawrence Tarr (Upminster), Percival Hale Coke (Harrogate), Evelyn M. Parker (Upper Tooting), Fay Inchfawn (Bradford-on-Avon), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), W. C. Pocock (Bristol), Evelyn D. Bangay (Chesham), Thomas Platt (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Mona Douglas (I. of Man), E. A. Potter (Birmingham), Ethel Ashton Edwards (Cambridge), C. J. Read (Purley), Eileen Carfrae (Buxton), J. Ford (Oxford), Doris Dean (Bromley), Ivy L. Carr (Leamington Spa), E. T. Sandford (Saltash), Iris Douglas (Shipley), Kathleen A. Seyfang (London, S. E.), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Ethel Simms (Belfast), Jocelyn Ormsby (Gunnersbury), Isobel W. Hutchison (Kirkliston), Christine Chaundler (London, W.), Norman J. Buckle (Plympton St. Mary), Eveline Ida San Garde (Accrington), Doris Westwood (Sutton Coldfield), D. M. Kermode (Kenilworth), John P. Wynne (Manchester), A. Welch (London, W.), M. A. Newman (Brighton), D. T. Davis (Porth), Anna G. Lang (Cardiff), Bernard Spencer (London, S. E.), Kitty L. Beney (Merton Park), D. Esme Bailey (Sydenham), Ivy L. Merryweather (Wimbledon), Roslyn (Auckland, N.Z.), D. M. D. (Wandsworth), Gwendoline Johns (Garthmyle), Annie Marguerite Birch (Hull), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Brighton), Enid D. Woollright (Chelsea), Catherine M. Ritchie (Merthsham), Wilfrid J. Halliday (Pudsey), Hilda Trevelyan Thomson (Middlesbrough), Mabel Malet (Hull), B. C. Hardy (Eastbourne), B. R. M. Heatherington (Carlisle), Hester Viney (Swanage), A. E. Wise (Leicester), Ida May (Barnes), Eric Chilman (Hull), Joyce Jones (Buckhurst), C. K. Harrison (Lincoln), F. Olsen (S. Shields), Robert Francis (Opotiki, N.Z.), Kathleen Kevin (Belfast), C. N. Elwes (Bournemouth), May O'Rourke (Dorchester), G. M. Fife (Edinburgh), Wilfred W. Kershaw (Southport), Dorothy M. Bunn (Hull), Beresford Richards (Bayswater).

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to S. A. Doody, of 18, Darracourt Road, Boscombe, for the following:

BROTHER-IN-LAW TO POTTS. BY PARRY TRUSCOTT.
(Werner Laurie.)
"The mighty Pan."
MILTON'S *Ode on the Nativity*.

We also select for printing:

SALLY ON THE ROCKS. BY WINIFRED BOGGS.
(Herbert Jenkins.)

"An' Sally she washed folk's cloaths to keep the wolf fro' the door."

TENNYSON, *Northern Cobbler*.
(F. E. Soddy, Elmdale, Totnes.)

THE STORY BEHIND THE VERDICT. BY FRANK DANBY.
(Cassell.)

"My husband," sir, the woman sobbed, "in quod he's got to stop.
He's been a keepin' Christmas, sir, and jumpin' on a slop."
G. R. SPES, *Christmassing à la mode de Slumopolis*.
(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 159, Holly Lane, West Smethwick, Birmingham.)

VANISHING ROADS AND OTHER ESSAYS.

By R. LE GALLIENNE. (Putnam.)

"Do I wander and doubt?
Are things what they seem?
Or is visions about?"

BRET HARTE, *Further Language from Truthful James*.
(M. P. McCartan, Ursuline Convent, Blackrock, Cork.)

LOVE IN A PALACE. BY F. E. PENNY. (Chatto.)

"No tenant, he, for life's back slums."
T. HOOD, *Miss Kilmansegg (Her Birth)*.
(Mrs. A. E. Wise, 7, High Street, Leicester.)

THE TURBULENT DUCHESS. BY PERCY BREENER.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Control's not for this lady."
BROWNING, *A Blot on the 'Scutcheon*.
(Doris Dean, 55, College Road, Bromley, Kent.)

STILTS. BY ADAM SQUIRE. (Duckworth.)

"Something between a hindrance and a help."
WORDSWORTH, *Michael*.
(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

III.—The PRIZE for a Tribute in not more than eight lines to General Botha has met with a most enthusiastic response, but, on the whole none of the many attempts received comes quite up to publication standard. The best in sentiment and expression is that by Hedley V. Storey, of 25, Rochester Road, Camden Town, N.W., to whom the PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is awarded. The six best out of all the others are by R. H. Kipling (Lancaster), W. Hodgson Burnet (Kensington), Frank Noble Wood (Hull), James A. Richards (Tenby), G. F. A. Salmon (Penzance), M. Troughton (Golder's Green).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Hilda Ridley, 81, Grenville Street, Toronto, Canada, for the following:

A FAR COUNTRY. BY WINSTON CHURCHILL.
(Macmillan.)

This book deals with some vital American problems, it portrays the conflict between genuine democracy and a pseudo-democracy which serves to screen the actions of the men who control capital. The story is of one, who, attaining such a control, is led by devious ways into "a far country." His return is made possible through his realisation that the pseudo-democracy which he has made his philosophy of life, is merely a form of selfish individualism. The book, which is forcibly written, is another strong plea for "practical religion."

We also select for printing:

STILTS. BY ADAM SQUIRE. (Duckworth.)

We have a delightful heroine in "Stilts"—a real woman, with plenty of character, plenty of fun in her and, what you get luckily in books, the man to appreciate her, with enough mind of his own to make it possible for her to say:

"And we shall have heaps of rows."

"Heaps. . . ."

"O my dear, my dear! It will be just heaven."

The minor characters and the setting in Sicily are well touched in. A love-story that just might have gone wrong from pure cussedness, appeals to anyone with sporting instincts, and this book will find many favourable readers.

(W. M. Lodge, 7, Gatestone Road, Norwood.)

FOLLOW AFTER. BY GERTRUDE PAGE.
(Hurst & Blackett.)

This is a most inspiring and inspiring story, and one which is strangely uplifting in its effects. It is only an account of men and women who have done their duty, but the writer has succeeded in depicting, with inimitable sympathy, the cost to each and all of obeying the behests of the "stern daughter of the voice of God," so that the reader is compelled, perforce, to recognise in these ordinary individuals a strong spiritual force, the outcome of which the world calls *heroism*. The writer deals with present day affairs, and at times her statements are well-nigh prophetic.

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

YOU NEVER KNOW YOUR LUCK. BY GILBERT PARKER.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

This book breathes a wonderful atmosphere of space and freedom, the spell of the big-souled people of the earth, and of the miles of golden corn. There is the haunting lilt of a song, and the mockery flickering in a girl's tawny eyes, bravely concealing the anguish of her tortured soul. The fine character of Kitty Tynan makes the wife of Crozier seem a shade too shadowy, but there are such wonderfully fine passages in the book that one is led on and on, along an enchanted way, until the faculty of criticism is swallowed up in sheer enjoyment.

(D. O. Teale, Copse Mead, Worcester Park, Surrey.)

THE CONQUERING JEW. BY JOHN FOSTER FRASER.
(Cassell & Co.)

This is not a deeply-studious psychological study of the Jew, but a light character delineation, setting out his position and influence in every part of the world. There are numerous views on his future, based on his history, past and present—striking but well substantiated, showing no little study of the race. It could not be called a standard work on the subject, but nevertheless it has a great amount of information, that should dispel some of the unjust prejudices against the race. Throughout there is

that pleasing quality Mr. Fraser always imparts to his work—readableness.

(L. Begg, Inglewood, Invercargill, New Zealand.)

We select for special commendation the twenty reviews sent in by P. S. Dixon (Hong Kong), Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), P. D. Cowell (Manchester), Archibald J. Hayden (Mansfield), S. S. S. (Liverpool), S. V. Nath (Polghel, India), M. A. Pesci (Highbury), C. J. Wilson (Huntley), S. B. Irene Bell (Highgate), M. Troughton (Golder's Green), N. R. McIntosh (Birmingham), Marie Russell (Glasgow), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno), Horace W. Walker (Beeston), B. C. Hardy (Eastbourne), Bernard Ottwell Binns (Bolton), Eric N. Simons (Sheffield), E. Webster (Bristol), Hugh W. Strong (Whitley Bay), (Jessie Jackson, Beverley.)

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Cecily Adelaide Hallack, of The Manse, Worcester.

CHRISTINA WELLER.

A FRIEND OF DICKENS.

By B. W. MATZ.

THE name of Weller is famous world wide, and many conjectures have been advanced as to where Dickens got it. But it is not our intention to enlarge on the point here. Although the subject of this article once bore the historic name, she had no connection whatever with her illustrious namesake, in spite of the fact that she was closely associated with his creator.

Nor can it be said that her name was solely the cause of the friendship which existed between her and Dickens. But it will be seen that sentimentally it "began it," as the kettle did in the case of another historic story.

It came about in this way. In 1844 Dickens received an invitation to take the chair at the opening meeting of the newly erected Mechanics' Institute, Liverpool. The invitation by the way was accompanied by a cheque for £20 "in payment of the expenses contingent" on the visit, which, however, was promptly returned. But the invitation was accepted and Dickens duly presided at the function which took place on February 26th, 1844.

During the soirée an interesting incident occurred. One of the artistes taking part in the concert was an accomplished pianist whose name was Miss Christina Weller. In his capacity of chairman Dickens had to announce the items on the programme, and when he came to Miss Weller's name he said, "I am requested to introduce to you a lady whom I have some difficulty and tenderness in announcing, Miss Weller, who will play a fantasia on the pianoforte." And later in the evening he again announced, "The godchild of whom I am so proud will oblige again."

Her splendid performance, and the peculiarity of her name, caused Dickens to seek an introduction to her family, and to eventually pay a visit to their home. The

result was that before the novelist left Liverpool he had become good friends with the Wellers. It is only natural that the young lady so honoured should desire a souvenir or memento of the occasion, and she accordingly asked the novelist to write something in her autograph album. Dickens consented, and this is what he wrote:



Mrs. Christina Thompson,
nee Weller.

"I put in a book once, by hook or by crook,
The whole race (as I thought) of a
'feller,'
Who happily pleas'd the town's taste
(much diseases'd),
And the name of this person was
Weller.

I find to my cost, that one Weller I
lost,
Cruel Destiny so to arrange it!
I love her dear name which has won
me some fame,
But Great Heaven, how gladly I'd
change it!

At Liverpool, twenty-seventh
February.

Charles Dickens."

Mr. Walter T. Spencer, the antiquarian bookseller of New Oxford Street, has in his possession the

actual leaf from this album on which Dickens wrote the above verses, and we are able through his courtesy to give a facsimile reproduction of it.

On his return to London Dickens wrote a long letter to Miss Weller's father which was full of enthusiasm for her high talents and uncommon character. The letter sufficiently explains itself, and indicates how deep rooted was the novelist's admiration for the young lady's accomplishments.

"1, Devonshire Terrace,
York Gate,
Regent's Park,
1st March, 1844.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Finding that your daughter has not

read the volumes which I send her in the enclosed parcel (from one of which I quoted a few words last Monday night); and knowing that they could not but prove most acceptable to such a mind as hers; I obtained her permission to send them—and made a promise which it gives me real pleasure and delight to fulfil.

"Will you tell her that I have marked with a pencil in the index to each, those pieces which I would like her to read first, as being calculated to give her a good impression of the Poet's genius? And will you say that I have sent her a copy which is not quite new, in preference to a new one; hoping she might like it none the worse for having been my companion often, and for having been given to me by Tennyson himself?

"I scarcely know whether I do right or wrong in not closing my note to you here. But I cannot help saying to you that your daughter's great gifts and uncommon character have inspired me with an interest which I should labour in vain to express to you, though I set myself to it as to a task. I see many people, as you may suppose; and many whom nature has endowed with talents of one kind or another. The figures which come and go before me are so numerous, and change so constantly that, however bright they may be, I am not accustomed to care much for them, or feel any great degree of concern in their proceedings. But I read such high and such unusual matter in every look and gesture of the spiritual creature who is naturally the delight of your heart and very dear to you, that she started out alone from the whole crowd the instant I saw her, and will remain there always in my sight.

"Your affection will not be displeased to hear this I know. And therefore I disregard the singularity of the impression—to lose it in the singularity of the cause—and tell you the honest truth.

*I put in a book such, by hook or by crook,
The whole race (as I thought) of a 'feller;
Who happily pleas'd the town's hostle (mucholittle) /
—and the name of this person was Weller.*

*I find to my cost, that one Weller I lost.
Much desiring so to arrange it!
I love her dear name which has won me some friends,
But heaven knows I'd gladly I'd change it!*

Charles Dickens

at Liverpool.

2nd June 1841

Facsimile of verses written by Dickens in Miss Weller's Album.

"With cordial remembrances to Mrs. Weller and all your family,

"Believe me, always,
"Faithfully yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS.

"T. E. Weller, Esq."

What a great joy the receipt of that letter must have given Christina Weller's father and mother, and how proud they must have felt that the great Charles Dickens should have shown such interest in their daughter. And it was not merely a fleeting or a politely expressed interest, nor did his friendship in the Wellers end with his visit to Liverpool. Indeed, it ultimately led to Christina becoming the wife of T. J. Thompson, a very intimate and particular friend of the novelist; and to the novelist's brother, Frederick, marrying Christina's youngest sister, so that the Wellers actually became related by marriage to Dickens.

T. J. Thompson was a man of great culture, whose life was devoted to the arts and sciences. He was a member of Dickens's circle of friends, indeed we might say his inner circle of friends, as the following letter would indicate. At the time of Queen Victoria's marriage, Dickens, Forster and Maclise professed to be madly in love with Her Majesty. Dickens threatened, in his whimsical manner, to do all sorts of desperate things, not the least terrible being a desire to murder Chapman and Hall in order that the Queen should hear of his inconsolability. He wrote to one or two near and dear friends telling them of his state of mind. One of these was T. J. Thompson, and this is the letter he sent him:

"MY DEAR THOMPSON,—Maclise and I are raving with love for the Queen, with a hopeless passion whose extent no tongue can tell, nor mind of man conceive. On Tuesday, we sallied down to Windsor, prowled about the Castle, saw the corridor and their private rooms—nay, the very bed-chamber (which we know from having been there twice), lighted up with such ruddy, homely, brilliant glow, bespeaking so much bliss and happiness, that I, your humble servant, lay down in the mud at the top of the Long Walk, and refused all comfort, to the immeasurable astonishment of a few straggling passengers who had survived the drunkenness of the previous night. After perpetrating some other extravagances, we returned home in a postchaise, and now we wear marriage medals near our hearts, and go about with pockets full of portraits, which we weep over in secret. Forster was with us at Windsor, and (for the joke's sake) counterfeits a passion too, but he does not love her.

"Don't mention this unhappy attachment. I am very wretched, and think of leaving home. My wife makes me miserable, and when I hear the voices of my infant children I burst into tears. I fear it is too late to ask you to take this house, now that you have made such arrangements of comfort in Pall Mall, but if you will, you shall have it very cheap—furniture at a low valuation—money

not being so much an object as escaping from the family. For God's sake turn this matter over in your mind, and please to ask Captain Kincaide what he asks—his lowest terms in short for ready money—for that post of Gentleman-at-Arms. I must be near her, and I see no better way than that for the present.

"I have in hand three numbers of 'Master Humphrey's Clock,' and the first two chapters of 'Barnaby.' Would you like to buy them? Writing any more in my present state of mind is out of the question. They are written in a pretty fair hand, and when I am in the Serpentine may be considered curious. Name your own terms.

"I know you don't like trouble, but I have ventured, notwithstanding, to make you an executor to my will. There won't be a great deal to do, as there is no money. There is a little bequest having reference to her which you might like to execute. I have heard, on the Lord Chamberlain's authority, that she reads my books, and is very fond of them. I think she will be sorry when I am gone. I should wish to be embalmed, and to be kept (if practicable) on the top of a triumphal arch at Buckingham Palace when she is in town, and on the north-east turrets of the Round Tower when she is at Windsor.

"From your distracted and blighted friend,

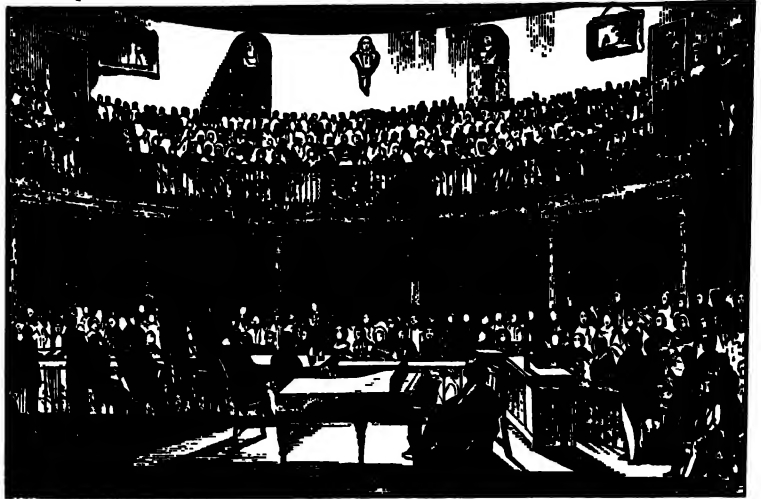
"CHARLES DICKENS.

"P.S.—If it comes to that don't show this to the coroner."

Another of the novelist's letters to him is written from Liverpool on the night of the incident referred to regarding Miss Christina Weller, and is followed by two others in the same year from Devonshire Terrace begging him to join the novelist's party for Italy. Not long after their return to England T. J. Thompson was married to Miss Christina Weller, and the happy couple went to reside in Italy.

The great genius that Dickens saw in Miss Christina Weller was neither extravagant nor unjustified, for those talents she possessed as a young girl developed after her marriage, and she became not only a very notable painter, but one of the most brilliant musicians of her period. She gathered round her a distinguished circle of friends which included such persons as Mendelssohn, Millais, Arnold, Thalberg, Ruskin, John Bright, Jenny Lind, Grisi, Prince Lucien Bonaparte, and, of course, Dickens himself, whom she and her husband visited several times at Gadshill.

Her musical career was remarkable in every way. She has herself said that her fondness for music began from the moment she opened her eyes. At the age of seven she appeared publicly as a pianist at Cheltenham, and at seventeen made her debut in Dublin where she played with Thalberg, who spoke of her beautiful playing and prophesied she would become one of the greatest celebrities of the day. Later, whilst in Italy, a Genoese *maestro* asserted that she was the greatest pianist, excepting Liszt, he had ever heard. She had played to Mendelssohn some of his "Lieder ohne Worte" to his



Opening of the Mechanics' Institute,
Liverpool, February 26th, 1844.

Charles Dickens presiding, and Miss Christina Weller at the piano.

From *Illustrated London News*, March 2nd, 1844

great delight, and accompanied Vicuxtemps to some of his compositions. She herself was the composer of many songs and other pieces, the latter including a "Stabat Mater," and Oratorio with full orchestration, entitled "The Atonement," and music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Tempest." While Sir John Bennett declared that her "Queen's Jubilee Hymn" was "worthy to be a national air."

Her natural disposition to paint did not have full play until after her marriage. She loved to paint rural scenes but did not confine her work to that particular phase of art. Indeed, her greatest picture was "The Morning of the Resurrection," which so enchanted Napoleon's nephew that he told her "his friends, no more than himself, could detach their eyes from this masterpiece of inspired art." Many of her oil paintings were exhibited at the London Galleries, whilst her water-colour drawings were the admiration of Ruskin, who pronounced them as amongst the finest he had ever seen.

In January, 1846, we find Dickens writing the following from Rosemont:

"MY DEAR THOMPSON,—All kind of hearty cordial congratulations on the event. We are all delighted that it is at last well over. There is an uncertainty attendant on angelic strangers (as Miss Tox says) which is a great relief to have so happily disposed of.

"Ever yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

This "event" was the birth at Lausanne of their first daughter, Elizabeth. Ultimately another daughter, Alice, was born.

The great genius that Dickens saw in Miss Christina Weller has shown itself in her two daughters, and although their mother has insisted that their ability was inherited from their father, it is obvious that the mother's great gifts must have contributed not a little to their brilliant talents.

Elizabeth Thompson at the early age of five showed signs of that artistic genius which made her name as the painter of those famous pictures, "The Roll Call," "Balaclava," "The Defence of Rorke's Drift," and

numerous others, famous throughout the world. In 1877 she married Lieutenant-General Sir William Francis Butler, the distinguished soldier. Her sister Alice married Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, and is to-day one of our most accomplished poets and essayists whose name

and work are as well known in the literary world as Lady Butler's are in the artistic.

It is interesting to note that Alice Thompson's first volume of verse, entitled "*Preludes*," was published in 1875, and was illustrated by her sister, Elizabeth.

THE ORIEL TRANSLATION OF DANTE.*

BY DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

I MUST begin with a note in bibliography. Dr. Shadwell writes by way of preface: "Some years ago I published a translation of the '*Purgatorio*' in the metre of Marvell's Horatian '*Ode to Cromwell*'; the first part of which (Cantos I.-XXVII.) appeared in 1892, and the second part (Cantos XXVIII.-XXXIII.) in 1899. This volume completes the task I then set myself." From one point of view, the decision not to take in the whole of the *Divine Comedy* is regrettable. It leaves a rare and interesting venture as a torso rather than a statue, making of it the curiosity which dilettanti may admire, but the larger ranks of Dantean readers are not likely to purchase. And it leaves its metrical problem destitute of illustrations and comparisons, in themselves sure to be fascinating. We would gladly learn how Dr. Shadwell's bold handling might fare in passages ever so much better known than those which he has dealt with. What a fine chance he has denied to himself and us in putting aside the opening Canto, which ushers in the Pilgrim's Song of the Middle Age! How eagerly we should have turned to the episodes of Francesca and Ugolino! One feels as if the scholar had shrunk back, daintily or in affright, from the dramatist who is called upon to brave sad and horrible things even as he joys in light and love. These heights are not to be measured save by those depths. Is it modern weakness—I know not myself—which resolves the scheme of Dante into penitence and innocence, but loses out of its world-wide compass the guilt a soul resolutely clings to, and the rebellion that will not stoop to be forgiven? Over the blank leaves of the "*Inferno*" thus needed to make bulk, as it were, on our shelves, I seem to see a note of interrogation hovering. It is a significant silence.

Dr. Mackail's introduction will be read with delight. There is more than a touch in it of Pater's deliberate file. The manner is reflective, almost aloof, but yet under its calm we detect enthusiasm, subdued to habitual devotion by scholarship. No student of poetry better deserves a hearing on the chief question which this translation sets at the bar—I mean its metrical form. Dr. Shadwell has imitated Marvell, and Marvell did a daring feat when he shaped the lines of his Cromwellian *Ode* upon the rhythm of the Latin Horace. Everyone that has looked at Dante's text knows how it moves, as Carlyle said, "with a sort of lilt," it sings itself along. But when Carlyle added, "The language, his simple *terza rima*, helped him in this," we can hardly keep from

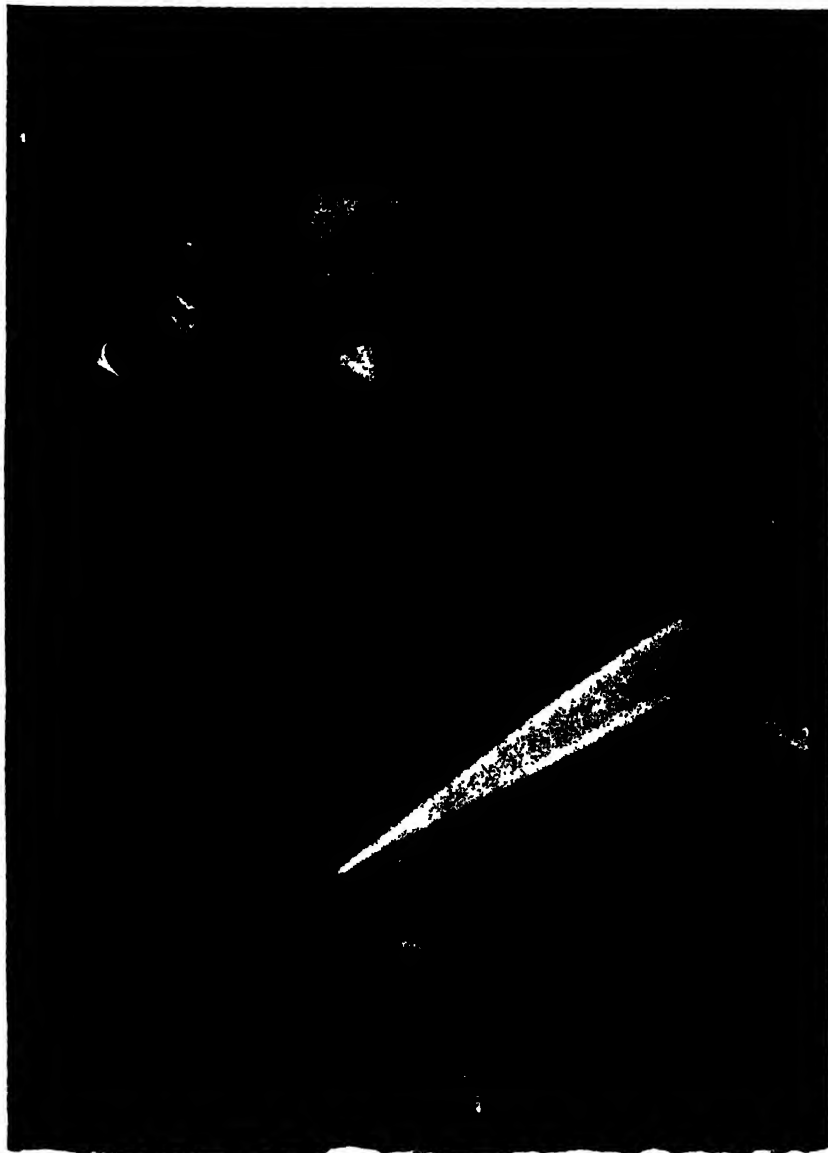
smiling. The metrical unit chosen by our Florentine, "the key of the pattern," to borrow Dr. Mackail's word, was certainly not a single line but a group of three lines rhyming, which we name a *terzina*. It is the rhyme that binds them together and bears them on. For, as again Dr. Mackail notes, "in the original these units are interlocked throughout by the rhyming system, and fastened off at the end of each Canto by a final line which converts the last *terzina* into a quatrain." Where is Carlyle's "simple *terza rima*" left in all this "linked sweetness long drawn out"? The effect and the problem how to reproduce it in English may be shown by transcribing the first nine lines of Shelley's wonderful attempt to render Canto XXVIII of the *Purgatorio* in a metre like its own; though using our heroic verse:

"And earnest to explore within—around—
That divine wood whose thick, green, living woof
Tempered the young day to the sight, I wound
Up the green slope, beneath the forest's roof,
With slow, soft steps leaving the mountain's steep;
And sought those inmost labyrinths, motion-proof
Against the air that, in the stillness deep
And solemn, struck upon my forehead bare
The slow, soft stroke of a continuous sleep."

I break off in my quotation, but the music goes forward. Not only so; there is a true "miracle of construction" in every part as in the whole edifice of song which this more than Virgilian artist planned, building the lofty rhyme with an intensity of purpose never outdone, like a jeweller in the "*Arabian Nights*" who should take gems instead of common marble to make of them a palace. There is, indeed, as I grant, "a strong pause at the end of each stanza-unit so habitually that its absence is a rare and marked exception"; into these jewel-cases the gems have been fitted—the two hundred similes which we may count in the "*Paradiso*," and those crystalline deposits of a philosophy in the main Platonic, lending themselves readily to exemplar forms, as if patterns laid up in Heaven. To no poem, early or late, does the famous description of "*The Prelude*" given by Coleridge apply more decisively than to the Florentine masterpiece. It is "a song of high and passionate thought, to its own music chanted." Therefore is it untranslatable, or only to be translated by such wizards of word-harmonies as Shelley proves himself in the fragment cited above.

How far Dr. Shadwell has triumphed with his quatrain corresponding to Dante's *terzina*, will be a matter of dispute, according as we lay stress upon the "strong pause," or on the onward march and sweep of the rhyme which, to my ear, seems always moving till it reaches

* "*The Paradise of Dante Alighieri*." An Experiment in Literal Verse Translation. By Chas. Lancelot Shadwell, D.C.L., late Provost of Oriel College, Oxford. With an Introduction by J. W. Mackail, LL.D., formerly Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. 12s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)



Camera portrait by E. O. Hopf.

Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

Morley Roberts.

the line locking it together. Let me emphasise my remark by setting down the double stanza from "Paradiso" (xxx. 16, 21), which celebrates Beatrice's last unveiling of her beauty, as Dr. Shadwell renders it:

"If all that can of her be told,
United in one word were rolled,
Its measure scarce could reach
Due praise aright to teach.
The loveliness which there would glow
Surpasses all that we may know:
I deem such joy alone
Is to its Maker known."

To my feeling, these lines halt where the Italian verses run on. But Dr. Mackail is very sure of his general verdict. "This volume," he says, "presents itself as an accredited version," and "the merits of this particular metrical form are great." He insists that "it has now been shown to bear surprisingly well the test of continuous work on a large scale," nay, "it gives a striking approximation to the colour and movement of the original." I listen, ready to be convinced, but a doubting Thomas yet. I have obeyed the Oxford Professor's wise counsel and travelled over the book at head-long speed. I was willing to be carried away "on swift still wings," as if the thing I loved fled on before. And I do unfeignedly admire many turns, deft, skilful handiwork, testifying to a mastery of English and Tuscan which it is pleasant to dwell upon as the glory of latter-day Oriel, not to be exchanged for a wilderness of Rhodes' scholars. Perhaps I deserve pardon (as a man is never satisfied with his friend's portrait) if I snatch an excuse from Dr. Mackail's own quoting and murmur sometimes, "*Ma non con questa moderna favella.*" The pause in Marvell's versifying is something too absolute, too like a word of command. It pulls me up and drives me back. After all, certain strokes of genius are inimitable. There is, in Canto XX., 71, a thrice famous simile, to be coupled with Shakespeare's morning song, "Hark, hark, the lark at Heaven's gate sings"—sheer ecstasy in Shakespeare as in Dante. Now Dr. Shadwell modulates it thus:

"As lark, wide-circling in the air
Sings first, and then is silent there,
Contented to enjoy,
Her last sweet melody."

Am I enchanted? Alas, no. For still the Tuscan is rounding in mine ear:

"Quale allodetta che in aere si spazia,
Prima cantando, et poi tace contenta
Dell' ultima dolcezza che la sazia."

I think the Professor of Poetry would not be hard upon me, seeing how distinctly he lays it down that the form and substance of inspired utterance are one, not to be divided. What he asks of a translator is, in the much trumpeted phrase of Nietzsche, a "transvaluation." That, too, would content me, wherever it was possible. And my touchstone is not far to seek. When I call to

mind, repeatedly, a passage so transmuted, it cannot but hold in it some precious ore. Hence, nothing but time will decide how deep, or the reverse, any new rendering of Dante will penetrate into the thought, whether it is tinder lightly blazing or a steady flame to shed its rays on this obscure yet divine world of vision. We must be grateful to the scholar who guides us, torch in hand, himself knowing the way by repeated journeys, from sphere to sphere, upwards through the ten heavens until we look upon the Rose Celestial and hear St. Bernard hymning the Madonna. For, to the crowd of Dante's lovers, as to Carlyle, the "Paradiso" sounds like "inarticulate music." As a poem, or the crown of all the poem, it is heavily weighed down by its lack of human interest, by an outworn system of astronomy, by puzzling references to men and women long dead, whose story, tragic or romantic, is too allusively told, by an appeal to the science of a day which was dark on that side, as well as by the rare atmosphere, intense but fatally thin and exhausting, where the poet's art, says Dr. Mackail admirably, "seems to have almost burned itself away, to have become vaporised into an imponderable essence." At his final stage Dante, who began the pilgrimage with Virgil, ends it with Lucretius, in an abyss which is full of light, but where man cannot live. He peoples the void with saints and angels, indeed; nevertheless, one may compare the "Paradiso," for its tension upon the spirit, with a mighty creation, unlike it in other aspects, the "Prometheus Unbound." To enjoy it as poetry demands the same kind of effort. We must, for the while, go beyond our human reach, undertake a flight in the Empyrean, and hold on valiantly till our breathing ceases to be a struggle with elements finer than we knew in the valley. The "Paradiso," to common readers, is the Matterhorn of poetry; better still, it is "the loftiest star of unascended Heaven." But worthy the climbing; with radiances glancing round, colours pure as the sky, motions of dancing clouds and shimmering waters, and a loveliness in its apparitions from which the last taint of earthly mould has been washed away. It is the apotheosis more than the apocalypse of the Christian Faith. It has great splendours, not matched by Milton; and its human feeling overflows in love, from which the bitterness that filled the prophet's heart ebbs and melts into such happy moods as to make us forget the journey he has come, and we along with him. All is visible in that universe, yet all is spiritual—a great consummation. The day which has dawned on him who escaped from the blind world beneath knows no evening. It reveals the kingdom where God reigns; "and His Will is our peace." On that quiet note I may close with our Oxford teacher. The high and deep song is a chant of victory; and from the "Paradiso" we learn how to conquer ourselves.

I add one line—it ought to be a page—in commendation of so handsomely printed and bound a volume, with Dr. Moore's Italian text fronting the English, an honour to all who have given us the book. It will surely be remarked in our native museum of Dante literature.

New Books.

A NOTABLE TRIO.*

The period of providing the public that desires to know with the information that is indispensable to form any kind of judgment, and with the elementary data requisite to any kind of criticism, of the past few years, is probably drawing to an end, at any rate for the time being. We shall be in danger of incurring a cloudiness of vision in regard to the great question or questions at issue if we keep on too persistently masticating the problems of the "twelve days," and the disputatious issues of the diplomats. We have to keep in mind the fact that, fundamentally speaking, wars are not the result of ostensible causes, grievances tabulated under heads, obvious disputes, schemes of brigandage, dynastic disputes, the quarrels or indiscretions of secret diplomatists, or even the passions of democracies and the delirium of cabinets. Wars in effect are rather like storms, the electric discharge of psychological currents which have been in unsuspected antagonism for a long time. The conflict is postponed by causes underlying and as mysterious as those which ultimately provoke the explosion. Finally the spark is released and the torment rages.

Some of the foreign books that the war has summoned into existence serve to keep us in remembrance of these bigger components of crisis and conflict better than those of home production. Readers who are distrustful of their own insularity will find much that is of superlative value in suggestion, in such solid brochures as the French version of "J'Accuse, par un Allemand," or, again, the searching analysis entitled "La Caste Dominante Allemande," by a Lausanne professor named Maurice Millioud. A trio of contributors from abroad, notable in the highest degree, but with no other bond of unity save their value and timeliness, is supplied by the book of M. Saintyves on "Les Responsabilités de l'Allemagne dans la Guerre de 1914," the translation of Treitschke's "History of Germany," by Cedar and Eden Paul, and the inspiring "Sur La Voie Glorieuse" of M. Anatole France. We can possibly deduce from these pages some anticipatory gleams of history. The causation of this war will no doubt give rise to discussions as interminable as those concerning the causes of 1789. At first people were ready to believe that the oppression of the French peasantry by the grands seigneurs of the eighteenth century was at the bottom of the upheaval. This theory was highly satisfactory to Dickens, and went a long way with Carlyle. The responsibility of Richelieu was as yet undreamt of, but much was soon discovered about the "Doctrines Inspiratrices" of Rousseau and Voltaire. M. Saintyves helps us to explain the equivalent of this in the present war among names now so familiar as Lasson, Nietzsche, Treitschke and Chamberlain. But this is the outwork, no more; for the book, which is as thorough as it is impartial, goes on to deal with the Responsibilities first of the Triple Alliance, then of the Allies, and, in conclusion, deals with the contempt for Neutrality and the Pledged Word which has been systematically displayed by Prussia in strict accordance with the diabolist scheme of philosophy propounded by Frederic the Great. Its chapters supply a compendium of tendencies and events antecedent to the war which should suffice in itself to answer the grotesque suggestions contained in Bernhardi's new book-for-American-consumption. The quotations of Treitschke have steadily advanced in the English market. We began by a twopenny tract on Treitschke and his congener Nietzsche; then came Davis's admirable anthology of the "Political

Thought," at 6s.; next came that most interesting book by Antoine Guillaud on "Modern Germany and her Historians," at 7s. 6d.; and now we have, at 10s. 6d., the text of Treitschke's great "History," leading up from the Seven Years' War under Frederic to the Seven Years' War under William. But Treitschke himself, like Macaulay setting out for the age of Anne and the Georges, hardly got within sight of the promised land. He came to an end with the zenith and foreshadowed downfall of German Liberalism, in 1848. The present volume of a workman-like translation, that will extend to two well-filled volumes, concludes with the Congress of Vienna. Treitschke had too much of a Tyrtæus about him to be an historian to our taste. We have had pamphleteer historians, party historians, and satirist historians in plenty. We have the superior historian to perfection in Gibbon, but we have never had a clarion history, preaching duty and devotion to the State through a megaphone. In temperament the German rather resembled America's great historian, Parkman. A nation has to be caught at the psychological moment to be impressed and given permanent direction to such an extent as Germany was by Treitschke, plastic though we know it always to have been in the hands of its professors—"damned crowing cockerells," as Palmerston called them. When the present work is nearer completion we hope that a chance may be found for us to come back and test the value of the matrix. But the popular estimate of the historian may be gauged by the fact that, struck by the formidable aspect of his name, several writers have already added a z to it.

Anatole France stands out first among the men of letters of Europe. Since Tolstoi and Meredith were eclipsed, he has been *facile princeps*, a tribe has taken his recognisance in a bookshop, just as men were formally sealed of the tribe of Ben in the Devil Tavern; he has become Dictator. He is distinguished further now by a Recantation which will perhaps be as often recounted as that of Cranmer. To collect together the passages in which Anatole has made elaborate mock of war and its professors, its futility, its stupidity, its negation of humanity, would fill a complete number of THE BOOKMAN. Speaking from memory, I should think that they attain their climax of intensity in "La Pierre Blanche," but they are scattered up and down his pages, accumulating in scathing force with the experience of the writer. Scott's Antiquary, we are reminded (unlike his creator), was a great contemner of military paraphernalia—a good army was to him "militarism,"—but when the need came, and the lying beacon, as in "The Trumpet Major," announced the arrival of the invader, no one was readier than Monkbarns. "Give me," he said, "the sword which my father wore in the year forty-five. It hath no belt or baldrick, but we'll make shift."

His own spirit is finely reflected among the townsfolk.

"The magistrates were beset by the quartermasters of the different corps for billets for men and horses. 'Let us,' said Ballie Littlejohn, 'take the horses into our warehouses, and the men into our parlours—share our supper with the one, and our forage with the other. We have made ourselves wealthy under a free and paternal Government, and now is the time to show its value.'"

But splendidest of all is the testimony of the Spirit of Patriotic Resistance which the situation evokes from the lips of the old Blue-gown, or gaberlunzie, Edie Ochiltree, one of the fixed stars of fiction:

"An they come sae mony as they speak o', they'll be odds against us. But there's mony vauld chields amang thae volunteers; and I maunna say muckle about them that's no weel and no very able, because I am something that gate myself; but we've do our best."

"What! So your martial spirit is rising again, Edie?"

"Even in our ashes glow their wonted fires!"

I would not have thought you, Edie, had so much to fight for."

* "Les Responsabilités de l'Allemagne." By P. Saintyves. 3 fr. (Nourry).—"History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century." By Heinrich von Treitschke. Vol. I. 12s. 6d. net. (Jarrold).—"Sur la Voie Glorieuse." By Anatole France. 3.50 fr. (Champion.)

"Me no muckle to fight for, sir? Isna there the country to fight for, and the burnsidies that I gang daundering besides, and the hearths o' the gude-wives that gie me my bit bread, and the bits o' weans that come toddling to play wi' me when I come about a landward town? Deil!" he continued, grasping his pikestaff with great emphasis, "an I had as gude pith as I hae gude-will and a gude cause, I should gie some o' them a day's kemping."

"Bravo, bravo, Edie! The country's in little ultimate danger when the beggar's as ready to fight for his dish as the laird for his land."

The transformation of a countryside, in Dorset or Aberdeenshire, from the most peaceful to the most martial aspect conceivable is not more complete than that of Anatole France when he found his own country threatened by a monster he had hitherto regarded as more or less fabulous. He at once demanded a rifle and a uniform. He at once took a place appropriate to his rank in the general invocation of his countrymen to arms. And here we find him, not so much appealing for a restoration of peace in our time, as for the deliverance of his country from a hideous peace. To beguile our country "par le fantôme voilé d'une paix hideuse," that is the greatest crime that a Frenchman can commit to-day. The same danger exists on this side of the Channel, and the French Master would be as correct in his estimate here as there. A half-peace as the result of a drawn war is probably the worst foe we have to contemplate. The *Pax Germanica* is the sum total of all that we are most anxious to avert. It means a polity somewhat resembling that of the Incas of Peru, the drastic rule of a shipping, manufacturing bully, decked out in military uniform, systematic coercive discipline, in a word, Science without Conscience, which is (we have the word of Rabelais for it, and he ought to know) Damnation. Cursed as we are by grievous tyrannies of our own—the tyranny of the wage lord, the tyranny of the market, the tyranny of the slum, the tyranny of the countryside—we yet have grace enough left to us to follow through mire and marshy places what is left to us of the Gleam. This is the *Liberty* still which renders this a war of Liberation; and this is not the mere liberty to exist, which no violence can destroy; it is also the liberty to seek the good and to find expression for it; and these are things that violence may destroy. The will to good—the striving after the highest visible—call it, with the Greeks, justice, or, with Thomas Aquinas, the realisation of God—call it what you will—is the profoundest thing in man and is that which gives value to his life. For every man the thing of supreme importance is his freedom to seek the good and to realise it as he can and as he sees it. If that be so, then the supreme evil is not loss of goods, or of friends, or of health, still less is it death; it is the suppression of freedom. The worst thing that can happen to a man is that another should dominate and control his will by violence or threats of violence.

If we fail in this war, our control over this kind of liberty will be sensibly weakened, and our posterity will denounce a generation which, by its short-sighted endeavours to avert war, not only failed in its immediate purpose, but, by reason of its fear of war, brought us within the poisonous breath of something infinitely worse than war.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

AN EVANGEL OF HUMANISM.*

Miss Hughes appears to be one of that increasing band of social workers who, after a course at one of the older Universities, take up a professional post in one of our elementary schools. Her book bears no trace of that suggestion of condescension that too often mars the reports of such adventurers into strange social grades. She has taught in three elementary schools, and has quite evidently been in each case of the school as well as in it. She writes with knowledge and with sympathy.

Miss Hughes exercises the right to interpret a technical term in her own way. For her, *Humanism* is a convenient

* "Citizens to Be." By M. L. V. Hughes. 4s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

word to represent the true spirit that should underlie and inspire education. She admits that there is something mysterious about the humanistic ideal, but the reader gathers that its essential quality is the reconciliation of the claims of the individual and society. "Humanism stands for the full and free development of the individual in and through society." Its arch foes are "mechanism, repetition, uniformity." On the practical side of school work the reconciliation of the practical and the speculative "is the quintessence of Humanism." A sort of religious fervour marks Miss Hughes' use of the term, and on page 273 she appears to rank Humanism as co-ordinate with Christianity. She believes that for Humanism intellect is of much less importance than is interest. In seeking to define interest Miss Hughes falls back on Nettleship's definition, and her defiant acceptance of this definition is characteristic of the tone of the book. "If, in accepting this new definition of interest, we are taken out of our depth, so is every one who touches truth." But while she frequently permits herself to soar, she generally keeps well within the range of the practical. Sometimes, indeed, she proclaims that she is dealing with matters that are not particularly novel—"we are only talking commonplaces here"—but she is well aware that such commonplaces need vigorous and frequent statement if they are to command the attention they deserve in a book that makes its appeal to a lay audience. This raises the question of the aim of the book. From the text one would gather that it is written by a teacher and meant to be read by other teachers. But as a matter of fact Miss Hughes must have a wider circle of readers in view. For to the professional teacher much of the book will appear somewhat over-familiar, though eminently sound. To the general reader most of it will be fresh. No teacher needs to have it demonstrated that sixty is too large a number of pupils in a class, yet the largeness of the classes in elementary schools is condemned throughout the book with a persistence that would be wearisome if it were addressed to the thoroughly convinced teachers. On the other hand, everybody who has the good of the children of the nation at heart will admit that it is impossible to lay too much stress on the deplorable effects of the present overgrown classes. It is often taken for granted that it is essential that in secondary schools the classes should be smaller than in elementary. Miss Hughes takes quite the opposite view, and maintains that since the children of the poor need more individual attention than those of the well-to-do, the classes in the elementary schools should be smaller than those in the secondary.

A conspicuous merit of the book is that it is constructive. Fully alive to the defects of our present system Miss Hughes devotes most of her energy to suggesting ways of improving them. By a quaint conceit based upon Mr. Paterson's admirable "Across the Bridges," she works out a list of five bridges that will enable us to pass from the present unsatisfactory state of our elementary education to one that will please the humanist. She makes an excellent point when she indicates the breach between the spirit of the education in the infants' school and that of the senior school. "There cannot be a national system which accepts Humanism for the years from three to seven, and then for the great majority prescribes an anti-Humanist seven years' drill." The beginning of reform lies in granting to the boys' and girls' schools the same freedom as has been general in the infants' schools. But mere freedom is not enough. The teachers must be encouraged to use it. For help here Miss Hughes looks to those who prepare the young teachers:

"Is the statement too obvious, or is it too daringly novel, that the institution on which more than any other the well-being of the nation—its health, its wisdom, its goodness and its happiness—depend, is the Elementary Training College?"

Miss Hughes demands so much from teachers that they may be a little dismayed at her claims. But they will be glad to note that among her demands for reform is greater leisure for the teachers, so that they may themselves enjoy the benefits of Humanism and thus be in a position to pass them on to others. Though she writes for teachers, Miss

Hughes does not hesitate to apply the scourge where she thinks it deserved, though she has the grace to put the reproof into the mouth of another. Mr. Egerton is not without his value as a critic of the profession.

There are many points on which readers will join issue with Miss Hughes—direct moral training, transcription versus dictation, elementary schools and cheap reprints—but these are technical matters in which the public is not interested. What the general reader will find here is an admirable statement of a great national problem, made by a writer whose relevant experience, wide reading and sympathetic insight entitle her to respectful consideration.

JOHN ADAMS.

THE FREEDING OF THE SPIRIT.*

Dr. Taylor is favourably known by several contributions to our knowledge of the past and the findings of modern thought thereon. His history of intellectual and emotional development under the title of "The Mediaeval Mind" is that which appeals to me most, in view of my own dedications, but it is, perhaps, "Ancient Ideals" which is recalled most naturally by the present study, not that there is similarity in subject-matter, but a similar field is covered. In the present volume a beginning is made with Chaldea and Egypt, while the term is reached in the light of Christianity at the epoch of St. Augustine. The title of "Deliverance" may appear a little cryptic, but it refers to that "freedom of action" attained by our "spiritual ancestors" as the result of self-adjustment to "the fears and hopes of their nature." Perhaps the explanation suggests a more simple naturalism than is characteristic of the author's standpoint, and—as Dr. Taylor appears to discern on his own part—it is out of count when he reaches one of the "spiritual ancestors," namely, Jesus of Nazareth. The consciousness of a Messianic and redeeming mission accompanied by a sense of Divine Sonship and illustrated by Divine foreknowledge, is not explained by self-adjustment to fears and hopes or by a realisation of the good and evil which these are held to connote. However, the work itself remains singularly unaffected by a recurring verbal formula, and it corresponds literally to the sub-title, as a series of studies in "the freeing of the spirit" and the kind of deliverance which was sought under the influence of great successive spiritual systems, teachers and liberators. Setting aside the primitive "coercions" sought out in magic, the paths of emancipation considered in successive chapters are broadly those of active duty, detachment of contemplative life, the sacrifice of individuality to unification with the Infinite, the salvation of release alike from self and not-self, the establishment of living relation with a righteous God, and finally in the bonds of love with a God Who is love itself. The ancestors representing these paths are Confucius, Lao Tzu, the Vedic school and its developments, the Buddha, Zarathustra, the prophets of Israel and the Divine Master of Palestine.

Dr. Taylor is utterly lucid, while his moderation and free spirit of research, apart from all bias, cannot fail to insure him a considerable and willing audience. One would say that only in a very wide sense can he claim—as he seems to claim—a place among the followers of Christ. He will forgive me if I add that the great subject of path and term does not live in his hands: it is reviewed only. Yet he sees far away that Christian saints have "anticipated deliverance from themselves," the state of seeing through the eyes of God and loving "only through His heart." This alone is "deliverance"—the hope of that liberation which is called Divine Union. The testimony through ages and nations of those who followed the paths which are held to end therein offers more than presumption and more than hope that the end is not beyond us. Great and excellent are those "intimations of immortality"

* "Deliverance: the Freeing of the Spirit in the Ancient World." By Henry Osborn Taylor, Litt.D. 5s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

which came to such a poet as Wordsworth. Yet are they looking from a threshold only. Very different are other intimations of life in God which came to such a mystic as Eckehart. Here also and now there are moments in the loving stillness when the soul sees and knows. In part and through a glass darkly, I am very sure that the soul knows.

A. E. WAITE.

THE AMORIST.*

It was a right instinct which made Mr. Maugham give the greatest space to Mildred, among all the women who touched and influenced his hero's life. For Philip Carey, introspective, indolent, shiftless, opinionated, club-footed, is a man doomed to be loved. He is not doomed to evoke great passion, nor is it his destiny to love lightly or deeply any one woman: he is simply one of those men for whom women, in whom affection is stronger than passion, will always be prepared to suffer. Yet he himself has, mentally, rather than emotionally, the capacity for feeling passion: and he does, midway in his career, fall stupidly and desperately in love with Mildred, a vulgar, avid, atrocious girl in a tea-shop. The episode of Mildred and Philip is horrible. She takes and takes, and gives nothing. She rejects Philip for a sensual brute: and then, abandoned, comes to Philip for help. Forsaken again, betrayed by his friend, Philip still cannot resist Mildred's appeal: and he continues to give charity long after he has lost passion. The thing, in spite of fine moments, is degrading: for the sake of this passion, Philip neglects honour, affection, duty and decency. Yet it is the one fixed thing in his life. Unstable as water in all else, he fails in this, too, where he feels firmly and definitely. And his failure to hold Mildred throws a light on his character almost as illuminating as his capacity for loving so ignoble a creature.

* "Of Human Bondage." By W. Somerset Maugham. 6s. (Heinemann.)



Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

Mr. W. Somerset Maugham.

It is no use complaining that Mr. Maugham might have chosen a nobler, a more exciting, a more amusing person than Philip Carey. He has given us so admirable a picture, so carefully etched a portrait of this poor beggar of the spirit that we must not cry out against the lack of colour and humour in his pages. There are a great many of those pages—over six hundred—and some of them could have been spared. The intense, rather baffling detail of Philip's life, at his two schools is rather distracting; and the perpetual conflict between Philip and his uncle is rather needlessly ugly. The main problem of the book is, however, Philip's relationship with women. Miss Williamson, Mildred, Norah Nesbit, and Sally are all drawn into an insight and sincerity which few modern novelists could equal. Miss Williamson is saved from being frankly sordid by a touch of heartbreaking farce, common in French, but rare in English fiction. The passion of an old maid for a young man can be a beautiful thing; but when it is as physical and selfish as Miss Williamson's it is bound to be disgusting. Norah Nesbit loves Philip in the way of friendship, and is rewarded by his return to Mildred: Sally only occurs, as a woman, at the end of the book and we leave Philip on the verge of marrying her.

It may be gathered easily enough that Philip Carey has no sort of moral principles in his relations to women. He abandons the narrow Christianity of his youth, and adopts a meagre heathenism which brings him more happiness than he deserves. His preoccupation with sex would be more tolerable if it was more frankly sensual; but with him nature is an afterthought. As a portrait of the weak egotist, of the knock-kneed Nietzschean, "Of Human Bondage" may be greeted as a remarkably clever book. Mr. Maugham's elaborate, preoccupied method, his slow insertions of the scalpel into every obscure place suits the timid type he is analysing. It is no disrespect to this piece of work to wish him a rather robust subject for his next serious novel.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

A GOOD BAG.*

We are informed by the gifted authors of "In Mr. Knox's Country" that the book was written before the war. And we are glad that it was, for it is hardly possible that even such light-hearted gaiety and buoyant humour as the authors possess in so remarkable a degree should not otherwise have suffered some sort of eclipse, owing to the terrible events of the past year. So, grateful as we are for the works which preceded, we are doubly grateful for their latest successor, which is like a ray of sunshine illumining a dark and terrifying world. And it is Irish readers, who know and love their country and their country-folk, so often misrepresented by shoddy "humourists" whose conception of Irish speech and character has no foundation in fact, that have most reason to be grateful to these writers. To them the secret of Irish country life has been revealed, the gaiety, the sadness, the dashing, devil-may-care recklessness that in the hunting field found no fence too high, no ditch too wide to be essayed while the hounds gave cry ahead, the incurable optimism and courage which faced the worst of all enemies, the bailiff and the broker, and from the midst of ruined fortunes could still offer a seat at the board and a jest to season the meat. There is an epitome of life as it is lived in the South-West of Ireland, or rather as it was, for now the country houses are deserted, the stables empty; and, if you seek for the Flurry Knoxes, you will find them on the stricken fields of Flanders or on the gun-swept heights of Gallipoli.

More than an Atlantic Ocean of difference lies between "In Mr. Knox's Country" and Mr. Winston Churchill's "A Far Country." The latter is a remarkably able book,

* "In Mr. Knox's Country." By E. O. Somerville and Martin Ross. 6s. (Longmans.)—"A Far Country." By Winston Churchill. 6s. (Macmillan.)—"The Sealed Valley." By Herbert Footner. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)—"Queen Anne is Dead." By Patricia Wentworth. 6s. (Melrose.)—"Rank and Riches." By Archibald Marshall. 6s. (Paul.)

the ablest probably that Mr. Winston Churchill has given us. The characterisation is subtle, consistent and convincing, and it would be difficult to find anything in modern literature more scathing than the picture which the author draws of the development of the American policy of "enlightened self-interest" of which his American lawyer is the embodiment. The book is written in the form of an autobiography, and Hugh Paret tells in meticulous detail the story from his childhood, under a stern but just father of Scots-Irish extraction, until he becomes a corporation lawyer and sells his soul to the Devil.

"We fought cases from one court to another, until our opponents were worn out or the decision was reversed. *We won*, and that spirit of winning got into the blood. What was most impressed on me in those early years, I think, was the discovery that there was always a path—if one were clever enough to find it—from one terrace to the next higher. Staying power was the most prized of all the virtues. One could always, by adroitness, compel a legal opponent to fight the matter out all over again on new ground or at least on ground partially new. If the Court of Appeals should fail one, there was the Supreme Court; there was the opportunity, also, to shift from the State to the Federal Courts, and likewise the much-prized device known as a change of venue, when a judge was supposed to be 'prejudiced.'"

Hugh Paret quickly became an expert in the various legal devices by which the ends of justice are to be defeated and the Galligan case established his reputation intontestably. Galligan was a brakeman; his legs had become paralysed owing to an accident resulting from defective sills on a freight car. He was awarded 15,000 dollars compensation in a suit against the Railway Company. The latter appealed to the Supreme Court which affirmed the decision. Paret was employed to interview the Judge, and to inform him of the indignation of the railway magnate at the verdict. The judge was alarmed for election-day was approaching.

"Of course, if he feels that way, and you want to make a motion for re-hearing, I'll see what can be done," he said.

"Something's got to be done," said I. "Can't you see what such a decision lets them in for?"

"All right," said the Judge, who knew an order when he heard one, "I guess we can find an error." And he did."

In his domestic relations, Paret was no more edifying than in his professional; he married one woman, made love to another man's wife, and all but succeeded in inducing her to leave her husband for him, and here, incidentally, we get an idea of how slender a tie the marriage contract is regarded in America.

It is a long book, and not exactly an agreeable book, but in its way it holds the reader by a certain fascination until the last word is reached.

Of quite a different kind is "The Sealed Valley," by Herbert Footner. It is as full of romance as "The Far Country" is devoid of it. A young Canadian doctor, Ralph Cowdray, is sought by a beautiful girl, daughter of a white father and Indian mother, to accompany her to the sealed valley in the North Cariboo country, to set her mother's broken arm, and as fee she offers him a bag of gold dust. He accepts and they set out on their long, perilous journey together. As was inevitable, when two young people of opposite sexes are thrown together for weeks without the restraint of convention, the young doctor becomes enamoured of his companion, but Nahnya is as good as she is beautiful, and what was an overmastering passion in Ralph Cowdray develops into a pure and romantic attachment. But Nahnya, though she acknowledges her love for Ralph, refuses to accept the sacrifice he would fain make; she has sworn to keep the children of her tribe from the white man, and Ralph must go, "for the white men are like a prairie fire and the red men are the grass." The character of Nahnya is drawn with charm and convincingness and the wild scenery of the Cariboo is well realised.

"Queen Anne is Dead" is a good example of the sword and cape story which used to be so popular. It opens with great vigour and picturesqueness, when Lord Clavering comes back to London to find that his kinsman had gamed away his estate, thinking him dead. His chivalrous attempt to recover compromising letters for the woman

he had once loved and who now sought to betray him, leads him into many dangerous adventures, from one of which he is saved by the warning of a beautiful child, Hélène, to whom he offers his hand and heart at a French Cabaret and is promptly married by a parson who was by a convenient chance on the spot to perform the ceremony, using his own signet ring for the purpose. A very readable story, with plenty of adventure and the appropriate atmosphere.

"Rank and Riches" is rather conventional, but quite well written. It tells the old story of the passing of the great house and estates after centuries of noble extravagance into the hands of a modern millionaire. The latter, who is a very good man for a millionaire, finds that neither he nor his children are adapted for taking up the position of the late owner, and the story ends very appropriately by all the men going to the war and the great house being turned into a hospital for wounded soldiers.

H. A. HINKSON.

MU'TAMID*

It is quite in accordance with the earthly life of Mu'tamid that his poems should at last be given to us in this way. Apparently an amiable Afghan put them into Anglo-Afghan prose and left his work with Captain Cranmer-Byng, the editor of the "Wisdom of the East" series. For several years the MS. remained untouched. But certain months ago another version of "Lucassin and Nicolette" was published, and Captain Cranmer-Byng seems to have shared the general opinion that this version by a new author was superior to Andrew Lang's or any other. At any rate he gave Mu'tamid's poems to Miss Lawrence Smith, and the result is something not less beautiful than his own renowned translations, in the same series, from the Chinese classics, such, for instance, as "A Lute of Jade." The introduction concerns itself with the extraordinarily romantic life of Mu'tamid, his great fortune and his exile, his delicious years in Seville with Rumaikia and Ibn Anmar, the sad years in Africa—this is the life a poet ought to have. And Miss Lawrence Smith has written such an introduction as Mu'tamid, smiling sadly, would have read aloud to Rumaikia while they watched a gorgeous sunset at Mequinez.

How much of these poems is Mu'tamid and how much Miss Lawrence Smith we do not care to know—the born translator enters into the soul of his author, and the words do not so very much matter. Mu'tamid would have clapped his hands over a good many. "The Fountain" is as shrewd as steel, "A Letter" is what many thousand lovers would have given much to say, "To Salma, From Battle" is most stirring, and in this poem, as in others, Miss Lawrence Smith shows great command of technique. In "Tears of the World" we find this beautiful stanza:

"Weep, Wahid, weep, and Zahi with the towers,
Weep ye for him that shall not come again.
All waters of the earth, all dew and showers
Have tears for Mu'tamid, and the summer rain
That once strewed pearls upon him, is become
A sea-wave full of sand and sound and foam."

At the end of the book are some poems by other hands, all of them associates in one way or another of Mu'tamid. What an enviable age when monarchs were addressed by ministers in this way (and even if the author did prove subsequently to be reprehensible):

"Take thou a shallop swifter than thy wit,
And I will be
The ripple running at the stem of it.
Ride, ride, with none beside thee anywhere!
And I will be
The long wind striving at thee by the hair—
Thou shalt not go from me."

It is said that Hammer-Purgstall, the Austrian Orientalist, had the honour of providing the raw material for

* "The Poems of Mu'tamid, King of Seville." Rendered into English Verse by Dulcie Lawrence Smith, with an Introduction. 1s. net. (John Murray.)

Goethe's "West-östliche Divan," and we, in our own language, have a number of very accurate and very painstaking and very wooden and sometimes very adroit versions of Oriental poets, but happily the badness of these versions causes them to disappear. Goethe became acquainted with Hafiz in 1811; he plunged into the Eastern poet as a refuge from the noise of falling thrones and trembling empires. The book "Timur" has an obvious reference to the expedition of Napoleon in Russia. And now, coming in this other huge war, we may ask whether Miss Lawrence Smith is the spiritual great-granddaughter of Goethe? But, apart from all such things, the simple fact remains that the merit of this book about Mu'tamid is in inverse proportion to its size. It is a book worth sending to the trenches.

II. B.

THE IRISH ABROAD.*

There is a library of books, in several languages, dealing with Irish individualities and phases of Irish achievement abroad. Practically every country in Europe has Irish associations, and the record carries us over hundreds of years. The story of the Irish in America, spacious as it is, is quite modern in comparison. The writer who would do justice in one volume to the vivid and varied story would be an artist if not a genius. Mr. O'Donnell, who has strong Irish sympathies and has accomplished a certain amount of research, lets us see at a very early stage that in this direction at any rate he is not an artist, and that he has not given anything approaching adequate attention to certain lines and phases of his subject or to the fitting presentation of the actual material he has amassed.

His first chapter, "How the Irish Came to Go Abroad" is one of the most disappointing of all; the references to the early missionaries and teachers are scrappy and perfunctory, and great personalities of European note are not even mentioned. Succeeding chapters on the Irish in Liverpool, London, etc., are unsatisfactory in other respects; the recital sometimes degenerates into a sort of catalogue, and treats on occasion of personages whose Irish characteristics or sympathies were doubtful or dim indeed. On the other hand the inclusion of such writers as "A. E." and Standish O'Grady, practically all the time at home in Ireland, is distinctly puzzling. In treating of institutions of which he probably has actual experience, like the Irish Literary and Irish Texts Societies and the Gaelic League of London, Mr. O'Donnell conveys very little sense of actuality, to say nothing of vividness.

Naturally, he devotes many pages to the Irish in France, and the scheme of his record carries him into Italy, Spain, Germany, and further afield. Much of the recital is an off-told tale to some readers, but to the multitude in Britain it is mostly new, at any rate in detail. Mr. O'Donnell has collected a series of potentially interesting and enlightening facts, but his sense of proportion is unhappy, he often wanders, and his incidental slips are numerous. He also argues too much, and his criticism of ill-informed or prejudiced writers on Irish folk and affairs does not help matters; a serene and graphic presentation of the truth were immeasurably better. The book has little trials both for those who know and those who do not know. To persevere and get the best out of it requires a certain patience.

W. P. R.

BUCHAN AND BUCCANEERS.†

Not by any means buccaneers only. Redskins, too, play their decisive parts in this romance, which would have been called "Stevensonian" if every other reviewer had not already given it the adjective. The only criticism that

* "The Irish Abroad." By Elliot O'Donnell. With Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)

† "Salute to Adventurers." By John Buchan. 6s. (Nelson.)

can be made of this sort of book is that it is impossible now for the unexpected ever to happen in it. We expect and get surprises, and are never truly surprised. It is exhilarating, spirited, stirring, well-finished, deftly-managed, admirably written; but not one of us whose ways are spent among fiction-books is unaware that yon bonnie lassie who sang the bit song on the braside was destined to be the heroine and the hero's bride; that Muckle John Gib, the Burley-like Scots fanatic, was to turn up again and play his fit part in mightier darker doings than as a roving conventicle-hack; that Red Ringan of the flaming pow and blue eyes, gentle heart and warrior prowess, was to do his fine fighting and come to his fine ending, just as happens to be. We have read this sort of story many a time before and shall doubtless read it many a time in the future; and a good thing too! For here is true romance, the clash and the flash and the stir of it, written by one who finds play in his ploy, and has the arts and craft to make of it a joyous business.

As to the tale itself there is nothing to frown about. "It keeps the wits alive and the attention alert until the happy fulfilment of the last page. Mr. Buchan, with the wizardry of the romanticist, takes his folk of destiny from the hills and valleys of Scotland and sends them by different channels—this one through trading, that one through transportation, here in the spirit of adventure, there because of economic necessity to the young rich land of Virginia. Andrew Garvald, who tells his tale, is that rare thing in this order of book a shrewd trader, early coming to loggerheads with the "silken gentry" who keep fashion and its foibles alive in the virgin forest, even at the very doors of the wilderness where the redskins lurk. Ah, those Indians! It is joy to meet them again in the valleys of adventure. Mr. Buchan has no niggardliness in the brute business of fighting. His hero is a lad of more mettle than Andrew gives himself credit for: in the very first pages he is up and at 'em, like the Guards at Waterloo or an Irish terrier. What he did in Scotland Andrew repeats almost *ad nauseam*—with duelling and derring-do—in the Virginian settlement and forests. It is dare and do all the time: so much dare and so much do that anyone but a Scotsman's Scottish hero would surely have succumbed eventually to the trials of fire and fighting that assailed this trading venturer—but no, not he! One person, at least, is a little too good to be true. Shalah is too refined and wonderful for anything. He is rather more like an archangel than a savage—his perfections are so complete. Without him the whites and all else must have failed. If Mr. Buchan had made him a little less faultlessly wonderful, it would have helped the book. Shalah could have played his part well, even with a little more of that human nature which is part and parcel of the primitives whose ways are inevitably marked by the traces of tribal fierceness and blood.

It is, however, unnecessary, as it would be ungrateful, to find fault with "Salute to Adventurers." It is Mr. Buchan's purpose to provide for his readers relief from the anxieties of these fighting times with the entertainment of—more fighting. The book serves its writer's end. Reading it relieves the mental stress, the nervous strain, we all must endure; and that is its justification; for it is good telling well told, and such helpful, hearty stuff that it makes excellent mind-fare for soldiers and sailors resting from duty; and this reviewer's copy goes by way of the post-office to some ship or trench to ease and gladden the recreation of fighters.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

A CRITIC OF ANATOLE FRANCE.*

* Mr. George's little book on Anatole France, in the admirable "Writers of the Day" series, is one of the most disconcerting critiques I have ever read. For several reasons, it makes practically no attempt whatever

to interpret the artistic method of our only modern tragic-comedian, and at the same time it elbows off, *en passant*, as Mr. George might say, casual statements of the most provocative and controversial kind, which need a whole architecture of argument to establish them. It gives elaborate *précis* of the contents of "Penguin Island," the "Contemporary History," and one or two others, and it dismisses "Histoire Comique," the most starkly terrible story Anatole France ever wrote, as an "intellectual exercise"; it barely mentions "At the Sign of the Reine Rédaque," "Balthazar," and "The Garden of Epicurus," and it abbreviates "Life and Letters," the quintessence of Anatole France's literary faith, in a couple of pages, mainly devoted to quotation. It tells us daskly that his style is polished and luminous; that he is a votary of intellectual paganism; that he dislikes superstition; that he loves the Catholic idealism of the Middle Ages; that "what is, is, and what may be, may be," is the epitome of his religion; that he is a hedonist without moral purpose, and that the foundation of his literary temper is sensuality; that his satire is genial "with perhaps a tear or two in its laughter," and that the horses who draw the satiric chariot are Irony and Pity. According to Mr. George, Anatole France's democratic connections and their apparent denial in "The Gods are Athirst," can be explained, because the artist "can hold simultaneously divergent views"; that his conception of love is exclusively materialistic; that he can laugh at everybody but himself; that he is not a bit more original than Mr. Shaw, and, in short, he "is not easy to understand," because "he is merely what he is."

What a conglomerate of commonplace, and unsubstantiated at that! I put these inconsequential statements one after another deliberately, because Mr. George, having written this book without method and unity, is committed to the Goddess of Inconsequence, and, in so doing, he has done Anatole France an injustice. No wonder that he is doubtful of posterity's reception to him! The truth is that Mr. George has taken his subject altogether too lightly and haphazardly. Can Mr. George really think that the supreme satirist of our generation is without moral purpose? You might as well say that Swift, Rabelais, Voltaire, or Mr. Shaw are without moral purpose. Who could have written "Penguin Island" without a devouring, a missionary sense of moral values? What is the paint of satire, unless it is generated by a love of humanity? You may be sure that the more a man laughs at the world, the more he means you to take him seriously, and Mr. George emphatically does not take Anatole France seriously enough. He lectures him, he indulges him, he pets him, he even admires him; but he regards him only decoratively, as the means to gratify an agreeable æsthetic sensation. Again, it is only a half-truth to declare that love with Anatole France is solely "a matter of skin." Look at the sublime love of Sylvestre Bonnard for his granddaughter. Mr. George would have it that it is only a quixotic fancy. I doubt if Anatole France is ever cynical even in his inexcusable view of sexual love. His libertines are never cruel; they are tender even in their debaucheries. The reason why his attitude to sexual love is hedonistic is partly because of his artistic predilections, partly because his morality has a generic rather than a personal implication.

But it is not so much that Mr. George is wrong in his estimate of Anatole France, but that he has not penetrated deeper into the accepted generalisations about him. His criticisms are left, so to speak, *in vacuo*. He has not discovered the underlying, unifying, reconciling principle that informs this multifarious genius. He simply takes the occasional manifestations of it, marks them, and passes on. Mr. George's monograph is pleasant reading, but too airy, too disconnected, and far, far too slight to be an intimate, original portrait of a great genius.

HAROLD MASSINGHAM.

* "Anatole France." By W. L. George. 1s. net (Nisbet.)

AN AID TO STUDY.*

The appropriateness of the title chosen by Mr. Courtney is not very evident, but that will not interfere with our appreciation of his work, which is a step in the right direction. Briefly put, his endeavour has been to arrange the books in their chronological order, while prefaces are added to each discussing the chronology and the authorship. What gain does the "literary man" derive from this? By having the writings before him as they followed one another in actual time, he can see better how the Church grew, how Christianity itself grew, how the creed was built up to suit the enlarging environment. Peculiarly happy and suggestive in this connection is the editor's remark that "a sect of believers mostly of peasant origin, who did not wish to break with Judaism, observed, no doubt, with wonder and consternation an enlargement of the whole field of their work." The consequences upon the creed of that "enlargement," the progress of that gradual "breaking with Judaism" are studied most easily in a New Testament arranged chronologically. The growth in the idea of the personality of the Messiah and of His second coming forms another absorbingly interesting subject of study which is assisted by this volume.

To ascribe a chronology at all is much less difficult now when critics are returning to ways of sanity, than when the Germans were raging like bulls in a china shop. The weakest point in Mr. Courtney's chronology seems to us to be the late date given to Revelations. He himself confesses that the first thirteen verses of chapter xi. must have been written before the fall of Jerusalem and most critics judge it to be a Neronian document, written by St. John the Divine in A.D. 70.

As to authorship, and what is by far the most difficult problem in that connection, the authorship of St. John's Gospel, Mr. Courtney suspends his judgment, though he quotes Mr. Rendel Harris's discoveries of 1909 to show that the thought in the Gospel is far less Alexandrian, and therefore far more harmonious with St. John's environment, than was previously supposed. Hebrews he assigns fairly confidently to Apollos, but there is an equal weight of probability in favour of Barnabas being the author. As for the origin of the Synoptic Gospels he adopts the theory now in vogue that Mark's Gospel was the first compilation, to which Matthew and Luke added from the "Logia" and from "Q," a document containing discourses. Mr. Courtney dismisses somewhat airily the theory, promulgated, we believe, by Dr. Petrie, of a nucleus, on making additions to which Mark and Luke collaborated side by side somewhere about A.D. 55, unknown to St. Luke. He makes no allusion to one very significant feature—the beautifully-told Birth narrative in Luke i. and ii., the writer of which, though not formally naming his authority, does not leave it doubtful whose authority he had. And it would have been well if in the text of the Gospels some intimation had been given as to where one source ended and another began; some intimation for example, might have been given of Luke's indebtedness to "Q" for the long passage ix. 51 to xviii. 14. Mr. Courtney's careful and most interesting work will be of the greatest service to students of the New Testament and New Testament history.

W. A. F.

A LONDON FAMILY.†

When I was reading two of Mr. Pett Ridge's recent novels I thought they showed signs of a falling off in those qualities of humour and characterisation that are peculiarly his own; that certain quaintnesses of style were hardening into mannerisms and growing a little mechanical; that he was cultivating a trick of allusiveness to such an extent that it was ceasing to be pleasantly suggestive and forced one now and then to pause and dig for his meaning. It

* "The Literary Man's New Testament." By W. L. Courtney. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

† "The Kennedy People." By W. Pett Ridge. 6s. (Methuen.)



Photo by Scott's Studios,
Regent's Park.

Mr. W. Pett Ridge.

is quite likely the fault was mine, and that I chanced to read those books when I was not in the right mood for them. However that may be, it caused me to open "The Kennedy People" with some misgivings, but before I had finished reading the first chapter they were dissipated, and before I was half through I was so interested in the story, and subdued by the humour and pathos and the genial, shrewd humanity of it all that I gave myself to it unreservedly and read it with the most complete enjoyment. Mr. Pett Ridge is himself again and at his very best in these pages. Indeed, I am inclined to rank "The Kennedy People" first among all his books.

It is a study in three generations of a London family. You begin with the successful, self-made man George Kennedy, on the day when his son Robert is getting married; you have a wonderfully vivid, condensed, but detailed, view of Robert's dashing, foolish, disastrous career as head of the business after his father's death; and close with the childhood and youth of his son, a second George Kennedy, who disciplined by misfortune and the influence of an excellent mother, gives promise of atoning for the weaknesses and follies of his father and retrieving the fortunes of the family. These are the merest bare bones of the story, but Mr. Pett Ridge clothes them in the very stuff of life, and makes them live with an art that is as true as it is unobtrusive. The first George, founder of the family, is an admirable bit of characterisation; you have him minutely realised in a few pages—a shrewd, keen man of business, swollen with pride in his success, touched with little vulgarities and something of human grossness, and with a human love for his son of which he is reticent. Robert, that son, is pictured with no less skill and no less intimate knowledge of humanity—he is shallow, unstable, with all his father's big opinion of himself, and none of his father's business acumen; and the boyhood and youth of young George is as ably and as sympathetically presented. But perhaps the two characters that most completely capture the reader's affections are the delightfully humorous, sturdily

independent Uncle Albert, old George's elder brother, who makes a living as an unattached waiter; and Cicely, Robert's wife, the wholly charming mother of young George. She is, I think, without exception, the happiest, most natural and womanly of Mr. Pett Ridge's feminine creations. For the narrative itself, it is cleverly imagined and full of interest; so, too, are the many and varied other characters who play their parts in it. "The Kennedy People" will delight the wide public Mr. Pett Ridge has made his own, and should add considerably to its numbers.

C. W.

THE SUPER-JINGO.*

The first book on our list is a companion to one issued last year by the same publishers, and reviewed in THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS NUMBER. It is, on the whole, a more attractive volume than its predecessor, both in range of subject and in vigour of treatment. Indeed, those who can away with its anti-English bias will find it a stimulating and even enjoyable blend of European politics and history. The short lecture on Gustavus Adolphus, for example, is an interesting specimen of the historical essay written by the expert for the general reader; it belongs to the same order of work as Macaulay's "Ranke," and makes an excellent pendant thereto. Just at the moment, however, Treitschke is likely to be read more as prophecy than as history. How far, the reader will ask, has the course of present events followed the lines of Treitschke's vision? Not very far. He was right in seeing that after the war with France must come a war with England; but in subsidiary details he was badly wrong. Thus, he writes as if it were a foregone conclusion that Germany and Russia would be firm allies against crafty England and debased Turkey. He foresaw, with high moral disgust, the coming time when the heathen troops of the Empress of India, accompanied by the blessings of pious clergymen, would fight in fellowship with the troops of the Crescent against Northern civilisation. Indeed, he can hardly find words bad enough for the Turks; and now we see what we see! Of England he writes with a bitterness of accusation that is as coarse as it is ludicrously wrong. Our national sins are many; but they are not those alleged by Treitschke. We are not "a reactionary force in the society of nations"; we are not eager to support obsolete autocracies abroad and "to suppress the young ideals of the century"; we are not "the champions of barbarism" in law and warfare; we did not show Italy "feeble and entirely unhelpful sympathy" in her struggle for national unity; we did not "enthuse for the brutality of American slave-holders."

Amid his loud asseveration of our decadence and our vulnerability at a hundred points, there is, however, one note of disquiet that time has justified, one prophecy that has not failed:

"England still exhibits powerful energy in the splendid achievement of its social life, and it might easily happen again that, should she believe herself imperilled in her vital commercial interests, she will yet stagger humanity by bold determination."

On the strength of this, let us call Treitschke a prophet, even though it is not merely for commercial interests that we have drawn the sword and entered into a war quite passionately undesired by most of us. No thought of commerce troubled the mind of all the millions who recognised with bitter pain and sorrow that there was but one course before this nation. The fact is that the modern governmental German seems to be incapable of understanding what is meant by honour.

The second book on our list is distinctly the best that has appeared on this subject. It is not a bare translation of lectures, but a careful study of Treitschke's whole message and development. It focusses attention quite

properly on his last and most aggressive speeches, but it does not forget that there was an earlier, saner Treitschke expressing views that, for their place and time, can only be called surprisingly liberal. We could wish that Mr. Davis had not been quite so sparing of biographical facts. Something more in the way of personalia would have brought a pleasant touch of refreshment into a book that errs a little on the side of aridity. However, that is purely a matter of taste, and so, instead of dwelling on it, we hasten to thank the author generally for a useful volume, and specially for his full account of Treitschke's earlier essays, and the opportunity he thus gives us of seeing how the violence of Treitschke in his last phase is merely the narrowing down of the philosophic breadth displayed in his first utterances. Treitschke's passage from comparative liberalism to unqualified reaction might be profitably compared and contrasted with the similar change in Burke. Perhaps someone will draw the parallel—we have no space for it here.

Treitschke the super-Jingo began as a Liberal. Such conversions have happened before and since; moreover, in his case, the change was less a conversion than a development. In the 'fifties a politically-minded German was either a particularist, favouring the independent monarchy of all German states, big and little, or else a federalist, favouring a union of these states in some form and to some degree. The particularists were the reactionary, "as-our-fathers-were-before-us" party, and their centre of gravity was Austria; the federalists were the more enlightened, progressive party, and their centre of gravity was Prussia. Treitschke firmly believed that there was a great future for a united Germany and no future at all for a disunited Germany; and so, though he was not a Prussian, he became the fervent advocate of the Prussian ideal. And here English people can hardly find fault with him. This very realm of ours is a United Kingdom; the separate little colonies of Englishmen in America grew mightily when they united for common action; Canada, Australia and South Africa have all, in recent times, united their independent divisions into great Commonwealths; and many eloquent proposals have been made for uniting all the British dependencies into one colossal Imperial Federation. *Iribus unitis* was Treitschke's text: it is a very British maxim.

The sequel is Prussian. Having seen united Germany safely born as a great Continental Power, Treitschke was eager to make it grow into a great World Power. He had always had his eye on England as an example of ruthless expansion; and so he invited his countrymen to despoil the despoiler and replace English muddling by Prussian efficiency. He belonged to an age of hurry. He forgot that England's colonial empire had been growing for nearly four centuries; he wanted, so to speak, an empire in a fortnight. He forgot that a country must be able not only to swallow but to digest. He forgot that England had begun blundering into empire (in its own inimitable way) when there was no kingdom of Prussia, and when much of the Mark of Brandenburg itself was highly suitable territory for a colony of backwoodsmen. England had the instinct rather than the will for colonial expansion; Germany had the will but not the instinct. The will can be stirred by eloquence and exhortation; the instinct can be evoked only by centuries of adventure and endeavour. The imperialism that Treitschke taught in his Berlin days was the easy and popular imperialism of King Melvas in Peacock's novel. The strong, said Treitschke, in effect, have the right to take whatever they desire by any means they can. English people, taught by the well-known German poet Wilhelm Shakespeare, prefer to believe that it is excellent to have a giant's strength, but tyrannous to use it like a giant.

Treitschke, in fact, allowed himself to be hypnotised by the mechanical efficiency of Prussia—the showy Potsdam ritual that fascinates all stupid people from professors to pantomime girls. Treitschke was very German in that he was a Militant Professor. Germans are the most docile of people. They not only believe all their superiors tell

* "Germany, France, Russia and Islam." By Heinrich von Treitschke. 7s. 6d. net. (Jarrold; Allen & Unwin.)—"The Political Thought of Heinrich von Treitschke." By H. C. W. Davis, M.A., Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. 6s. net. (Constable.)

them, but believe it is highly moral so to believe. The Englishman, while willing to obey an order when discipline must be maintained, reserves himself the right to believe that the order was a piece of blithering idiocy on the part of a blithering idiot. The docile German is as persistently professor-ridden as he is officer-ridden. Our own professors have lately shown some signs of incipient Teutonism. Before the war they were enjoining us to bow down to everything German; now with astonishing versatility they are hastening to smash the idol they themselves set up. Well, perhaps one of the minor benefits of the war will be a slump in professors.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

Novel Notes.

MARIA AGAIN. By Mrs. John Lane. 3s 6d. net. (Lane.)

It occurs to us again as it has occurred to us before, that if the lamented Mr. Titmarsh had invented a character as a mouth-piece wherefrom to launch some of his sly diatribes on present-day society, he would have arrived at some such character as Maria. When we met her before, she dazzled us with her lively persistence, her preoccupation with the mode, her desperate desire to be in the movement of the upper air, while she entertained us with frank admissions of her own limitations, and made them the more agreeable because we all recognise them to be traits in common with certain persons of our own acquaintance. Alas, they have her shortcomings without her redeeming qualities, her piquant tongue and her resilience under the witty strictures of her inventor. Maria in the present volume grows mellowed and more modern, but she is the same Maria. She makes no concealment of her subterfuges, especially the subterfuges that are fancifully supposed to conceal her age. She is a grandmother by evolution of circumstance, but she will never be a grandam in spirit, for she will never be daunted by the attacks of time. She whisks her friends about at her bidding, and she conquers them by borrowing their motors, just as Glorvina O'Dowd half subdued Major Dobbin by making raids upon his horses, his servants, his spoons and palanquin. Snub her as we may, there is no denying Maria; dissociate ourselves as much as we like from her shameless and worldly points of view, we know within our souls that she helps us to see the imperfections of society at large, and does it in the most effective and amusing way. In her dominance of the situation, she reminds us of some favourite male character even more than she "favours" Glorvina. Who can it be? It must be some one wrapped up in his own point of view, and yet continually meddling in other people's business. It must be a personage engrossed in finery and the fashions; "fashionable but expensive—very." Why, there it is! The counterpart of Maria in the fiction of the past is Mr. Toots. He is the better natured and he cherishes an unrequited passion, as Maria does not. But in his vivacity, his originality, his oddity of mind, and truth to nature, we cannot help tracing a likeness between the patron of the Game Chicken and the whimsical, voluble, and irrepressible Maria. She is worthy of her setting, and her setting is framed as ever, in the best spirit of good-natured social satire.

THE HOUSE IN THE DOWNS. By H. B. Marriott Watson. 6s. (Dent.)

The action of this exciting adventure story takes place about a hundred years ago—when an invasion of England by Napoleon was feared. An air of mystery greets us in the opening chapters: a mystery which surrounds the person and business of Richard Challis, who appears at a little village in the Sussex Downs and stays at an old tumble-down mansion called Hale. He poses as a writer who is busy on an historical work; but in reality he is in the secret service of the Government—a spy. A band of smugglers who infest the South Coast, under the leader-

ship of one Captain Noll, suspect him of spying and betraying them, but his work is something bigger than that, and he is more than once in danger of losing his life. There are two women who love him in the tale, and each has the pleasure of saving him on separate occasions. His love, of course, is only for one of them—his gratitude for the other. Challis has a fine character, and the case for the spy who supplies the information so that others can fight in the open is well put. It is an uncommonly interesting story, full of sympathetic character studies and vigorous movement.

BETTY WAYSIDE. By Louis Stone. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

This new novel by the author of "Jonah" will be especially appreciated by music-lovers, though it cannot fail to appeal to all who like a strong, realistic story dealing with very natural, and consequently very lovable, human beings. Taking Sydney for his setting, the author weaves a powerful, dramatic romance around an almost strikingly ordinary girl, whose uncommon prettiness and extraordinary musical abilities are the only charms that atone for a somewhat shallow vanity and a seeming lack of ideals. Walter Chippendale, a brilliant young composer, is a masterly character-study; Mr. Stone's skill at portraying character is throughout an important feature of the book; though we cannot help wishing that he were a little less ready to laugh at human weaknesses—despite the fact that he makes us laugh so readily with him. There is scarcely a person in the novel who does not contribute his or her share of humour; and none more so than Betty's uncle "the Colonel,"—called by that title because of his military bearing and moustaches, and the general impression he creates of having some connection with the army; though in reality he has nothing of the kind, and is an idle old rascal who lives on his daughters and sponges on his friends. The story deals chiefly with the love affair of Betty and Walter Chippendale, the obstacles that come between them, the failures and successes of each as pianist and composer, and the doings of the particular circle in which they move. It is a book that grips—a book with an atmosphere, absorbingly interesting, and written in a strong, vivacious style with an undercurrent of genuine humour that ever and anon bubbles to the surface like a natural spring.

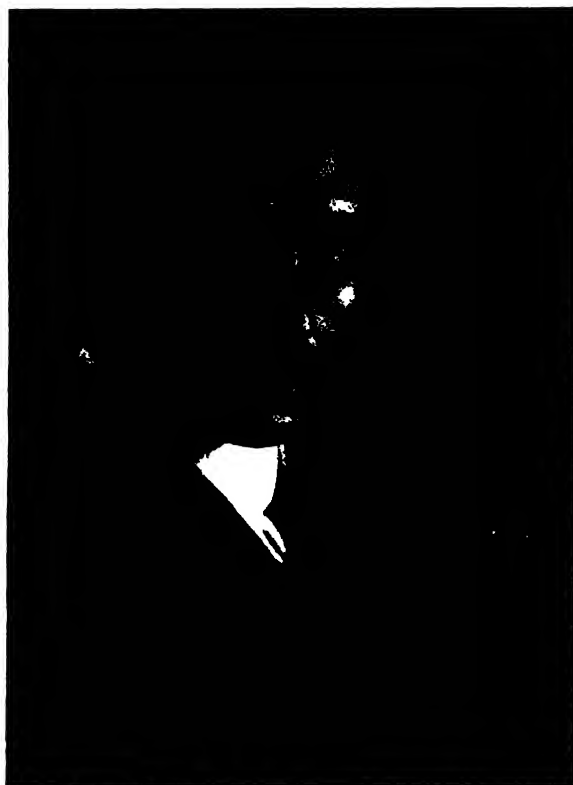


Photo by Rudolph Buchner, Sydney.

Mr. Louis Stone.

THE JACKET. By Jack London. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

This is a strangely conceived novel written apparently with the dual purpose of exposing the brutality of a present-day prison system, and of firing the imagination with the fascinating doctrine of reincarnation. It may be said at once that, quite apart from this dual purpose, or rather by a brilliant use of it, Mr. Jack London has contrived to pack within the covers of his latest novel an amazing wealth of adventure-lore belonging to many countries and many centuries. At first sight, reincarnation and the strait-jacket do not make a very promising or well-assorted pair of horses for a journey into the realms of romance. But Professor Darrell Standing, serving a life sentence in the State prison of California and bullied and jacketed into an "incorrigible," learns by a little knuckle-talk with a fellow prisoner how to escape the horrors of solitary confinement and the straight-jacket and roam at large through time and space. While his persecutors survey him, a mere bag of bones trussed up unconscious in the brutal jacket, Darrell Standing with a smile on his lips, is reliving his past lives on this planet. Mr. London's astonishing versatility has never been better displayed than in the vivid glimpses he affords of this panorama of lives. He takes us to Paris, where Standing in the rôle of a gallant French nobleman engages in a series of duels, with a Pope and a fair lady in the background; to Korea, where as a shipwrecked Englishman Standing wins the heart of the Lady Om, rises to fame, is outwitted by a rival, and endures forty years of beggary before his hour of vengeance strikes; to Egypt, to Galilee in the time of Christ, to America and the Mormons, to a castaway's desert island, and away back to nameless tribes and places. And through all these past lives can be traced that passionate anger, that red wrath which is the cause of his present downfall and has lodged him in Murderers' Row under the hangman's shadow. Death, however, holds no terrors for this dauntless spirit: "After the dark I shall live again. . . . And though the stars drift and the heavens lie, ever remains woman; resplendent, eternal, the one woman, as I, under all my masquerades and misadventures, am the one man, her mate." As a prison story, "The Jacket" is a bitter, and at times a violent indictment of the practice of solitary confinement and straight-jacketing. As an adventure story, it is a stirring kaleidoscopic record of man's infinite capacity for daring and roving and loving in every clime in every age. From whichever point of view one chooses to regard the book, Mr. Jack London has scored a distinct success.

ALLIES. By John England. Edited by J. E. Patterson. 6s. (Simpkin, Marshall)

A war story, this, necessarily, not very fresh perhaps in its setting, but fresh enough in its quartette—or rather its quadruple entente—of youthful heroes, who determine to have a taste of war and a fling at the Huns despite their tender age and the opposition of an unsympathetic uncle. John England and his Russian school chum, Ivan, are in Paris when the war breaks out, and if ever boys need an excuse for running away whether to sea or to war, these boys had theirs in the infectious marching of troops past their window, in the irksome restraint put upon them by Uncle Jasper, and above all, in the pitiful story of German outrage and murder which they hear from the lips of a young Alsatian lad named Denys. So off they go to Belgium, John and Ivan and Denys, armed with rucksacks, revolvers and mackintoshes, an irresponsible, unofficial, whimsical trio that travels to the fighting line (and beyond) by taxi, train, barge and bicycle. And always behind them looms the sinister figure of Uncle Jasper scouring the country for them in a royal-blue car. In Flanders, of course, they pick up the fourth member of the youthful entente, and their adventures and misadventures with spies and refugees and the treacherous and ever-encroaching enemy give them a sufficient taste of war to last them to a garrulous old age. "Allies" should prove a thrilling yarn for boys and for grown-ups who

have still enough of the boy in them to respond to the rousing call of romance.

WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS. By Bruno Lessing. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

"Of all the phenomena of life the most curious—to me, at least," says Mr. Lessing in the opening paragraph of one of his chapters, "has always been the tendency of one thing to lead to another. No sooner do you extricate yourself from one dilemma than you find yourself in another so closely related and consequent upon the first that they might actually be mother and child." It was probably this thought that led to the making of this book. Having a few Jewish characters hanging round in his mind, the author thought of a dilemma for them, plunged them into it, and then found the easiest path from that into another, and so on. There is nothing really exciting about either the characters or the incidents, but all the same they do lead one to follow their fortunes to the end. The prime mover in the story is Lapidowitz, the schnorrer. If we remember aright, Mr. Israel Zangwill defined a schnorrer simply as a beggar; perhaps the definition of a schoolboy given here—ancient Mr. Lapidowitz—is better, thus: "A schnorrer is a bum what don't work and aint no good." The amusing schnorrer—if we may use the word—of Lapidowitz furnishes most of the incident, and to anyone who desires a pleasantly interesting story of the Jews in New York we can recommend Mr. Lessing's book, "With the Best Intentions."

The Bookman's Table.

CASSANDRA IN TROY. By John Mavrogordato. 5s net. (Martin Secker.)

Cassandra, the daughter of Priam, is loved by Apollo, who offers her the gift of seeing into the future in return for her love, but after she has accepted the gift she refuses him, partly from fear of his godhood, partly because she yearns towards the homelier love of a mortal man. Apollo unable to take back the power he has given her, kisses her lips, so that when she prophesies of the things she has foreseen, nobody shall believe her. Then, with the fall of Troy, comes Agamemnon, who loves her and takes her away as his wife, despite the doom she foretells for both of them. That is the ancient story, and here Mr. Mavrogordato subtly ends his tragedy, for since all her foretellings are ignored but come true, the sequel is a foregone conclusion. The tragedy is written with a fine restraint and simplicity in a measured prose that is poetry in all but form. "Will you bring me back my brothers who are dead?" Cassandra asks of Apollo, as the price of her love, and he answers her:

"Can I turn backwards the procession of the world? If three or four men were busy in the dust, and made their swords flash in the sun a little while, and are gone back into the dust; shall the urging on of life be recalled, or the spheres murmuring one to another be silenced? Your brothers are dead, but you are alive, and lovely."

CASSANDRA: "O how you are still far away. O cold and distant one, come down from the spaces where the stars sing about you like birds. . . ."

There are satirical touches in the fluttered talk of the captive Trojan women, some defiant of their captors, some not unwilling to be carried off by the victorious Greeks; but it is the poetry and passion of idea and utterance that make Mr. Mavrogordato's drama memorable. He has caught no little of the high spirit of Greek tragedy, and has recast the old legend without losing anything of the simplicity, the pity or the strange beauty of it.

POLAND AND THE POLISH QUESTION. Impressions and Afterthoughts. By Ninian Hill. 10s. 6d. net. (George Allen & Unwin.)

A writer who aims, as Mr. Ninian Hill seems to aim, at giving a popular and easily understandable statement of such a distracting problem as "Poland and the Polish

Question," should be a combination of traveller, historian, publicist and prophet. He must be acquainted with the physical and political features of the country; he must know the history, the civilisation and the temperament of its people; he must be a descriptive writer sufficiently gifted to give pen-pictures of its capital towns; and he must be cool observer enough not to find too facile a solution for the many difficulties that seem to forbid Poland from really becoming a nation once more. On the whole, Mr. Hill has done his work well. His history of Poland is lucid and concise; his account of the treatment meted out to their Polish subjects by Prussia, Russia, and Austria respectively is written with knowledge obtained at first hand; while his descriptions of the three Polish capitals, Posen, Cracow, and Warsaw, enable the reader to get a really good idea of what these famous towns look like. Those who want to get an insight into the historical, economic and ethnological aspects of the Polish question can learn a good deal from Mr. Hill's unassuming but very informing pages.

SERBIA: Her People, History, and Aspirations. By Wolslav M. Petrovitch. 3s. 6d. net. (Harrap)

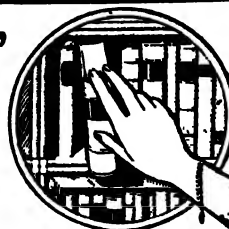
Although war is a demoralising influence in many ways, it has a certain valuable educational effect upon the peoples of the nations involved. For one thing, it interests them in the customs, characteristics, and history of their friends and foes. Thus the British people are now anxious to learn something of Serbia, a country of whose traditions and aspirations they were, before the war, almost wholly ignorant, and with which they were largely unconcerned. To satisfy this desire for information a number of books have recently appeared, and we can heartily recommend the one before us. It is divided into two parts: the first deals with the history of Serbia, and the second is devoted to the national beliefs and customs of the country. "It was at the beginning of the seventh century that the Serbs, who lived as a patriarchal people in the country now known as Galicia, descended to the shores of the Black Sea, thence moved westward along the northern bank of the Danube, and crossing the river, settled in the kingdom of Old Serbia." And ever since then they have been struggling for national integrity and independence. Their foe was for centuries the Turk. Now they are faced with a more terrible foe, but it is to be hoped that, helped as they are by the most powerful and enlightened nations in Europe, they will achieve that for which they have so long striven. Their belief and customs are as interesting and strange as we might expect. Superstitions which we are apt to regard as dead in civilised Europe still persist. The good Serbian peasant sees portents and omens in every change in nature; he is, in short, one of the children in the great family of European nations; and M. Petrovitch has portrayed him for us with loving care.

LOVES OF THE POETS. By Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. 7s. 6d. net. (Holden & Hardingham)

If Mr. Vizetelly has failed to produce a satisfactory book upon a subject which suggests much that is interesting and not a little that is important in the history of literature, it is because he has attempted to cover far too large a field. It is impossible, within the limits of 280 pages, to give much more than a list of the names of the women who came into the lives of the many poets referred to in this volume. It is the romance of a love story, not the log book of it, that matters, as Mr. Vizetelly himself remarks, and of the romance that influenced all these poets in their work, Mr. Vizetelly fails to conjure up a gleam. In sum his text is only an amplification of his index, useful perhaps to compilers of other books that no doubt will yet be written, but not valuable, so far as we can perceive, for any light it throws into the queer recesses of the imaginative mind, or for any new contribution to history or philosophy. Only a desire for prosaic completeness could warrant, for instance, the inclusion of the record given here of Andrew Marvell's marriage. Mr. Vizetelly seems

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to suggest that a touch of romance may be an explanation of the unusual and that therefore there may have been room behind the fact that this particular Member of Parliament married his landlady. But he does not elaborate the theory, and if desire for completeness was the only reason for the inclusion of the case he might just as well have reproduced the marriage certificate—if of course, it could be found. And many other poets' "loves" might have been omitted with equal prudence, so giving room for some reproduction of the subtle but vitalising atmosphere brought by women into the lives of men. This book is journalism not literature. The compiler seems to have worked from a list conscientiously and laboriously, and in the event he has produced a work that may be as complete as a railway A B C but is scarcely so stirring to the imagination.

A TALE OF A TUB. By Ben Jonson. Edited with Introduction, Notes and Glossary by Florence May Snell. Pp. 175. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

Proverbs and metaphors in plenty, characterisation as clever as may be found elsewhere in Jonson's works, local allusions sufficient to fill the portfolio of any painstaking topographer or antiquary of the north London suburbs, a light but penetrating vein of satire (e.g. a gentleman and a half—nearly a knight) more than one problem (as that of the Vitruvius Hoop Inigo Jones matter, that of the influence on the author of the old ballad of 'The Turnament of Tottenham Court' and that of the date at which the play was written) but a scrambling runaway in and in or rather out and out medley of a plot amply justifying Preamble's exclamation in Act V:

"All is turn'd
Here to confusion, we ha' lost our plot" —

these are the main points of 'A Tale of a Tub'. Miss Snell's addition to the Yale Studies in English, the tenth of the series devoted to Jonson, is very welcome. Gifford and others have passed over the play too cavalierly. We know nothing of its contemporary fate save that it was produced at Court in 1634 and not liked. We know nothing about its production on the stage since that date. First printed in 1640, it was not until 1913 that it was procurable in a separate edition—in Germany. Miss Snell, while fully aware of its defects as drama, puts a discerning finger on its neglected qualities—jollity, actuality, life. And in maintaining that it was one of the last drops from Jonson's quill she confutes Collier and makes out a case for the revision of Dryden's reference to the author's "dotages". The text here given is a careful study of the 1640 folio, presumably the stage version. The introductory comments concern the various editions of the text, the date of the play, and its openings to criticism. Following the text are explanatory notes, a glossary, a bibliography, and an index. Miss Snell has taken what may be called a conservative view of her task. For example, several critics have taken up the question of Inigo Jones's identification with Lanthorn Leatherhead in 'Bartholomew Fair'. Miss Snell notes the interest of the suggestion, but dismisses it as seeming to have no bearing on the present play. That is as it may be. The Harleian MS. 690 of Selden's 'Table Talk' gives the words 'Inigo Lanthorn,' and this appears to us to have some bearing on the personal aspect of 'A Tale of a Tub,' which brought it under the censorship. Then the selection by Jonson of the name Vitruvius for Inigo Jones deserved some comment. One other minor matter may be referred to. Gifford has a note at the end of Act V, Scene 6 of the folio: "Here 'A Tale of a Tub' ended when it was presented on the stage and before the Court." Miss Snell throws no light on this statement, nor does she seem to refer to it. But every student of Jonson will be grateful for her work, her lucid placing of the play as a satire on the ideas and customs of certain classes, and her happy insistence on the permanence of the chief characters of this comedy of fools.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS CONSTABLE & CO

"This volume was not put forward as a series of literary studies," says Mr Havelock Ellis in the preface to the new edition of his *Affirmations* (6s. net). Surely this is an unnecessary disclaimer in view of the frankness with which the author defined his purpose in the original preface. In this book he said: "I deal with questions of life as they are expressed in literature or as they are suggested by literature. Throughout I am discussing morality as revealed or disguised by literature." So far as possible I dwell most on those aspects of my subjects which are most questionable. It was once brought against me that I had a predilection for such aspects. Assuredly it is so. If a subject is not questionable it seems to me a waste of time to discuss it. Our best energies should be spent in attacking and settling questionable things, that so we may enlarge the sphere of the unquestionable—the sphere of real life—and be ready to meet new questions as they arise." A fresh reading of Mr Ellis's second volume of essays serves, however, only to deepen the impression which the penetrating and unselfish quality of the writer's criticisms and the intellectual honesty of his attitude originally made. In these studies of Nietzsche, Casanova, Zola, Huysmans and St Francis, though he is for ever dealing with the two cardinal facts of life, religion and sex, Mr Ellis makes no attempt to shock the bourgeois on the one hand or to evade plain issues on the other.

MESSRS WARD LOCK & CO

The Turmoil, by Paul Iqbal (6s.) is a frankly melodramatic story with a villain who out-villains the Iron Pirate and a hero who is not such a fool as he looks. Hugh Purcell has every right to be considered foolish, fourteen and youngest son of Lord Loughmore, an official in the Boot Department of the War Office with a dudish drawl and a pet eyeglass, he nevertheless contrives to give a mainly accurate account of himself in his dealings with a world group of anarchists who with the help of a half-crazed Scottish inventor are busy preparing an airship which is to rain death and destruction on kings and presidents alike. Hugh is despatched by the British Government on a secret mission to France to get particulars of this future conqueror of the air and incidentally he succeeds in recovering from the clutches of the anarchists the girl of his heart's desire. The mystery surrounding this girl is cleverly sustained and the vitality of the story never flags from the first page to the last.

MESSRS STANLEY PAUL & CO

Juliette Drouet's Love-Letters to Victor Hugo (10s. 6d. net) re-wakens the scandals connected with the case of Hugo. St. Beuve, Juliette Drouet and Mme Hugo. Much literature has already clothed the personalities and passed as literary people from St. Beuve's *Le Livre d'Amour* to Alphonse Karr's novel. The defenders of Hugo declare that he sought the companionship of Juliette because he was an injured husband whose wife intrigued with his friend. The advocates of Mme Hugo find in her a much wronged woman. These letters of Juliette Drouet do not throw much light on the subject. We perceive from them that she worshipped Hugo and believed him to be a great genius and that she was a sensible affectionate creature. There was something Oriental in her devotion to Hugo. The letters are long and sometimes long-winded, full of detail and often tender and intimate. M. Simon's *Victime Femelle* gives a clearer and colder account of the love affairs of the Hugos than either Juliette's letters or St. Beuve's books.

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The Sherlockian reader who delights in solving the author's carefully guarded mystery by a shrewd guess at the end of chapter one has, in *The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet*, by Burton F. Stevenson (6s.), a task worthy of his mettle. He may not perhaps find it difficult to connect the Boule cabinet with its first two victims, he may even (as in the case of the present writer) pride himself on forecasting correctly the extraordinary means by which these unlucky individuals met their death. But let his pride keep within bounds, there are pitfalls ahead. As a matter of fact—or rather of fiction—the Boule cabinet conceals not one but two distinct and separate mysteries, and it is by skilfully utilising the confusion arising from the simultaneous unravelling of this pretty pair of tangles that the author succeeds in baffling his readers and arousing their interest to fever point. The exquisite Boule cabinet is despatched from Paris apparently in error, to the New York house of Philip Vantine, an art connoisseur and shortly afterwards in quick succession the dead bodies of a strange Frenchman and of Vantine himself are discovered in a room opening into that in which the cabinet is stored. Each victim has two tiny wounds on the back of the hand above the knuckles. It is soon evident that several parties are interested in the cabinet, one Crochard in particular—a most engaging and audacious rascal, whose exploits under the very nose of his pursuers make breathless reading. Next to Crochard, the clever man of the story is Jim Godfrey, the *Record's* star reporter, whose feud with Commissioner Grady, head of New York's detective bureau, provides an exciting accompaniment to the mystery proper.

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No. 289. Vol. XLIX.

OCTOBER, 1915.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PALL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

Messrs. Macmillan are publishing this month "The Adventures of Seumas Beg: The Rocky Road to Dublin," a book of verses for children, by James Stephens. The same firm announce "The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary," a further study of life and religion in Russia by Stephen Graham.

Three of the two score or so of interesting new books in Mr. John Lane's autumn list are "A Book of Bridges," containing thirty-five colour plates, and thirty-six line drawings by Frank Brangwyn, with text by W. Shaw Sparrow; "Is there a Shakespeare Problem?" an answer to Mr. J. M. Robertson and Andrew Lang, by George G. Greenwood; and a second volume on "French Novelists of To-day," by Winifred Stephens.

A curiously interesting book which Messrs. Partridge are publishing immediately is "The Grafton Shakespeare: And the Sack of Grafton Regis," by Thomas Kay. It contains evidence of what is claimed to be an authentic oil portrait of

Shakespeare painted in 1588, and recently discovered in an ale house. Incidentally, it describes the sack and burning of the manor of Grafton Regis, in 1642, when Anthony Smith, a yeoman of that town, was the possessor of the portrait in question.

"Through Terror to Triumph," a collection of the great war speeches which Mr. Lloyd George has delivered since September last, has been published at 1s. net by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

One of the most poignant and vivid books about the war is "The Drama of 395 Days," in which Mr. Hall Caine sketches a series of scenes in the great war, throwing sidelights on its causes and picturing the effect it has had on the lives and characters of our own people. It is published by Mr. Heinemann.

"Rosalba's Journal," by Austin Dobson, a further addition to his delightful "Eighteenth Century Vignettes," will be published shortly by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

Messrs. Cassell have published "A Tall Ship," by Bartimeus, a second series of his "Naval Occasions," which was one of the most popular books of last spring.

A first novel, by Miss Peggy Grant, "The Gate of Dreams," a story of the New Forest, is to be

published immediately by Mr. Andrew Melrose. Miss Grant is the third of our Bookman Prize Competitors to publish a first book this year.

"A Life of Field-Marshal Sir George White, V.C.," by Sir Mortimer Durand, will be published this month by Messrs. Blackwood.

Mr. David W. Bone, author of that brilliant novel "The Brassbounder," has collected a book of his "Sea Pieces" under the title of "Broken Stowage." Messrs. Duckworth are publishing it this month.

A new book published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co., "How to Save a Big Ship from Sinking," by Charles V. A. Eley, gains a peculiar timeliness from the addition to its title of "Even Though Torpedoed." Mr. Eley writes with expert knowledge, and his ingenious suggestions are worth serious consideration.

"Crises in the History of Papacy," by Joseph McCabe, and "The Romance of Ruined Belgium," by Elizabeth W. Champney, will be published this month by Messrs. Putnam.

BOOKS AND THE WAR.

BY ONLOOKER.

You still hear such conflicting views, now and then, of the effect the war has had on the book-trade, and of whether the prospects are favourable

or otherwise for the Christmas season, that it seemed worth while to call at 186, Strand, and get the opinion of Mr. George Tyler, of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son. For Mr. Tyler is not only wise enough to be an optimist; he is a sound business man, not likely to lose his head in a crisis, and moreover is in a position to speak with knowledge. Beginning

life as a bookstall clerk, he has been connected with the W. H. Smith firm for some forty-six years, and has for long past been the Chief of their two hundred and thirty book-shops. Though you gather that the motto of the firm has been business as usual, they have keenly and loyally taken up their share in the burden of the war. From their shops, bookstalls, offices, works, one thousand and eighty have gone to join the Colours; and of the six partners, four are serving in His Majesty's forces—Viscount Hambledon as Lieut-Col. in the Royal 1st Devon Yeomanry; Mr. A. D. Acland as Lieut-Col. in the Remount Department, at Dieppe;

Mr. C. S. Awdry as Major in the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry, and Mr. W. H. D. Acland, on active service in Flanders, as a Lieutenant in the Royal Flying Corps.

"The book-trade was hardly ever more flourishing than it is to-day," Mr. Tyler said at once, "and there is every promise that the Christmas season is going to be an uncommonly good one. When the war started I confess that, like many other people, I had an idea that we were in for a bad time. More than one of our bookshop managers have said to me, 'I was awfully depressed in the early part of August 1914, for I could see nothing but disaster ahead; but by the end of last March



Louise Mack
(Mrs. Creed).

From "A Woman's Experiences in the Great War," by Louise Mack (Fisher Unwin).



Miss Evelyn Close,

whose successful novel, "The Roll of Honour" (Melrose), was reviewed in a recent number of THE BOOKMAN.

I recognised that my troubles had been purely imaginary—they had never happened.' Personally, I had arrived at the same conclusion long before March. I have a belief that disaster always comes if you sit and wait for it; and that if you would succeed, you must be up and doing. The war was not many days old when I called together a number of my colleagues and the men working immediately under us. We discussed the position fully, and agreed that if we adapted ourselves to the altered condition of things and went the right way to work there was no reason why we should not only weather the storm, but be as successful with our book business as we had been in years of peace. And the results have more than justified that optimism. The weekly accounts of our book trade have shown not merely an advance, but a very considerable advance on the figures for the corresponding weeks even in the year before the war.

"I am not claiming credit to myself for this gratifying success. Needless to say it could never have been achieved had not all of us resolutely put our backs into the task; nor if we had not been enthusiastically and most ably supported by the men who conduct our bookstalls and our bookshops. The help rendered by Mr. D. Roy, of our Publicity Department, and Mr. E. B. Bull, of our Shops Department, has been invaluable. We have a system

of sending round to our bookshop managers, at intervals, a circular letter, advising them of the best of the new books (from the standpoint of the general reader, as well as from that of the real lover of literature), and urging them to read these books, in order that they may be in a position to recommend them to enquiring customers. They, in return, report regularly from all over the country on the condition of trade with them, and on any indications customers may have given of the books that are appealing to them, and the general tendencies in the matter of book-buying.

"The natural tendency nowadays is to buy fewer expensive books; but this is more than atoned for by the greatly increased quantity of cheaper books that are selling. Sevenpenny and shilling volumes are being purchased in immense numbers, partly with a view to economy, and partly because in size they are admirably suited for sending out to our soldiers and sailors. The books in demand are of almost every kind, but in particular we are selling books with a topical interest, books about the war or that have any direct or indirect bearing on it; fiction at six shillings, and especially at one and two shillings; and new poetry has enjoyed a larger vogue than in ordinary times. You will find



Mr. Scotland Liddell,

author of "The Track of the War" (Simpkin, Marshall). Mr. Liddell has now been for several months with the Russian Army as a member of the Polish Red Cross; he is writing a book dealing with his experiences on the Russian battle front, and arrangements have been made for publishing it shortly.



Lieut. A. J. Anderson,

whose new book, "The Admirable Painter," has just been published by Messrs. Stanley Paul.

Mr. Anderson enlisted as a private in the Sportsman's Battalion of the 23rd Fusiliers as soon as the age limit was raised to include men of 45. He has now obtained a commission as Lieutenant in the 4th Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, in the hope of going sooner to the front.

that books are going to play a popular part as Christmas presents. People have taken to heart the advice to economise; instead of jewellery, and other costlier gifts, they will give books, and in these days of universal reading what present is likely to be more commonly appreciated? I see by their lists most of the publishers are rightly keeping the prices of their gift-books down this year to six shillings and under; there is to be a big and wonderfully varied supply at these prices, and there will be an enormous public for it. What the trade has lost by the falling off in the sales of expensive books has been more than made up by the vast increase in the sales of the cheaper ones. In this connection I had a significant and rather amusing report from the manager of one of our bookshops. One of his best book customers had announced that, acting on the advice to economise, he had decided to limit himself to books at about two shillings and under until after the war. Our manager was slightly perturbed. But the customer continued to come to the shop as often as usual, and select and carry away new books, which were put down in his monthly account. At the end of three months the shopman was delighted to find that the gentleman had spent more on cheap books than he formerly spent in the same period on the more expensive ones."

Before I left I got Mr. Tyler to make me out a

list of the books that had sold best in the W. H. Smith shops during the past year; and the list he was good enough to compile comprised some hundred and fifty volumes, of which over a hundred were war books. Amongst them were:

WAR BOOKS.

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 "The Soul of the War."
 "The Way of the Red Cross."
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 "J'Accuse."
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 "Men Around the Kaiser."
 "Germany's Swelled Head."
 "Britain's Deadly Peril."
 "My Adventures as a Spy."
 "Eye Witness's Narrative of the War."
 "The New Bernhardi."
 "Belloc's European War."
 "The Soul of Germany."
 "Buchan's History of the War."
 "Can Germany Win?"
 "King Albert's Book."
 "Princess Mary's Gift Book."
 "Remember Louvain."
 "The War That Will End War."
 "Germany and England."
 "How Belgium Saved Europe."
Daily Telegraph War Books.
 "Secrets of the German War Office."
 "Fighting in Flanders."
 "Memories of the Kaiser's Court."
 "Thoughts on the War."
 "More Thoughts on the War."
 "The Hero of Liège."
 "Behind the Scenes at the Front."
 "Life of Sir John French."
 "A Surgeon in Belgium."
 "With French at the Front."
 "German Atrocities."
 "The War and After."
 "Imperial Germany."
 "British Battle Fleet."

"In the Cockpit of Europe."
 "The Bowmen."
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 "The Drama of 365 Days."

POETRY.

"Song of the English."
 Kipling's "Poems."
 Chesterton's "Poems."
 Rupert Brooke's "Poems."
 "Poems of the Great War."
 "War Time Verses."
 "Poems and Sonnets of England in War Time."
 "The Wine Press."
 "Philip the King."
 "The Garden of Kama."

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 "The Man of Iron."
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 "Poppyland."
 "The Laughing Cavalier."
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 "A Gentleman at Arms."
 "A Knight on Wheels."
 "Kitchener's Chaps."
 "Windyridge."
 Gene Stratton Porter's novels.
 "All for a Scrap of Paper."
 "Jattrey."
 "Edwards."
 Ethel Dell's novels. (2s. edition.)
 "Chronicles of the Imp."
 "Bealby."
 "Human Bullets."
 "The Conquering Jew."
 "Bees in Amber."
 "The Admirable Crichton."
 Galsworthy's "Memories."
 "The Green Curve."
 "The Riddle of the Sands."
 "The War in the Air."
 "Naval Occasions."
 "In Gentlest Germany."
 "Life in a Garrison Town."
 "Lighter Side of School Life."
 "Arcadian Adventures of the Idle Rich."
 "Political and Literary Essays" of Lord Cromer.

Numerous others have sold well, but the above have been Smith & Son's best sellers, and Mr. Tyler named a score of forthcoming books that will, he has no doubt, equal the record of the best of these. "In spite of the war," he said, "the book trade has really had nothing to complain of in the past, and I am entirely optimistic about its Christmas and its future generally."

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

MRS. MEYNELL.

WHEN Southey told Charlotte Brontë that "literature cannot be the business of a woman's life, and it ought not to be," he little dreamt of the multitude of women who would rise up to disprove his rash theory. Still less, apparently, did he imagine that literature of exquisite quality could be produced by one who did *not* make its production her life's business; by a woman who was wife and mother, poet and essayist in one. Everyone knows, however, that Mrs. Meynell is all this and much more; interested, with the scholar's discriminating interest, in all manner of books and bookmen, while sharing the reformer's zeal for justice and freedom, especially in regard to the political emancipation of her own sex. She has marched in suffragist processions and supported demonstrations on behalf of various humanitarian causes; being at the same time the most devoted of those much-praised "home-women" whose light is nowhere seen more clearly than on their own hearth. But it is her literary activities which chiefly concern us here; her prose and poetry—twin fabrics of the same magic loom, with the same golden thread of genius running through and uniting both.

It was as a poet, in the "Preludes" of her twentieth year, that Alice Thompson (as she was then) began her literary career. Her father, Mr. J. T. Thompson, had devoted himself to the education of his two gifted daughters; Elizabeth's pencil being as active and skilful as Alice's pen. Now the one is the acknowledged queen of the women-poets of her day, while the other—Lady Butler—has won as wide a fame for the wonderful battle-pictures which have lately, alas! acquired an interest so tragically "topical." To-day it seems incredible that few critics recognised the rare and individual music of the "Preludes"; few, at least, of the professional critics who are supposed to be ever listening, with ears a-strain, for the first note of a new voice. Worthier appreciation, however, the young singer did not lack: Ruskin's, Coventry Patmore's, and in course of time George Meredith's, even before the rich tribute of Francis Thompson came to

crown the rest. Never, surely, did one poet lay at another's shrine a more appropriate offering!

"Later Poems," published after an interval of over twenty years, found an audience awakened by the various volumes of essays—all sharing the same delicate distinction of style and thought—which had seen the light during that period. But only with the appearance of the "Collected Poems," issued two years ago, did Mrs. Meynell, as poet, enter into her full heritage of fame. Readers and reviewers are now ready to agree with Ruskin, Patmore, and the other rare minds who hailed the new planet at its rising. Its light is now visible to the crowd; many of whom agreed with the critics who pleaded that the seal and crown of the Laureateship should be placed on the poet's work. Mrs. Meynell herself, however, would be the last to claim other laurels than those which Apollo and Urania have already conferred upon her. It may justly be doubted, moreover, whether the Muse whose place is with the stars could ever give a voice to the valley and plain. Such a Muse breathes an air of the hills and the heights above them, and speaks a language too subtle, at its simplest,

to echo the commonplace speech of every day. And some measure of "topical" poetry, some utterance on public events, is undoubtedly expected from even the most scholarly of Laureates.

It cannot be too often insisted that the poet and the prose-writer in Mrs. Meynell are, in all essentials, identical. Is not "Ceres' Runaway," with its companion essays, of the very stuff of which the poems are wrought? The "Rushes and Reeds" essay, for example, or that on "Wells," betrays in every paragraph its origin in a poet's mind; and the same may be said of "Shadows" in "The Colour of Life" volume, "Solitudes" in "The Rhythm of Life," and many another. And is it not a poet's passion for freedom—as well as a woman's for the freedom of women—which burns through its veil of light irony in this characteristic passage?

"See the curious history of the political rights of woman under the Revolution. On the scaffold she enjoyed an



Alice Meynell.

From a drawing by John S. Sargent, R.A.

ungrudging share in the fortunes of party Political life might be denied her but that seems a trifle when you consider how generously she was permitted political death She was to spin and cook for her citizen in the obscurity of her living hours but to the hour of her death was granted no part in the largest interests social national international The blood wherewith she should according to Robespierre, have blushed to be seen or heard in the tribune was exposed in the public sight unsheltered by her veins Women might be and were duly silenced when by the mouth of Olympe de Gouges they claimed a 'right to concur in the choice of representatives for the formation of the laws', but in her person too they were liberally allowed to bear political responsibility to the Republic Olympe de Gouges was guillotined Robespierre thus made her public and complete amends'

It is a fact curiously significant of the rarity in both senses, of Mrs Meynell's poetic utterance that her "Collected Poems" should number only seventy-six. With a few lyrics not included in the volume (we always regret, by the way that one of these omitted lyrics should be "The Poet to His Childhood" a poem charming alike in metre and matter) this book represents its author's whole poetic output a harvest slender in bulk but in beauty how well worth the reaping! Pure gold only rare and chance and choice is garnered here the gold-dust drifted to earth in that unsummoned wind which bloweth not only where but when it listeth Mrs Meynell has been content to wait for it, and to sift and winnow from every taint of dross its spare but priceless largesse The result is that her jewels never lack their appropriate setting the most tenuous mist of thought is held as in a prism of light, as a sunlit globe of dew holds the vapour which gave it birth This is especially true of the religious poems of "The Crucifixion" "The Courts" (one of the noblest religious lyrics of our generation) and that crystal quatrain called "Via, et Veritas, et Vita" It is here, and in kindred utterances, that Mrs Meynell proves herself the true descendant of Crashaw and Herbert and Herrick—not the Herrick of the "Hesperides" but of the "Noble Numbers", of Vaughan in "The Retreat" and "Early Hours," above all of Coventry Patmore in "Remembered Grace" and its sister lyrics, for perhaps none of the other religious poets enshrines thoughts so deep and subtle in such clarity of form Beauty does not here "put on invisibility" except, it may be in such high abstractions as "The Two Poets" attempts to clothe in words

But it is in such sonnets as "Renouncement" and "To a Daisy," such lyrics as "After a Parting" and "The Shepherdess," that her appeal is widest Those

who cannot breathe the rarefied atmosphere of some of the later poems can feel the charm of these, though they too, are of ether and fire—never of the common air and earth "The Shepherdess" has always seemed to the present writer her masterpiece and it gains a special significance from the fact that it is the first adequate poetic utterance of that new love of woman for woman which came to flower in the early years of this century Never has a woman-poet so set to music the essential charm of womanhood so caught and woven into words the glamour of its mystery the wonder of its purity, and withal the vestal fire which burns at the core of that whiteness I would quote the lines for pure delight in their beauty but for the restraining recollection that every lover of poetry carries them in his heart

Visitors to Mrs Meynell's home in Granville Place find that her muse like Aurora Leigh's, is a bird of a high-built nest "You see I live close under the sky," she says to the caller who (very gladly) climbs the eighty stairs leading up to her flat 'with only the roof between her and the sun' or the stars And yet there is no lack of affinity with human joys and ardours with the simplest of earth's pleasures—flowers children, and all the lovely "little things" of life and Nature Her scorn of conventional floral patterns on wall-papers and curtains and carpets is but the complement of her delight in the grace they travesty of the Nature lover's instinctive aversion from the artifice which is not even art At her country home in Sussex she is indeed at home, revelling in its surrounding beauties as only a poet can, and the "winds austere and pure" of the Sussex downs seem to breathe through her verse and make their own music audible in it The west wind chiefly as one of the sonnets tells us, or the south which sings of Italy, a country specially dear to Mrs Meynell's heart, as to Mrs Browning's and Christina Rossetti's before her. No wonder that Mr Wilfrid Meynell in his charming "Verses and Reverses" claims kinship through her, with both these 'elect ladies' of the Muses' court!

Yet the song in tune with theirs is like itself and no other a thing distinct unique apart It has in it a breath of high altitudes, of unfamiliar starry places; where, as once in those ruined belfries of Belgium which few will lament as she

"Sudden the cold airs swing
Alone aloud
A verse of bells takes wing
And flies with the cloud

S. GERTRUDE FORD

THE READER.

COMPTON MACKENZIE.

By J. M.

I.

IT is commonly said that in England the true artist is never widely recognised until he is too old to enjoy success ; and this is so often the case that we have come almost to believe that great Art can never be on speaking terms with Popularity. Our young poets can hardly be persuaded that there are good lines to be found in Tennyson and even in Longfellow : our younger painters have renounced John and Nicholson since their portraits began to have a market value ; and our youngest reviewers, who must at " costs close their half-column with a snap, will never notice a book by H. G. Wells without giving it the unique distinction of a sneer. So the argument goes in an unanalysed circle : the Crowd is a vulgar pig for not recognising good Art, and good Art can never exist in a novel that appeals to more than a thousand readers. The fact is, of course, that many bad novels are immediately successful—and a few good ones. But whereas the success of the bad ones will be forgotten in six weeks or in six years, the reputation of the good ones will continue to shine as long as there is beauty in England. Compton Mackenzie's are among the good ones.

I say this with a full realisation of the fact that writing is the most important thing in the world, as we have all been told by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, who will bring all good things in the world back to Flaubert, and accuses the Kaiser chiefly, I suspect, of not having read " L'Education Sentimentale." I rather think that Mr. Mackenzie would have a good deal to say to Mr. Hueffer about Balzac. But they would, at any rate, agree in this : that the only thing that matters in the long run, after the Germans have been turned out of Belgium and all that, is art ; and that the greatest of the creative arts is prose. You may be sure that it is in the interests of the English novel that Mr. Mackenzie is at present helping to turn the Turks out of Gallipoli.

II.

Now art is never purely representational. The mere chronicle of impermanent detail is journalism. And all

the young men who come down from Oxford and at once, with the help of a diary of actual conversations, write down all they can remember of what actually occurred, are not artists. Not the least penalty of success that Mr. Mackenzie has had to suffer is that all these productions are carelessly attributed to the influence of " Sinister Street." The artist as opposed to the journalist only records immediate reactions in so far as they may suggest essential emotions. He must discover the essential element in his experience, and from his contemplation re-create by the process sometimes called imagination the essential emotions, the illusion of life. It is difficult, of course, to contain in a single sentence the creation of beauty out of experience that is called art. But what seems to be necessary for the artist is a certain remoteness, the remoteness of " emotion recollected in tranquillity," and a certain tranquillity it is that seems to be the criterion of the finest art. The world of art is as objective, as much " alive " as the world of reality, but it is lapped by a magic air. *Largior hic campos aether et lumine uestit purpureo ;* and in this serene atmosphere the figures act and move so that each moment seems immortal, and themselves instinct with motionless life like the figures described by Keats on a Grecian Urn, " for ever piping songs for ever new."

It may be relevant here to notice that Mackenzie has been heard to say that from Keats' poems he learned to write prose : meaning, I suppose, that Keats was a master in the divination of beautiful words, a master in suggesting emotion by rhythm, which is as much a function of prose as it is of verse, and a master in perceiving the poetic material of life. It will be remembered too that from Keats' preface to *Endymion* is taken the psychological text of " Sinister Street " :

" The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy ; but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted."

One may say too that had Keats been born a hundred years later he would not have written a narrative poem like *Endymion* : the



Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Compton Mackenzie.

conventional form for the poetic material of modern life being the novel. This, I believe, is what Mackenzie himself emphasised in a paper on "Poetry and the Modern Novel," which I have not seen reprinted.

This tranquillity of their creations, this suggestion of distance, of remoteness from accidentals, is an object, often perhaps unconscious, of all true artists. It can hardly, for instance, be for any other reason that Conrad wraps his action in double and triple veils of narrative, removing the tale from one narrator to another. While the infinitely less successful, less sincere, and probably more self-conscious artist D'Annunzio



Compton Mackenzie
at the age of 4.

with the same object drags his modern characters clumsily into the tranquillity of an ancient scene, elaborates unreal speeches, and so—I am thinking particularly of *La Citta Morta*—like Reinhardt, piles on "effects" and only loses effect; even his fondness for mutilations is probably intended by the contrasting shock to fix the impression of beauty into the classic tranquillity.

All this is not quite so irrelevant as it seems. My point is that all Mackenzie's novels have this tranquillity, this permanence that is an attribute of the highest art.

"Sinister Street" is not a mere "feat of memory," a journalistic accumulation of automatically remembered detail. And this is partly, perhaps, because not a word of it was written till nine years after the author had left Oxford. In those nine Horatian years the ordinary man would forget all but a broad impression which he would find it impossible to convey to others. But after nine years the selective imagination of the artist, subconsciously ruminating on experience, will reproduce a picture from which only inessential detail has been rejected, the artistic presentation which conserves for us the emotions of living.

Five of those nine years, after going down from Oxford and getting married, Mackenzie spent in mysterious



Photo by Hills & Saunders.

Compton Mackenzie
at the age of 19.

reclusion in Cornwall. Few of his friends ever saw him, and he was reported from time to time to be writing plays, or reading "Alice in Wonderland" to a Sunday School class, or selling with hideous pangs instalments of his library in order to pay for rare Peruvian shrubs; or, if you like to use the sort of big words I have been using, you may say he was contemplating experience. Then in January, 1911, was published his first novel, "The Passionate Elopement." The manuscript had originally started from Cornwall a year before, says the author, with the most solemn ceremonies of sealing-wax and registration; but after it had been successively returned by all the principal publishers in London, it



Photo by Hills & Saunders.

Compton Mackenzie
as Philpides in "The Clouds," as presented by the O.U.D.S. in March, 1903.

used to be sent off as casually as a post-card. Finally Mr. Martin Secker, who was only just commencing publisher, jumped at it. So Mackenzie came from Cornwall at the end of 1910, absolutely unknown, to read the proofs of "The Passionate Elopement," and to accept the chance of theatrical work with Pelissier. Three years later his books were known all over England and America; and his reputation was sealed when Henry James, reviewing *The Younger School of Novelists*, became positively lucid in benediction of the author of "Carnival" and "Sinister Street."

III.

I have said something about the artist's sublimation of ordinary experience. I should like to add a note about the much misunderstood subject of autobiography in fiction. If an author writes a book about a man at a certain school and a certain university, and happens himself to have been at that school and that university, many people conclude that the book is nothing but an autobiography, a chronicle of the writer's own adventures and circumstances. The misunderstanding, of course, is exactly the same as that of the old ladies who think that a painter is not an "original" or an "imaginative" artist if he uses a model. I look forward to a time when drawing shall be as common an accomplishment as reading and writing; and then perhaps everyone will realise that all good drawing is done from life. All good writers, being engaged on the presentation of life, must use their own experience of it. But it does not follow that they present nothing but their own adventures. For one thing they can arrange, modify, reconstitute. For another they may infer from their own experience in known circumstances their probable experience in other circumstances; or from the reaction of a certain event on themselves its probable reaction on another and hypothetically different character, on, for example, their "hero." Mr. H. G. Wells, whether he writes about the first men in the moon, or about the last men on earth, or about the Imperial College of Science and Technology, is equally using his own experience. I will not develop the argument; but the brief conclusion of it is that some of the characters in "Sinister Street" may be "portraits," some of the incidents in that or in any other of Mackenzie's novels may have actually occurred. But the book is not in



6, North Street, Westminster,
where Compton Mackenzie lived when he began writing "Sinister Street," in July, 1912.

any sense whatsoever an autobiography; and I defy any reader to pick out by internal evidence those particular characters and incidents. Or if any reader still thinks that those chapters of Michael's childhood are a mere transcription, the author having admittedly spent some of his early years in Kensington, is he prepared to regard as a mere "feat of memory" the entirely different mentality of a little girl in Islington presented in those equally wonderful chapters of Jenny's childhood in "Carnival?"

IV.

"The Passionate Elopement" was an immediate success, for I see it was reprinted four times within six months of publication, and even *The Spectator* confessed that "as an exercise in literary *bravura* the book was quite remarkable." Yet I doubt if it has ever had quite the appreciation it deserves. To begin with it is no easy task to set your romance in an eighteenth-century spa, and embroider every page of it with exquisite detail without letting a single anachronism slip into the pattern. An exercise of course it is, but one comparable to

Flaubert's "Salammbô," written, that is, for the practice of concentration and flexibility. There is no better gymnastic for the imagination than the task of putting life into a piece of deliberate erudition; and in this particular task I am not afraid to say that "The Passionate Elopement" is more successful than "Salammbô." Phyllida, in wind-blown furbelows and glistening with the daintiest jewellery, dances a minuet that is felt to prelude the solemnity of ordinary life, while Salammbô throned on her elephant is jammed rather uncomfortably in a majestic howdah between bales of archæology.

One might say that "The Elopement" is a long time starting; but at any rate, the theme accords with all those extravagances and rather precious delights over which a young writer lingers, and these, however alluring, do not mask but only decorate the real qualities of the work. It is not a "costume" novel because the characters are not dummies; they are, indeed, so very much alive that we seem to know the whole thread of their lives and not only the particular skein that enters into the knot of the story. That of course is the supreme test, and the minor characters pass it even more successfully than the hero. Those wicked postillions, the

brothers Maggs, are really a lovely pair of blackguards. And old Mother Mawhood! Mrs. Mawhood opens the door of Blackhart Farm on page 172: "'Love o' maids!' said the fat voice, 'tis Fancy Vernon, or I'm not a fat old sinner'"—and she waddles out to the courtyard, towards the scene of the "Welch Main," on page 175; yet we know all that it is possible decently to know about her life, not to mention her daughter Moll, and twenty volumes of the Newgate Calendar would not tell us more than these few pages about the whole horrible underworld of eighteenth-century London. This, of course, is largely due to Mackenzie's gift for writing dialogue, which, possibly strengthened by the habit of play-writing and acting, hardly ever deserts

I think "The Elopement" gives more evidence than the other books of having been slowly written, during many long candle-lit evenings of a Cornish winter. But I believe the author has been known to pray for that facility which some have wrongly inferred from the length of one of his books. Certainly every chapter, every paragraph of all his books has been composed and weighed with the deepest thought, not only with delicate verbal scholarship, as witnessed by the proper use of archaic or obsolescent words and by the happy revival of some sonorous Latin formations, but always with consideration of its reference to the work as a whole.

Art, as any artist will tell you, is primarily hard work—an enchanting slavery, as must be work of any sort that is well done. But few readers can have realised that not only every epithet but every incident in, for instance, "Sinister Street," has been deliberately chosen; that each of the hundred or more characters in that book has his necessary part to play, and each one (with the possible exception of the unnamed stranger on the last page, who always, I confess, seems to me rather an annoying intrusion on that Roman solemnity) has his influence on the unfolding of Michael's character.

I believe, indeed, that "Sinister Street" can claim to be a consistent whole, and that every one of its eleven hundred pages could be organically justified—the function if not necessarily the

form of every incident could be defended; and this in spite of the fact that its composition was interrupted by Mackenzie's visit to America in the autumn of 1912, to produce his own dramatic version of "Carnival"; by the manufacture for American magazines of a sensational series of pot-boilers, "Metropolitan Nights," written always with curious distinction; by long weeks of illness and intolerable pain that have always haunted him and necessitated in 1913 a migration to Capri; and finally, when the end of the book was already in sight, by the irruption of War.

V.

I seem to have wandered into a consideration of "Sinister Street," which is, perhaps, as well. For although "Carnival" was, bibliographically, his second novel, it is possible that in any definite edition "Sinister Street," considered of course as a single work, would come second and "Carnival" third.

I should like to know how many readers will have observed one reason for this metathesis. I mean that Maurice Avery, whose desertion of Jenny in "Carnival," where he is seen of course only through Jenny's eyes, may seem an arbitrary brutality and therefore a flaw



Photo by Morgan Heiskell.

Compton Mackenzie's villa at Capri.

Casa Solitaria.

him. One has no space to quote, but any reader can find for himself many pages which seem to solve naturally the great problem of dialogue in fiction; the problem of finding a compromise between Meredithian dialogue, frankly idealised, with no more claim to verbal realism than if it were written in blank verse, and the Kodak realism of a stenographic report.

Lastly, I think "The Passionate Elopement" is remarkable for its perception of natural beauty. The author's imagination feeding on the delight of the eyes is richly stored with the changing colours of the sky, the peculiar loveliness of flowers, the variegated procession of the seasons; yet in "The Elopement" every picture is presented through the sophisticated vision of its characters. It would, indeed, be a fascinating study to trace the aspect of the changing months, which is obviously an endless enchantment to the author, as presented in this book (although here by very reason of the eighteenth-century mannerism the strict impersonality of the author is not maintained), then in "Carnival" through Jenny's London eyes, and finally in "Guy and Pauline," where the young lover becomes almost feverishly sensitive to the mutable bloom of the countryside, that mocks his own inability to seize the wild rose loveliness of his fairy's child.

in the tragedy, is much more objectively intelligible in "Sinister Street"; there he enters only as a minor companion of Michael at school and at Oxford, but the obvious weakness of his character, there seen of course through Michael's eyes, is really a postulate of his subsequent loss of Jenny. Another of Michael's friends, by the way, and a worthier than Maurice, becomes the protagonist of "Guy and Pauline."

The practice of introducing the same characters into different books has both its privileges and its obligations. It tempers the rigidity of the Law of the Author's Impersonality, enabling him to present other aspects of such characters; but at the same time it puts his imagination to the severest test, requiring him to conceive these characters, however incidental their first appearance, in the round. And that is really all that need be said about it here—except, perhaps, that it strikes another blow at the "autobiographical" theory of the novel; for if Michael Fane and Maurice Avery and Guy Hazlewood are characters sufficiently distinct to occupy the stage at the same time, it is obvious that they cannot be each a mere echo of the author's personality.

"Sinister Street" was published in two instalments; the first in the autumn of 1913; the second, originally destined for the following January, was delayed by the author's ill-health till last November. It was planned and written as a single work, the pagination is continuous, and it will ultimately no doubt be issued in a single volume. This bisection was in the first place only a concession to the junkerdom of the Circulating Libraries, for whom a six-shilling novel means a certain measure of easy words, bulky enough to satisfy the commercial sense of the subscriber, but not large enough to occupy his attention for more than a week. It was unfortunate, because much of the criticism the work should have received was side-tracked by irrelevant discussion of its length, although as a matter of fact it is shorter than many of Dickens' miscellaneous entertainments, and shorter than many of the acknowledged masterpieces of fiction. It contains, I believe, about the same number of words as Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment," or a little more than half the number in "The Brothers Karamazov." And 250,000 words are not too many for the study of a young man's life, especially if we remember that narrative art is proceeding now in the direction of the *intensive* epic (as, I think, Mr. G. K. Chesterton pointed out with reference to the "Ring and the Book"). I have already said that Michael's life is not a random collection of reminiscences, every incident in the book having been carefully chosen for its psychologic value. Those critics who preach "selection" are apt to forget that selection does not necessarily imply paucity; a thousand incidents may be an artistic selection, or ten may be a chaotic jumble.

"Sinister Street" is a study of influences in modern English life and education; but it is also and primarily the study of a temperament which is exceedingly rare now that socialism is becoming almost synonymous with intelligence. Michael Fane is essentially the contemplative man, the pure individualist, and it is as such that he finds himself drawn finally towards the Roman Church. I don't know if we are justified in inferring that he actually becomes a priest or a Benedictine

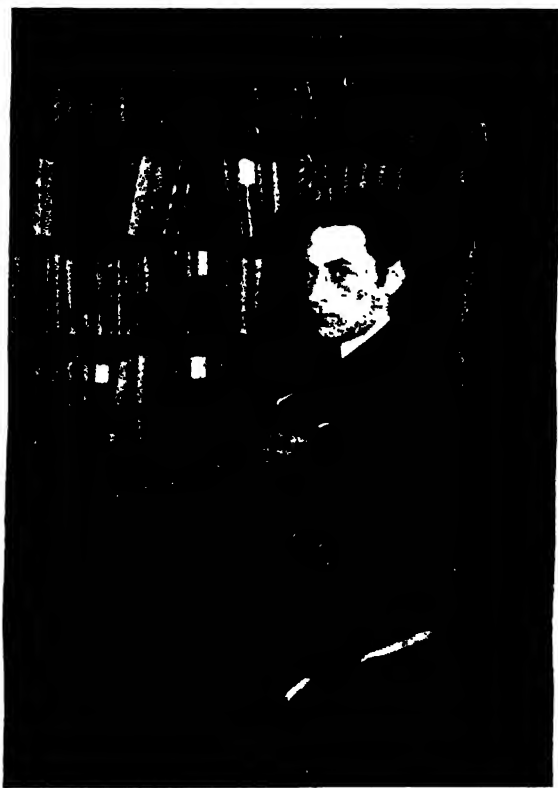


Photo by Morgan Haskell.

Compton Mackenzie.

From a photograph taken at Capri in 1914.

monk; but if he does it is because, like Stendhal's hero in *La Chartreuse de Parme*, after the excessive and perhaps premature violence of his conflict with the world, he suddenly realises the inability of the individual to govern more than his own soul. This realisation is the whole duty of man. The microcosm is not only the image, it is the actual lever and control of the macrocosm. "Soon will come a great war, and everybody will discover it has come either because people are



Compton Mackenzie

in his library at Casa Solitana, Capri.

Christians or because they are not Christians. Nobody will think it is because each man wants to interfere with the conduct of his neighbour." Unexpectedly enough the lesson of "Sinister Street" is the same as that of "The Passionate Elopement," if a work of art in general, and particularly the delicious "Elopement," can be said to have a lesson at all. "Admonish the erring child," says Beau Ripple, "warn the impetuous young woman, chide the libertine, reproach the gamester, set an example of continence to all the world, but abstain from direct interference; and if an unpleasant doom overwhelms the object of your interest, pray do not suppose that you would have been able to avert it."

A possible fault in the structure of "Sinister Street" is in the treatment of Michael's years at Oxford, which seems long and occasionally priggish, while a few passages—the digression, for instance, on "Good Egger"—almost fall into the category of journalism as defined above. But the fault of structure is more apparent than real. The Oxford chapters seem slow when read at the beginning of Volume II., but they fall into proportion if the work is read as a whole; I think, moreover, that they are intended to give the impression

of a pause, a long drawn out reflection on the follies of childhood, an almost static calm before the *Sturm und Drang* of the world. Similarly the other faults will tend to disappear in a comprehensive view. This, I must repeat, is not the author's but Michael's view of Oxford, *ex hypothesi* immature—"the character undecided, the way of life uncertain the ambition thick-sighted."

VI.

One cannot of course examine within these limits all the faults of detail that might be detected in "Sinister Street"; but it is an artistic whole composed with an almost pedantical care for "form" and "selection." There is no flaw in the structure of it comparable to that in "Carnival," which almost breaks in half at page 338. I once had the audacity to think that the book would be actually improved if it were made to end on that page, leaving Jenny alone with her sister in quiet tears by the fire in the old house in Hagworth Street on the night after their mother's funeral. It would have been an ending on that grey note with which Maupassant closes "Une Vie," a note somehow more harrowing than any blackness. But of course when I read it again I saw how impossible it would be to sacrifice the incomparable

beauty of the Cornish scenes which follow, the scenes of Jenny dancing for the last time for her baby under the apple trees, or talking with Granfa Champion in the garden; of Maurice's return ("too late" is the most tragic of all themes) and of his utter rejection by Jenny which gives her figure the final dignity. No, the break in the structure of "Carnival" is more than compensated. There are, besides, one or two lapses into what

I have called journalism, detail, that is, not sufficiently digested or not far enough "removed" from the author (the Suffragette chapter, for example, is really only a clever sketch); there are kindred lapses into sentimentalism, and an excess of London and theatrical slang; all artistic blemishes which probably, as often happens, much increased the book's popularity.

The real fault of the book is in the presentment of Trehwella; the author, it sometimes seems almost unconsciously, has made him a mere brute, whose repulsiveness is hardly mitigated by his fine Cornish idiom and Calvinistic imagery. Now "Beauty and the Beast" is not a tragedy but a fairy tale. Certainly I think the tragedy is made possibly more distressing but less tragic, is in fact essentially weakened, by the

fact that its instrument is only a vile vessel of lust, avarice and bigotry, rather than some noble savage for whom one might have felt some degree of sympathy; that he is one might say Iago playing the part of Othello: this apart of course from the question of whether in the first place the marriage of Jenny to such a grotesque can be made to appear credible, a question on which the author may be given, I think, the benefit of the doubt.

But of course the great achievement of the book is Jenny herself, a brave, a lovely, a crystalline figure of gaiety and truth.

VII.

I don't think the severest critic could find any structural fault, any so-called "formlessness" in "Guy and Pauline," which was published only a few days ago. The manuscript, by the way, was finished just in time for the author to take up the commission to which the Admiralty gazetted him on April 23rd. He reported himself at Sir Ian Hamilton's headquarters without returning to England, so that the proofs have presumably been corrected in the harassed intervals of his work at the Dardanelles. This is not a plea for any special consideration of "Guy and Pauline." The book must,



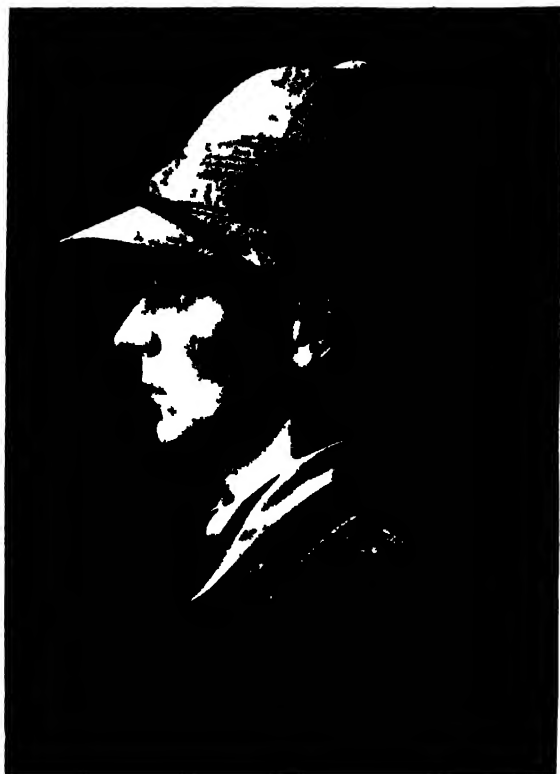
Photo by Morgan Heiskell;

Compton Mackenzie
at his library window at Casa Solitaria, Capri.

of course, be judged entirely on its own merits as a work of art, and as such it will be deemed, I think, the most flawless novel the author has yet given us

The bewildered reviewers who have hardly yet succeeded in focussing "Sinister Street," will find themselves in the presence of a work considerably shorter than either of the last Guy Hazlewood is living at Plashers Mead (the house which gave its name to a chapter of "Sinister Street," Michael Fane having shared with Guy its memorable discovery), and the story hardly moves from the little Cotswold town in which it is set. The time too is equally circumscribed, two years month by month being sufficient for the development of the catastrophe, an arrangement which makes each escaping month seem a step in the emotional problem month by month the serene pastoral of the commencement, the rosy idyl glimpsed and envied by Michael unfolds into inevitable tragedy. For a tragedy it is one of those quiet tragedies in which nobody dies, nobody is to blame, and only a dream is murdered. You might call it, I suppose, the tragedy of delay, and I have heard that it was at one time to have been called 'The Thief of Time.' I will not describe the 'plot,' because the plot would have to be a simple enumeration of characters, so inevitably does disaster seem to result, by the lapse of two years, from their relation, and all the action is the slow gliding of golden months, and the growth of love, and the constriction of circumstance, and the rather attractive unpracticalness of delightful people.

Between the Rectory and Plashers Mead, by stream and upland the tale of love plays itself out seen alternately through Guy's mentality and through Pauline's, and so real are the characters that they can never be dissociated from the emotional forces they generate, the jealousy of a young man's love or the cruelty of innocence. It is not a conflict of possessiveness and innocence and procrastination, it is just Guy and Pauline and the Greys, and in that English countryside of almost dream-like beauty, which seems a lucid interspace of modern life,



Compton Mackenzie

at the Dardanelles August 1915

the characters are as tranquilly isolated as any of Furgenev's remote households on the Russian steppe.

VIII.

And that is really why I think "Guy and Pauline" is the greatest artistic achievement Mackenzie has so far attained, an achievement marking a distinct advance along the whole front held by the English novel.

From the first page to the last, not on *ly* I mean at moments of tension but through all the humours of country life—of Guy's economic trials with his deaf housekeeper, of the Rectory itself like a house in a fairy tale where existence is a wise harmony of chamber music and horticultural Latin—the spell of tranquillity is never broken. From the first page to the last not only Guy and Pauline and her beautiful sisters, and the Rector and his wife but all the minor characters, Miss Peasey and the gardener and Guy's father the schoolmaster (rather like a middle article in *The Spectator*) and the carrier and Miss Verney (and even Bob), they are all immanent like figures seen in a crystal, a magic crystal in which they live transfigured and immortal. The tragedy of "Guy and Pauline" seems to be enacted from beginning to end in the sphere of tranquillity while in the other books there are moments as I think I have shown when the vision wavers the crystal clouds.

But consider how many scenes there are in them which one remembers as one remembers less of the D'Urbervilles looking out over the valley or Madame Bovary or Odysseus stripping off his rags at the beginning of the 22nd Odyssey, vital attitudes in some more lucid air, like that of the figures that move and move not on the frieze of Neoptolemus, as one remembers also a few "vital attitudes" of Mr Pickwick, and many



Compton Mackenzie

at the Dardanelles, August 1915

of Uncle Toby; because what I have called the air of tranquillity may include in beauty, which after all is only the quintessence of life, any manifestation of life, scenes not only tragic and majestic, but also occasions of the most boisterous comedy. So in Mackenzie's books among the tensest moments of the comic spirit one remembers the fight in the passage in Neptune Crescent, which whelms Michael in the domestic grievances of Mr. and Mrs. Murdoch and Poppy; and Mrs. Frith's ejection from the thin red house in Carlington Road, or Dolly's from the Café d'Orange; and one remembers the macabre appearance of Brother Aloysius (some time Mr. Meats) among the blackberries at Clere Abbas, or the hideous night before his arrest in Leppard Street, or Mrs. Raeburn's reception of the three Aunts; just as significantly as one remembers Jenny in scarlet serge dancing under the plane tree at the quiet end of Hagworth Street, and her birthday party in the Studio, and her journey to Cornwall; or Michael and Alan in Richmond Park, and summer afternoon school in the

History Sixth at St. James "while the mowing-machine hummed its low harmony of perishable minutes and wasted sunlight"; or Stella and Michael in the forest at Compiègne, and at Châtillon; or Lily moving like a Piero della Francesca angel among the mirrors at Ararat House.

These are only random examples, given as the pen runs, of Mackenzie's power to transfigure ordinary life with this crystalline vitality; one could never really make an anthology of these occasions because they are all organic parts of the books in which they occur. One might talk a great deal of the technical method by which these results are attained; and one might go on discussing till the end of the war endless questions of style (which is analysis of an author's personality), of his comic vision or of his philosophic conception of the universe. But, after all, it is ultimately for such moments as these, which rank with the most fine creations of English art, that Compton Mackenzie's work will be remembered after all our international grievances are forgotten.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OCTOBER, 1915.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best original greeting in four lines of verse to a new V.C.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

- I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to A. Howe, of Way College, Adelaide, South Australia, for the following:

AN OUTLAW'S SONG.

My Sampan drifts where the reed-beds quiver,
Its shadow faint in the dusky blue,
Softly the Twilight gate uncloses,
And silver-saddled Night comes through;
With scents of cedars, musk, and roses
She comes Vesese with dreams of you.

An old, old song hath this singing river,
A wistful call to the list'ning stars,
The pale moon at her lattice lingers,
Tossing her pearls to its slumber bars,
To the lace work wrought by lily fingers,
About the shadowed masts and spars.

A plover's call and I see your coming,
Graceful and swift, as a moon moth's flight;
Sweet and pale like a lotos flower,
Your eyes like stars in the purple night
See the fire-flies fall in a golden shower,
Their Danae You - my Heart's Delight

You come, Vesese, like a tired bird homing,
So pale, my sweet, is it love, or fear?
Your kinsmen seek your rebel lover,
Each shrub, you think, may hide a spear—
Away on the hills they seek the Rover,
Nor dream that he, and Love are here.

A. HOWE.

We also select for printing:

THE BROKEN CRUCIFIX.

The tides of War have thundered by
This little lonely wayside shrine—
Empty and dark against the sky
The Cross that held the Form divine,
And at its feet the shattered Christ
Proclaims Love freshly sacrificed.

The nail-pierced hands, the slender feet
Are torn from their last resting-place
By storms of shot and shell that beat
Across the beauty of that Face;
A yawning wound gapes dark and wide
Above the bleeding, spear-torn side.

Long years ago, a voice that mocked
Cried, "Christ, if Thou be God indeed
Come down!" And lo! the earth has rocked,
And in His pity and our need,
Lest faith should turn to fear and loss,
Christ stands with us beneath the Cross!

(Violet D. Chapman, Sorrento, Burnham, Somerset.)

THE STREET OF LANTERNS.

They have built them a lane of fire that leads to my father's door,
A street of lanterns, golden flowers in the gathering dusk
The air is heavy with perfume, rose and amber and musk,
The feet of many guests pass on the echoing floor.

Music throbs in the dark. I hear, with swift-caught breath,
The wedding-cry of the women, that thrills and appals my heart;
And I dare not dream, although for a space I sit apart,
Of the Desert ways I love—and shall see no more till Death.

For me the bridegroom waits, and the wedding night is come,
And for me, who love the lonely Desert ways and the stars,
He has builded a narrow, gaudy cage, with latticed bars . . .
For me are the lantern flowers, and my heart is dumb.

(Thora Stowell, care of Ogden, Palais de Koubbeh,
near Cairo, Egypt.)

From the very numerous other lyrics received we select for special commendation those by Beresford Richards (Co. Derry), Miss B. C. Hardy (Eastbourne), B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Robert A. Smith (Queensland, Australia), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), Frank H. Humby (Sidcup), Frances T. Blyth (Eastbourne), G. M. (Cavendish Square), Lawrence Tarr (Upminster), H. Thompson Rich (New Jersey), Sydney E. Church (B. E. F., France), Raoul Hedden (Jersey, C. I.), Christine Chaundler (Russell Square), A. J. Thompson (Worthing), W. H. Barnes (Bristol), Ivy L. Merryweather (Wimbledon), Phyllis Marks (London, N.W.), Miss O. M. Geer (Hungerford), Mrs. J. Ford (Oxford), Arthur Thrush (London, W. C.), Miss C. M. Sugden (Wakefield), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), George C. Murray (West Perth, Australia), Eileen Newton (Whitby), May Kidson (Perth, Australia), Octavia Gregory (Parkstone), Lucy J. Taylor (Birmingham), Mona Douglas (Birkenhead), E. R. L. (Durham), A. Ellerton (Primrose Hill), Lilian Holmes (Charing), Saladin (Crystal Palace), May O. Rourke (Dorchester), W. Siebenhaar (Perth, Australia), Norman Hugh Romanes (Westminster), Alice M. Winlow (Vancouver), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate), E. L. Foyster (Croydon), McLandburgh Wilson (New York), Margaret E. Gibbs (Thornton Heath), Leslie Comber (Jamaica).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to W. T. Hicks Bolton, of 15, Montrose Avenue West Kilburn, London, N.W., for the following:

A NOTABLE TRIO. BY THOS. SECOCMBE.
"Three blind mice!"

We also select for printing:

ECONOMY IN WARTIME. BY MRS. EUSTACE MILES
(Methuen.)

"Turn down an empty Glass."
The Rubdydyt of Omar Khayyam.

(Doris Dean, 55, College Road, Bromley, Kent.)

I WILL REPAY. BY BARONESS ORCZY.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Both my speaking eyes were sable."
C. S. CALVERLEY, *Gems and Virgo.*

(Charles Powell, 67, Dickenson Road, Manchester.)

THE CHORUS. BY SYLVIA LYND. (Constable.)

"Each rivals the other in powers—
Each waltzes, each warbles, each paints."
AUSTIN DORSON, *Dora versus Rose.*

(Annie E. Richardson, 15, Buckenham Square, New Kent Road, London, S.E.)

A LOVER'S TALE. BY MAURICE HEWLETT. (Ward, Lock.)
"An' I says, 'I mun gie thee a kiss,' an' Sally says, 'Noi thou moant,'
But I gied her a kiss, an' then anoother, an' Sally says,
'Doant.'"

TENNYSON, *Northern Cobbler.*

(B. L. Wood, 7, Romilly Road, Barry, S. Wales.)



Compton Mackenzie.

From a sketch by J. Montgomery Flagg.

REVIEW: THE FREEING OF THE SPIRIT.
BY A. E. WAITE.

"Suppose, the spirit Beethoven wants to shed
New music he's brimful of; why, he turns
The handle of this organ,—"

R. BROWNING, *Mr. Sludge, The Medium.*

(Eileen Newton, White Haven, West Cliff, Whitby,
Yorkshire.)

THE GOLDEN QUEST. BY A. AND C. ASKEW.
(Ward, Lock.)

"Doant thou marry for munny, but goa wheer munny is."
TENNYSON, *Northern Farmer.*

(Mrs. M. E. Brown, 27, Claremont Crescent, Sheffield.)

JULIETTE DRUET'S LOVE LETTERS TO VICTOR HUGO.
(Stanley Paul.)

"This put her papa—
She had no mamma—
As may well be supposed,
In the deuce of a rage."

HARHAM, *Ingoldsby Legends.*

(Joyce F. Powell, The Vicarage, Knotty Ash, Liverpool.)

III.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best list of six books to send out to soldiers in the trenches, and the best reason for choosing the books selected, is awarded to James A. Richards, of 19, Park Road, Tenby, Pembrokeshire, for the following:

"The Pickwick Papers." By Charles Dickens.

"Wordsworth's Poems."

"Deeds that Won the Empire." By Dr. W. H. Fitchett.

"The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." By Sir A. Conan Doyle.

"Wee Macgregor." By J. J. Bell.

"The Harvester." By Gene Stratton Porter.

I take it for granted that every soldier has a Bible. "Pickwick" will bring the Divine gift of laughter. Fitchett's work inspire to great deeds. Macgregor will recall home and boyhood. Sherlock arrest and hold the attention of the reader. "The Harvester" brings the pure love element in a romantic setting. Wordsworth as the poet of English home life.

It has been difficult to make this decision; many of the other lists sent are varied and excellent, the best six being those from Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), Miss J. Shaw (Harrogate), Lettie Cole (Pontillas), Gordon Fletcher (Erdington), Norman Birkett (Birmingham), Frederick G. Jackson (Leeds).

IV The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words of any recent book is awarded to Florence G. Fidler, of 131, Abbey Road, London, N.W., for the following:

WILLAS'S BUSINESS By HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON. (Constable.)

The business of Angela is husband-hunting; and her failure and success therein are chronicled by Mr. Harrison with a quiet, sly humour which is altogether delightful. His slow, deliberate method of developing his characters, and of building up his plot produce the effect on the reader of watching a stage drama played by a skilful caste. The portrait of the modern woman, Mary Wing, is forcible and true to life: while the gradual mental growth of the young author, who in the first chapter "viewed Woman never as *La Femme*, but exclusively as a Question," makes capital reading.

We also select for printing:

JOYS OF THE SIMPLE LIFE By DUGALD SEMPLE. (G. Bell & Sons)

We hear a great deal just now about the necessity of living more simply and economically, but that there are higher issues to the practice of simplicity than mere money-saving, is not always realised. Mr. Semple, writing from his caravan home at Bridge of Weir, tells in his book of the joys of living when non-essentials are eliminated, leaving only the best things of life. The various chapters are full of interesting experiences and earnest reflections, and, especially, helpful suggestions for those who, to quote the preface, "are striving to live a simpler, nobler, and more beautiful life."

(James G. Henry, 33, Dudley Drive, Partick, Glasgow.)

THE WAY OF THE RLD CROSS By VIVIAN A. WILLIAMS. (Hodder & Stoughton)

This book is a collection of impressions—sketches taken from different points of view, but all focussing in the end to one great object. Its division into two parts—at Home and Abroad—gives it the necessary breadth for dealing with such a large subject. The terrible shadow of war is lightened by stories of self-sacrifice and helpfulness. Every department is represented, and the reading of such a book is heartening on account of the way in which humanity shines through the records of its pages.

(Jessie Jackson, 83, Walkergate, Beverley.)

BEALBY By H. G. WELLS (Methuen)

There has been a tendency to review "Bealby" as a trivial diversion quite uncharacteristic of Mr. Wells. Personally, I do not find the book trivial, for, woven throughout the wanderings of runaway Bealby, there is an appreciable philosophy. For example, we have a beautiful lesson of life in the description of Bealby and the caravanners at the pictures. Several slight digressions on the social problem proclaim the novel characteristically Wellsian. There is a quality about "Bealby," light and rollicking though it is, that points gravely to the duty of cheerfulness and a happy tolerance towards others.

(Peter Winstanley, 30, Belmont Road Bolton.)

AMERICA AND GERMANY By J. WILLIAM WHITE. (Unwin)

The materials for judgment in this book are, by no means, scanty. There is the War, with its concomitants of piracy and outrage, and the pre-war diplomacy, in which Germany still feels it expedient to withhold the most vital of her own proceedings from official publication. Dr. White has skimmed for us the cream of the very active controversy that has raged, for more than a year, in the American Press, and has erected, upon a massive pedestal of logic and fact, his conviction that the Republic will be wounded, alike in its interests and honour, by a permanent neutrality.

(M. A. Newman, 19, Sudeley Street, Kemp Town, Brighton)

FIFTY-ONE TALES. By LORD DUNSANY.

(Ellen Mathews.)

Tales prodigious and stories extraordinary, to the average reader they must appear so utterly bizarre and whimsical as to be almost meaningless, but lovers of the eerie and remote in literature will feel at once under the spell of a potent wizard of words. "Wind and Fog" reveals the author's marvels of diction to an almost magical degree. The Hellenic spirit is curiously apparent in all the tales beneath its Celtic counterpart, and love of the symbol is blent with a quaint humour rarely met with in present-day writings. A distinctly remarkable volume and a treasure-book of its kind.

(Kathleen White, 55, Elm Grove Road, Barnes, Surrey.)

SOME ELDERLY PEOPLE AND THEIR YOUNG FRIENDS.

By S. MACNAUGHTEN

One rubs one's eyes with amazement at the opening sentences of this book. Julia is forty, her sister and friends a few years older. She lives in a large and comfortable house, with a staff of servants and a portly butler, she wears handsome satin gowns, gives ponderous dinners, has a few (equally elderly) friends in to whist in the evenings, and before they part they all have harmless tots of hot whiskey and water. In many ways the story is a charming and amusing one, but—dear Miss Macnaughten, people of forty are not elderly to-day and they *don't do these things!*

(Miss B. C. Hardy, 19, Hartfield Square, Eastbourne.)

BRUNEL'S TOWER By EDEN PHILLIPOTS.

(Heinemann)

Mr. Eden Phillpotts in spite of handicapping himself by a complete technicology of pottery-craft—conveyed in masterly style—has given us another wonderful book. The character of Harvey Porter, the waif beloved yet mistrusted by the master-potter, has no complexities, though the divinity of its simplicity may be questioned. We are accustomed to Mr. Phillpotts' black sheep, but this is a new breed and a most distinctively funny one. A less able writer might have flawed him with apologies. Nature needs none for the perfection of nudity. The chorus of old men is as usual delightful.

(W. M. Lodge, 7, Gatestone Road, Upper Norwood)

BITTERSWEET By GRANT RICHARDS (Grant Richards)

A story of a double life, of an intrigue between an Englishman at a Continental "Cure" and a dancing girl of the Latin Quarter, told with almost diary-like precision, "Bittersweet," despite the sordidness inseparable from such an episode, is engrossing reading. The wonderful intuition which traces so cleverly the effect of environment a total severing of familiar ties upon a man, and which, incidentally reveals the "soul of the dancer," grips the imagination. At times unconvincing, again poignantly human, there is "bitter" and "sweet" in this study of temperament, which possesses all the distinction we associate with the author of "Caviare."

(Lucy Chamberlain, Plas Brith, Llandudno)

We specially commend the twenty reviews sent in by Miss A. Hana Baird (Norwood), Andrea S. Holbrow (Bath), C. W. Pilkington Rogers (Ipswich), Miss M. J. Dobie (Mouldsworth), Miss E. Willis (Wandsworth), Horace W. Walker (Beeston), Irene Harrison (Earl's Court), C. E. M. Joad (Hampstead), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), Arnold S. Walton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), Doris Dean (Bromley), Peter Winstanley (Bolton), N. R. McIntosh (Birmingham), J. Victor Stalker (Dundee), Marie Russell (Glasgow), Miss M. Troughton (Golder's Green), A. Racer (London, S.E.), Miss M. E. Kennedy (Dublin), C. Lambert Baynes (Champion Hill).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to

THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss Sissie Hunter, of 14, Avondale Road, Chesterfield

FLEET STREET MEMORIES.*

By RICHARD WHITLING

STILL they come and why not? Every human being has something worth remembering for himself and for others, if only he knows how to set it down.

The author of this book is a Scotsman who has passed the better part of forty years in Fleet Street, and now registers the heart beats of that pulse of the world. His

method is a good one, the anecdotic and the go-as-you-please. There is no better in the circumstances, for who could hope to reduce such a welter of impressions into a philosophy of life? The only possible course is to let one thing lead to another—Stanley to the staircase where he was first met; the staircase to Sutherland House to which the staircase belonged; thus to the distinguished people who have stood under that roof, Garibaldi and the Shah of Persia among the number.

* "The Pulse of the World." By Malcolm Stark. 5s. net. (Sheffington.)

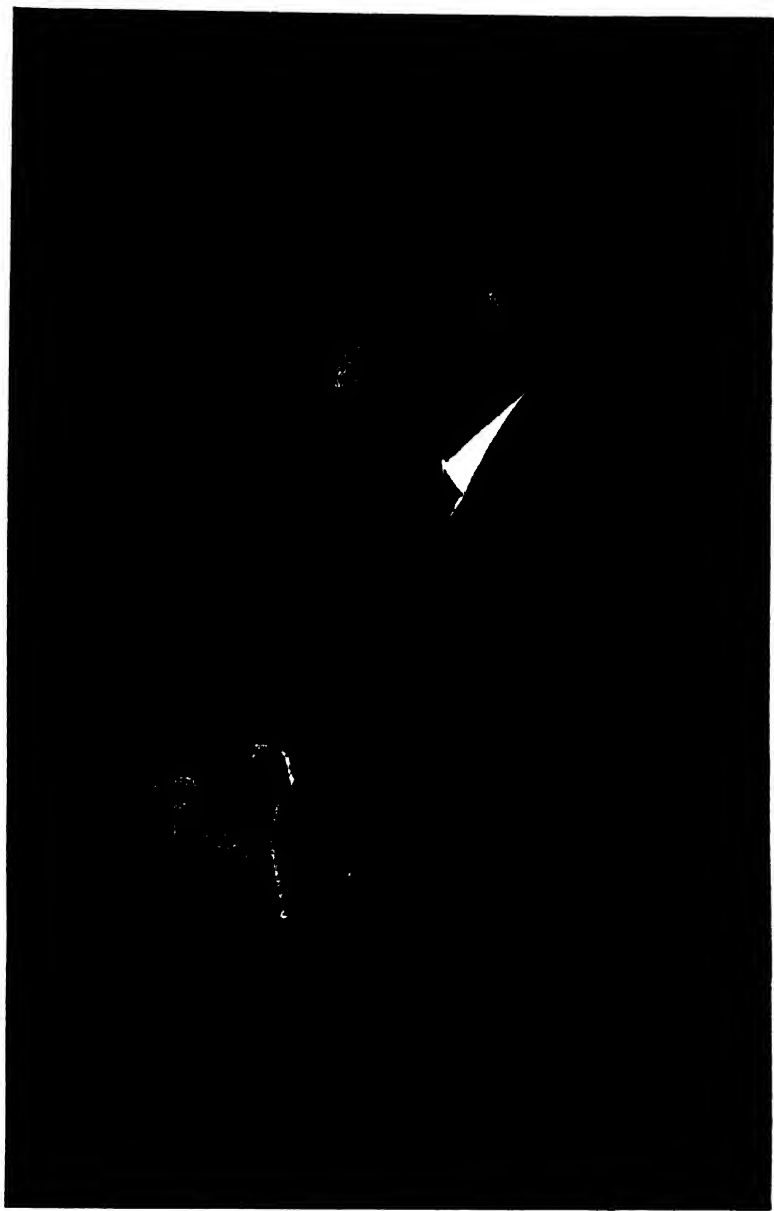


Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

Compton Mackenzie, 1913.

And, above all, for interest, "Archie Campbell," what time he took part in the famous meeting against the proposal to abolish the Tartan in the Highland regiments—a demonstration admirably stage-managed.

"The pipers of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh roused the imagination with their wild and spirited music. After speeches of the strongest protest by Scottish noblemen and soldiers, and a rarely paralleled burst of nationality, with an appeal to city, mountain, and glen, the figure of Lord Archibald Campbell, a son of the Duke of Argyll, was seen emerging from a corner, drawing his dirk, waving the fiery cross, and carrying it through the hall and up the grand staircase amidst a scene of enthusiasm such as, I fancy, was never before witnessed even in Stafford House."

The death of the late Duke of Argyll, who was born at Sutherland House, recalls a reminiscence of his father—and so you go on.

And it is by no means all dukes and lords, as too many of such books tend to be. Some of the best commemorated are not even names to that general public to whose wants they ministered throughout strenuous lives. David Moffatt—Davie always to his friends—has his page here. A good German scholar and a French, he abounded in much of the lore of those tongues, including, as Mr. Stark might have remembered to tell us, the whole Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte. Davie had but one weakness, a certain credulity, a dangerous foible in the journalist, which made him easy sport for the wags. One morning, in the small hours, two of these heartless creatures waylaid him with the report that the Prince of Wales had been shot in the Highlands. He returned to his office and despatched a message to his clients in the European capitals and in America. The morning's reflection on this feat in "scooping" convinced him that he had been hoaxed, and when he crawled forth in terror to see the effect of his handiwork, he found a placard in full possession of: "Shooting of Prince of Wales in the Highlands. Latest Particulars," which perhaps, in one way of reading it, saved the situation for these shores.

The Press blunders of Mr. Stark's memories have been only less distressing than the hoaxes. An American editor, whose cable told him, and truly, that the Oxford Music Hall had been burnt down, could find nothing better to do than read up "Oxford" in his books of reference, and announce the destruction of the Sheldonian Theatre. Again, when Carlyle died, at the time of the campaign in Ashantee, the items "Carlyle dead. Fighting Ashantee," cabled to Australia, came out thus: "Mr. Thomas Carlyle, formerly of Craigenputtock, but lately of Chelsea, author of 'Sartor' and the 'History of the French Revolution' died yesterday fighting the Ashantees."

Our author, in the generally accepted way, learns his calling in the provinces, and then gravitates to London.

The mighty city draws him, as it draws most of us, by "its medley of all the elements of tumult, ambition, passion, worry, government, taste, fashion, riches, privation, crime"—the all sorts that it takes to make a world. And, as for Fleet Street, at the heart of it, "No thoroughfare in London is more magnetic, after midnight. From Temple Bar to St. Pauls the patter never ceases, in summer heat or in winter cold." The very taverns, here and there in the purlieus, are not as others. By privilege of authority, and for the benefit of night workers who may want refreshment, some of them begin their opening day at two o'clock in the morning. The privilege is sometimes abused by night birds who know their way about, and contrive to pass as members of the Press. It was shockingly abused by the three cabbies who in answer to the customary question, blandly declared themselves—one a reporter on *The Daily News*, another, a compositor on *The Standard*, and the third, Editor of *The Times*. The talk is varied and often full of quality. If in one corner it is, or rather was, but the prospects of the Two Thousand Guineas or the Derby, in another it might turn on searching forecasts of the chances of immortality of Carlyle, Tennyson, or Browning, the literary lights of the time, or close debates on the theory of probability as the touchstone of wisdom and the guide of life. An ever fresh topic was the contrast between Gladstone and Disraeli, for better or for worse. The author, if he had thought of it, would have probably been able to add, in confirmation of others who have shared his right of entry, that most of the champions of the first-named belonged to the Conservative Press, and of the other to the Liberal. What wonder! They are tired of hearing the Office brand of Aristides called the "Just-So."

In due time the author seems to have heard Scotland's call of his native wild, and to have answered, like the typical djinn of "The Arabian Nights," "I hear, and I obey." In his closing pages, we leave him, or he leaves us, on his retirement, going ashore at Tarbert, after weathering a gale in Lochsyne, and with a prospect of hare-soup and chops before a blazing fire. "In my joyous exuberance I quoted Aytoun's spirited lines:

"Let me feel the breezes blowing
Fresh along the mountain side!
Let me see the purple heather,
Let me hear the thundering tide."

But wait. "I began to realise seriously for the first time that I was cut away from London—at all events from my nightly pursuits—cut away from the pulse of the world. . . . I guessed what would be going on there, and wished myself back in the midst of it all. What a difference there was between the desolate shores of Kintyre and Argyll, and the blazing life of the Metropolis!"

Aweel! Aweel! sirs—a very pleasant book.

BAGEHOT.*

BY GEORGE SAMPSON.

THE Admirable Crichton in Barrie's satirical fantasy was observed to like "sets of things"; and his awed subjects placated him by gifts that touched

this soft side of autocracy. The resources of the island, exploited as they were to the utmost by Crichton's genius, could scarcely rise to sets of the more serious authors, otherwise collections of Hallam, Southey, and Josephus (that learned Jew), uniformly bound and

* "The Works of Walter Bagehot." Edited by Mrs. Russell Barrington. 10 vols. 75s. net. (Longmans).

lettered on the back, would certainly have adorned the autocrat's library. I hope I do no injustice to his literary taste. It is true that he quotes Henley; but that is in a moment of rapture when men, notoriously, will say anything. I cannot find this conclusive. I feel sure that his natural inclinations leaned towards Hallam and Southey, and very probably Philip James Bailey.

For myself (no autocrat, but a timid and unassertive bookman), I confess to sharing Crichton's weakness for sets—in the literary sense. A collected edition always beguiles me. A few prized examples have come my way as perquisites of the reviewer's trade—rare and precious consolations for the toil of reading patiently (with an eye to quotable extracts) so many of those stock issues of the day that are born to inevitable exposure at murderous prices in the windows of remainder shops. Some other sets I have acquired by honourable purchase, thereby squandering in a day the exiguous earnings of a month or more. These, perhaps, I should love most of all, as the fruits of sacrifice, the splendid extravagance of poverty. But I do not discriminate. So that I have my set, I am not nice about its origin.

There would seem to be no third course. Gift or presentation cannot be relied upon, because the books that people give you are always those you do not want, and certainly never sets—except perhaps on marriage.

But then one cannot marry every month. However, there is a third way of acquiring collected editions—a means almost incredible, and I fear precarious. A gentleman in the United States, connected with the great betting business known as Insurance, decided to tempt prospective clients by presenting them with a set of volumes when the transaction was duly completed. The idea was to induce the insured to live long enough to read them. I believe this kind of thing is often done in those curious States. In the present instance, our insurance director exhibited his excellent taste, as well as his business capacity, by compiling his presentation set from the fugitive and little known writings of Walter Bagehot, an English banker, economist, country gentleman and essayist. This should be regarded as a precedent. There are several sets of books I want. Will English insurance companies please note? I promise to live as long as I can.

We owe, therefore, the first collected Bagehot (like the first collected De Quincey) to the discernment of America. Now, a long time after, we have an English set in ten spacious and dignified volumes, which include, as every good collected edition should, a whole bookful (or more) of stuff not hitherto reprinted. This is as it should be. Every owner of a collected edition, though otherwise amiable, likes to feel that he possesses matter not contained in the cheaper issues. For a more becoming reason this new material is welcome. We cannot have too much of Bagehot. He had the rare gifts of a personal note in style and a constructive force in criticism.

He was the kind of man who always managed to say something valuable, even in a leading article; so that, really, very little of his work can be safely ignored as obsolete or uninteresting. When I add that the present selection of new matter has been made under the shrewd and discerning eye of Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, nothing more need be said to commend it to readers of THE BOOKMAN.

Considered very critically, the edition as a whole has certain defects; but I have dwelt upon these elsewhere, and it would be literally damnable iteration to go over the tale again. The solid attractions of the set outweigh all minor imperfections. It is the only complete edition of a brilliant and original writer whose style never stales and

whose wisdom never palls. It is an excellent investment for the library.

Bagehot is, in many respects, a typical Englishman. He conveys, somehow, the sense that writing books is rather good fun, but not the sort of thing a gentleman should do for a living. In that respect he harks back to the tradition of the Sidneys and the Raleghs and the other gallant amateurs who made Eliza's day so spacious. What we call Bagehot's works, he would have called his *parerga*, the real business of his life being discoverable, not in his library, but in the parlour of Stuckey's Bank, or in the office of the "Economist," or behind the scenes at the Treasury. He was the complete Englishman raised to the highest power. "Animated moderation" (his own happy term) describes exactly his chief good quality. In animation, certainly, he is excelled by no other English essayist, though he never scolds, like Ruskin, or raves, like Carlyle. True, he



Walter Bagehot.

From a mezzotint by Norman Hurst.
Frontispiece to Vol. 10 of "The Works of Walter Bagehot" (Longmans).



**The Dutch House,
called the Castle Bank.**

Banking House of Stuckeys, 1826-1854.
From "The Works of Walter Bagehot" (Longmans).

is always "going on," but in the happier sense of that equivocation; and his motion is real progression, and not a mere running round after his own tail, in the busy, unprofitable manner of too many miscellaneous writers, grave and gay. In literature, as in life, it is not enough to move; the essential thing is to move on. Bagehot moves on; but not so fast that panting Britons toil after him in vain.

To this animation he joins the sister virtue of moderation. In "Physics and Politics," that wise little book, he lays stress on the fact that one main element of progress is

the presentation of only just so much new matter as can be comfortably assimilated by the old. The doctrine is reiterated by Samuel Butler. All Bagehot's own work exhibits this quality of conservative innovation. He is original, but he never frightens his readers. He says startling things with the utmost steadiness. Compare him with a safe, emphatic man like Macaulay. Macaulay is what may be called a sedentary writer. He never fails to interest and to instruct, like an encyclopædia combining excellence and brilliance; but he never takes you anywhere. There are no spiritual adventures in Macaulay. Bagehot is full of them; though like the true shy Englishman he offers them as if they were covered by the office season-ticket.

The Englishman is the most romantic creature in the world. His national poet is a magical rhetorician with a sense of humour; his very empire is like a boy's adventure book come true; yet he is at pains to believe that he is a plain, practical fellow with no damned nonsense about him. And all the time he is stuffed full of nonsense, not damned nonsense, like Prussian metaphysics, but nonsense almost divine. Bottom the weaver is English, but so is Puck; "Paradise Lost" is English, but so is "Pickwick." England is a land of shopkeepers to the shallow observer; its truer names are Illyria, the Forest of Arden, a sea coast of Bohemia, or a wood near Athens. The Englishman presents to the world the phenomenon of romance under discipline, a combination so startling and irresistible that large portions of the map have turned instantly red on beholding it. Bagehot represents this double nature of the Englishman more exactly than any other writer

of his class. His very gravity likes to disguise itself as levity, as if all the tremendous things in life were a bit of a jolly old lark. His general tempo is allegro; but it is an allegro like Beethoven's that can say more momentous things than others can put into an adagio. He is sparkling, yet he is serious; he is romantic, yet he is restrained. He was a prosperous banker, yet he wrote on the finer issues of life and literature. He invented Treasury Bills, yet he proclaimed that mysticism is true. Could anything be more delightfully English?

New Books.

WOMEN IN THE WAR.*

These two volumes, of a lively interest as to their matter, have a secondary interest which might indeed come first

* "A Journal of Impressions in Belgium." By May Sinclair. 6s. (Hutchinson.)—"A Woman's Experiences in the Great War." By Louise Mack (Mrs. Creed). 10s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

with the student of character and those curiously interested in human nature, for each is a study in personality. Each, one thinks, must more or less faithfully represent the woman behind it. Each is, further, a study in femininity. It would be quite possible, one would think, to paint portraits, or at least to make pencil sketches, of Miss Sinclair and Mrs. Creed after a mere reading of these books,

in which they are themselves and not the creatures they set out to write about in novels. We are grateful for the picture of Mrs. Creed as the frontispiece to her book. The delicate, intrepid, inquisitive nose is worth the whole 10s. 6d. that is paid for the book, as an index to the character which brought Mrs. Creed into so many strange adventures and places, and kept her in Antwerp when all the men had—shall we say moved on?—to see the end of the adventure. Behind Miss Sinclair's book we see an intrepid heart somewhat hampered by delicacy and sensitiveness. One feels that the heart had rather to flog the body. A young English lady stated to me thus her qualifications for nursing the wounded soldiers in France: "I am strong; I have languages; and I can be trusted not to flirt with the convalescents." Well, the latter clause may or may not have been a qualification. We heard earlier in the war that the astute Germans were employing pretty nurses for their wounded; and certainly a pretty girl will hold out more potent inducements to a sick man to get well than a snuffy, ugly old nurse, however efficient. But, in the first clause of my friend's qualification, one feels Miss Sinclair must have failed. Though she asseverates ever so strongly her physical fitness for the Red Cross, one shakes one's head. The value of her book is a literary one; and each of these books has the special interest of the sharp, new, clean impression of the war. Our senses are blunted after fourteen months of it.

Of course Miss Sinclair will always see a thing with the eye of the poet and artist, and reproduce it in exquisite words. Three or four things will remain with one long after the shower of War Books has become a steady downpour. There is the picture of the refugees in the Palais des Fêtes at Ghent. There is the episode of the wounded English officer whom Miss Sinclair nursed—almost Shandean in its broad, yet delicate human pathos. There is the garden at Écloo, where the tired Ambulance in retreat halted for food and rest.

"It is about four in the morning when we get there. A thin glow of light is beginning to leak through the mist. The mist holds it as a dark cloth holds the fluid that bleaches it. There is something queer about this light. There is something queer, almost mimical, about this garden. . . The mist stands straight up from the earth like a high wall drawn close about the house; it blocks with dense grey stuff every inch of space between the bushes and the trees: they are thrust forward, rank upon rank, closing in upon the house: they loom enormous and near. A few paces further back they appear as without substance in the dense grey stuff that invests them: their tops are tangled and lost in a web of grey. In this strange garden it is as if space itself had solidified in masses and solid objects had become spaces between.

"When your eyes get used to this curious inversion it is as if the mist was no longer a wall but a growth; the garden is the heart of a jungle bleached by enchantment and struck with stillness and cold; a tangle of grey; a muffled, huddled and stifled hower, all grey; and webbed and laced with grey."

Here Miss Sinclair is herself. A delicate and scrupulous conscientiousness makes her minute in recording the doings of the Ambulance.

Mrs. Creed could not have written these paragraphs to save her life. But she has the instinct of the journalist, and when impressions have to be sharp and sudden—jotted down, so to speak, in a reporter's note-book—journalism serves. That delightful nose must have been responsible for so much—the energy, the courage, the inquisitiveness, the impulsiveness, the affectionateness of the book, which has an almost *gamin* quality of liveliness and un-selfconsciousness. She seemed to thrive on danger. Everyone helped her along. No wonder, with that nose. She has a dear delightful pugnaciousness—I claim her for Ireland by that nose. Though she would thrust herself into places where the male might find women a nuisance, I dare swear every man found her a man and a brother. There is not the slightest pretence to fine writing. We rush along with her breathlessly. She tells us some few dreadful things as of the Cathedral at Aerschot; she is not mealy-mouthed; but even from the Cathedral at Aerschot one emerges into the wind and sun with this brisk creature. There is an awful piteousness about her

tale of the dogs at Antwerp. Surely such harmless victims of the war are not the least piteous. One picture jumps out of the pages—the entry of the Germans into Antwerp—the first grey figure, with the rose in its coat, passing up the empty street. Indeed, all that part is admirable. The Germans rushing to the pianos is really a thing seen which might have escaped a more pretentious observer. The emerging of the hordes of hidden spies to greet the conquerors. These things tell. Indeed, there is not a page of the book which does not go with a swing.

Miss Sinclair's book is to be sold for the benefit of the National Committee for Relief to Belgium. Good luck to it and its lively fellow! Both make "live" reading.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE DEFEATED HERMIT.*

This story of the Java Sea happens to appeal to us far more strongly than its author ever anticipated. Finished before even a suspicion of the coming Armageddon had ruffled the even flow of our lives, it contains his "old deep-seated and impartial" estimate of a "blonde beast" of a Teuton. The whole plot of the story hangs on the Teuton's childishness and his power of hatred, two qualities which the history of the war shows that Mr. Joseph Conrad was absolutely justified in attributing to the Germans. With a childish lack of the sense of proportion, this Schomberg bears a Swede, named Heyst, an infinite grudge for not patronising more often his hotel; and that grudge is fanned into a furious hate when the Swede rescues from his clutches a poor English girl, who is a miserable member of a cacophonous orchestra travelling about the Java Sea.

This hotel-keeper Schomberg first made his appearance in the author's "Lord Jim" sixteen years ago. Then he was little more than a shadow; now he develops into a very substantial rascal, a brutal bully of his strange, crafty wife, a vile dispenser of scandals. Most effective is the contrast between this blonde bully and the courtly Heyst, between the earthy materialist and the ascetic hermit.

This hermit is one of the most remarkable figures of fiction. Incredible at first, being a kind of St. Simon Stylites without a vestige of a faith, we are gradually forced to accept him, to believe in him, by Mr. Conrad's irresistible power of character-drawing. He stands out at last, this hermit of the Java Sea, thoroughly convincing.

Yet his origin is strange: purely the victim of his father's philosophic doubts, he learns to believe in nothing, to shrink from the world as a thing not worth touching, to regard it merely as an amusing spectacle. But the "Hound of Heaven," as Thompson would have expressed it, pursues him. First he is compelled to appear as an answer to the prayers of a good man in distress, to appear as an agent of Providence, to form a tie with him which his philosophy denounces as folly. Later on, by a strange chance, he becomes an agent of Providence to the poor English girl. How his philosophic detachment struggled against this new tie is wonderfully described. He cannot bring himself to be wholly false to the paternal philosophy, until a great danger and a great act of self-sacrifice on the part of the girl gives her the "victory."

There is nothing cheap, banal or commonplace about this act of self-sacrifice; the drama is developed with ever-growing intensity and with all Mr. Conrad's power of original and graphic description. There is something all his own in the haunting, fascinating, snakelike movements of the leader of the trio, who at Schomberg's vile instigation invade Heyst's Eden. We feel from the first that they are irresistible, but only a great master could have converted their fearful power into an instrument of good. The death-scene is the most beautiful thing Mr. Conrad has ever written.

W. A. F.

* "Victory." By Joseph Conrad. 6s. net. (Methuen.)

"THE PATRIZI MEMOIRS."*

Whatever one may think of Napoleon the military genius, the more one gets to know of Napoleon the man, the more one sickens of him. The gross and cold-blooded sensuality which he shared with his unfaithful wives and his sisters, the physical cowardice and fear of assassination which compelled him after both his abdications to take refuge on a British ship, the undignified snobbishness which prompted him to maintain a miniature court at Elba and again at "Longwood," the glaring absence of a sense of humour which kept him delighted with petty brutalities and practical jokes, the lack of magnanimity which betrayed him into insolence toward Sir Hudson Lowe, his custodian and—had he but known it—his touchstone; all these defects of breeding show a man sadly lacking in ordinary human feeling, a man whose moral sensibility had become blunted almost to vanishing point. One may pass over the minor counts in the indictment, that Bonaparte was an incorrigible liar, that he systematically cheated at cards, that he had very bad table-manners, and that he behaved like a cad to women: these charges lie implicit in Wellington's famous complaint that Napoleon was not a gentleman. What indeed emerges more and more clearly from any study of Bonaparte the man is the Italian strain in his composition, that strain of the vendetta which led him to spit his spite on Madame de Staël, to kidnap Pope Julius VII., and to assassinate the Duc D'Enghien. Napoleon, in fact, was in many respects but a *condottiere* on a larger scale, a *condottiere* too who had not the average Sforza or Borgia feeling for letters and for the arts. This moral obtusity, this disposition to play the bully and the tyrant, this inability to discriminate between domination and persecution, allied of course with an incapacity for appreciating the spirit of nationalism which was natural enough in a soldier of fortune who had hesitated whether to enter the service of England or that of France, find admirable illustration in the treatment which Napoleon meted out to a noble Roman family between 1811 and 1814. At this period, having abducted the Holy Father, the Emperor entered on the truly Imperialistic policy of attempting to Gallicise Italy by getting possession of the younger generation. Under the provisions of what was known as "The Golden Levy," a census was taken of all the noble families of the country. Those who were grown up, whether married or single, were to be drafted into the Imperial Guard or employed at court; those of tender age were to be sent, unless delicate, to the various military schools in France, there to be trained for service in the army. This grandiose scheme for denationalising the coming Italian race, a scheme which fortunately was not allowed time to mature, was calmly acquiesced in by many of the Roman aristocracy; but it found a sturdy opponent in Giovanni Patrizi, only son of the ruling Marchese, who despite all the threats and coaxings of Napoleon's agents at Rome absolutely refused to surrender his two sons, Xavier and Filippo, to the "prytanées" of France. "The Patrizi Memoirs," which Mrs. Hugh Fraser has edited with no little tact, tell, and tell very eloquently and pathetically too, with what a mixture of pettiness and ruthlessness Napoleon crushed this gallant but utterly futile opposition.

W. A. L. B.

THE SOUL'S DEVELOPMENT.†

However careful and however sympathetic, the study of certain books raises a restless feeling that one does not exactly understand the position or difficulties of those to whom they appeal, nor accept fully the elucidations which are designed to remove the difficulties. Furthermore, there are the great questions, each of the problem order, that are raised—unawares or otherwise—in the course of the general consideration and remain over, often as great as

* "The Patrizi Memoirs: A Roman Family under Napoleon." By the Marchesa Patrizi. Translated by Mrs. Hugh Fraser. 12s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

† "Evolution and Spiritual Life." By Stewart A. McDowall, M.A. 6s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

those to which a solvent is offered, occasionally greater. It is a characteristic of really important books to behave in this manner, and Mr. McDowall's "Evolution and Spiritual Life" is a book of real moment. Behind the whole path of it there is a trail of questions left, and the reader is left, too, in what I must term a state of interrogatory zeal. There is nothing more interesting in philosophical literature than a study of this kind. But as I must deal with things as they are in the book, and not with derivative points or side-issues, I can approach it only as a mystic, and it is peculiarly one which calls to be looked at from a mystical point of view—whatever may be the attitude of the writer towards that branch of inward experience which has been called mystical theology throughout the Christian centuries. For Mr. McDowall a human being is "a soul closely connected to a mechanism," which mechanism "exists because of the soul, and not the soul because of the mechanism." Growth and consequent change are at work in both, and it may be taken that this statement formulates briefly the author's idea of evolution in connection with spiritual life. Spirit is in the making, or "in the process of becoming." That towards which it is progressing is a state of freedom, and this it is "always striving to gain." Freedom is relatively "the control of matter," matter being "the instrument of spirit," but above this—in conception, if not in experience—there is a state of freedom in the absolute, apart from the obstacles of matter. That which we possess in respect of either is a "power of winning," and win we must "or be extinguished." Life is therefore a struggle, and the control gained in freedom is over that which itself possesses no element of freedom.

Now, it used to be said that evolution is concerned with sequence, in the form of a series, and knows nothing of a beginning or an end. But Mr. McDowall has a very clear notion of the end and has postulates concerning the beginning. For him it is not true that the soul "cometh from afar" and takes up its abode here as in a place of exile, from which it is finally emancipated. The liberation of pre-existent spirit is held to be a view which leads logically to pure pantheism. Spirit is not a part of God; it is created; and indeed "there are millions of new spirits in the making." The universe is therefore pluralistic. So much concerning the beginning, and now in respect of the end. The pluralism is resolved into union. "That which is becoming must eventually pass into union with that which eternally IS," and this takes place in virtue of "unity of experience between the perfected soul and the Creator." There is, however, no absorption in God; the distinction between Creator and creature remains for ever, but in and with God we reign in the Kingdom of God, "in perfect union, according to His Eternal Will."

There is nothing in this bare analysis of source and term which differs from St. Thomas Aquinas or the other great orthodox doctors, though there are points here and there in the development casting another light, and of which I should like to speak, if it were possible in this place. I am tempted also to think that the evolutionary thesis can be expressed in other language, which is old as the Christian world. The quest after freedom is the quest of the soul for God, and His attainment in union is freedom attained perfectly—or, as one says, absolutely. We are bound in the material world and are loosed in that which is spiritual. We are liberated in that end which is God. Growth and change in the body are in analogy assuredly with that which takes place in the soul when it has discovered that God is its end and that it cannot and dare not miss Him. But the kind of growth of the soul is known to us already, under other and greater names—as growth in grace and holiness. So also, spirit is in the making, but this is to say in God; and I have heard of it as the second birth and as the life of regeneration in Him. Moreover, for Mr. McDowall, the Divine Transcendence is the relation of God to Himself in the state which is called simultaneous, and here again I seem to know this in another form of language, which I have drawn from the Angel of the Schools. He has told me in what

manner the mode of Divine Consciousness differs from human consciousness, how self-realisation involves in us a passage from subject to object by a reflex act; but there is no such passage in Him Who is perfect, infinite, eternal. Lastly, Mr. McDowall holds that for human beings there is a passage into the realm of simultaneity; and between the lines of all the mystical records, and behind all the arduous practices of ascetic life, I read indications of a way of escape for man from the separation implied in the passage from subject to object, whether in the realisation of self or that of God. It is a work of Divine love, in the deeper stages of which God draws the soul to Himself, as St. Bonaventura puts it, and the soul draws God within.

I have given no notion whatever of the high and beautiful things which fill Mr. McDowall's book; it is illuminating in every page; but in recurrence to my starting point, among the difficulties which I do not fully understand is the position of those who will accept spiritual truths formulated in terms of evolution and "becoming" but not in those of St. Thomas. I write with humility in the heart, if not in the words. The fault is probably in myself, who am congenitally short-sighted in the mind over this day's thinking modes and have not bought glasses, because it has been sufficient to find the infinite depth of the riches of loving knowledge of God open their vistas through the gates of the Catholic mystics.

A. T. WAITE.

THE BALKANS.*

The Balkan question is so tangled, the whole region of the Balkans so full of burning animosities, that this sixpennyworth of facts about them is a treasure trove, especially now when as Mr. Woods points out "an understanding with Bulgaria probably means an augmentation of the Allied Armies by at least 1,200,000 men, and that the armies composed of these men would be in a position to act in exactly the areas where their presence would be most valuable to us. Four hundred thousand Bulgarians would advance into Turkey. They would practically, if not completely, paralyse the Ottoman resistance at the Dardanelles. At least 300,000 Greeks would be available to take part in some campaign. Five hundred thousand Rumanians might immediately cross the Austrian frontier." What people do not sufficiently realise is that "so long as her future is not adequately secured and safeguarded Bulgaria cannot afford to take up arms against Turkey, because her only accesses to the sea are "now" through Dédé Agatch, the railway to which port runs for some miles through Ottoman territory." A feeble attempt has lately been made to buy her friendship by Turkey's offering to give her up this bit of land, but the Bulgars, though, as remarked in an old world book of travel, "singularly deficient in *esprit politique*," have not sold their birthright of Bulgarian Macedonia for this mess of pottage. Mr. Woods gives us a very careful account of the military and naval forces of Bulgaria, Serbia, Montenegro, Rumania and Greece. He does not even touch upon such vexed question as whether Greece had so far agreed to supply soldiers, when we sent our navy to the Dardanelles, that she was trusted with our plans and betrayed them. But he gives dates for the various occasions on which M. Venizelos has saved the country. And events look now as if there were to be one more date added to the list, and the hardy Evzones with their dancing white skirts might soon be gaining fresh glory. The Greek

* "War and Diplomacy in the Balkans." By H. Charles Woods. 6d. net. (Horace Cox.)

artillery, well trained by French officers, distinguished itself beyond expectation in the late war. It is sad to read that in little Montenegro every man has to serve from his eighteenth to his sixty-second year, although the last ten are in the reserve. No wonder that small country remains poor. We have heard so much of the brave Serbs, the beauties of the Balkans, poets and artists as well, that possibly Mr. Woods' facts about Rumania are more interesting. "Made up of Moldavia and Wallachia, formally united in 1861, but not independent before 1878, she made her first entry into Balkan politics in 1910 by her sudden and unprovoked attack upon Bulgaria's rear, when that country was already contending against Serbia, Montenegro, Greece and Turkey." It may be remembered her late King Carol was a Hohenzollern, and the lovely wife of his successor is a daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh, and the Tsar Alexander's daughter. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* has been threatening Rumania with terrible consequences, saying also that "Rumania according to our enemies' own interpretation of international law was not and is not bound to prevent the transportation of material of war." Rumania's resources against German threats and *ravage* are plainly stated in Mr. Woods' "War and Diplomacy." It is seldom so much information upon matters not generally known—and so vital to all of us—is to be had in so compact a form.

ALICIA LITTLE.

THE FREELANDS.*

A novel by Mr. Galsworthy is necessarily, if only for the charm of its craftsmanship, a delectable thing; and even when, as in the present case, his art is interwoven with frank propagandism, the resulting fabric is of the rare kind that one mentally fingers, so to say, in a glow of admiration.

In "The Freeland" his story, simple almost to slightness, has a nature setting of delicate richness instinct with the feeling of a poet, the veritable passion of a Richard Jefferies. Mr. Galsworthy is a painter in solemn, warm-hued greys, of which he composes a picture sombre yet sumptuous in tone, and singularly perfect in ensemble. Indeed, his communings with nature, through the medium of his characters, are exquisite; but the people themselves, though human enough, seem on the whole rather products of their environment, expository composed, than genuine creations. Meticulously fair-minded as the author is, one is always conscious of his purpose—the exploitation of the sheer wrongness of the relation between labourer and landowner. The story and its characters are moulded upon this thesis, the climax of the telling

* "The Freeland." By John Galsworthy. 6s. (Heinemann.)



Mr. John Galsworthy.

From a snapshot taken in his garden, in Devonshire.

drama is its determined outcome. With subtle art the whole catastrophe is hinged upon the narrowness, not the malice, of a single person in power—Lady Malloring. And since much is to be learnt from a drastic but clean-fighting opponent, every landowner should study the book, though not many will accept the English labourer as the mere serf of the author's conception. Would he so accept himself? Would the mere "serf" of these clever pages—who in his cold throwing over of his fiery young champion, Derek, proves himself serf to the bone—have voluntarily undertaken, for sake of the England that has enslaved him, the part that we see him playing at this moment in the bloody trenches of Flanders?

Apart from its propaganda, the work interests deeply through the tender, most human relations it enshrines: paternal between Felix and Nedda, man-and-maid between Nedda and her lover, solicitous-maternal between the quaintly sweet, stoical old Frances Freeland and every soul with whom she comes in contact. No central dominant figure governs the story, which is a sequence of welded episodes—many of them gemlike in beauty, some finely ironical, as the week-ends of the pompous Bigwigs at Beckett—rather than an organic whole. Of the Freeland brothers, Tod is an original sketch which we could have wished carried further, Felix a likeable modern amalgam; John and Stanley count for little. The catastrophe of poor Tryst, his agony in prison, with the subsequent mental torture of young Derek, are realistic to the point of pain. Though summer warmth and radiance suffuse the story, one never feels somehow that it is summer: always the sad heart of autumn beats through its greenery.

Seemingly it is the business of our modern tractarian-novelists to show up life, as it were, stripped of hope, joy, gaiety; a thing poisoned by landowner, parson, plutocrat, or some other Beast in Authority. Will not one or other of them be bold enough to chasten our souls with an exposition of tyrannies less commonly dwelt upon? What kind of freedom, for instance, is enjoyed by the trade unionist compelled to loaf against his will, of the woman or unskilled workman robbed of a living by the unionist's deliberate ruling? Indeed, is there any thinkable set of human conditions from which the freedom-checking "Do this!" could be wholly eliminated?

HAROLD VALLINGS.

FOUR NOVELS.*

In these bad times it is good for us to turn from the horrors of war to such peaceful delights as books afford us, and especially novels. For of all-forms of the literary art the novel is the hardest in which to achieve real success. One may achieve an artistic or a popular success; either is comparatively easy. What is most difficult to achieve is the success that is at once popular and artistic. Therefore we ought to be all the more abundantly grateful to the authors of these four novels under review for their laudable attempts to attain this most arduous end. Each of these stories is above the average in merit. Each has a quality of its own that lifts it out of the ruck and lends it distinction. No one, reading any of these books, is in any sense of the term wasting his time, for they each display that virtue without which all work must be valueless and futile—a moral aim and purpose. They are, moreover, real contributions to the lore of life, and for that reason alone should at once add something to our experience and our wisdom.

Mr. Beresford's name is placed at the head of this list because, even if he had written only "The House in Demetrius Road," Mr. Beresford must be regarded as a very considerable person indeed. I think he has made a mistake in calling his latest novel "The Mountains of the

Moon," which is also the title of a book supposed to be written by the hero of his story, as some library subscribers are not too discriminating and such a title is apt to suggest to them a fantastic romance in the earlier style of Mr. H. G. Wells, rather than an ironic study of a phase of modern life. Yet after all there is something a trifle fantastic in Mr. Beresford's treatment of his theme. I speak as one less wise in these matters, but somehow his high society types do not seem to me to be quite the real thing, though their general attitude toward their lowlier fellows, and the atmosphere of serene aloofness in which they move and have their being, is no doubt truly rendered. Indeed it may be that Mr. Beresford has of malice aforethought woven this glamour of slight unreality about his puppets in order to emphasise the contrast between their uselessness and their power. Certainly he has succeeded in writing a book which is, from title-page to colophon, not only replete with interest as a good story, but also full of profitable reading.

In "The Oakleyites" we looked for another study of high society life, Mr. Benson having used us to that *milieu* in most of his former novels. But in this instance he has gone into the provinces for his material, and found it in a little town near the south-east coast, where lives a community of leisured but not too wealthy or aristocratic people, in whose delightful foibles everyone must rejoice exceedingly, even as the author himself undoubtedly does. That is the secret of the book's appeal. You cannot but share the author's enjoyment. You cannot but revel with him in the humours of his characters. And they are quite triumphs of authentic portrayal. You feel that you know most of them, not very intimately, perhaps, that might be uncomfortable—but as you know the people next door. But one of them you do know intimately—the gentlewoman of starved instincts who sights love from afar in middle life only to find shipwreck within hail of that blessed anchorage. Mr. Benson reveals powers of tenderness, allied with a deep sympathetic instinct, in his depiction of Miss Dorothy Jackson that are worthy of all praise. One may feel inclined to quarrel a little with the rather gratuitously unhappy ending of this idyl, and one would wish that the style of the book were a little less slovenly in places, but that is all the fault that even the most exigent of critics could possibly find in a novel that cannot otherwise fail to enhance Mr. Benson's reputation.

And that last fault in "The Oakleyites" has its converse in "Change." "Change" is a remarkable novel, in many respects a very fine novel indeed. No one with any feeling for literature but must appreciate its sincere artistry and the meticulous pains that have gone to its making. As an acute and profound study of certain more or less familiar modern types, it deserves to rank with some of our best masterpieces in that genre. Miss Willcocks displays the elements of greatness in the sureness of her touch, the keenness of her observation, and the splendid irony of her humour. Only one thing would seem to stand in the way of her consummate achievement, and that is a sort of self-consciousness almost painfully manifest throughout in the style and tone of her work. She is too morbidly careful never to be obvious or banal. She is too much afraid of letting herself go. She could do with a little, a very little, of Mr. Benson's occasional slovenliness, now and then. That, at any rate, is the frankly deliberate opinion of one at least of her readers who has nevertheless read her latest novel not only with extreme pleasure, but with the deepest respect for the talents of its author. Miss Willcocks is also a very considerable person indeed.

"Dark Rosaleen" stands last on this list not because it is the least of these novels, but because it is so different from them. They have each to do with the sort of life and the sort of people that impinge upon the daily affairs of the average home-keeping citizen. "Dark Rosaleen" takes us to a wild part of western Ireland which seems as far removed from our more humdrum surroundings as the hinterlands of Africa. It introduces us to a people whose habits and thoughts and passions seem as strange to us as those of some altogether alien race. No doubt but

* "The Mountains of the Moon." By J. D. Beresford. 6s. (Cassell.)—"The Oakleyites." By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Change." By M. P. Willcocks. 6s. (Hutchinson).—"Dark Rosaleen." By M. E. Francis. 6s. (Cassell.)

they are as human as ourselves, with like motives and emotions; it is in their self-expression that their unlikeness lies. They are a more primitive people. They live nearer to nature, and yet at the same time nearer to the supernatural. Religion is to them the one binding clause in all their dealings with their fellow-creatures. From the first page of this book to the last this shadow of things beyond human ken, this blind acceptance of powers that it would be almost an impiety in mere mortals even to try to understand, colours and distorts the minds of all the chief protagonists in this rather terrible and discomfiting story. One has that feeling of inevitableness which is of the essence of Greek tragedy. Things are so because they must be so. One does now and then dare to hope for a possible way of escape from this pitilessness of Fate, but it is always a forlorn hope. That is at once the weakness and the strength of the book: it holds us wriggling. We cannot free ourselves from its spell, though all the while we struggle against it. Which is to say that our author has indeed the root of the matter in her. She has that supreme gift which makes us forget that we are reading mere words and not actually witnessing a living pageant. "Dark Rosaleen" is not a book to while away an idle hour, but it is emphatically a book that should be read and pondered by all who appreciate good writing and would also enlarge their understanding.

EDWIN PUGH.

"B. P.'S" INDIAN MEMORIES.*

The illustrations of themselves would sufficiently recommend "B.P.'s" book of "Indian Memories," so full are they of humour and character and movement. Such an eye for Eastern colour does he show in the two dozen coloured plates which we owe to his versatility. And yet,

* "Indian Memories." By Sir Robert Baden-Powell, K C B. 12s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins)



Sir R. Baden-Powell.

after picturing for us a sunset impression of Kashmir or the ruins of Pandritan, he tells us he cannot manage landscapes. But then if we are to rely on his modesty we should accept his word that the boyish diaries and letters on which his recollections are founded show him to have been in his early days "just the ordinary young ass who enjoyed senseless ragging, was fond of dogs and horses, and thought very little as he went through the ordinary every-day experiences of a subaltern in India." Whereas we have only to read a few chapters to discover that this description is little short of a libel, unless to be a "young ass" is to have a share of fun and unfailing high spirits and a zest for adventure, and unless "ordinary" is the right word to describe a life abounding in interest and variety. His mother knew what she was doing when she preserved the breezy correspondence he sent home, and, thanks to her affectionate solicitation, Sir Robert Baden-Powell has been able to put together stories of sport and soldiering and of persons of note which will provide his many admirers with hours of delightful entertainment.

"B. P." seems to have had a knack of running across celebrities even in the far-off times when the "boy scout" movement was a dream of the future, and the defender of Mafeking was keener on raiding his fellow-subaltern's larder or driving a troop train at seventy miles an hour over dizzy bridges, than busying himself with the art of war. Early in his career he found himself by the side of Lord Roberts at a ball at Simla, where he was trying to get an ice at the buffet and could not make himself understood to the native waiter till the stranger gave the order in Hindustani and kindly advised him: "Young fellow, you will make your life happier here if you learn a bit of the language." At Simla, too, he saw Sir George White under curious circumstances. The famous field-marshal had a mania for taking exercise, and unconventional methods of gratifying his passion. One day, outside a tunnel which serves part of the roadway, the rickshaws of the rank and fashion of the place were held up because the "Lord Sahib" was reported to be coming through. Everybody expected a glittering military procession. Instead, there issued from the tunnel "a single solitary figure, a tall thin man in a singlet and flannels, running in more senses than one, and not a little startled to find himself in the presence of Simla's society, collected as if to receive him."

Apropos of polo, another famous man makes his appearance in these pages. A tournament had been taking place, and, at the dinner in celebration, there had been the customary routine of toasts and speeches, and everybody was very tired of laudations of the game, when up sprang Mr. Winston Churchill, a member of one of the teams, and began: "Now, gentlemen, you would probably like to hear me address you on the subject of polo." Naturally there were cries of "No, we don't," "Sit down." But, even then, Mr. Churchill had a genial disregard for objections, and before long had so charmed his audience by his oratory that when he ended they all stood up and cheered. But then some one said:

"Well that is enough for this evening," and the orator was taken in hand by some lusty subalterns and placed underneath an overturned sofa upon which two of the heaviest were then seated, with orders not to allow him out for the rest of the evening. But very soon afterwards he popped up serenely from beneath the angle of the arm of the sofa, explaining: "It is no use sitting on me, for I'm india-rubber."

Perhaps a few chance-made extracts will give as good an idea as any method but that of wholesale quotation could of the range of the author's experiences and reflections. In connection with sport, he says, "I never could bring myself to shoot an elephant," and again, "The wild boar is without doubt the king of the jungle." Noting the prevalence of enteric and ennui among our Indian army, he remarks, "There is no doubt that the best preventative of disease in India is plenty of work, occupation and exercise." Here is a tip for boy scouts who smoke: "From American scouts I learnt how helpful it was to be able to smell the whereabouts of the enemy's outposts. These scouts did not smoke because they held that such practice

is apt to deaden the sense of smell. I therefore gave up smoking " " What is the best sensation you have enjoyed ?" Sir Robert has been asked. His answer is, " When leading a well-trained brigade of cavalry at a gallop," or " When I suddenly meet with some old friend." You take your choice.

F. G. B.

AN IMPRESSIONIST ON THE WAR.*

There was a gentleman much respected by Dr. Johnson who could not be a philosopher because, as he said, cheerfulness was always breaking in. Mr. Hueffer finds it as hard to be controversial because his temperament is always breaking out. He has too many things to communicate to spend time in answering others.

Here, he comically gives up the struggle. As he admits, the " constructive " portion of his book has overshadowed the controversial. For " constructive " read " impressionist," and you have the case exactly. He adds, " I am sorry," but the reader will be glad, and will regard with amused interest the marks, nay, the positive debris, of Mr. Hueffer's struggle with himself—the more so as the man of letters and imagination stands triumphant over the prostrate form of the argumentative gladiator.

Thus the very part of his book which Mr. Hueffer calls its " real crux " is interned in a thorny appendix, and is nothing more or less than an anthology of one hundred German utterances in favour of war in general, or of war against England in particular. But we have had many such samples, and there is no special virtue in one hundred. For most Englishmen the utterances of the Kaiser in recent years have been enough, and rightly so, since they could not have been uttered at all if they had not represented German feeling.

As for Mr. Hueffer's hip-and-thigh work among the pacifists and others, in his first chapter, its fate is similar. He will not long tolerate interruptions from himself, and therefore banishes his detailed reply to Mr. Bernard Shaw's " Common Sense about the War," to his appendices. Again he is right, if a little comic. But an even subtler unconscious humour informs his general attitudes. He cries out against rumour, gossip, fancy portraiture, " intellectual fictionism," and what not, in our discussions of the war, and demands the methods of the historian. He insists on rigid documentation, " ground facts," or *Quellen*, as the Germans call them. But apart from the circumstances that the ground facts are not yet available, and that it is far too early to see them in historical perspective, Mr. Hueffer himself has very little use for these *Quellen*, except to make a phantom birch with them to tickle the backs of Mr. Shaw, Mr. Brailsford, Mr. Ponsonby, and the Hon. Bertrand Russell, before passing on to talk at large in the way we prefer him to talk. On one of the few occasions when he really ought to produce a few *Quellen*, he writes a candid footnote to say that he hasn't any, and that the reader need only believe that he himself is convinced. And the reader—this is the point—is quite content, having long perceived that he is not going to study the war through a hedge of *Quellen*, but through Mr. Hueffer's clearly-portrayed temperament, his emotions, his habits of mind, and even his personal history.

This, of course, is an unusual medium, and in most cases it would not be acceptable. Mr. Hueffer makes it so entirely. His intense interest in his own mind as the scene of large impacts, his quick insights and apt memories, his unscrupulous digressions, his mislaid plums of literary criticism, his reminiscences of Piggy Pearson, or of the man who went mad at the timber-auction, or of the peculiar quality of the mistral wind—his abounding matter and phosphorescent egotisms—these, and not his *Quellen* or his querulousness, keep the reader's eye on the page and titillate his literary olfactories.

* " Between St. Denis and St. George: A Sketch of Three Civilizations." By Ford Madox Hueffer. 2s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

It is this Ruskinian *play* that makes such a book delightful to read and difficult to describe. And really how like Ruskin is such a passage as this: " The most sinister manifestation of German national psychology "—the reader has got that into his head?—then let us set out the utterance nobly:

" The most sinister manifestation of German national psychology that I ever came across during my residence in or visits to the German Empire always struck me as being the fact that what in England we should call an Italian warehouseman is in Germany styled a *Kolo malw-trahler*."

The point is that by this word the good German was led to believe that by buying at these stores he was aiding in the commerce of a vast overseas colonial trade, and that that vast overseas colonial trade already existed. This, to be sure, is thin, but it illustrates the inveterate waywardness of Mr. Hueffer's writing, and to show that I do not quote it to expose its thinness I will put beside it another and much finer passage, which also depends on the sense of words. In the chapter entitled " The Seventh of May," we have this paragraph in allusion to the sinking of the *Lusitania*:

" Commerce upon land is only commerce; commerce upon the sea is commerce plus a very beautiful chivalry and a very real braveness—or so it was until May 7th. And thus commerce of the great waters has reflected a certain mercy and decency even upon terrestrial commerce. You, being a city merchant, will ask me how you have benefitted by this high tradition of the sea. I will answer: ' Did you ever know a man engaged in commerce, who, being in some straits to tide over a difficult period, was not saved because one of his creditors or several of his creditors said, " We do not wish to overburden a sinking ship "—or, if you like, " to throw stones at a drowning man " ? ' If those similes, taken from the traffic of the deep water, had not been universally in our minds, many of us who are now prosperous citizens would be broken creatures upon the workhouse bench, and many of us who still walk the earth would have sought refuge beneath the waters. I have stuck to several friends because I did not like the idea of being the rat that deserted the sinking ship. These statements are not merely fanciful, simply because these images are for ever present in our minds. From the sea, as from a well, we draw an infinite supply of examples and of similes enjoining pity, rectitude, order, and Christian kindness. For who of us could get through life without the help of some of its images; who of us at given junctures could have got along much further without the hope that at last the Lord should bring us into the haven that we had desired? It is because of this that May 7th, 1915, is a very bad date for humanity."

That is the English sea ideal nobly expressed. It is only one of many fine passages, the best of which—had I space for them—I should find for you in Mr. Hueffer's splendid tribute to the genius of France, and the world's and our need of it, in his final chapter, " *Félicité*." As it is, I quote this sentence for its large truth: " It is only France that, since France was France, has always been the second home for every man not a Frenchman."

WILFRED WHITTEN.

THE ANGLO-JAPANESE ALLIANCE.*

Whatever may be their future, the Japanese have had an experience unknown except to Struldberg, that creature of fancy. Had an Englishman lived in the reigns of Edward IV. and Edward VII. he would have seen changes no less remarkable than those witnessed by Count Hayashi. When the writer of these memoirs was born, Japan was a feudal state. The Samurai wielded their curious swords; their retainers, like those of Warwick, were trained to the spear and bow: the rigid divisions of artisans, farmers and merchants kept their place above a class whose members were not reckoned as human beings. The lower orders prostrated themselves before their betters, they were forbidden to ride on horseback, their life was regulated by sumptuary laws, and they were punished with unspeakable tortures. Out of such surroundings stepped Hayashi, to acquaint himself with the western world, and to study the arts of our diplomacy. He left Japan five years after the Powers had imposed upon her their

* The Secret Memoirs of Count Tadasu Hayashi, G.C.V.O. Edited by A. M. Pooley. (Eveleigh Nash.)

desire to trade. In 1867, with a band of fellow students, he entered University College School, and acquired an excellent knowledge of our language and customs. Thence he went to Paris, and returned home in time to take part in the revolution which ended feudalism, and seated the Mikado firmly upon the throne. He was interpreter to the mission sent to the Powers, and entered the diplomatic service; in 1891 he became Vice-Minister for Foreign Affairs; he passed some years as envoy in Peking and Petrograd, and in 1900 arrived in London to build up his cherished scheme of an Anglo-Japanese Alliance. Six years later he was made Foreign Minister at Tokio, but offended the military class; though he again held office, he never wholly recovered his power, and died, in 1913, somewhat disappointed. His "boldness, fortitude, chivalry, hospitality, and culture" are summed up in a single Japanese word, *Edokko*; he was a patron of art and music, a warrior and a sportsman.

His country, under western guidance, developed that artificial civilisation which we now accept without a thought; the Japanese army was trained and equipped by France, her navy was built in England, and instructed by our officers. Students studied science in Germany, commerce in the United States. They emulated "the barbarians," and between 1864 and 1869 made treaties with the Powers. But their great achievement, measured by modern standards, was their insistence on a "place in the sun." Much was due to Hayashi: "Japanese foreign policy, as he enunciated it," says Mr. Pooley, "lay in simultaneous political and commercial penetration." Like Bismarck, he was an expert in using the Press to further his ends, and like the Germans, he believed in subsidies to financiers, shippers, and traders. Such were the methods of "peaceful penetration," and a whimsical look comes into the eyes of the Japanese when they consider to what lengths it may lead them. By a series of agreements they have obtained their own sphere of "legitimate aspiration," which in Hayashi's view was Korea, the gate to the continent. There he wanted a free hand; in order to obtain it without disturbance he worked towards the Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

Our friendly attitude lightened his labours. In 1895, after her victory over China, Japan obtained Port Arthur, but was compelled through German influence to restore the place, and to see it leased to Russia. The Kaiser was already talking of a powerful Fleet, and declaiming against the "yellow peril." The German Press even then feared that Japan would seek her revenge, and Mr. Pooley hopes that the writers are still alive to see the correctness of their deductions. England, by refusing an invitation to intervene, laid the foundation for the engagement framed in 1902. Its beginnings are traced in the memoirs; the sympathy with which Chamberlain received the idea, and the check to a rival understanding between England and Russia, which Mr. Pooley attributes to Japanese influence. Then comes the suggestion by Germany of a triple alliance with England and Japan. Though this was denied in Berlin Mr. Pooley avers that the statement is correct, and that German ambition was "clipped and German opposition to England developed by the manner of her treatment in the East of Asia." Lord Lansdowne, who made the alliance, viewed it as a guarantee for the peace of the Orient, and considered that it might conceivably include other nations, and Hayashi affirms that had Germany wanted to join, she would have been admitted. There is much in the discussions which redounds to the credit of our diplomacy. The modification of clauses in order to make the treaty acceptable to other nations and to Parliament, the clear statement of our commitments to Japan, and the publication of the whole agreement were steps in the right direction, for the stupendous consequences of diplomatic misunderstandings are only too patent.

The protest against the publication of these memoirs was needless; they had leaked out in an incomplete form, and the book contains little which the student of diplomacy had not already inferred. A second reading, however,

reveals many points of interest, and makes one impatient with the somewhat hasty preparation, and the want of an index. As a picture of diplomacy the book is good, though there are many omissions; the memoirs are themselves fragmentary, and nothing is said of the United States, or of Australia and the problem of the Pacific. But the historian cannot neglect it, the politician should not, and the general reader will gain from Hayashi a better understanding of the aims of a nation which is steadily feeling her way towards an amazing future. He will come to the conclusion that the Japanese know what they want, and that they know how to get it. The alliance has already borne fruit, but Hayashi regarded its continuance as out of the question if Japan should adopt a policy of wanton aggression. Mr. Pooley thinks we have still a part to play, and hopes that the memoirs will open the eyes of the public "to the futility of a foreign policy which looks only to immediate gain and recklessly disregards the future." Diplomacy is on its trial, if it gains in frankness, and abandons all unnecessary secrecy, if it realises how deeply the people of every rank and in every country are affected by its decisions, the present struggle may at least count some permanent gain.

F. R. HARRIS.

THE TRAGEDY OF LOVE.*

Despite certain touches of comedy in the course of this story of much love-making, it is the tragedy of love that is accentuated throughout, tragedy no part of which can be said to be forced or unnatural, but which at least may be said to exceed the bounds of probability in that it is for the most part centred in one family. If, however, Mrs. Dudeney has brought so much experience to Nancy and Nancy's son, she has at least succeeded in doing so without the slightest hint at extravagance or sensationalism in the telling of the story, which is a very masterpiece of skilful arrangement and characterisation. The story is that of a weak man's passion, and of all which followed upon his weak way of seeking to avoid the result of his philandering. Morris Chinnery, a wealthy Sussex landowner, is a young man who has conceived a passion for a magnificent young woman in his mother's employ, and, though he talks glibly of marriage, he has not the strength of character to defy convention, and so makes a compact with an ambitious young workman which results in the banishment of marriage between that workman and Nancy Pinzonn being published without the girl's knowledge! The three concerned are all present in the church, and it is with that dramatic episode the story opens. How will the girl in the case behave in such a situation is a question that at once arises, and the question is duly answered, with results that echo during the forty years which elapse before we reach the end of the story, and the final dramatic episode in a tense and deeply interesting romance. Nancy, the central figure, the mother of the "secret son," who by the irony of things is given his actual father's Christian name, though he bears the surname of his putative parent, is a wonderful figure; presented with extraordinary faithfulness, she stands as a magnificent type of self-reliant, indomitable womanhood, a striking contrast to the weak irresolute man who was ever drawn by her vigorous personality, but who could never induce her to review the past. "The sin that ye do by two and two ye must pay for one by one," and Chinnery, mated to a weak-minded woman of greater wealth than his own, comes to regard the farm, in which the mother of his secret son lives, as more of a "home" than the stately Hall to which he belongs by birth, and that though he gets no more than a few words weekly with the woman whose rustic strength dominates him. When Nancy, in her time of deepest stress, wishes that she may see a man suffer as she has been made to suffer, she little thinks that it is on her own son's head that the curse is to be worked out, as it is in

* "The Secret Son." By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. 6s. (Methuen.)

remorseless fashion. The close, where that son learns of his wife's infidelity and of his own origin, is too poignant, though we are left to believe that the paternal strain of weakness in the young man's character will lead to his taking the line of least resistance—"them women must settle things for themselves." It is a powerful and absorbing book that Mrs. Dudeney has here given us, one that, apart from the clever studies of the chief characters, has some remarkably fine work in the delineation of many minor persons of the drama—such figures as the mother of Nancy and old Mrs. Chant are perfect of their kind.

WATLER JERROLD.

A VOICE FROM SIBERIA.*

This intrepid, enduring young woman tells us that she was born in 1885 of peasant parents in a hut in the village of Borovoi-Mlin. Reared in poverty, she was illiterate until the age of thirteen. In her eleventh year she got a place in a grocery store, and, on being discharged from this, was apprenticed to a tailor. The working classes were organising "secret educational circles," and to one of these Marie Sukloff was admitted. A rabbi's daughter, interested in the propaganda, took notice of the young apprentice, who now began to study with avidity. Advancing rapidly, she was presently told off to promote a strike of the stocking-weavers, and we may now regard her as a revolutionist, though she was still far from terrorism. Few among the early nihilists approved of what was later called the "organisation of combat."

In this atmosphere of conspiracy, so swift was the blossoming of her genius, that the girl who at thirteen had scarcely known her letters was very soon in charge of one of the little revolutionary printing presses. This was in the town of Kishinev, and here it was that Marie Sukloff first fell to the police. Her poor lodging was one night raided by them, and in a pocket of her dress they discovered some metal type. She lay many months in prison, and then came two friendly lawyers who were willing to risk her defence. They were quite merry at the sight of a client—a plotter against the peace of his Imperial Majesty—not much above sixteen years of age, a pretty and engaging child; but there was little fun in the sequel. The judges condemned their prisoner "to be deprived of all rights and exiled to Eastern Siberia for life."

Of the pains of transportation to Siberia we have none too many authentic records, and the narrative of a woman in this dreadful situation is rare in the extreme. The simple pages, with never a touch of rhetoric, in which Marie Sukloff describes the progress of her party of convicts from Odessa prison to the frozen depths of Asiatic Russia—herded in filthy trains, cold and hungry in verminous wayside prisons, driven on foot through the blizzard—carry the reader out of himself, entrancing and entralling him. The whole story has the Russian touch.

On the final stage of the journey the young convict was separated from her companions and carried alone to the hamlet of Aleksandrovskeye. The peasant women of the place gathered round her. "Poor girl, poor girl!" said they. "Your parents must have shed bitter tears when you were taken from them in such tender years." When they found that she could read, the people brought letters from their soldier-men in Manchuria, and begged her to write for them. In this hamlet were no prison walls; but, says Marie Sukloff, "the purposeless life in a remote Siberian village seemed to me worse than a prison." Soon she began to whisper to herself: "You must escape, you must escape from here." No woman, I believe, had ever escaped from Siberia.

She obtained permission to go for a few days to the town of Kansk. At Kansk she was told: "There are only six politicals here, and they are all starving." From Kansk she made her way to Irkutsk, and here an old

* "The Life Story of a Russian Exile." By Marie Sukloff. Translated by Gregory Yarros. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

revolutionist furnished her with a hundred roubles and a passport, in which she was described as a merchant's daughter. With these treasures the exile returned to Aleksandrovskeye, as she had promised to do.

In the neighbouring village of Ribinskoye were the Orloffs, prisoners like herself for life, with whom she had made most of the journey from Odessa. The Orloffs also were pining for freedom, but did not know what to do with their little son. Said Marie:

"Listen. I will take your child with me, and you will escape later. The police will look for me *alone*, and for you *with a child*, and this change of parts will save us all."

In a few hours the affair was settled. Marie was to take the little Orloff to his grandparents at Vilna, and the next night she started with him. The hunt, of course, was soon afoot; but, with her tiny companion beside her, the fugitive sped onward unsuspected. A flight through the forest brought them to Krasnoyarsk, and from this point it was necessary to take train to Vilna. The child again proved the best protection. "The spies who swarmed at every big station did not pay the least attention to me." The blessing was in due time deposited with his grandparents; and the young nihilist whose safety he had ensured, after a hurried visit to father and mother, resumed her travels, and arrived in Switzerland.

At Geneva were living the leaders of the Russian "fighting league"; and to them Marie Sukloff, now a resolved terrorist, betook herself. She left Geneva with a mission to assassinate General Trepov. This gentleman was inaccessible (if memory serves me, he was afterwards shot by Vera Sassulitch); and next on the black list of the league stood General Kleigels. This second mission also failed. Kleigels, doubtless warned, always drove abroad with his wife and son; and "it was no part of our policy to shed the innocent blood of women and children." Victims, however, were seldom to seek; and the league now devoted to death Governor Khvostoff, a famous satrap of Tchernigoff.

"I treasured," says Marie Sukloff, "the names of those who had been shot or flogged to death by him. I read and re-read for the thousandth time the simple narratives of the peasants about his terrible crimes, and my heart bled for them. Hopefully I looked in the direction of the shelf on which the bomb lay."

Bomb in hand, one snowy New Year's afternoon, she awaited Khvostoff on a bridge as Sophy Perovskaya had tarried for a quarry more august. When the governor's carriage drew level with her, she flung the missile through the window—and was herself nearly flung into eternity by the explosion. A youth of eighteen found her lying in the snow in the dark, with blood frozen on her hands and face, and attempted a rescue in a sleigh. All night he drove her aimlessly at full speed, and in the morning the sleigh was stopped by soldiers and police.

The chief prisoner had no thought of denying her crime, but neither her captors nor her judges knew who she was; and at the close of her trial at midnight the award of the court was: "'Unknown' is sentenced to death by hanging." She tells us how she lay six days in her cell "in a state of exaltation," and every evening "I again prepared for death, and waited." On the seventh day the sentence of the judges was commuted; and once again (and again "for life") Marie Sukloff set forth for Siberia.

One drab twelvemonth succeeds to another; and in the summer of 1910 we see Marie Sukloff in a cell of Irkutsk prison, waiting for a surgical operation at the hands of a drunken prison doctor. Weak from this, she arose from her mattress with a new plan of escape. Beyond the gates of this gaol "there were neither the black forests of Akatui nor the bare mountains of Maltzev." She had procured a boy's costume, and secreted it beneath her pillow; and in this, her convict's cloak concealing it, Miss Marie made a dash through the prison gate, braving the bullets of guards within and without, and leaped into the carriage held in readiness by friends at a corner of the street.

She had made her second bid for liberty, and it must suffice me to say that she completed it. Has any other prisoner of her sex escaped from Siberia? Has any other prisoner of either sex escaped twice? It is a feat amid feats of the very rarest. The adventures that follow are the best in the book; with the heroine's disguises as parlour-maid, sister of mercy, and bride on a honeymoon to China; but farther than this hint I shall not spoil the reader's pleasure of discovery in these extraordinary pages

TIGHE HOPKINS.

Novel Notes.

MICHAEL O'HALLORAN. By Gene Stratton Porter. 6s. (John Murray.)

In her latest book Mrs. Stratton Porter tells us a charmingly human story of two slum children. Mickey, an American newsboy, finds and adopts a little girl for whom he cares with all a mother's thought. In consequence "his family," Lily Peaches, loves him devotedly, and yet is by no means too angelic, for she possesses traits of quite refreshingly human wickedness. The story tells of Mickey's struggles to support them both, and to keep "square." At the end of the book we leave Mickey and Lily in good hands away from the heat and rush of the town, with kind friends in the country to whom they teach the value of a smile, and from whom they learn that a cow, though forbidding in size does not as a rule eat children. Someone, who did not know better, seems to have told Mrs. Stratton Porter that her books contained too much bird lore, and too many little children. To remedy this imaginary defect she has, in "Michael O'Halloran," introduced an under-plot—a tale of society which runs concurrently with that of Mickey and Lily; and these chapters are not equal to the rest of the book. In descriptions of nature, particularly of bird and flower life, we do not know anyone who excels this popular authoress, and when she writes of children, it is evident that she knows and appreciates them with a love which understands.

BEACON FIRES. By Mance Gerard. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Gerard is at his best in his historical novels, and "Beacon Fires" is undoubtedly one of the finest romances he has written. A story of the great Armada, it bristles with thrilling incidents, and tells of stirring events and gallant deeds of the days of Queen Elizabeth. The heroine, Bess of the Beacon, is a girl of wonderful courage which, with her amazing intuition, is the means of tracking down and frustrating the plans of men who are plotting against England's safety. A romance of war, it is yet a story to divert its readers from present-day sufferings, to thrill them with excitement and hold them enthralled till the plot is worked out at last and the adventures ended. Mr. Gerard may always be relied upon to tell a good tale, and in this vigorous, picturesque tale of Devon his characters are cleverly drawn, and he has caught the atmosphere of the county and period of which he writes with an accuracy that gives a prevailing sense of realism to an exceedingly charming and engrossing novel.

THE GREAT UNREST. By F. E. Mills Young. 6s. (John Lane.)

The hero of this story is what the author terms "a young rip," Draycott Arthur Manners by name; and his father "being a man of queer impulses and many follies, was of the opinion that the initials D.A.M. would be agreeable for a young man to sign"—Dam he signs himself, and Dam he is called from our first acquaintance with him to the end of the tale. It is a story of the vigorous, racy type, told in a manner well suited to the plot. As a character study Dam is an interesting piece of work, but as a hero he is not quite a success: being a rip he naturally does and says things that are in accordance with this

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description of him and which unfortunately, fail to always win our sympathy. The types of women introduced into the story are many and varied and all of them well portrayed (Patricia especially). From England where we get the scenes of Dam's childhood and youth, the scene moves to South Africa where he arrives in time to take part in the Labour troubles which reached a crisis in that country a short time back. Dam has Socialistic tendencies, and writes for a Socialist paper in Johannesburg where he is looked upon as a fire brand, yet a very delightful young man with charming manners. He is however more or less of a driftor without a settled career until he returns to England again in July 1914 a fortnight before the great war starts. After this his career is definitely decided of course, and we are given a glimpse of him in the trenches writing home to his young wife in Devonshire. The end of the story is curiously unsatisfactory, though the book as a whole is vivid and decidedly interesting.

AFTERWARDS. By Kathleen Rhodes. 6s. (Hutchinson)

"The deed itself may be the work of a moment but there is always the long, long *afterwards* with which to reckon. In the case of Dr Anstice one cannot help feeling that the long long afterwards as embodied in the actions of Bruce Cheston was more than a little unreasonable. True Dr Anstice caused the death of Bruce's fiancée but he shot the girl at her own request and in order to save her from a fate worse than death (the penalty they had both incurred for inadvertently profaning an Indian temple). The real tragedy was that the rescuing party should have arrived only in time to save Anstice. Bruce however cannot forgive Anstice the deed, he even hunts that suicide as the only honourable way out for Anstice and finally takes a man in revenge by marrying and carrying off the girl who if true love had prospered bade fair to be the doctor's bride. Thus each man robs the other of the woman he loves best. In Egypt, where the story reaches a thrilling climax the much wronged Anstice comes into his own after a valiant fight. Many interesting people walk and talk and scheme and dream in the pages of this attractive novel. In particular the mystery of Cherry Orchard, a mystery of anonymous letters and false charges which is cleverly blended with the main love story—gives the author an excellent opening for strong and sympathetic characterisation.

THE RECORD OF RICHARD FREYDON: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. 6s. (Constable)

Not often does one come across a book which is equally pleasing to the literary man and to the ordinary reader. A rare combination of merit is required to throw the net of charm wide enough to catch and hold the attention of these two types. The outstanding quality in such a book is always its humanity and that quality is to be found in full measure in *The Record of Richard Freydon*. The anonymous author is probably a experienced man of letters who has met life in ungloried comb and its hostile and friendly aspects with equal courage and equanimity. He has a right sense of the values of life and emphasises its homespun virtues rather than the advantages of mere riches. Richard Freydon's experiences in London's underworld as a writer for the Press and as a thinker are told plainly and convincingly. The book grips and when you close it, you feel you have said good-bye to a friend. There is much incident and description of life and nature in Australia and at home and the tight Richard Freydon put up to the tight of possessing himself strikes notes in sympathy with the courageous daunt of the day. Readers who know anything of the development of the Press will be particularly interested in an account of journalism at the cross roads before the introduction of American methods. Whether what we call fiction or fact *The Record of Richard Freydon* belongs to literature.

CAPTAIN THE CURÉ. By Margaret Baillie Saunders. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)

It is of course, inevitable that gallant little Belgium should become the setting of many a story, good, bad and

indifferent that is told about those terrible early days of the War. In the front rank of good stories, Mrs Baillie-Saunders latest novel, *Captain the Curé*, should certainly find a place. It is a strong dramatic and finished piece of work revealing its author's master-touch in dealing with matters so fresh in our minds as the burning of Louvain, and in making us *understand* each of the characters she brings before our notice. The story tells how the Curé van Sustern renounces his priesthood and his God at the terrible sights he sees at Louvain and becomes a soldier fighting like a man possessed for the honour of Belgium. How he comes at length to a deeper and wider understanding of God and justice and martyrdom, and finally re-enters his church is told in a vivid and powerful manner. His career and that of the pretty elf-like daughter of a doctor of Louvain form the main interest of the tale though we must not forget the faithful Jadoc Vintmeyer who wins our sympathy throughout. The German Army would not be flattered at Mrs Baillie-Saunders' description of it as it entered Louvain—a vivid word picture and one that the reader is likely to remember.

A RISKY GAME. By Harold Bindloss. 6s. (Ward Lock)

One expects to find adventures on the seas that Drake and Frobisher sailed says James Grahame early in this story and that his expectations are not disappointed the subsequent pages abundantly testify. Grahame a wandering Scot Walthew the son of a successful American, who prefers to go travelling rather than enter his father's business and Macilister the engineer are three seekers after fortune who with their small vessel the *Luchantress*, take part in the profitable but risky enterprise of conveying rifles to one of the disturbed South American states. It so happens that the patriots for whom they are working are again the Government while those in power are negotiating with an American one (life for the sale of valuable concessions). Life is accompanied by his daughter Evelyn and the patriot leader Dr Sarmiento has a daughter Ynez so that something of love romance is soon seen to intermingle with the romance of adventurous action. Mr Bindloss is an accomplished master in the art of narrative of the kind which combines the attractions of the novel with those of the boy's adventure story and with

A Risky Game will win fresh gratitude from the many readers whom he has already won.

The Bookman's Table.

THE LIFE ROMANCE OF LLOYD GEORGE. By Kenneth Evans. With Introduction by Charles Sirocki. 6s. net. (London: Eyre & Spottiswoode)

This is a very opportune and admirably written biography of the most brilliant and popular statesman of the day. Mr Evans writes from an inside knowledge of his sitter and as Dr Sirocki says in his Introduction,

has given us a lifelike portrait of a most complex and a most perplexing personality and his study is equally characteristic of the judicial detachment of the critic and of the sympathy and insight of one intimately acquainted with the subject. There is much that is suggestive, much that is illuminating in the chapter which tells of the influences and inspirations of Mr Lloyd George's boyhood and youth and the effect of these is traced all through the record of his great and strenuous career. The closing chapter dealing with Mr Lloyd George's Future, is one of the most interesting in the book. There is a note of warning here and there a hint of admonition for Mr Evans writes with the unhesitating frankness of a friend who has no fear that his candour will be misunderstood. He is no blind eulogist—he is aware of spots on the sun, but his reasoned admiration for the genius, the courage and passionate sincerity, the consummate ability and intense democratic spirit of his subject is a finer tribute than any indiscriminate adulation can ever be. It is

a wonderfully revealing study of the man and the statesman—perhaps the most searching and authoritative study we have yet had of him. The volume is illustrated with sixteen caricatures and portraits of Mr. Lloyd George and the members of his family.

TOWARDS INTERNATIONAL GOVERNMENT. By J. A. Hobson. 2s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

There is scarcely a sane man in the civilised world to-day who has not asked himself time and again what the outcome of the present war will be with regard to future international rivalries, jealousies and difficulties of all kinds. Are we to continue to pile up armaments and pursue the same old giddy and senseless round of diplomatic humbug between national representatives when we have succeeded in beating Germany and bringing Europe back to the ordered ways of peace; or are we to strive for the creation of some form of international tribunal which will insist upon justice being done whenever the interests of one nation clash, or seem to clash, with those of another? Obviously, as everyone who has realised the full horror of the present war must admit, the latter course would be the more sane and civilised. And such is Mr. Hobson's contention. He demands a League of Nations which will realise, in Mr. Asquith's words, the idea of "Public right, the substitution for force, for groupings and alliances and a precarious equipoise, of a real European partnership, based on the recognition of equal rights and established and enforced by the common will." The difficulties in the way of such a grouping are, of course, stupendous. The possibility of even a most satisfactory peace—which must include the breaking of German militarism—will leave a legacy of bitterness and possibly hate which it will take years to live down. Then, when some common agreement, upon which the common will is to be exercised, has been arrived at, international force must again be mobilised to enforce the common decisions upon any recalcitrant individual state. Thus we must have a general reduction of armaments and at the same time the formation of one international army, and here will arise one of the first difficulties. "There would be," admits Mr. Hobson, "a positive incentive to an aggressive or revengeful Power either to stay outside, or, entering in, to violate secretly its obligations." Such difficulties can be overcome, and at some time, early or late, they must be overcome; and this book suggests the various methods that may be employed. It also discusses exhaustively questions of conciliation and arbitration; economic questions relating to international affairs; problems of nationality, democracy and internationalism, and, indeed, every phase of the subject with which it deals. Now or in the future it must have serious consideration by all interested in the welfare of nations; and now would be much better than later.

OLD CALABRIA. By Norman Douglas. 15s net. (Martin Secker.)

If indeed, as the French tell us, an appetite comes in eating, it may very well come as we read the various books of Mr. Douglas. We began with no enormous appetite, because he used to be more than a trifle stodgy—he was too allusive and too artificial. But the fare he offers you to-day is so much more digestible, in every way, so much more fascinating that our appetite is growing very keen. His learned allusiveness he now keeps very well under control, making it appear as natural to him as is to Mr. Doughty his own extraordinary style; and the result is that one can really, what with one thing and another, talk of Mr. Doughty and Mr. Douglas in the same breath. Neither of them will ever write an "Eothen," and they will not be admitted to the heart of an enormous public; but to those of literary tastes, who, after all, do not form a majority of the population, these two rather wayward writers of travel books will make an enduring appeal. Mr. Douglas does not twist the language, but neither is he as sublime as Mr. Doughty. He has what may be called a grave sense of humour, but he frequently condescends to the humour of everyman, for instance, in relating that episode

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when his drunken driver, before starting on the return journey down a steep road, assures him that, at any rate, the horse is sober. Perhaps Mr. Douglas is too much the slave of old books, pamphlets and MSS. He quotes them with relish, and often with a reverence they do not deserve. On the other hand one cannot but marvel at his erudition; surely he has gazed at everything that ever was written in any language about Calabria. He is by no means an indiscriminate admirer of the province; he makes few efforts to lure us thither. We would, we vow, much sooner visit these uncomfortable places in his book than in the flesh.

THE ADMIRABLE PAINTER. By A. J. Anderson.
10s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Those who liked such conjectural reconstructions of the lives of great artists as "The Romance of Fra Filippo Lippi" or "The Romance of Sandro Botticelli" will enjoy the latest experiment which their author, Mr. A. J. Anderson, has made in this direction, a study of Leonardo da Vinci to which he gives the title of "The Admirable Painter." To be frank, such novelistic treatment of a famous painter's life and work is altogether out of place in the case of a supreme artist like Leonardo. Mr. Anderson tells us too much of the Medici and of the Sforzas, too little of the great master himself. And he tells us so much about Lodovico Sforza and his wife and mistresses, and about Gian Galeazzo and his wife, merely in order to bolster up a preposterous theory that "The Virgin of the Rocks"—the Louvre picture, of course, in which the angel has no wings—was painted by Leonardo as an allegory to show the affectionate relations subsisting between Lodovico's wife, Beatrice d'Este (for whom the virgin stands) and Galeazzo's wife, Isabella of Aragon (who is painted as the angel, or as Mr. Anderson will have it, as St. Anne). The great Maximilian to whom this picture was sent, according to Mr. Anderson, presumably before it was acquired by Francis I. of France, was actually expected to guess this all too carefully complicated riddle.



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MR. T. FISHER UNWIN.

Some Aspects of the War, by S. Pérez Triana (3s. 6d. net). This is one of the most interesting books on this subject, because it gives us the considered judgment of the South Americans. Of course the Columbian Republic, to which Señor Triana belongs, is not the most important State in South America, but we are admirably shown in these most lucid pages why Chili, Argentine, and all the rest of them should not be pro-German. Señor Triana, who was in part educated at a German University and has been educating himself for many years in various other countries, is not carried away by his own eloquence, as is sometimes the case with Spanish-Americans. His arguments are of the soundest, his denunciations are both documented and delightfully sarcastic. One presumes that Germany will never go through the farce of sending another representative to the Hague, where Señor Triana was in the habit of speaking; it would pain them to listen to his far-seeing, honourable and humanitarian proposals. In the limits of this notice we can do no more than mention the titles of a few of his chapters: "The Law of Necessity," "Songs of War," "The Invasion of Canada," "Sowing Thistles and Gathering Thorns," "The Name of God and the War." There is the colony of Germans in Brazil—what of that? And all these fertile lands that are as yet so empty—what of them? It may or it may not be true that Villa the Mexican wrote to the Kaiser protesting, in the name of humanity, against the abominable conduct of his troops; but now we see how cultured South Americans regard it. We may add that this book was originally written in Spanish and was translated by the author, whose command of our language is complete. And there is one poetical chapter, dealing with German war-songs, which exhibits a braggart country, and also that country of Theodor Körner, that old, beloved Germany which we shall never see again.

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Among the numerous parts of the earth on which we nowadays have to keep an eye there is none more urgent than the Balkan Peninsula, and if some of us have been impatient with the diplomats for having failed to bring these little States together to that side which seems to be their only hope for independence and security, if we have asked why Bulgaria cannot be given various sops and thus won over to the side of those who punished her so terribly a little time ago, we only have to read **Geographical Aspects of Balkan Problems**, by Marion I. Newbigin, D.Sc. (7s. 6d. net), and we shall see how complicated are the problems. Even if Macedonia be given to Bulgaria and Kavala be added, yet the difficulties which attend the settlement are enormous. The chief ones at this instant centre round Bulgaria and the chief ones in the future round Serbia. We do not envy those who will discuss the changes in Dalmatia and Slavonia and Croatia, not to speak of Bosnia. It would seem a hazardous experiment to add these countries to the present Serbian kingdom, for the Serbs of Serbia have exhibited a great deal more of military than of administrative genius. After all, they were for centuries beneath the Turkish yoke. Perhaps the best solution would be the establishment of a Serbian Federation, rather loosely bound together, and with capitals at Agram (for the Roman-Catholic Serbs), at Sarajevo (for the Moslem Serbs), and at Belgrade (for the Orthodox Serbs). Then there is the question of Dalmatia, whose inhabitants are now so different from the Serbs of the hinterland. But there does not seem any necessity for establishing a Balkan Federation, into which the Greeks would fit so badly. Dr. Newbigin makes it clear to us what Europe and the Balkans have to face; she does it most courageously and in a most interesting, thorough and even humorous fashion. Certainly there will be no Albania to complicate the matter; it is of sentimental interest if Montenegro ceases to exist. One fancies that she might be given a good deal of Herzegovina, but possibly her special virtues would evaporate if she became more prosperous. Dr. Newbigin casts a new light on the condition of Bosnia and, in brief, her book is one that serious students of the Balkans cannot do without. There is a particularly good coloured map and various useful sketch maps.

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No. 290. VOL. XLIX.

NOVEMBER, 1915.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

Next month we shall publish the Christmas Double Number of THE BOOKMAN, as usual. The war has made a difference in the literary as in all our other worlds, but the number of books appearing in these latter months is surprisingly large, and there is every prospect that this Christmas season is going to be even more thoroughly satisfactory than last—which is saying a great deal. Figuratively a Double Number, the Christmas BOOKMAN will again be about six times larger than an ordinary issue; it will contain all the usual features, including many beautiful colour plates and a Portfolio of paintings mounted for framing. There will also be the usual large and copiously illustrated Supplements devoted to the Christmas books, and fully maintaining the record of the Christmas BOOKMAN as the amplest and most reliable guide for the Yuletide book-buyer. As the Number has already been very largely subscribed and cannot be reprinted, we would urge all readers desirous of securing a copy to place their orders for it with their booksellers without delay.

A timely and uniquely interesting volume is "The Red Cross Story Book," which is to be published this month by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. It will be beautifully illustrated, and all the contributors to it are famous authors who have enlisted since the outbreak of the war and are now on active service abroad or at home. All profits from the sale of the book will go to the funds of the British Red Cross Society.

We have welcomed the reappearances of Mr. G. K. Chesterton in the daily and weekly papers as signs that he had happily recovered from his recent illness; and now we are no less pleased to hear that he has completed a new book, which Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward are publishing shortly. It is a war book, called "The Crimes of England," and administers a trouncing to Germany's military philosophers in Mr. Chesterton's heartiest and most trenchant fashion. He throws his own searchlight over the past history of Europe, lays bare the inner causes of Prussian barbarism, and shows how England has contributed to her present difficulties by playing the part of Hamlet. He deals faithfully with Mr. Shaw; touches suggestively on Mr. Kipling and the Decadents; on the Germanisation of Shakespeare; the mistakes we have made about Russia and Turkey, and the many complex questions that the present state of affairs involves. It is a live, provocative book, and when it is presently dropped on us from the Chestertonian Zeppelin should make something of a noise.



Mr. Beckles Willson

who has written the official Life of Lord Strathcona, which Messrs Constable are to publish.

The 1915 issue of that popular annual, "The Odd Volume," has just been published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. It has a long list of well-known contributors, including many of the most distinguished of living authors and artists. Numerous pictures in colour and in black and white, with a plentiful variety of stories and poems, make up a most uncommonly attractive and entertaining miscellany. Humour is the keynote of the volume, and anyone wishing to get or give amusement may be recommended to pay a shilling for it and read it and pass it on—it is just the sort of thing to delight our fighting men in the trenches or on the seas. "The Odd Volume" is published in aid of the Book Trade Provident Society, which needs more than ever, in these times, all the help it can obtain.

A book that will appeal to all who are interested in educational reform, "Schools of To-Morrow," by John and Evelyn Dewey, is published by Messrs. Dent.

Mr. St. John G. Ervine has been appointed manager of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, where he is arranging to produce a one-act play called "Michael O'Flaherty," by G. Bernard Shaw, and a four-act play of his own, entitled "John Ferguson : A Tragedy."

Mrs. Allhusen, the author of "Miss Molly," has been honoured by H.M. the Queen's acceptance of

a Hymn which was written by Miss Allhusen and has been set to music by Sir Frederick Bridge.

Messrs. Cassell are publishing this month a biography of Samuel Coleridge Taylor, by W. C. Berwick Sayers. Coleridge Taylor, the son of a West African negro medical man and an Englishwoman, was one of the most brilliant of modern British composers and conductors.

"Cleopatra, a Gypsy," a new romance by Arthur F. Wallis, the author of "Idonia," will be published immediately by Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co.

Two Christmas colour-books that Mr. Heinemann is publishing are Dickens's "Christmas Carol," illustrated by Arthur Rackham, and "Grandmother's Fairy Tales," translated from the French of Charles Robert Dumas by Ninette Hewlett, and illustrated by Maurice Lalau.

Mr. Darrell Figgis, who is now living permanently in Ireland, is engaged on a "History of the Irish Nation," which Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack will publish. Mr. Figgis is one of the many authors who have suffered by the war, and it seems that four new books of his, which Messrs. Maunsel have in hand, have been withheld from publication since the fateful August, 1914. Two of these, "The Mount of Transfiguration," a volume of poems, and "The



Photo by Vandyk.

Mrs. Coleridge Taylor and her children.

A Life of her husband, the late Samuel Coleridge Taylor, the famous composer, is to be published by Messrs. Cassell.



Mr. George Goodchild.

Lyric Cry," an anthology, are destined to wait still for more propitious times, but the other two, "A.E.," a study, and "Children of the Earth," a novel of life in the West of Ireland, will now appear shortly.

One of the saddest results of the war is the large number of soldiers and sailors who have returned from the battle front permanently blinded, and Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, President of the National Institute of the Blind, has established a hostel at St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, where they may be received and trained in a variety of useful occupations that will fit them for facing the darkened lives that are now before them. "The Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Gift Book," which Messrs. Jarrold are publishing, is issued in aid of this beneficent work, and that the public is in sympathy with its purpose is indicated by the fact that it has been so enormously over-subscribed that its publication has had to be postponed, but it will now be ready in a few days. Mr. George Goodchild, who is responsible for the inception, compiling and editing of the book, has been fortunate enough to secure a brilliant array of well-known authors and artists among his contributors. The volume is lavishly illustrated in



Corporal Francis Ledwidge,

whose "Songs of the Fields" (Herbert Jenkins) is reviewed in this Number.

colour, and with numerous interesting photographs. Mr. Goodchild, who is still a young man well under thirty, began his career by working in the private workshop of a retired Army Major who had an engineering hobby; later he was engaged in the armourer's shop at a military dépôt, and augmented his income by looking after the limelight, of evenings, at a theatre. All the time he was devoting his leisure to the study and practice of literature, and at nineteen had his first story published in the *Westminster Gazette*. From the military dépôt he went as a clerk into a City office, and later drifted into the publishing business and has remained there. Incidentally, he has considerable gifts as a musical composer; has composed several lyrics, for which



Miss Peggy Grant,

whose new novel, "The Gate of Dreams," is to be published by Mr. Andrew Melrose.

he wrote his own words, and these, which have been published under a pseudonym, have met with very gratifying successes. Last year he edited for Messrs. Jarrold one of the best of the war anthologies, "England, My England!"; and at present he is completing his first novel, a story based more or less on a music theme of Chopin's, which will be published in due course with the title of "The Rain on the Roof."

Miss Mary F. Sandars has written a "Life and Times of Queen Adelaide," which Messrs. Stanley Paul are publishing immediately. The same firm announce "Because of Phœbe," a lively new novel by Kate Horn.

Every lover of humour is grateful to Mr. John Lane for introducing into England the works of that most quaint, most whimsical of Canadians, Stephen Leacock, and will be glad to hear that he



Mr. Alfred Capper.
the well-known entertainer, whose reminiscences, "A Rambler's
Recollections," Messrs. Allen & Unwin are publishing.

is publishing immediately a new collection of tales, "Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy," by the same author.

"With the First Canadian Contingent" is a volume which is to be published immediately by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton to help the Funds of the Canadian Field Comforts Commission. Illustrated with a large number of mounted and other photographs, the book tells all about the progress of the First Canadian Contingent from Valcartier and Salisbury Plain to Neuve Chapelle--and after. Between the lines, you may read something of the tender, business-like sympathy and care of the Canadian women for the brave men who went to fight for them, as well as for the Empire.

By way of special appeal to that very large section of the general public which has not formed the good habit of book-buying, the Publishers' Association has arranged to commence a "National Book Fortnight" in the third week of November. It will be signalled by a special display in all the principal bookshops throughout the kingdom, and most of the leading London and provincial dailies will devote a page in each week to articles by well-known writers, who will write in praise of books and reading. The Publishers' Association have already issued a special catalogue for the occasion, and it can be obtained gratis from any bookseller.

"A Little Book of Irish Verse," edited by Albert G. White, is to be published immediately by Messrs. Heath, Cranton & Co., and all profits from the sale of it will go to providing comforts for the Irish troops. Sir A. Conan Doyle, W. B. Yeats, Katharine Tynan, Patrick McGill, Louis McQuilland, J. N. Cousins, Dr. Arthur Lynch and Stephen Gwynne are among the contributors.

Messrs. Macmillan are publishing a new and final edition of Green's "Short History of the English People," which first appeared in 1874. This final edition includes an Epilogue which continues the history down to the present day.

"The Man who came Back," a new novel by Mr. Edgar Jepson, will be published this month by Messrs. Hutchinson.

Everybody is talking just now of the Balkan problem, and most of the talk is more or less irresponsible, because so few of us know anything of the Balkans or have any real knowledge of the character and temperaments of the Balkan people, and these things count for more in the problem than any skill of German diplomacy. "Light on the Balkan Darkness," by Crawford Price (Simpkin, Marshall) comes at a good time. Mr. Price has lived in Bulgaria, and spent many years of his life in studying the Balkan races; he gives you the facts on which he bases his opinions; is outspoken, but admirably impartial; and without justifying the attitudes of Greece or Roumania he helps you to realise the inner significance of them.

The third volume of that most useful annotated bibliography of "Books on the Great War," by F. W. T. Lange and W. T. Berry, of the St. Bride Foundation Library, has just been issued by Messrs. Grafton & Co.

Eugenii Soloviev's "Life of Dostoievsky" is being translated into English and will be published shortly by Messrs. Allen & Unwin.

Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle have written a story of our own days, "A Little House in War Time," which Messrs. Constable are publishing.

"A History of South Africa from the Earliest Days to the Union," by W. C. Scully, is published this week by Messrs. Longmans.

THE READER.

HILAIRE BELLOC.

BY THOMAS SECCOMBE.

I.

THERE is a large amount of soldierly blood in Mr. Belloc's veins. Four of his great-uncles were generals under Napoleon, the best-known of whom, General Chasseriau, was killed at Waterloo at the head of his cuirassiers at the age of thirty-three, having only quite recently been the recipient of the Legion of Honour. Another, General Habert, was lost in the retreat from Moscow. The names of these and of other fighting forbears may be deciphered on the Arc de Triomphe in the Champs Elysées. To go one step further back, to the father of his grandmother, we encounter an interesting figure in Colonel Swanton, of the Irish Brigade, in the service of France, the lineal successor of the corps that fought under Berwick at Almanza and under Saxe at Fontenoy. Swanton's Irish descent was already rather remote when he followed Soult to Corunna, and obtained as part of the 'spoil' the two pistols of Sir John Moore, which he was glad to make over when occasion offered to one of the hero's sisters. He was, perhaps, unique in this: that while wearing the red coat of the old English army (which the Brigade adhered to), he wore at the same time the Croix de St. Louis, which he had won under the white flag of the Bourbons, and the Légion d'Honneur, which he had earned during the Empire. His son, Captain Arnaud, was wounded at Waterloo, while he was detained on the duty of holding the historic fortress of Rocroy. The daughter of this decorated warrior, Louise Marie Swanton, mixed freely in Anglo-French society, and saw a great deal of the travelling English. Her bilingual habit stood her in good stead, and her gifts as a translator were seen to advantage in many familiar examples, such as Moore's "Life of Byron," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and several works by Charles Dickens and Mrs. Gaskell. She moved in these days in the circle which revolved round Madame Mohl, of whose salon she might at one time have been the chronicler. She survived that generation, and died less than twenty-five years ago at the great age of eighty-six, having lived no less than sixty-eight years since her first literary essay, a charming story for children called "Pierre et Pierette," obtained the laurel of the Académie, and

seventy-five since she dimly remembered witnessing Napoleon's last review of the Champ de Mars in May, 1815.

Her husband was an artist, Hilaire Belloc the elder, son of a planter at Martinique, whose family was largely ruined by the English blockade. Many of his portraits are to be discovered by research in French provincial museums, one at least is in the Louvre, and there is a bust of him as artist and curator in the Luxembourg. He was thirteen years older than his wife, and at nine saw Robespierre on his way to the guillotine. Their son, Louis Swanton Belloc, a barrister by profession, employed for the most part in the Secretariate of Prefecture, married at Spanish Place in 1867, the year of her conversion, Bessie Rayner Parkes, daughter of Joseph Parkes, a familiar figure among the philosophical Radicals of the Mill, Grote, and Lord John Russell era. As a granddaughter of Joseph Priestley and the proud possessor of his prism, she had the entrée among all the advanced intelligence, from Montalembert and Dupanloup to Browning and Rossetti. She was also a writer and an aspirant to poetic honours on her own account. For a time she was much occupied in quest of health for her husband, who suffered in 1870 and died on his return from the south only two years later at Lacelle St. Cloud, near Marly-le-Roi, where Hilaire was born, July 27th, 1870. He was born in *L'Année Terrible*, an only son:

"The only brothers I ever knew

Were the men who laughed and quarrelled with me."



Photo by E. O. Hopf.

Hilaire Belloc.

Specially taken for THE BLOOMMAN.

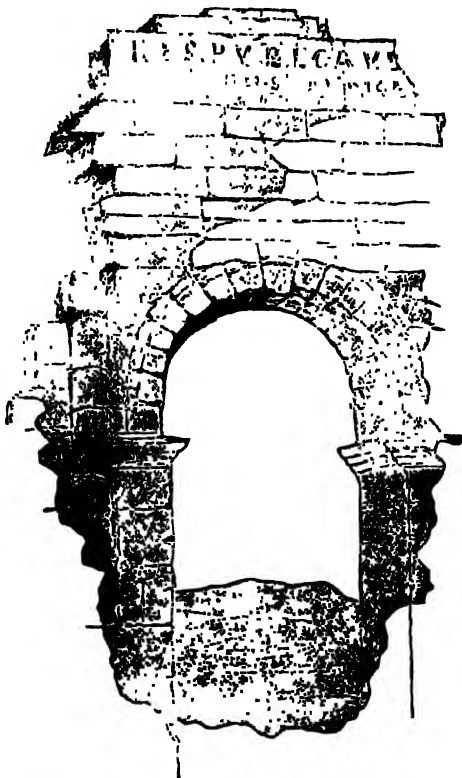
His mother was forty-two when his father died, and she soon left Lacelle St. Cloud and settled at Shindon, which thus became Hilaire's early home, though not his birth-place. The love of Sussex and its downs, its small towns and its perfect little rivers, the Rother, the Evenlode, and the Arun, entered deep into his consciousness. His memories of France, though revived fairly often, were submerged in the flood of Sussex scenery, tradition and ideas. The Turner-esque features of Arundel, and its romantic glens and oak woods, became to him what the Westmorland cascade was to Wordsworth, a passion in the blood. At twelve and a half he was sent to the Oratory at Edgbaston. The name and fame of Cardinal Newman was a strong magnet

there to the Catholic youth. And a portrait of the most venerable of modern Englishmen who saw the boys once a week and had some experiences of the young Hilaire's readiness with tongue and pen, must linger in the memory. The youthful *idéologue* even at that age was too self-opinionated to be very popular, but he gathered some friendships which have been singularly lasting, as may be deduced from his dedications. Here is a brief portrait of him at that period:

"I remember very well Belloc coming to the Oratory school—some time in '83, I suppose. He was a small, squat person, of the shaggy kind (betokening the future journalist) with a clever face and sharp bright eyes. Being amongst English boys, his instinctive combativeness made him assume a decidedly French pose, and this no doubt brought on him many a gibe, which, we may be equally sure, he was well able to return. I was amongst the older boys, and saw little of him. But I recollect finding him one day studying a high wall (of the old Oratory Church, since pulled down). It turned out that he was calculating its exact height by some cryptic mathematical process which he proceeded to explain. I concealed my awe, and did not tell him that I understood nothing of his terms, his explanations, or deductions; it would have been

unsuitable for a big fellow to be taught by a 'brat.' In those days the boys used to act Latin plays of Terence, which enjoyed a certain celebrity, and from his first year Belloc was remarkable. His rendering of the impudent servant maid was the inauguration of a series of triumphs during his whole schoolcareer."

When he left the Oratory,



Drawn by Hilaire Belloc.

The Gate of Verecunda

From "Esto Perpetua," by Hilaire Belloc. Illustrated by the Author (Duckworth)

there was much discussion naturally as to whether Hilaire should or should not signalise his French citizenship by volunteering for the army. Strictly, he was exempt as the only son of a widow. But he did volunteer, and served a year in the French Field Artillery in a regiment stationed at Toul, where he learned, among other things, habitually to talk French—the French of the barrack—and laid the foundation for the reproach he has incurred with some humorous exaggeration of speaking neither French nor English like a native born. At the close of 1890 he was a free man again, vastly richer for his store of experience gleaned among the gunners of France, where he had undergone, too, the common stripes of military life, had mixed with the roughest of the rough, and slept with nine men and a gun.

A violent contrast succeeded when Hilaire, after some strenuous private reading and preparation, went up to Oxford and gained the blue ribbon of Scholastic Plates—a Balliol (Brackenbury) Scholarship.

Of the pale, wan, spectacled student to whom such prizes not uncommonly fall, there was little in Belloc. Less of Puritan pallor had never been seen in Scholar of Oxenford. He swam, rode, shouted, blasphemed, speechified, loved clamour and noise, crowds of friends, red wine and Washington ale. There was contagion in his laugh and exhilaration seemed to emanate from his presence.



Drawn by Hilaire Belloc.

The Pic d'Aine from Oloron.

From "The Pyrenees," by Hilaire Belloc

Illustrated by the Author (Methuen).

II.

Looking askance as he did at the most cherished English institutions such as the Public School and the National Church, a profound unbeliever in Reform and Revolution whether under Henry, Elizabeth or William III., a profound sceptic in regard to the all-wisdom of Burke and the sacramental virtues of the old English constitution and the national habit of compromise, Belloc at twenty-two, with his mixed blood and his French experience, was an unhandy customer for an Oxford Historical Don to tackle. It was necessary for his preceptor to plant himself very firm and to tackle low. Fortunately for Belloc he was so encountered by a tutor who has remained to all his pupils the ideal of what an Oxford tutor was at his best when he was first conjured up in the conception of Jowett, a link between the old Oxford and the new, a small lion, but the bravest of the brave, and one who formed others by forming himself, and that in the most creative way. In grappling with Belloc he realised that he had to combine something of the *Cœur de Lion* with the traditional subtlety of the Angevins. A fellow pupil, a beagle among books and documents, was specially trained to undermine Belloc's rapid essays in research. The daring pilot was pulled to earth by a strong resisting cord before he ever succeeded in getting his machine to its full momentum. But Belloc too, like a peripatetic philosopher, was surrounded by disciples. His defiance of national fetishes, his mockery of English complacency and superiority, his defiance of University standards, his Rupert-like debate and persiflage at the Union, his flagrant setting at naught of current conventions and unwritten college rules—all these things made him the idol of his contemporaries. He was a few years older and more experienced than most of his college friends, but had lost little of the intoxication, the contagion and the ringing laughter of earliest manhood. He dazzled and infected everyone with his mockery and his laughter. There never was such an undergraduate, so merry, so learned in medieval trifling and terminology, so perfectly spontaneous in rhapsody and extravaganza, so positive and final in his judgments—who spoke French, too, like a Frenchman, in a manner unintelligible to our public-school-French-attuned ears. He was a scholar, too, a Brackenbury in the burliest of gowns; he won prizes and a "first." He was

clearly predestinate for a fellowship of the most brilliant hue.

And yet, as it fell out, his first and last check at Oxford, and in the surpassing brilliance of his career then, was in his rejection for the All Souls. Its unexpectedness served as an additional barb. He felt it bitterly as a kind of personal humiliation, and it was long before the memory of it became effaced. It was the result, in all probability, of overweening confidence

on his side, and of fear rather than incompetence on that of his examiners. Belloc was regarded in that azure and pink atmosphere as something of a strange animal, wild, unclassifiable and probably *méchant*. His brilliant "first" counted for little in comparison with the possibility of an unforgivable impertinence to the Big Wigs who periodically roll up and throw an aureole of *Savoir* over the College. For Belloc had more strongly as an undergraduate or a young master even than in later life, a most disconcerting impulse to blurt out truths and impossible questions to men who have forgotten by disuse how to parry. He had the smallest imaginable bump of respect for mere Big Wigs and Personages as such. The only contemporary historians for whom he has avowed even a decent respect, are Lord Morley and Herbert Fisher.



Photo by Adrian & Sons.

Hilaire Belloc.

An early portrait.

His frankness was often as uncompromising and embarrassing as his confidence. He would, it was admitted, have been excellent at uncorking the wine—the special duty and privilege of the junior fellow. But then he would have been so infernally critical of the vintage.

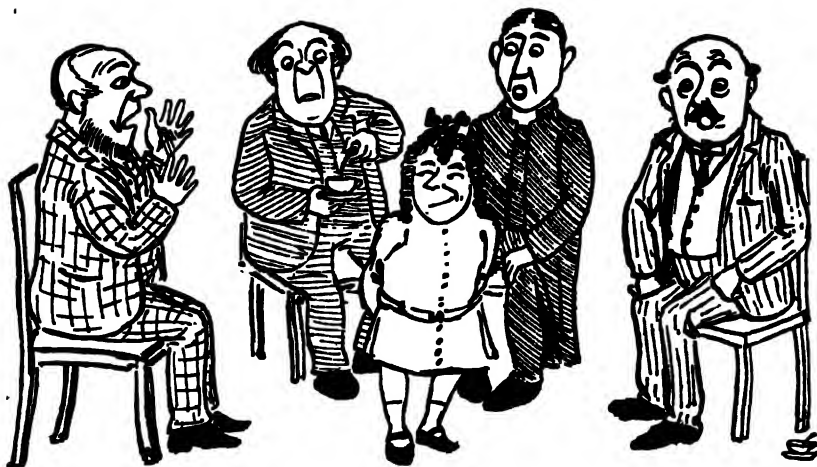
Belloc was precocious in companionship, in power of utterance and in preoccupation with the concerns of men. He was fond of soldiering and marching and riding and sailing, but for the boyish games to which men in England devote so much of their ripe leisure, he had small predilection. To paraphrase the pompous expression of Gibbon, History and Geography were his bat and ball. Neither to him were abstractions. He took a live interest in both, and sought the earliest opportunity of applying his knowledge. They have always been his two most efficient arms of offence, and it is principally with their aid that he has made the impression he has made upon the literature of our day. He already had big ambitions of a literary cast. He had schemed to write on Paris and of the Revolution. But his first essays in writing were either burlesques or exercises prescribed by friendship and emulation. At

Balliol his squibs, lampoons and epigrams were in constant demand. Until eclipsed by the more modern and sulphurous mint of Raymond Asquith no *obiter dicta* of an undergraduate were more in request. He was, of course, the star of the Junior Common Room and the Union Debates, the *blasé roué* of social assemblies, the supreme wit of Isis and all the Ephemerides that buzz and flit during the Toggers and the Eights. He was, in short, the Messiah of Undergraduates, who would lead them to conquest in the great Armageddon of Wits of Blood against the secular pedantry of predestinate Dons.

His first serious attempt to gain an outside estimate of his historical quality was made in the year of the check at All Souls. It is instructive to find him writing as preludist of the young Radicals of his time in a book of collected Liberal Essays dedicated to John Unley in 1897, and containing the work of F. W. Hirst, J. A. Simon, J. S. Phillimore, J. L. Hammond and P. J. Macdonell. The essay prefigures many of his later opinions—few men have been more tenacious of formed opinions or tried friends—mocking denunciation of the usurpations of the territorial class, of capital held in large chunks by the few, of the many working in masses in semi-servile discipline, voters whose interests are economic, not political, citizens who own nothing, not even first-hand clothes, the immunities of the rich and the dishonesty of Press and Party-institutions still in that Jubilee England regarded as sacrosanct.

As a poet, Belloc's station is far more ambiguous than his place as a prose writer. His Sussex poem of the South Country is one that no self-respecting anthology could possibly do without. It is destined clearly to English immortality. The question is, will it survive, like "Not a drum was heard," as the single poem of a poetic genius of incomparable promise, the volume of poetry under whose arm was so restricted that it amounted to no more than :

"When I am living in the Midlands
That are sodden and unkind
I light my lamp in the evening
My work is left behind ;
And the great hills of the South Country
Come back into my mind."



Matilda,
Who told lies and was
burned to death.

From "Cautionary Tales for Children," by Hilaire Belloc (Eveleigh Nash).

and the nine unequal stanzas that follow? Two of these, at least, are among the most spontaneous and the most splendid in all modern verse :

"I never get between the pines
But I smell the Sussex air ;
Nor I never come on a belt of sand
But my home is there.
And along the sky the line of the Downs
So noble and so bare.

A lost thing could I never find,
Nor a broken thing mend ;
And I fear I shall be all alone
When I get toward the end.
Who will be there to comfort me
Or who will be my friend ?

I will gather and carefully make my friends
Of the men of the Sussex weald.

* * * * *

I will hold my house in the high wood
Within a walk of the sea,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
Shall sit and drink with me."

This Bacchanalian touch, rarely long absent from Chester-Bellocian letters, does nothing to impair the beauty of this inspiring chant. Its metrical irregularities all go to enhance its value. The young love it and love Sussex for it. The elderly adore its youth and vitality. It constitutes an achievement by itself, surpassing Kipling's fine poem on Sussex by sheer energy and frankness. No poem seems less artificial. Few are more suggestive of poetic opulence. Belloc's youthful manner was all that. Had he to wait for a man to finish a drink or for a lady (if he ever did wait for a lady) to put on her gloves, he would impartially make a drawing, pen an epigram, scribble a ballade or a sonnet. He gave people broadcast the impression of versatile and almost unlimited power in this respect. But in the whole of the remainder of his collected verse there is hardly anything that gets beyond the level of Churchill, or at the best, Canning. There is surely a beautiful Tennysonian passage about the Evenlode imbedded in a Mock Heroic Poem, Dedicatory Ode of the Republican Club. There are lampoons on Dons and Journalists, and some grand ringing lines to the alumni of his old college.

"Words together and wine together
And song together in Balliol Hall."

But after the South Country which everyone knows and loves, and it may possibly be a drinking song or two, the best known of his verses are the purely burlesque ones such as :

"The little mound where Eckstein stood,
And gallant Albu fell,
And Oppenheim, half blind with blood,
Went fording through the rising flood—
My Lord, we know them well."

In spite of the most lavish margins his "Verses" of 1910 extend to eighty-six pages—no more, and even these are eked out by a lavish reprint of verses and trifles from the little volume (now far from common) published by Ward & Downey under the title of "Verses and



Drawn by G. K. Chesterton

'The Editor of the
"Doctrinaire,"'

as he appeared reading his paper on "The Causes of our
Success in South Africa" to the Royal Society.
From "Mr Burden," by Hilaire Belloc. Illustrated by G. K. Chesterton
(Methuen).

Sonnets," and dedicated to J. S. Phillimore as early as 1896. Like more famous Songs and Sonnets, they were *Fragmenta Aurea* in the currency of private friends long before they attained publication, and like all privately circulated poems, they suffered a shock of reaction when the ultimate test was applied.

III.

Belloc's first essay in biography was a sketch of his friend Hubert Howard, who was killed at Omdurman. His loyal comradeship, his love of the freedom of college life, and the wide sweep of his interests, appear in this as in nearly all his early work, but the essay is also marked by some of the defects which are apt to qualify his studies and labours in this branch of letters. He is apt to be over didactic, declaims too readily on generalities, is sparing of the detail that interests readers in a specific life, and obtrudes hobbies of his own (in this case, for instance, the *Chanson de Roland*) in lieu of facts more obviously germane to the subject of his enquiry. The same faults are not entirely absent from his subsequent studies of "Danton" and "Robespierre". Danton was published with a dedication to Anthony Henley, in 1899, and affords a picturesque view of the Great Tribune and of the Revolution in the corrected vision of Aulard

and the other representatives of the new learning on the subject down to the death of Robespierre. He afterwards wrote a monograph on Robespierre in the light of the most recent investigations, and he also furnished an introduction to Carlyle's French Revolution, in which he drew attention to the failures of characterisation in the case of Louis and Robespierre while admitting to the full the great romantic qualities of Carlyle's historical epic. In his book on "Marie Antoinette," published a good many years later, the product of ripened judgment and mature literary labour, he sought to remedy these shortcomings and to emphasise the hitherto not fully recognised importance of the civil constitution of the clergy, the superstitious dislike of "the Austrian," the crisis-value of Valmy and the close interdependence of external military effort and internal policy during the period. The book really, in its fine blend of the four great prose qualities of narration, description, exposition, and argumentation, is one of the very best Belloc has given us. The historical episodes are vivid in the extreme, and the characterisation is surprising in amplitude, perception and divination, a quality in which the author overflows alike in his historical and topographical work. From the vast heap of materials accumulated in the documentation of this book and its forerunners the writer was able without difficulty to furnish forth his little book on the Revolution which had an immense success in the Home University Library. In spite of its rather dogmatic trend it is an almost invaluable résumé of modern research and original deductions. Above all it shows the curious influence exerted upon the movement by certain personalities such as the King, Necker, Mirabeau, Lafayette, the Queen, Danton and Carnot; secondly, the futility of the Civil Constitution of the Clergy, and then, most distinctive and important, the vital links of Varennes, Pillnitz, Valmy, Maubeuge and Wattignies, the balance of successful achievement to the credit of revolutionary militarism, despite the ostensible disasters of 1812-1815, and the persistent danger of the imputation of civilian motives and virtues in the study of military history—causation and effect. This little book, in spite of its dogmatism, its assumption of knowledge and almost



Shopping.

Then tell your papa where the Yak can be got,
And if he is awfully rich,
He will buy you the creature—or else—he will not
(I cannot be positive which).

From "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts," by Hilaire Belloc (Duckworth).

stenographic summariness, is one of its writer's capital efforts. It is an object lesson in grasp, it is a model of what can be effected by vivid lecturing; in it and in "Warfare in England" Belloc feels towards a method of his own, a method as positive, as clear cut and as graphic as he was able to make it. It abounds in definition, explanation, discrimination, maps and plans—the index finger is extended most of the time, the art of demonstration is carried into a new dimension. Belloc, said a wag, invented the map of Europe. Historical power and the gift of insight and divination along certain historical lines, are combined with the topographical curiosity and instinct which gave the writer his unique position as interpreter in chief, in his weekly article in *Land and Water*, of the landmarks of the present war. This article has been read with avidity by thousands of English people, it has been eagerly perused abroad. What was so often conspicuously lacking in the Press in the way of sincerity, outspokenness and moderation was to be found here—it served the purpose of a tonic to many of its readers during a most gloomy period—and it was written by a man whose special knowledge and unique endowment gave weight to all that he wrote. "The Bayeux Tapestry" published only last year, furnishes another example of Belloc's singular power of exposition, and few people have had a clearer vision of the Normans and their sphere of influence than he. Before leaving what he has accomplished in the way of historical divination, however, we must not omit "The Girondin" a romantic sketch of the beginnings of national service in France, and how the ranks of the Republic were filled, a wedding of imaginative creation and military history worthy of the joint effort of Mr. Hewlett and Mr. Spencer Wilkinson; and that still more remarkable book "The Eye Witness" (1908), historical vignettes, dialogues, evocations of the past such as no other living historian could give us. They reveal faculties proper now to Scott and Dumas, now to Charles Reade and Robert Louis Stevenson. The spirit of these things is quite wonderful, they are historic *vores populi*, surprising alike on account of their felicity, their vitality and their wit. Some people, and I am nearly persuaded to be one of their number, regard this book as its author's completest title to fame.

But many look upon Mr. Belloc's intuition as a topographer, his geographic energy, his tireless love of travel as constituting his highest bid for honours as a writer. "The Path to Rome," "Hills and the Sea," "Esto Perpetua," "Four Men," and his book on the Pyrenees contain his most notable work in this genre, but it extends through a long series of essays and through every line of his projected series upon the prehistoric trackways of England ("The Old Road," "Stane Street," etc.) not to mention his books and essays on Paris, London, the Thames, Moscow, the Footpath Way and the like. His passion for small rivers and small towns, his sensitiveness to historic names and provinces, his enthusiasm for walking and sailing and riding—all contributed to make him an ideal roadfarer. The magic, the unexpectedness, the fantastic variations and fluctuations of travel lose nothing in his hands—the versatility, the *négligé* of the author, the continuous high spirits, the archaic vein of persiflage sometimes almost bordering on medieval blasphemy hold us with a conjurer's spell.

IV.

During the romantic period of life which culminated in his following the not impossible she across the ocean to California and marrying at the age of twenty-seven (the misfire of the fellowship notwithstanding), settling for a time in what he pronounced solemnly to be Turner's old house at Chelsea and then more permanently at a picturesque mill house, subsequently transformed, in Shipley parish, near Horsham (the neighbour town of Shelley), Belloc achieved a fine standard of insight as a medievalist. He lectured with brilliant success upon the life, the ideals, the society and the vision splendid which rendered the era of the twelfth century (and more the thirteenth) one of the noblest and most glorious eras in which it might have been a man's lot to live in. He dissipated much of the grotesque undervaluing of the medieval period which the Protestant spirit of the seventeenth century and the cynical and encyclopædic temperament of the eighteenth had somehow generated. The flash lights he handled so skilfully must have thrown a ray into many an historical dungeon, and the power of teaching history by flashes of lightning pervades his miscellaneous work: Essays, Sketches, "Paris," Thames books, Road books, and others. As in the fiction of Disraeli, a reading of history pervades all that he writes in this sphere. People who like Dizzy and Peacock revel in the clever, irresponsible complications of *Mr. Clutterbuck* and its successors. Others admire chiefly the satires and burlesques, such as the fantastic college satire of "Lambkin's Remains," a severe purge of English humbug *in excelsis*; the life of Mr. Emanuel Burden, merchant, an extraordinary blending of The New Republic and the Flaubertian irony of Bouvard and Pecuchet. These virile studies suffer from the usual defects of irony, impenetrability and lack of relief, emphasised perhaps by Belloc's apt assimilation of the stylistic qualities that he admired most in English, the male vernacular of Bunyan, Swift and Defoe. Again there are those who regard Belloc primarily as essayist and rambler—the picturesque delineator of things seen in vagabondage, the juggler with ideas, perceptions and strange analogies and intuitions of the born traveller. It is certain that no one since Borrow could render so well a chance encounter, giving it an air of almost dry verisimilitude and at the same time an atmosphere of romance and a background of philosophic realism. Almost any sample of his writing would suffice. It is extraordinarily individual and *spiritual* in a way of its own. Positive though his prose commonly is it yet at times manifests a wonderful power of vibration. This excerpt is from "Esto Perpetua":

"He drove a little cart—a light cart with two wheels, His horse was of such a sort as you may buy any day in Africa for ten pounds, that is, it was gentle, strong, swift and small, and looked in the half light as though it did not weigh upon the earth, but as though it were accustomed to running over the tops of the sea. I said to the Arab: 'Will you not give me a lift?' He answered: 'If it is the will of God.' Hearing so excellent an answer, and finding myself a part of the universal fate, I leapt into his cart, and he drove along through the gloaming, and as he went he sang a little song which had but three notes in it, and each of these notes was divided from the next by only a quarter of a note. So he sang, and so I sat by his side.

"At last he saw that it was only right to break into talk, if for no other reason than that I was his guest; so he said quite suddenly, looking straight before him:

" 'I am very rich.'

"I said: 'I am moderately poor.'

"At this he shook his head and said: 'I am more fortunate than you; I am very, very rich.' He then wagged his head again slowly from side to side and was silent for a good minute or more.

"He next said slyly, with a mixture of curiosity and politeness: 'My Lord, when you say you are poor, you mean poor after the manner of the Romans; that is, with no money in your pocket, but always the power to obtain it.'

" 'No,' I said, 'I have no land, and not even the power of which you speak. I am really, though moderately, poor. All that I get I earn by talking in public places in the cold weather, and in spring-time and summer by writing and other tricks.' He looked solemn for a moment, and then said: 'Have you indeed no land?' I said: 'No,' again, for at that moment I had none. Then he replied: 'I have sixteen hundred acres of land.'

"When he had said this he tossed back his head in that lion-like way they have, for they are as theatrical as children or animals, and he went on: 'Yes, and of these one-fourth are in good fruit trees . . . they bear . . . they bear . . . I cannot contain myself for well being.' 'God give you increase,' said I. 'A good word,' said he, 'and I would say the same to you, but that you have nothing to increase with. However, it is the will of God.' 'To one man it comes, from another it goes,' said the Barber, and again it is said, 'Which of you can be certain?'

"These last phrases he rattled off like a lesson with no sort ofunction, it was evidently a form. He then continued:

" 'I have little rivulets running by my trees. He—from whom—I bought had let them go dry; I nurtured them till they sparkled. They feed the roots of my orchard. I am very rich. Some let their walls fall down, I prop them up; nay, sometimes I rebuild. All my roofs are tiled with tiles from Marseilles. . . . I am very rich.'

"Then I took up the psalm in my turn and I said: 'What is it to be rich if you are not also famous? Can you sing or dance or make men laugh or cry by your recitals? I will not ask if you can draw or sculpture, for your religion forbids it, but do you play the instrument or the flute? Can you put together wise phrases which are repeated by others?'

"To this he answered quite readily: 'I have not yet attempted to do any of these things you mention. Doubtless were I to try them I should succeed, for I have become very rich, and a man who is rich in money from his own labour could have made himself rich in any other thing.'

"When he said this I appreciated from whence such a doctrine had invaded England. It had come from the Orientals. I listened to him as he went on: 'But it is no matter; my farm is enough for me. If there were no men with farms, who would pay for the flute and the instrument and the wise beggar and the rest? Ah! who would feed them?'

" 'None,' said I, 'you are quite right.' So we went quickly forward for a long time under the darkness, saying



The Grange, Slindon,

when Mr. Belloc lived for some years with his mother. It is now the home of Mr. Morris Colles.

nothing more until a thought moved him. 'My father was rich,' he said, 'but I am far richer than my father.'

"It was cold, and I remembered what a terrible way I had to go that night—twenty miles or more through this empty land of Africa. So I was shivering as I answered: 'Your father did well in his day, and through him you are rich. It says: 'Revere your father; God is not more to you.' He answered: 'You speak sensibly; I have sons.' Then for some time more we rode along upon the high wheels.

"But in a few minutes the lights of a low steading appeared far off under poplar-trees, and as he waved his hand towards it he said: 'That is my farm.' 'Blessed be your farm,' said I, 'and all who dwell in it.' To this he made the astonishing reply: 'God will give it to you; I have none.' 'What is that you say?' I asked him in amazement. He repeated the phrase, and then I saw that it was a form, and it was of no importance whether I understood it or not. But I understood the next thing which he said as he stopped at his gates, which was: 'Here, then, you get out.' I asked him what I should pay for the service, and he replied: 'What you will. Nothing at all.' So I gave him a franc, which was all I had in silver. He took it with a magnificent salutation, saying as he did so: 'I can accept nothing from you,' which I take it, was again a form. Then the night swallowed him up, and I shall never see him again."

Some people have gone to the length of seeing a great Belle Lettrist in Mr. Belloc on the strength of his graceful studies of Marot, Ronsard, and other lights of the French Renaissance, in the collection styled "Avril" and dedicated to his friend of whose French learning he has stood so long in absolute awe—Mr. F. Y. Eccles. This conception of him was backed to the extent of an offer of the chair of English at East London College in 1911. But aesthetic criticism worried him, and Belloc confessed to me more than once that he would like well to exchange subjects—I was teaching History at the time. His attitude towards English Literature and its professors was never exactly respectful, and the idea of solemnly examining people in such

a subject struck him as enormously comic. When he had a vision of his own about an English writer—Swift, Cobbett, Swinburne, whoever it might be—he committed it to an essay. The fluidity of these little Inquirendoes into the Nature of Nothing, Anything, Something, and Everything, their irresponsible banter, bird-free of anything so dull as a definite subject, give the best idea of Belloc's intense cerebration, spontaneous gaiety, power of suggestion, and versatility of expression. But versatile though he was, Belloc's pen was chaster than that of almost any journalist of his time. He refused positively to write on subjects he had no interest in or knowledge of, or on which he had already said his say and threshed himself out. Of subjects we all profess to know something about, he ostentatiously knew nothing. Medieval history, and a little philosophy, the Moors in Spain, military history and topography—these were his avowed subjects. He almost boasted of his blind areas. Interest in modern problems, political and economic, widened the area of his studies, though as a recreation he loved to put such problems aside and concentrate his whole soul upon a military monograph—Blenheim, Malplaquet, Valmy, Waterloo. His intense curiosity in everything that concerned a military problem made itself clearly felt in these papers and monographs. The public loves to believe in impromptu genius, or they would have realised the unremitting study and unstinted concentration which alone made the weekly article in *Land and Water* a possibility.

The career of professor had been denied him, but Mr. Belloc found Liberal journalism an easy avenue to Parliament. Independent candidates with even a suspicion of Liberal orthodoxy about them, were at a premium in 1905. Belloc had become a naturalised British subject in 1903, and had humorously contemplated a change of name to Hilary Bullock. The one Liberal feature about him was a permeating faith in

democracy—but he looked in vain for a democracy that he could identify among the shibboleths of the Liberalism of 1905, beginning with the imposing cry of Chinese Slavery. Fresh to the rather fetid atmosphere of English politics studied from the inside, and emancipated by his French blood from any disarming superstition of veneration for its sanctity, Belloc analysed the forces controlling it with an effrontery as disconcerting to some as it was refreshing to others. He was soon seized with an ambition to revolutionise a system which revealed more of imposture the more you scanned it. His searchlights were five or six years ahead of most contemporary analysts. But he was really the first to exhibit with crystal clearness the immunity of the rich under the present régime, to apply the thousand-pound test to the supposed impeccable virtue of the modern newspaper, to discuss frankly the plutocratic control of party by the sale of honours and political "pull," and the corrupt and collusive system by which the strategists of the opposing parties combined to evade the control of the representative bodies who nominally actuated them. As politics, the "tone of the House," and all the Club sanctities and makeshifts of the Commons, more and more estranged him, he withdrew from politics and sought to reveal their trade secrets in an organ he started and called *The Witness*, a sort of *Ami du peuple*.

In this he anticipated that now almost popular type of destructive criticism of political fetishes which has imperceptibly worked its way from horrified incredulity to amused contempt. His military, political and economic forecasts have for the most part been surprisingly just. But, like most real prophets, he has not the knack of appropriating credit for his insight. He dislikes vagueness, while commonplace is to him as an unfilled can. He passes on. No man has progressed more rapidly. As an essayist he already occupies one of the very first places in English Literature.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

NOVEMBER, 1915.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best four or eight lines of original verse on War-time Economies.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best sug-

gestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

- I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each is awarded to Miss Lucy J. Taylor, of 80, Oakfield Road, Cannon Hill, Birmingham, and Miss E. R. Faraday, of Church Croft, Orleton, Herefordshire, for the following:

OMNIPRESENCE.

Turmoil of traffic, the meetings and partings of merchants;
Greetings and glancings, with many a step to retrace;
Gold, fashion, and folly rub mute melancholy;—
And the chance, at each turn of the street,
Of, Madonna, your face.

Voices of children, the rising and falling of music;
Gathering of winds, with the pulse of the raindrops that
came;
Song of the singer, and echoes that linger;—
And the chance that some note will vibrate
With the sound of your name.

Velvet of darkness, the soft-silken curtain of twilight;
Brushing of wings in their flight o'er a half-sleeping land;
Cushions of grass where the homing birds pass;—
And the chance that some touch may recall
The dear clasp of your hand.

Work-weary day, with a curtain of strife for a background;
Hardly-earned night, so elusive of promise of rest;
Thoughts that still wander, now here and now yonder;—
And the chance that in dreams there shall be
For my pillow, your breast.

LUCY J. TAYLOR.

PRAYER TO THE SWORD.

They mouth and tear at ease their stricken prey:
Ravage and lust and murder without sum
"It shall be answered at the Judgment Day"—
So runs the tale, but that is far away,
Who knows if it will come?

Evil sits crowned and mocks at our despair,
The heavens are bare and silent to our cry.
The gods are sleeping, or they do not care:
Be thou our friend on earth and hear the prayer,
O Sword, of us who die!

For every pang on shuddering memory scored,
The shame, the helpless rage, the tortured fear,
Our debt of anguish till the reckoning stored,—
Bring near the day of our revenge: O Sword,
Let there be judgment here!

E. R. FARADAY.

We also select for printing:

TEARS OF WOMEN.

Oh! Thou Gentle Son of Woman,
All Divine, and yet how human,
In Thine awful anguish dying,
Hearing then a woman's sighing . . .
Hear the mothers, Sinless Son.

Let our hands of strong beseeching,
Thy compassion swiftly reaching,
Draw from Thee a light of promise
That Thy peace will shine upon us.
Hear the mothers, Sinless Son

We have loved them, we have borne them,
Oh! forbid that we should mourn them.
See us, we are very human,
As Thy Mother . . . Son of Woman . . .
Hear the mothers, Sinless Son.

(Ivan Adair, 54, Palmerston Road, Dublin.)

From the large number of others received we select for special commendation the lyrics by Evelyn M. Herring (Weston-super-Mare), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate), Miss W. T. H. Bolton (Kilburn), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), Christine Chaundler (London, W.), Hilda Trevelyan Thomson (Middlesbrough), Mrs. R. C. Tragett (London, W.), A. Welch (Chiswick), Edna I. V. Norman (Bournemouth), Mrs. Gregory (Parkstone), "Saladin" (London, S.E.), Vera Larminie (Kensington), Arbel M. Aldous (Hendon), B. R. M. Hetherington, (Carlisle), Beatrice Bunting (West Hartlepool), Evelyn

D. Bangay (Chesham), R. B. Ince (Jarvis Brook), M. H. Drury (Streatham), Violet B. Chapman (Burnham, Somerset), Lilian Holmes (Charing, Kent), M. Pearl (Waterloo, near Liverpool), W. Siebenhaar (Perth, Western Australia), T. J. Popham (Dumfries), E. K. East (Liverpool), M. I. P. (Fulham), Beresford Richards (Castlerock), M. Hayward Potter (Streatham), Mona Douglas (Birkenhead), M. Gardner (Southsea), Phyllis Marks (London, N.W.), May O'Rourke (Dorchester), Vivien Flord (Bristol), Eunice Verney (Manchester), Wilfrid J. Halliday (Pudsey), Constance E. Curryer (Acton), Frank G. Greenwood (Bingley), Leslie Comber (Kingston, Jamaica), Ivy England (Peckham), B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle), Eileen Newton (Whitby Yorks.).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mrs. Monk, of Pendrea, Truro, Cornwall, for the following:

ECONOMY IN WAR TIME. BY MRS. EUSTACE MILES.
(Methuen.)

"Drink to me only with thine eyes."

BEN JONSON.

We also select for printing:

THE PASSIONATE ELOPEMENT. BY COMPTON
MACKENZIE. (Martin Secker)

"The dish ran away with the spoon."

Nursery Rhyme.

(Muriel Pinch, Wood's Place, Battle, Sussex.)

A NOTABLE TRIO. REVIEW BY THOMAS SECCOMBE.

" . . . three Golden Balls."

FLOOD, *Miss Kilmansegg*.

(Charles Powell, 67, Dickenson Road, Manchester.)

SALVATION SAL. BY HORACE W. C. NEWTE.
(Chatto & Windus.)

"The tambourine I saw her twirl."

C. P. O'CONNOR, *East End Society Verse*.

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 159, Holly Lane, West
Smethwick, Birmingham.)

THE SIGN OF SILENCE. BY WILLIAM L. R. QUEUX.
(Ward, Lock.)

"He winked his eye a bit."

SONG, *The Gay Tomtit*.

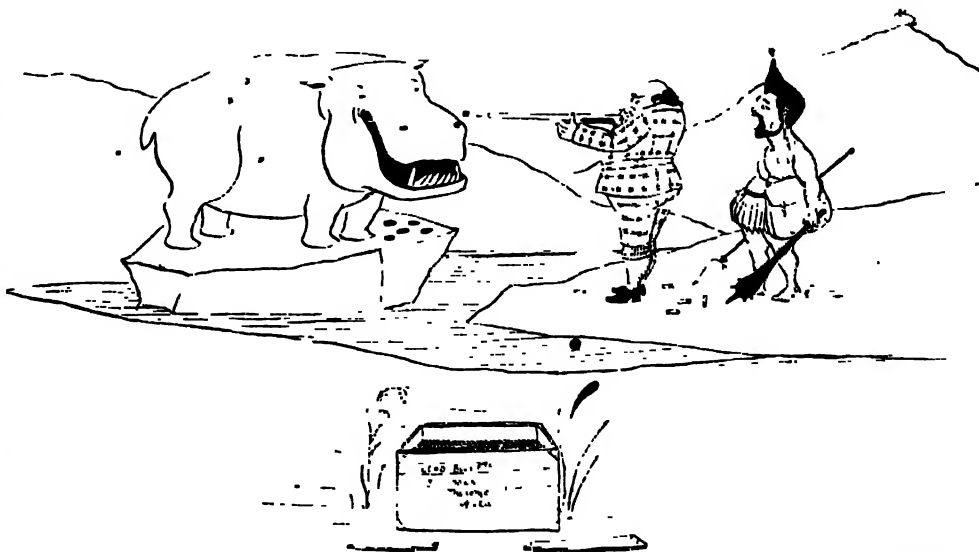
(Doris Dean, 55, College Road, Bromley, Kent.)

A RISKY GAME. BY HAROLD BINDLOSS.
(Ward, Lock.)

"Little Polly Flinders
Sat among the cinders,"

Old English Nursery Rhyme.

(M. A. Newman, 19, Sudeley Street, Kemp Town
Brighton.)



"I shoot the Hippopotamus with bullets made of platinum,
Because if I use leaden ones his hide is sure to flatten 'em."
From "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts," by Hilaire Belloc (Duckworth).

Sport.

THE GREAT UNREST. By F. E. MILLS YOUNG.
(John Lane.)

"I confess an itch."

R. BROWNING, *Solomon and Balkis*.

(Rev. F. Hern, Rowland's Castle, Hants.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best four-line greeting to a new V.C. is awarded to May O'Rourke, of The Old Vicarage, Fordington Hill, Dorchester, for the following:

LINES TO A NEW V.C.

You need no honours, who are Honour's Son;
You need no roses, who have won your bays;
But England, seeking knighthood in these days,
Shall crown with thanks the trophies you have won!"

We select for special commendation the six quatrains by George A. Venn (Sheffield), A. Welsh (Chiswick), A. B. Somerville (Edmonton), Frank G. Greenwood (Bingley), M. McDonnell (Lancaster), Norman Birkett (Birmingham).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Gordon Fletcher, of 81, Kings Road, Erdington, Warwickshire, for the following:

FORTY YEARS OF "SPY." By LESLIE WARD.
(Chatto & Windus.)

The reader who expects to find here a record of diplomatic intrigue will be disappointed, for a misleading title covers a singularly interesting and human work. "Spy's" good-humoured reminiscences take the form of a long series of effective snapshots of some of the most remarkable people which the last half-century has known. Anecdote follows anecdote in delightful candour. Lewis Carroll's reticence, Lord Crewe's forgetfulness, and Lytton's oriental magnificence are sketched in glowing phrases, and the book is copiously adorned with many reproductions of the author's world-famous caricatures. Altogether, a charming and well-executed work.

We also select for printing:

POEMS. By MAURICE MAETERLINCK. DONE INTO
ENGLISH VERSE BY BERNARD MIALL. (Methuen.)

This book reminds one of Tolstoy's "What is Art?" in which several of Maeterlinck's poems are given as examples of

the meaningless nebulosity of modern poetry. Harsh though this judgment may be, a perusal of the poems contained in this small volume only tends to confirm it. Possibly there are those of sufficiently keen spiritual insight who are able to discover Maeterlinck's meaning beneath his utterly bewildering symbolism, but for the average reader his poems will remain mere musical arrangements of words until someone supplies the key.

(Douglas Harrison, 9, North Street, Bromley, Kent.)

OLIVER. By B. PAUL NEUMAN. (Smith, Elder.)

To the student of heredity, to the lover of boyhood, and to all who are especially conscious of the fallibility of human nature, Mr. Neuman's story of three generations will make its own appeal. Oliver the weakling, son of a strong-willed father and father of a strong-willed son, succeeds, in spite of his weakness, in winning our sympathy, not so much for his lovable qualities as for the repeated efforts he makes to win back his self-respect. "Trust life!" said the friend of his youth, and Oliver, trusting, redeems himself through paternal love in the very face of death. (Eileen Newton, White Haven, West Cliff, Whitby, Yorks.)

We also select for special commendation the twenty reviews sent in by F. Webster (Walworth), Miss Tucker (Leamington Spa), Laurence Tarr (Forest Gate), Eric N. Simons (Sheffield), J. Macdonald (Bacup), James A. Richards (Tenby), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Brenda Duncan (Croydon), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), H. Calvert (Vancouver Island, B.C.), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), A. L. Balasubramanian (Madras), G. E. Thompson (Highgate), D. O. Teale (Worcester Park), Arthur A. Wilson (Kilmarnock), A. A. W. Ward (Crosby), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), Miss Blanch (Tilehurst), The Rev. R. H. A. Cotton (Ealing), Kate E. Samuels (Golders Green), R. H. Kipling (Lancaster), Nellie Baker (Abingdon), Muriel B. Aikman (London, S.W.), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno), Priv. H. S. Pridham (Portsmouth), Mrs. W. L. Saunt (Kensington, W.).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Mrs. Adams, of 23, Tunza Road, Hampstead, N.W.

MR. BALFOUR'S "ANALOGY OF RELIGION."*

(I) BY DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

I CAN imagine not a few ways, all different and all instructive, of commenting on this delightful book. Style is not argument, in philosophy at any rate. Yet there is no reason why deep thought should repel by its very expression. And though Mr. Balfour, who is distinguished by a rare simplicity in whatever he undertakes, would not dream of rivalling Berkeley's limpid prose or Hume's elegance, he manages a taking pen with persuasion in its turns, and with a gentle emphasis when the subject rises to ideal conclusions. He writes meditatively, yet never forgets that he is addressing an audience. It is laid upon him by the terms of the Gifford Lectures to speak not less than to think. Lectures, as such, I define to be an *argumentum ad hominem*. The hearer cannot be left out of account. Mr. Balfour is really pleading for a view which he holds, but which he would desire his Glasgow friends to share with him, from the first words to the last. That being so, how shall he proceed? He must discover a common ground; and, he argues, will it not be common sense, the truths acknowledged, acted upon, by any modern man, the foundation, as we all admit,

even of the most abstruse modern science? In this way shall we not evade the metaphysician, who in the eyes of the crowd resembles an Indian juggler climbing up his own rope until he vanishes into thin air? Tell us that religion may be gained or assured by methods not less within our reach than those of science, or even identical with them, and we will listen. For we know that science is true.

I call this kind of argument "analogy," with direct reference to Bishop Butler and his immortal volume, so characteristic of the practical English mind. Butler, during an age of shallow Voltairian unbelief, insisted on "the analogy of religion, natural and revealed, to the constitution and course of nature." From dealing with Revelation Mr. Balfour is precluded by the terms of the Gifford Lectures. And for him, as for Britons at large, Natural Religion involves Theism, a living, self-conscious personal God, who is a spirit, and who answers by mercy and judgment to the spirit in man. He holds Butler's creed; he recommends it by Butler's mode of reasoning carried one step in advance. The Bishop seems to argue that since we rightly submit to the order of nature, which is a fact, it is our duty to accept religion, where we shall find the same laws, principles, and mysteries exemplified of which that order is a manifestation.

* "Theism and Humanism." The Gifford Lectures delivered at the University of Glasgow, 1914. By the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, F.R.S., LL.D., D.C.L. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)



Camera portrait by E. O. Hoppl.

Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

Hilaire Belloc.

Now, it was long ago remarked, by William Pitt among others, and allowed by Cardinal Newman, that Butler's weapon is a two-edged sword. It may tell forcibly in favour of religion; but turn it round, by criticising the universe in the light of human ethics, and the result may be scepticism. I do not know if Mr. Balfour had this observation in view when he planned his campaign; he seems to be quite aware of the danger which lurks in all such analogical procedures, and he has guarded against it by a frank avowal of the situation. He takes the hearer into his confidence with a humility most unusual in polemics—for, however mild, he still comes out to do battle in the name of the Lord of Hosts. He relates the story of philosophic doubt, as it sprang up within him when a student at Oxford. Those were the high and palmy days of Mill, who resolved the whole of our knowledge into experience, and banished religion—so most of his disciples thought—from the land of certitude into the clouds and dreams of imagination. Science was the fruit of single known facts elaborated by induction into laws of nature, and on these laws we could safely rear systems, not metaphysical but empiric and proved. To Mr. Balfour, contemplating this triumphant philosophy, a whisper was brought (could it have been some far away echo of Kant?) provoking him to ask, "But how do you certify your experience? And how square the conclusions of science with premisses given to it by common sense?" Obviously, should we refuse in theory—we could not in practice—to accept experience as real and true, we should become sceptics on the instant. No man, not David Hume himself, was ever a genuine sceptic outside his library. The argument is but a reduction to the absurd of unsound positions. Certitude, resting on self-evident truths, or on inevitable assumptions, is our necessary portion. But Mill had entirely failed to show what that was on which the "uniformity of nature," his sheet-anchor, bit into the ground of certitude. His inductive science hung loose in the air. His logic became visibly an assumption. In short, the philosophy of experience could not, and to this day it cannot, defend its own presuppositions by appealing to experience alone.

This was the starting-point of Kant's earth-shaking problem. Mr. Balfour had the youth's happiness of coming upon it, fresh and fascinating, himself. He turned the sceptical or questioning method against Mill's empiricism that he might transcend both. And he took up the attitude which, for want of a better name, he terms "faith" or "inevitable belief." Granting that science is valid, that the uniformity of nature is in some adequate manner a true principle, he argues on behalf of Theism as exhibiting precisely the same sort of claims on our acceptance thanks to which we enjoy what science can bestow. But more remains behind. The motives, intellectual and instinctive, that our view of the physical universe implies, without which it could not be distinguished from a dream, are at last identical with religious postulates. As we grasp the world of matter, so do we find ourselves at home in the world of spirit. The parallel suggested by analogy, as Butler conceived of it, turns out to be an identity. Naturalism or Theism are the alternatives presented to us—a cosmic all-embracing process of unseeing causes, where design never enters and mind is merely a product, ephemeral

as any other phase; or a seeing and knowing spirit to whom love and worship are due. Now, says Mr. Balfour, "the effect of my argument, for those who accept it, will be to link up a belief in God with all that is, or seems, most assured in knowledge, all that is, or seems, most beautiful in art or nature, all that is, or seems, most noble in morality." Evolution without God is, as a series of ideas, unintelligible; as a succession and combination of effects it is impossible.

"I preach no theory of knowledge," the lecturer says. He is not giving us "a metaphysic of the universe," having none to give. "A creed of some kind, religious or irreligious, is a vital necessity for all, not a speculative luxury for the few." By building on common sense and appealing to beliefs which are inevitable, whether we can reach their foundation consciously or not, he would establish religion, though its "metaphysic" were yet a problem. For do we not proceed thus in physics, biology, and even ethics? "It is true that Theism could never by such methods acquire a certitude either greater than, or independent of, the beliefs of science and common sense." The gain, even so, would be worth our strenuous effort. Let religion be as certain in men's judgment as their every-day beliefs about the laws of matter and of conduct, we should then have come out alive from the dreary defiles of Materialism and Agnosticism in which the nineteenth century lost itself. That generation, to which Mr. Balfour and his contemporaries belong, put this quarrel to the test of experience; it was, literally, "without God in the world." And ideals underwent an almost total eclipse. In art, in letters, in social and private behaviour, the symptoms of a widespread decadence betrayed a lowering of the motives with which our finest good had been hitherto bound up. Evolution, interpreted as a struggle for life, seemed not to need such motives; neither could it explain how they had ever come to be felt and acted upon. But their rejection made a difference. Something in man's nature wanted them, if the animal that feeds and multiplies did not. With wealth of illustration Mr. Balfour drives home this argument as it applies to things beautiful or esthetics, to the moral code or ethics, and to intellectual values which "Naturalism" might appear to leave intact. All that we chiefly regard as having worth for us had been, it would be thought in strict logic, no more than a by-product, unintended and negligible, of the selection called natural—in plain terms irrational, though successfully imitating contrivance. Summing the whole sharply, man the artist, poet, metaphysician, saint, was to the equation of nature evolved and evolving a superfluous entity, for whom no place was found in the series. I am not now quoting Mr. Balfour's words, yet I think his contention will not suffer if it be thrown into this shape. To protect Humanism we must have recourse to Theism. There is a "directing influence," a "Power that makes for truth," and surely too for righteousness, which our fathers called God.

I have tried to condense a large discourse into few lines, at the risk of doing some violence to its reasoning. In substance, I hope that my presentment is fair. Charming as Mr. Balfour writes, he is now and then obscure; his distinctions are often subtle, given as in a stage "aside"; and he demands as he will reward

a second or third reading. He moves on a ground which lies open between sceptic doubt and the metaphysics of reflection. But he is no doubter in fact, and he would not stand in the way of a metaphysician, did such a one greet him. For that which he brings to us

we may well offer thanks; he has not laid the foundations of belief; but it will be hard to refute him when he argues that Natural Religion is at least as true as Natural Science, and that it commends itself to our credence on the like motives.

(2) BY PROFESSOR JAMES MOFFATT.*

The thesis of Mr. Balfour's argument comes to this: no theism, no humanism. It is not a new departure for him. In "The Foundations of Belief" he had contended twenty years ago that some such presupposition as "belief in a God who is not merely 'substance' or 'subject,' but is, in Biblical language, 'a living God,' . . . is not only tolerated, but is actually required, by science; that if it be accepted in the case of science, it can hardly be refused in the case of ethics, æsthetics, or theology." This is the germ of the present volume, but it has blossomed into a positive and even trenchant statement. He is as emphatic as before upon what God means to his philosophy. When he speaks of God in these lectures, and he often does, he explains that he means not a Unity or Identity, but "a God whom men can love, a God to whom men can pray, a God who takes sides, who has purposes and preferences." The point of the argument is that such a God is necessary for the beauty, the knowledge, and the goodness which man instinctively values and presupposes in his working view of the world. To prove this, Mr. Balfour has to analyse the presuppositions of humanism in its various aspects—æsthetic, ethical, and intellectual. But the distinctive and daring feature of his method is that he takes these as he finds them in the plain man's creed, in the common-sense working beliefs about the world of men and things which, he insists, are inevitable, in the sense that they are acted upon in practice even by the metaphysicians who criticise them in theory.

The immediate advantage of this procedure is that the writer comes close to his readers; for, while Mr. Balfour's pages will be scanned by the metaphysicians whom he depreciates, and by the advocates of Naturalism whom he derides in the one severe passage of his book, he is writing, as he lectured, to an audience whose philosophy of life is mainly implicit. Not that the

printed lectures are line upon line, by any means. Their style has finish and compactness, but the matter is taxing, and the chapters on perception, probability, and causation, will take the plain man far beyond his depth. Tennyson says that when the Metaphysical Society was planned, "Knowles did not know a 'concept' from a hippopotamus," and yet in a month "he could chatter metaphysics with the best of us." Mr. Balfour does not intend the plain man who reads his pages to chatter metaphysics, but theories of being and knowledge occupy him in the middle of the book because he finds himself obliged, in analysing the issues of the plain man's creed, to show that it is inadequately served by current philosophies which ignore a theistic setting. The plain man's point of view, he declares, is based on beliefs which are "inevitable." That is, "an inevitable belief need not be self-evident, nor even, in the last analysis, self-consistent. It is enough that those who deem it

in need of proof yet cannot prove it, and those who think it lacks coherence yet cannot harmonise it, believe it all the same." Mr. Balfour shows characteristic acuteness in warding off objections to this category of inevitableness, but his exposition still leaves something to be desired, and probably his fellow-philosophers will fasten upon this assumption as a point of attack. Still, it commends itself to the ordinary man. He can understand what a philosopher means who tells him that belief in God is not something which can be left out of a general view of the universe with impunity, but that it is bound up with our common faith in goodness, love, beauty, and truth. When a Gifford lecturer of Mr. Balfour's eminence undertakes to prove this, unphilosophic persons who are on the side of the angels are not only prepared to listen as best they can, but to wish him well in his enterprise. He enlists their sympathies at the very outset, by his method as well as by his aim.

The impressiveness of the argument is heightened also by the obvious sincerity of the writer. Mr. Balfour is a dialectician. In political debate he is reputed to



Photo by H. Walter Barnett.

The Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour.

* "Theism and Humanism: Being the Gifford Lectures delivered at the University of Glasgow, 1914." By the Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour, M.A., F.R.S., LL.D., D.C.L. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

have a deadly faculty for detecting the weak points in any scheme proposed by his opponents, and this gift leads a statesman to enjoy himself at times in destructive criticism or in the agile, negative exposure of whatever is submitted to his mind. But the present volume of Gifford lectures is different from intellectual displays of that order. We have not in these pages a philosopher and statesman playing with the topic of religion which the Gifford Foundation perennially offers to distinguished savants. The lecturer is not a Hal o' the Wynd, joining in the fight for his own hand, for the sheer joy of wielding his weapons. He is evidently handling what is vital to himself, and what he considers to be vital to a genuine religious outlook upon the world. The care with which the lectures have been re-written, amid the pressure of public responsibilities, and the anxiety with which he has endeavoured to anticipate objections to several turns of his argument, are evidence of the conviction and responsibility with which he has taken his vocation. This comes out especially in the discussion of knowledge, where he rightly considers that his views will meet with more opposition than in the departments of ethic and æsthetic. To Mr. Balfour, Naturalism is the foe of foes, and the exceptional attention which he has paid to its claims before dismissing them is a proof of the serious spirit pervading his entire discussion.

The book is a series of discussions, almost bewildering in their range, variety, and intellectual penetration, but intended to illustrate the initial thesis and to lead up to the cumulative conclusion that it is unphilosophic in the highest degree to assume that "we possess in the general body of common-sense assumptions and scientific truths a creed self-sufficing and independent, to which we may add at our pleasure Theism, in such doses as suit our intellectual palate." Or, to put the matter positively, and to put it in the words with which he closes the book: "God must not be thus treated as an entity, which we may add to, or subtract from,

the sum of things scientifically known as the canons of induction may suggest. He is Himself the condition of scientific knowledge. If He be excluded from the casual series which produces beliefs, the cognitive series which justifies them is corrupted at the root. And as it is only in a theistic setting that beauty can retain its deepest meaning, and love its brightest lustre, so these great truths of æsthetics and ethics are but half-truths, isolated and imperfect, unless we add to them yet a third. We must hold that reason and the works of reason have their source in God; that from Him they draw their inspiration; and that if they repudiate their origin, by this very act they proclaim their own insufficiency." This leaves us with a sense that we still want further argument. We ask a fuller definition of what Mr. Balfour means by his "theism." We would like to know more exactly how he defines it in relation to personality, and how it works out in connection with the relation of religious faith to revelation. When the stress of war is over, it is to be hoped that his political engagements will not prevent him from giving another series of Gifford lectures which will elaborate these points. Meantime, it is much that he has been able to enrich our literature with this real contribution to the philosophy of religion. I had almost written, to the defence of religion, and of the Christian religion. The terms of the Gifford Foundation do not include that. But, to all intents and purposes, that is what Mr. Balfour has given us, and what he has said entitles us to believe that he has more to say.

The book is scattered with apt, crisp sayings. These are caustic, now and then, particularly when Leslie Stephen's agnosticism is on the horizon. They are fair criticisms, fair with the deadly equity of a thinker who does not require to score cheap victories by rhetoric and epigram. Almost the only remark against which I should be inclined to put a query is the statement that "no man has ever yet been moved to do anything at all" for the sake of an Absolutist philosophy. What about Spinoza?

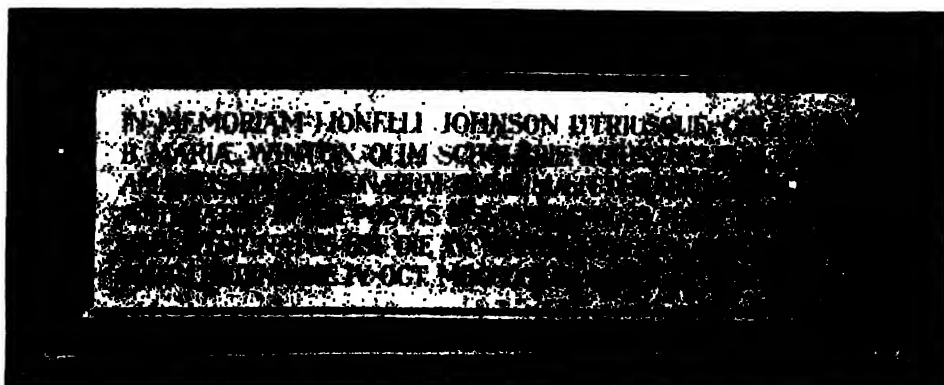
LIONEL JOHNSON.*

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

LIONEL JOHNSON'S poetry seems to be in no danger of being forgotten. While he lived he had his select circle of lovers and admirers. His editor, Mr. Ezra Pound—Lionel would have smiled his wry, sweet little smile at the choice—says that his friends, with the sole exception of Mr. Yeats, regard him as a prose-writer strayed into poetry, and proceeds to hang on that alleged opinion some odd ideas regarding Lionel Johnson's place in poetry. However, the matter is the poetry itself, and not the criticism of the editor. I do not believe that his friends

regarded him as Mr. Pound suggests, and I happen to be of his close friends and of the inner circle of his friends.

It was probably against his poetry with the general reader that it was so severely classical. It was very



Brass tablet erected in 1904 in the cloisters of Winchester College by Wykehamists and literary friends. From "The Poetical Works of Lionel Johnson" (Elkin Mathews).

* "Poetical Works of Lionel Johnson." 7s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

intellectual poetry. It had the grand manner which tends to coldness, and he wrote at a moment when the lyric was on every bard's lips. Perhaps that was why he wrote such stately poetry. Perhaps it was useful in a sense, that cool, clarifying note, when all the streams and rills of poetry were running freshets. In many of his poems he did certainly affect an Eighteenth Century style; he adopted openly many of its mannerisms. These poems have the charm of personality. The little, wise, aloof dignity of the poet was in them. He was "old-fashioned" in days when the adjective stood for restraint, for high-mindedness, for fastidiousness. But he was not always "old-fashioned" in the critic's sense.

Such a poem as "To Morfydd," with its haunting refrain:

"Oh what are the winds?
And what are the waters?
Mine are your eyes,"

has the true lyrical passion and impulse. I remember once saying to Lionel Johnson: "What a beautiful word wind is!" He said: "Yes—and what a beautiful thing!" You will find the wind very often in Lionel's poems, and that fact, I think, disposes of the formality and preciseness ascribed to him by the casual critic.

He had a certain exquisite sense of fitness, and he had a natural affinity with, and love for, ancient and venerable things. When they came into his poetry, if he could not see them exactly with a contemporary vision, he yet contrived to see them through a contemporary medium. It was no mere trick of artificiality which made him write of London, of Oxford, of Winchester, not from the point of view of the nineteenth century, but with a realisation of all the associations of the times gone by which have made these places fair and fragrant in age beyond anything youth can give. His certainly was no inflexible gift. If he sang of Winchester you felt the golden glory upon the place as it accrued from the beginning. You saw it with the eyes of the imaginative Wykehamist, not of to-day or yesterday, but of the years and the centuries, himself a part of the growth and the fragrance. He had certain passionate loyalties. With him passion was always lofty. If he wrote religious poems he seemed to fall unconsciously into the mood of the Mediaeval Church, as he fell into his Church Latin. If he wrote of Ireland, another loyalty, his note changed completely. It became simpler: no longer was there anything of the cloister in it. Many Celtic strains met in him. All were chastened and clarified—I use the eighteenth century word advisedly—by his love for the classics. All his associations were with classical minds and places.

Yet the cold Latin tradition had little to do with the songs he sang of passions and emotions.

He loved England while he loved Ireland, Wales and Cornwall. When I knew him first, nothing delighted him so much as to go "stepping Westward" from London, on long solitary walks through England and Wales and Cornwall. His mind was susceptible to all shades of beauty. The garden-like beauty of England, her woods and pastures, her lovely villages and commons and manor-houses and ancient churches, the old comfortable towns with their beautiful gabled buildings, all delighted him. He gives us reports of it in the poem dedicated to Charles Furse, "In England"; in "Bagley Wood"; in "Summer Storm," and many another.

"These joys and such as these
Are England's and are mine;
Within the English seas
My days have been divine,"

he sings, and certainly the beauty of England awakes some of his fullest and richest harmonies. His vocabulary was not a cold or a prim one. He had not been over-Latinised, although he used to shake his head over Francis Thompson's riot of words. In such a poem as "Summer Storm" he touches real enchantment, as in "Bagley Wood" he reaches the height of stately magnificence, as he does in "Sancta Silvarum."



Lionel Johnson.

From a hitherto unpublished portrait taken at New College, Oxford 1889.
From 'The Poetical Works of Lionel Johnson' (O. Ikin Mathews).

"O Servants of one Will!
Stars in their courses,
Flowers in their fragrance, in their music
Winged winds, and lightnings in their fierceness.
These are the world's magnalties and splendours;
At touch of these the adoring spirit renders
Glory and praise and passionate silence."

There are certain poems of Lionel Johnson's which should live, and live by reason of their loftiness, their pure passion, their uplifted ecstasy. I should like to select the poems by which I would have him known. Any such list must include "By the Statue of King Charles"—characteristically he was a Jacobite—the Morfydd poems, "Glories," "In Falmouth Harbour," "Mystic and Cavalier," "Plato in London," "The Dark Angel," "The Last Music," and the lyrical "Winchester" poem, which holds within it the very secret of such old, lovely places. I would also make room for "The Coming of War," strangely apposite to 1914. In one way Lionel Johnson would have hated war, for it would have disturbed the orderliness he loved. On the other hand, there was so much of the knightly spirit in his slender body that he must have been uplifted. He might have been writing in 1914, or the vision was upon him:

"This was the meaning of those plenteous years,
Those unarmed years, of peace unbroken.

Flashing War crowns them! Now War's trump hath
spoken

This final glory in our ears.
The old blood of our pastoral fathers now
Riots about our heart, and through our brow:
Their sons can have no fears.

This was our whispering and haunting dream,
When cornfields flourished red and golden,
When vines hung purple, nor could be withholden
The radiant outburst of their stream.
Earth cried to us that all her laboured store
Was ours: that she had more to give and more—
For nothing, did we deem?

Gather the people! Let the battle break!
A hundred peaceful years are over.
Now march each man to battle as a lover.
For him whom Death shall overtake,
Sleeping upon this field about his gloom,
Voices shall pierce to thrill his sacred tomb
With pride for his great sake.

With melody about us; heart and feet
Responding to one mighty measure,
Glad with the splendour of a holy pleasure,
Swayed one and all, as wind sways wheat;
Answering the sunlight with our eyes aglow,
Serene and proud and passionate we go
Through airs of morning sweet."

He was of a race of soldiers, and the war would have kindled him. His was essentially an aristocratic mind in the sense that choice things appealed to it. The air of his poetry is lofty and serene. Oddly enough, of late years he seems to have found an American audience, the last audience he could have anticipated. His prose and his poetry have now found American editors, and not the American editor he would have chosen—his friend and kindred spirit, Miss Louise Imogen Guiney. I can see the whimsical wrinkling of his face if he could have foreseen an editor who writes of "Christiana" Rossetti—and not only once.

New Books.

THE ESSENTIAL KIPLING.*

This little book will scarcely increase Mr. Palmer's reputation. It is a somewhat desultory performance, and its touches of sound criticism are rather lost in the general confusion. The author may have spent quite a long time in composing it; but it has the air of a little book written in a great hurry. Really, these extended essays (for such books are no more) require most careful concoction. You can blunder about in a treatise, and scarcely anyone will notice it; but in a booklet you must be deft and precise. Mr. Palmer should have regarded his present published matter as the mere diagram of a book. Having written this, he should have said: "This, roughly, is how my essay should go; nothing now remains but to write it."

I hope I do not appear unkind in dwelling on this point. I feel that something needs to be said, not specially to Mr. Palmer, but to all the authors of the many little books that publishers have competed in producing of late. It seems to me that a big book and a little book differ, not merely in degree, but in kind. If you write a big book about a popular author you give the reader much information, many facts, a wealth of detail. You give quantity. In a little book you cannot pretend to do anything of the sort. You have to atone for the absence of quantity. You must give quality. Now quality is just what Mr. Palmer's book seems to lack. I will give him a sort of easy proof. Let him re-read his pages and see how often he anticipates his points—how often he tells us that he is going to tell us something later on. The prose symphonist should be above that; he should leave it to the programme annotator.

Mr. Palmer's handling of his subject can be illustrated by a single quotation:

"The real reason of Mr. Kipling's false fame as a politician is, not that he is an Imperial pamphleteer, but that, writing for the Army and the Empire, he fails to be a pamphleteer on the other side. His detachment, not his partiality, is at fault.

"Mr. Kipling's detachment from the politics of his day explains virtually everything that has offended his modern critics. Almost the first thing to realise in discussing Mr. Kipling's attitude to modern life is that Mr. Kipling has kept absolutely clear of the political and social drift of the last thirty years. He has been conspicuously out of everything."

This is startling, not to say staggering. It is not—at least I think it is not—an attempt at paradox. It is simply false. No one will deny it more hotly than Mr. Kipling himself. Last year, for instance, Mr. Kipling was the star orator at a great anti-Home-Rule demonstration held

at Tunbridge Wells, and made an attack on the personal honesty of the Liberal Ministers, accusing them, and Mr. Lloyd George especially, of that worst of crimes, poverty, and roundly asserting that the main requisite in a statesman was not brains or genius or talent or conscience, but a large private income. How, precisely, is that sort of thing to be taken as "keeping absolutely clear of the political drift"? Mr. Kipling plainly meant to be not merely in the drift, but in the full current of modern political hooliganism, and might by now have been no better than the worst, if the war had not intervened to save him from fouling his own reputation. Mr. Palmer's choice of terms in this matter of Mr. Kipling's politics is plainly unhappy; yet I believe that his intention is thoroughly good, and that he is trying to indicate a very serious mistake in the general estimate of Mr. Kipling's genius.

Let us see if we can make the matter any clearer. If you stopped the first dozen men you met in Whitehall and asked them wherein they thought the importance of Mr. Kipling lay, you would get varying replies all amounting roughly to this, that Mr. Kipling is a great Imperialist, that he stands for an efficient Army and a big Navy, and a close, operative union between Great Britain and the Oversea Dominions. Now all that is totally wrong. That is not the importance of Mr. Kipling. It is the importance of very much smaller writers. If Mr. Kipling's main concern had been to boom the Services and the Dominions, he would not have gained the highly remunerative popularity that has been his for the last five-and-twenty years. The importance of Mr. Kipling is of quite a different order. It is this: that he is a highly-gifted writer of fiction. That may sound a truism; but, after all, a truism is a truth that has to be constantly repeated; and the simple truth about Mr. Kipling is that he is not an unofficial High Commissioner for all quarters of the Empire, but a very clever man of letters, a born master of literary craft. The genius of Mr. Kipling lies not in fact but in fiction.

And so in the sentence we have quoted from Mr. Palmer there is a great deal of truth. All that Mr. Kipling may appear to be in Imperial politics, all that Mr. Kipling may think himself to be in Imperial politics, must be regarded as subsidiary to the main fact that he is an accomplished teller of tales. What bewitches the reader of Mr. Kipling is not his Imperialism, but simply his art. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle does not write stories about Sherlock Holmes because he is a detective, but because he is a novelist; and Mr. Rudyard Kipling does not write

* "Rudyard Kipling." By John Palmer. 1s. net. (Nisbet.)

stories about India and poems about the Services because he is an Imperialist, but because he is a man of letters. That is the main proposition about Mr. Kipling, and we must hold to it very clearly.

What Mr. Kipling does with his art comes up for secondary consideration. In general we may say that he holds a brief for the keen official against the ignorant civilian, and that he has every right to do so if he wishes. Some people pretend to believe that the artist must not write from a brief, that he must not state a case, and certainly must not argue it. Thus Tolstoy is not an artist because he wrote to re-affirm primitive Christian principles. Ibsen is not an artist because he wrote to demolish certain moral hypocrisies. Bernard Shaw is not an artist because he writes to attack the existing social order. And so on. Now it is remarkable that the people who assert this most loudly are precisely those who praise Mr. Kipling for his Imperialism and his Militarism—for his propaganda, that is, and not for his art; and, conversely, most of those who decry Mr. Kipling's art are those who really dislike, not his art at all, but his point of view. Any sound criticism of Mr. Kipling must keep a sharp distinction between the two. Mr. Palmer is constantly on the verge of this necessary separation, but he does not quite accomplish it; and I feel sure he could accomplish it if he cared to try.

We have no space at the moment for any general discussion here. One or two points, however, may be very briefly indicated. In his early work, Mr. Kipling (as a young man will) too often mistook brutality for strength. As a matter of fact, brutality is weakness. It is the small boy, not the strong man, who likes stories full of blood. Indeed, the favourite fiction of the weakest boys is that which is called precisely the "penny blood." Mr. Kipling showed an early tendency to "bloods," but he seems now to have lost it entirely. Mr. Kipling's real inhumanity is of quite a different order. He is interested not so much in man as in man's work, and his zeal for efficiency makes him draw embodiments of energy rather than real human beings. His hero for the moment is always a perfect workman after his kind. Thus Ortherris has to be not merely a soldier, but the smartest of soldiers, and a crack shot. Mulvaney has to be not merely a humbug, but a colossal humbug. Pycroft has to be not merely a sailor, but the super-handyman. Disko Troop has to be not merely a fisherman, but the very best fisherman on the Banks, and his boat the finest craft there. It has been urged against Mr. Kipling that his lively interest in machinery has betrayed him into giving them a kind of life and entity. That strikes me as being rather a merit than a defect. The real defect of Mr. Kipling is not that he makes his machines like human beings, but that he makes his human beings like machines. However, his children atone for his grown-ups. With years he has discovered the beauty of little things. Dan and Una and the Brushwood Boy will live when the bloody chops of the "Mark of the Beast" are happily forgotten. His art has gained as he has ceased to be Imperial and become parochial; he is at his best, not when he takes all India as his province, but when he takes a corner of Sussex as his parish. In short, he will be remembered, not as an Imperialist, but as a fabulist; not as an apostle of Cecil Rhodes, but as a successor of Hans Andersen.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

THE IDEALIST.*

Facing the title-page of this volume is a list of Mr. Wells's writings, classified under various headings, including novels, fantastic and imaginative romances, and books on social and political questions. It is a little difficult to decide under which of these groups to place "The Research Magnificent." It is a novel, yet not a novel. It is a

* "The Research Magnificent." By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Macmillan.)

character-study, but not merely that. It is a politico-sociological treatise or analysis, and something more. In this book Mr. Wells is a novelist in the sense that Sterne was one, and "The Research Magnificent" is a novel only if "Tristram Shandy" can be so described. Anyhow, it is a work of fiction—if a work of fiction may be half truth and half imagination, as, indeed, it can be.

The hero of "The Research Magnificent," one William Porphyry Benham, is very evidently the child of his parents. His father, once a man with ideas, has become the proprietor of a preparatory school, and had suited himself in that capacity; his mother was a pretty, shallow sensualist, who deserted her husband for a lover, and, her lover dying as the divorce proceedings ended, married a wealthy and famous surgeon, and became a figure in London society, which, in selfish deference to the great man's skill in performing a certain intricate operation, resolutely closed its eyes to her delinquency. Young Benham had the defects of the qualities of both his mother and his father. We sympathise with him from the outset; and presently love him for his failure. He is so very, very human—as human as those whimsical creations of the author, Kipps or Mr. Polly. An idealist, too weak to pursue his ideals; a man of resolution, too wayward even to persevere with, much less to achieve, his resolves; a dreamer, always being awakened by realities. He might stand as an epitome of the futility of human aspirations.

"Benham had an incurable, an almost innate persuasion that he had to live nobly and thoroughly," our author informs us. It was his object to be that true aristocrat of life who is superior to mundane emotions, who lives for his soul and for the benefit of his kind. His first effort as a boy was to conquer fear, and the Prelude, "On Fear and Aristocracy," is the best part of the book. With an effort of courage he tells his comrades that he does not believe in God, and when they express their conviction that he will be struck dead, he retorts: "You show a poor idea of your God if you think he'd kill a schoolboy for honest doubt." He deliberately crosses a field in which there is an aggressive bull—and on reaching the fence he is sick. At the university he, who has never driven, takes out a high dog-cart with a very fresh horse. After the first accident, his companion, Billy Prothero, gets down, and Benham finishes his wild career by himself. How magnificent it was we learn later:

"The claim for the motor-bicycle isn't sent in yet. The repair of the mudguards of the car is in dispute. Trinity Hall's crockery, the plate-glass window, the whiplash and wheel, and so forth, the hire of the horse and trap, sundry gratuities. . . . I doubt if the total will come to very much under fifty pounds. And I seem to have lost a hat somewhere."

There is a coldness between the friends for a while; then complete reconciliation.

"If I miss another drive may I be—lost for ever," said Billy, with the utmost sincerity. "Never more will I get down, Benham, wherever you may take me. Short of muzzling my fellowship I'm with you always. . . . Will it be an American trotter?"

"It will be the rawest, gauntest, ungainliest brute that ever scared the motor-bicycles on the Northampton road. It will have the legs and stride of an ostrich. It will throw its feet out like dealing cards. It will lift its head and look the sun in the eye like a vulture. It will have teeth like the English spinster in a French comic paper. . . . And we will fly."

"I shall enjoy it very much," said Prothero, in a small voice after an interval for reflection. "I wonder where we shall fly? It will do us both a lot of good. And I shall insure my life for a small amount in my mother's interest. . . . Benham, I think I will, after all, take a whiskey. . . . Life is short."

Benham, however, never really gets well started on his quest. First one thing and then another retards him. He is just on the verge of beginning, and he is lured to his temporary destruction by an attractive syren of doubtful respectability. With an effort he closes that incident, and begins again, only again at the outset of his voyage of discovery to be brought to earth through the weakness—or the strength—of his physical desires, which this time tumble him into the bonds of holy matrimony. He is animal—the girl frankly animal too; but when after a time his ideals reassert themselves, he discovers, alas! that the

ideals he had read into his wife's character were non-existent. On a third beginning, he is interrupted by an attack of measles! His fourth adventure is closed by his death in a street riot.

The story of "The Research Magnificent" is conspicuous by its absence. That is to say, it is told mainly and in detail in those portions of the book which Mr. Wells has not written. But it is not for the tale that this volume will be read, nor for the characterisation, nor, for the matter of that, for its humour or its pathos, nor even for its literary style. It will be read for its charm, for its individuality, for the personality, which everywhere from the first page to the last, pervades it.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

A POET'S LONDON.*

It is strange but true that Londoners will not read books about London. Indeed, it would seem that Londoners are not interested in themselves, that they are ashamed of being themselves. Call a Londoner a Cockney, and as likely as not he will protest that he is not really a Cockney, that his grandfather was an Irishman or a Scotsman, and that his mother came from Willesden when Willesden was all corn-fields. This, of course, is rather splendid of the Londoner. If he liked he could brag of this city of the world in a way that would turn a Peebles man green with envy. But he doesn't. Neither does he patronise other towns he may visit, as provincials patronise this poor little metropolis of ours. Curious, this; but "curiouser and curiouser" is the fact that Londoners are so indifferent to the claims of London that they do not take the trouble to know her. There is no ignorance so abysmal as the Londoner's ignorance of London. He knows Brighton, or even Blackpool, far better, and is much more at home in the Isle of Man than in the Isle of Dogs. There are innumerable Blue-books about London, and topographical studies, and volumes of antiquarian research; but books about London as it is are few indeed. Even our novelists fight shy of it; or, if they give us London at all, they give it condescendingly or rallyingly, never—or very, very seldom—sympathetically. Since Dickens there has been no author to write about London as if he loved it.

And that is the outstanding quality of Mr. Thomas Burke's book. He loves London. He loves every bit of it, even the bits that he thinks he hates. He loves it as a true husband loves his wife, with all her imperfections; he may secretly disapprove of her accent or the way she does her hair; but if she talked otherwise, if she did her hair as the admirable woman next-door does hers, she would instantly become less dear to him because she would become less her inimitable self. Therefore I refuse to believe that Mr. Burke, if he could, would really do away with Kensington or Bayswater or the Kingsland Road neighbourhood, however fiercely he may inveigh against them. I am sure that London, shorn of any of its parts or in anywise altered, would lose something of its charm for him. And herein I speak perhaps from a longer—though not a larger—experience of London. It has been my tragic fate to witness the metamorphosis of London. Many parts of London that I once knew as familiarly as I know my own right hand have disappeared utterly; and those are the parts that I now love best of all, though whilst they were still in existence I may have loathed them.

I have said above that Cockneys are prone to protest too much that they are not really Cockneys; and even Mr. Burke is not entirely free from this fault: the only fault I have to find with him in this connection. Once or twice, as it were casually, he hints that there is some strain of alien blood in him . . . as of course there must be, or he could never write about London in the wholly delightful way he does. With considerable pains and at vast expense I have acquired a little library of London books that I hold very precious, but none more precious than this book will

* "Nights in Town." By Thomas Burke. 7s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

be to me henceforth. For Mr. Burke has presented me with yet another new London to set beside all the other Londons presented to me by all the other writers about London. He sees London as a man sees a woman for the first time, in all the incomparable splendour of her womanhood. Her charm is inexhaustible. Each day, each hour, each minute, discovers new graces and beauties in her, so that the more you know her the less you understand her, and the less likely you are to get tired of her.

Then, if a woman loves you as you love her, she mirrors you, reflects you. And so it is with London. You cannot write about London without writing about yourself. Thus, in every page of this book, you catch glimpses of the author, not as in a glass darkly, but very clearly indeed. And it is not always in the frankly autobiographical passages that he is most radiantly revealed. He is revealed throughout in every fresh mood that takes him as he passes from phase to phase of his theme. I think it is, perhaps, this brave egoism of his that makes his book such a very fine achievement. There are many hideous phrases beloved of critics, and among the most hideous is Human Interest. But just as we know that a copper may mean a policeman as well as a thing to boil dirty clothes in, so we know from use and wont what Human Interest means. It means that power of expressing emotion, which is the supreme test of artistry. And Mr. Burke possesses that power in almost poignant excess. He is not content merely to tell you things about London, he makes you feel the throb of London in your pulses, the heat and the riot, the chill and the slow stillness of London, in your blood. You are not just looking at London, under his guidance, you are entering into London's most holy of holies with him, you are piercing her heart, you are searching out her very soul.

It is long since I have read a book which has so thrilled and stirred me, and at the same time so satisfied me, as this book. You see, I know my London too well to be easily stirred by, or even much interested in, the usual pot-boiling stuff that is smeared over my beloved city. But Mr. Burke is a man after my own heart. He has not only mastered the difficult art of seeing things for himself and thinking his own thoughts about them, he has mastered the still more difficult art of saying what he wants to say in a way that wins you not merely by the witchery of words, but by the passionate spirit infusing them. This is not everybody's London that he shows you, it is a poet's London, viewed through the temperament and inspired by those delicate twin senses of seamliness and proportion which are of the essence of literature.

EDWIN PUGH.

THE SOUL OF A TEACHER.*

Usually when the school teacher tries his hand at fiction he writes about anything but schooling; possibly because he has grown to look upon that as a mechanical, unromantic subject that lends itself only to formal treatment in pamphlets, or in books of a strictly educational character. Sometimes he will give us a tale of school life written from the boy's standpoint, his own schooldays perhaps wear in remembrance a halo of romance; but I do not at the moment recall any book in which he has woven a story out of his own experiences as a schoolmaster. This is what Mr. Roger Wray has done in "The Soul of a Teacher." How much of the story is fact and how much fiction one can but guess, but that it is imaginatively true to the life it presents, and that a great deal of it, if not most of it, is actual autobiography there can be very little doubt.

Beginning with some vivid sketches of Alan Clay's childhood, Mr. Wray follows him to Wellington Grammar School, where he goes with a scholarship; through his training as a pupil teacher, till the time when he develops into a master in a County Council elementary school. He does not present Alan as any conventional schoolmaster whose heart and mind are decorously subdued to the charted formalities of his calling; he shows him as an

* "The Soul of a Teacher." By Roger Wray. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

essentially human creature, who drifts into one or two harmless flirtations, once falls wildly and romantically in love, and is chilled and disillusioned by the narrow, fanatical religious views of the girl he had romantically idealised; and is, at length, drawn into a mistaken, hampering marriage, and then meets with the girl—a delightfully frank, unsuburban, intelligent girl—with whom he might have been happy. Nevertheless, though you feel his marriage was a blunder; that he was the captive in it rather than the conqueror; your sympathies are as much for his wife as for him—she is so honest, after she has come to love him, in warning him that her mother, his landlady, was scheming for their marriage; and after they are married she is so piteously conscious of her ignorance, so anxious to be interested in all that interests him.

The story has a two-fold spell. It holds you with its strongly realised narrative of Alan Clay's inner life, his hopes, ambitions, loves, joys, sufferings as a human being who is incidentally a school-teacher; and with its intimate study of the monotonous mechanism, the stultifying routine and disciplinarian futilities of our educational system. Is there no way of instilling knowledge into children but by making them repeat words and facts over and over until they know them, as we teach new words to a parrot? The path of learning should be as interesting, as full of variety and wonder as a voyage of discovery into new worlds, but we make it such a stony, arid, unattractive way that still, as in Shakespeare's day, the schoolboy goes unwillingly to school. That last is in itself a sufficient condemnation of our uninspired and uninspiring methods. The student is sternly driven to memorise the thoughts of others, instead of being prompted to think for himself; instead of cultivating the youthful mind and encouraging it to develop naturally, as flowers do, we cram it into a standardised mould and sacrifice individuality to a universal pattern. You may think Mr. Wray's indictment too severe, too extreme, but I fancy it is some general underlying consciousness of the truth as he sees it that has helped to make teaching, as he says it is, the least respected of all the professions.

The ability and power of the book are undimmed. The various schoolmasters in Mr. Wray's gallery are admirably drawn; so, too, are the women of the story, there is humour as well as insight in his characterisations. "The Soul of a Teacher" is a first novel, and one of the freshest and most promising first novels that have come to us of recent years.

A. ST. JOHN ADcock.

THE THREE STAGES OF POETRY.*

It is dull and thankless work to lay down rules and formulas for poetry, if only because the divine Muse declines to be imprisoned in the cell of theory, and has an irresistible way of eluding her pursuers at the last turn. Yet, at the risk of controversy, it may perhaps be suggested that it is possible to distinguish three principal stages in the evolution of poetry, corresponding to the main divisions into which the poetic activities of any generation may be directed. And the first or primitive stage is one of mere registration. The most elementary form of poetry, that is to say, is content to record what it sees, barely and without decoration. The only colour which it permits itself is the colour of the temperament which registers the impression, and one temperament will be realistic, whilst another is idyllic. This distinction apart, the most primitive form of poetry deals in bare impressions, and the barer the impression the more primitively sincere the method.

Few schools of poetry, however, are content to remain for long at such an elementary stage; and to the poetry of registration there succeeds the romantic method, which

* "Battle." By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)—"Songs of the Fields" By Francis Ledwidge. 2s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)—"The Youth of Beauty." By Cecil Roberts. 1s. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

elaborates its vision, clothes it in fancy and imagery, and grows the truer to its art the more it adds to the variety and subtlety of its suggestion. Finally, the philosophic or spiritual school of poetry sets the coping-stone upon the poet's achievement, by bringing in the aid of intellect to complete the work of fancy, moralising the idea, pointing the universal element which underlies every individual emotion, and attempting something, however elementary, in that perpetual reconciliation between the soul and its environment which will always remain the chief concern of literature. Each of these stages in the evolution of poetry has its own virtue and significance; but it would hardly be questioned by any instructed lover of verse that spiritual or philosophic poetry represents the highest exercise of which the human brain is capable.

Curiously enough, the three little volumes of poetry now under consideration fit rather neatly into these three ascending stages of poetic practice. I would not go so far as to say that Mr. Cecil Roberts who upon this occasion represents the third stage, should rank in his natural equipment as a truer poet than Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, who is here for once occupied with purely representational poetry of the elementary stage. But the critic can only upon the single occasion take into reckoning the single performance under discussion, and Mr. Gibson has certainly in his little book of "Battle" got down to the barest elements of which poetry can be composed:

"We ate our breakfast lying on our backs,
Because the shells were screeching overhead.
I bet a rasher to a loaf of bread
That Hull United would beat Halifax
When Jimmy Stanthorpe played full-back instead
Of Billy Bradford. Ginger raised his head
And cursed, and took the bet; and dropped back dead.
We ate our breakfast lying on our backs,
Because the shells were screeching overhead."

Remembering earlier verse more characteristic of Mr. Gibson's temperament, it is permissible to doubt whether he would ever have made experiments of this kind but for the alluring example of Mr. John Masefield; but the thing is certainly done with great vigour, absolute clarity



Mr. Cecil Roberts.

of vision, and the most stringent economy of material and of artifice.

' The night I left my father said
' You'll go and do some stupid thing.
You've no more sense in that fat head
Than Silly Billy Witterling.

' Not sense to come in when it rains --
' Not sense enough for that, you've got.
You'll get a bullet through your brains,
Before you know, as like as not '

And now I'm lying in the trench
And shells and bullets through the night
Are running in a steady drench,
I'm thinking the old man was right "

It is hardly possible to imagine the "stuff" of poetry reduced to a more modest denomination; and yet somehow the impression of a poetic mind at work upon its surroundings, emerges from the crude description, and leaves a haunting picture upon the memory.

Mr. Francis Ledwidge is an Irish peasant, discovered by Lord Dunsany upon the banks of the Boyne, and his discoverer justly claims that he has the secret of poetry in his heart. He, too, is a descriptive writer, with little except vision at his disposal, but he steps into the second stage by merit of an extraordinarily sensitive gift for imagery. Everything that he sees is described in terms of similitude; he is perpetually elaborating his impressions, and his elaboration is often arrestingly fresh and stimulating. The rain is "like angel's tears of pity." "The windy evening drops a grey old eyelid." "In the red west the twisted moon is low." Every touch is unexpected and yet surprisingly true. Mr. Ledwidge has no metrical variety; but he nevertheless achieves a continuous and rich melody of unending charm. His poetry is almost entirely lacking in direct spiritual interpretation; yet the melancholy of the countryside infuses it with a strange suggestiveness, which is continually fluttering upon the borderland of the interpretative art.

" The censer of the eglantine was moved
By little lane winds, and the watching faces
Of garden flowerets, which of old she loved,
Peep shyly outward from their silent places
But when the sun arose the flowers grew bolder,
And she will be in white, I thought, and she
Will have a cuckoo on her either shoulder,
And woodbine twines and fragrant wings of pea
And I will meet her on the hills of South,
And I will lead her to a northern water,
My wild one, the sweet beautiful uncouth
The eldest maiden of the Winter's daughter
And down the rainbows of her noon shall slide
Lark music, and the little sunbeam people,
And nomad wings shall fill the river's bed,
And ground winds rocking in the lily's steeple "

Imagery is here assiduously at work, embroidering the scene with fancy, and the song of birds—always a favourite inspiration with this particular poet—seems to lift the singer into the realm of natural, spontaneous expression of an evanescent but universal mood.

" Within the oak a throb of pigeon wings
Fell silent, and grey twilight hushed the fold,
And spiders' hammocks swung on half-open things
That shook like foreigners upon our cold.
A gypsy lit a fire and made a sound
Of moving tins and from an oblong moon
The river seemed to gush across the ground
To the cracked metre of a marching tune.

And then three syllables of melody
Dropped from a blackbird's flute, and died apart
Far in the dewy dark. No more but three,
Yet sweeter music never touched a heart
Neath the blue domes of London. Flute and reed,
Suggesting feelings of the solitude
When will was all the Delphi I would heed,
Lost like a wind within a summer wood
From little knowledge where great sorrows brood."

There is imagination here, playing with vision, of a kind quite beyond the reach of Mr. Cecil Roberts, the third of our poets, and yet Mr. Roberts approaches the most nearly of the three to that spiritual interpretation which is

the ultimate goal of all that is best in poetry. Like the lady of his own devotion, he understands something of the hidden secrets of Nature.

" She opens up a wonderland
Wherein we daily tread :
The lily is a mystery
On which her soul has fed ;
She knows the secret of each flower
Like any woodland elf,
And tells me every secret, save
The secret of herself -
And that I shall not crave ; enough
For me, in wonder bright,
She moves, the lady of my love,
A vision of delight."

The loneliness of the poet's heart has been revealed to him, the austerity of the poet's quest, and the abiding consolation which triumphs over all the neglect and callousness of the crowd. The poem which gives its name to the volume is an allegory of the poet's life, passing disregarded through a world supremely busy with its own concerns, and contentedly deaf to the quiet influence of the poet's message.

" On thro' the gate of the City, he went towards the height
That gathered about its summit the battlements of night ;
His song passed into the silence from whence it came to men -
The passionate Song of Beauty they never will hear again

The gold of the earth they garner, the woes of toil are theirs,
Famine, Oppression and Sorrow come with the wearing years,
Dreams they are fain to purchase, for dreams and rest they
weep -
But the Youth of Beauty returns not from over the Hills
of Sleep "

Each of the poets here considered has his own word for the world: the preference is a matter of the reader's temperament. Realism is here; the pure idyll, and the interpretation of dreams. There are different gifts, but the same spirit. Yet if high aim is the best achievement of art, it would not be unreasonable to offer the parsley crown to Mr. Cecil Roberts. For his poetry is full of soul, and the soul of man is inevitably the life-blood of art.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

THE SOUL OF IRELAND.*

Why should Ireland be "a thorny subject" as Dr. Lynch suggests she is, in the first words of his preface? Why should any element of humanity on the planet be thorny or embarrassing to intelligent student or critic? In point of fact, is Ireland in any sense "thorny"? Or are the "thorns" a reality or a fiction provided by the commentators themselves? Give the salient facts of Irish history—so far as they are now available—be honest and frank about them, to yourself and your readers, and there is nothing thorny in the matter, though there is much that is tragic, and a great deal that is chastening to sundry consciences.

Happily Dr. Lynch does not continue to see "thorns." Few writers have dealt so boldly and so airily with the medley of Irish affairs, so far as he knows them. And as he knows a great deal, and is a friendly, able, and trained observer and interpreter, the results are often distinctly appreciable. Where he feels he does not know he pleads guilty with firmness and grace. It is an example that ought to be taken to heart. Much trouble and temper would have been avoided had numerous writers, without an adequate basis of knowledge, refrained from laying down the law about Ireland, or had allowed the reader to understand their limitations.

Born in distant Australia, highly educated, with a literary and philosophical bent, Dr. Lynch's course might well seem to lie far from the stress and storm of Irish politics. Blood and heredity told, however, and the revelation of the new trend of his destiny makes attractive autobiography, while his detached but vivid presentation

* "Ireland: Vital Hour." By Arthur Lynch, M.P. 10s. 6d. net (Stanley Paul.)

of the noted individualities with whom he was brought into contact is, so far as it goes, an enkindling addition to history. His special purpose, however, is to reveal Ireland to herself and others, and to stimulate her and make her constructive. With this view he writes courageously on conservative clerics and their grip of life—he rather ignores the progressive types—he urges a new attitude and wholesome devotion to science, he exposes the drawbacks and anomalies of deadening educational "systems," he studies sundry organisations, and considers industrial possibilities in a cheery and thoughtful fashion. In all these surveys there is much that is vital, while touches odd and playful enliven the procedure. For instance, he tells of a West of Ireland race meeting, one of the races at which was won by an old age pensioner riding his own horse! The picture will linger in the memory as an illustration of Irish vitality and originality!

Dr. Lynch came to Ireland from a distance. How he came, what he has seen, how he has served, how much he likes and dislikes, the brave and healthy things for which he hopes: these are the burden of an honest and stimulating book. But it is a work with grave omissions. Just before reading it I finished the study of the autobiography in Irish of that remarkable individuality, Canon O'Leary, who is racy and untiring at seventy-six. In some respects he was concerned with the same ground as Dr. Lynch, for he has much to tell of the disastrous landlord system, of the ruin of education, and of the Land League in which he bore a prominent part, though we mainly associate him with delightful Irish prose, which he has given us abundantly in the twenty years since the rise of the Gaelic League. Yet the Canon's "Mo Sgéal Féin" My Own Story and Dr. Lynch's "Vital Hour" might have come from two different worlds. To ignore the Gael, as Dr. Lynch does is to miss the essence and colour of Irish history. One specially feels the weakness and want in his astonishing chapter on "Literature" in Ireland. As an Anglo-Irish record it is imperfect, but the crowning irony is that it says no word of any distinctive Irish achievement from the Cúchulainn saga to our own day! Dr. Lynch in his active years has fared far—as we gratefully admit, but, like all of us in some wise, he has much to learn yet of the story of the humanity localised in Ireland.

W. P. RYAN.

THE GREAT TRUTH SEEKER OF BELGIUM *

Whatever subject a writer is called upon to consider, naturally he finds himself contemplating it in relation to the war. Many things cannot be seen because of the deep shadow cast by the war upon all human affairs not directly concerned in its prosecution. Literary reputations, as well as ordinary interests, suffer temporary eclipse when they cannot be related to the task of bringing Armageddon to the only conclusion our conscience will permit.

A deep, personal association with the World Drama brings Maurice Maeterlinck, the man, into the sweep of its terrific action, a fact which makes one feel he has a claim on our attention, quite apart from his work, which is discriminatingly expounded and appreciated by Mr. Macdonald Clark in "Maurice Maeterlinck." It is an enjoyable experience to read this book, in the light of our most recent memory of the great Belgian poet, as he stood in the picture gallery of Apsley House, giving his impressions of the war and its significance to the various peoples engaged in it. "England understands us," he then declared. "When Germany gave us twelve hours in which to decide either for armed protest and defeat or dishonour, there was no question even for a moment which road we would choose."

The recollection of such words provides the necessary medium through which to approach Maeterlinck's work to-day, and the student could not have a better informed

* "Maurice Maeterlinck." By Macdonald Clark. 7s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

guide than Mr. Clark, who, evidently well-equipped by temperament and intellect for such a task, has carried it out with the utmost care. So full is the book of illuminating passages, that it tempts one to wholesale quotation. Most admirers of Maeterlinck will be in agreement with the author when he says:

"He is a philosopher from the beginning, in his poems, his dramas and his essays; he seeks after the form which will make him most explicable to his readers, not for the sake of the form, but because he has something to say. Although the dramas are most exquisitely constructed in the most rhythmical and musical of French prose, it is the philosophic poet who speaks throughout; the conscious artist is everywhere subordinate to the philosopher, one might almost say, whether he willed it or not."

Yet because Maeterlinck is a poet, he escapes from categories again and again, with the elusiveness of his own blue bird, and he then produces a mood and not a conscious message.

The story of his development is traced from his early university days to the appearance of "Marie Magdeleine" in 1913. The author has an individual method of exposition. At the head of each chapter the leading points of various aspects of the Belgian master's work are pathily given. From these alone readers with only a nodding acquaintance with some of the plays, poems and essays, could acquire more than a superficial knowledge of the subject.

It is in his search for Truth, "wherever and under whatever disgust he may find it," that the student is to look for the real unity in Maeterlinck's work. Some words from "L'Intruse" throw a characteristic light on his attitude.

You may remember that the uncle declares, "But there is no truth," to which the grandmother replies, "Then I do not know what there is."

There speaks the mystic, who after much study, finds silence has a voice. But Maeterlinck is not content with dreams dimly revealed in the half-lights of occult beauty. "His sympathies are with all that makes for progress. He would have the world soul enriched by the contribution of every eager, developing individual human soul, and not impoverished by the dwarfing and stunting of those that cannot have scope." As a pendant to this statement must be placed this sentence, "Happiness, in general, Maeterlinck considers more educative for the soul of man than misfortune; we are told that it counts more for man's progress to have taken one small step forward in the matter of happiness than to have made many steps in unhappiness."

In one place, the author raises the interesting, if rather fantastic question as to how far an unconscious prevision of Belgium's agony accounted for Maeterlinck's prepossession with the thought of death. Clear to-day in many ears must ring the cry of the children in "The Blue Bird," "But there are no dead."

The author's critical manner is lucid, and he studies with meticulous care every play and several of the poems and essays, while at the same time showing a helpful aptitude for quotation. Only in one instance do I find myself in disagreement with the author, and that is in his estimate of "La Mort de Tintagiles." He describes it as an "exquisitely touching drama." Touching it certainly is, but to me it is almost unbearably harrowing in its rendering of a child's agony.

As to Maeterlinck's place in modern literature, Mr. Clark says that as a dramatist, he is a product of his age:

"He has modern idealism against a background of the mediæval and the fantastic, the simple or the picturesque. He shows marvellous insight into human character and understanding of human needs. Although the dream-like character of his plays troubles many a practical mind, or mind more bent on action, yet the gracious sweetness of the women who move through his scenes is neither local nor temporal, but typical of a poet's conception of women of any place and time. The plays, except "Monna Vanna" and "Marie Magdeleine," are hardly objective; the poet has been blamed for being too much in them all."

There is no attempt to place Maeterlinck either in the hierarchy of the past or the present. His adorers call him

the Belgian Shakespeare, which leaves men who are not temperamentally attuned to him marvelling at such a claim. A saner line of appreciation is struck by Mr. Clark who declares "the shimmering blue searchlight of the philosophical seeker after truth and beauty will burn as long as Ibsen's fierce red flame of revolt against convention and hypocrisy and public lies that cloak themselves as benefits." And he has taken us to the confines of the seemingly real and made us look into wonderlands—work that was well worth doing.

WILKINSON SHERREN.

NOX AUGUSTINIANA.*

The table has been cleared; by the light of half-a-dozen candles, set in tall candlesticks of Sheffield plate which glimmer elusively duplicated in the depths of the rich mahogany, the port is starting on its rounds; and our host, settling himself in his chair of Chippendale's best period—and cracking a walnut reflectively, embarks on one of his familiar, inimitable monologues.

With great precision of detail and date, which is never wearisome because it is so apt to theme and manner; with exquisitely deft allusiveness which informs while seeming courteously to assume an equal knowledge; with asides—footnotes, as it were—which are never so long as to break the thread of the story, he tells us first, in his lucid, unaffected way, of the Venetian pastellist, Rosalba Carriera, who painted the ten-year-old King of France, and Mississippi Law and Horace Walpole, and gave lessons in her art to the Empress Elizabeth Christine. She was as industrious as she was fashionable, and, though her eyesight gave her trouble for many years, she would not lay down her brush until—at the age of seventy—she could no longer distinguish the colours on her palette. That, apart from the interest reflected on her by friends and sitters, she was an artist well worth remembering we are convinced by a couple of engravings after her work which Mr. Dobson shows us from his portfolio.

He always keeps that portfolio ready to his hand, and, taking from it a print of Streatham Place, the country house of Thrale the brewer, he talks for a little while of Hester Thrale and her friend the great lexicographer, who spent so many happy days there and saw it for the last time with such regret. And then, prompted perhaps by a subconscious thought of the sea life (so different from that known to Smollett) which is being lived out in the grey mists to-day, he speaks of Falconer and his "Shipwreck," a poem which, for all its pseudo-classic irrelevancies, moved its generation as Mr. Masfield's "Dauber" and "The River" have moved ours. "He would have done better to rely for his effects on the inherent horror and misery of the facts," Mr. Dobson concludes. "But he lived in days when sentimentalism was rampant; and it was thought poetical to speak of a ship's poop-lantern as 'a Pharos of distinguished blaze.'" And, leaving the poet to his unknown fate in the lost *Aurora* frigate, our host turns to Prior's "noble, lovely, little Peggy," who grew up to be Duchess of Portland. Hers is an uneventful tale of tea-drinking and wool-work and the collection of shells, with some good friendships and an occasional royal visit for variety; and, by way of contrast, it is followed by an account of poor George Gordon and the riots for which he was only in part responsible.

"To know Shakespeare like the Duke of Devonshire"—the fifth duke, Georgiana's husband—was, rather more than a hundred years ago, a proverbial phrase; and as one listens to Mr. Dobson's easy conversation one feels that "to know the eighteenth century like Austin Dobson" should find a place in the currency of the language; especially when, after turning from the adventures of Madame Royale ("the only man of her family," as Napoleon called her), to the multitudinous labours of John Nichols and Aaron Hill, he improvises a dialogue which might have

* "Rosalba's Journal, and Other Papers." By Austin Dobson. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

passed "in some Lucianic Shadow-Land" between Henry Fielding and his peccant biographer, Arthur Murphy.

Mr. Dobson is always at his happiest when defending the great novelist, and the pause which follows on Fielding's final sally, shows that he had been keeping this *jeu d'esprit* effectively to bring down the curtain on the evening's entertainment. And, indeed, we have sat out all but the most stalwart of the candles.

Out of doors, however, it is still dark. A pale finger of light, a very modern portent, moves slowly across the sky; and a chance ray escaping through the blackened glass of a street-lamp shows the evening's posters telling of slaughter such as the eighteenth century, with all its wars, never imagined. It is difficult for us to imagine it either. The most we can do, under the spell of our host's discourse and in the optimistic mood which a well-spent evening induces, is to feel as though, in the morning shortly to dawn, we shall be forced to ask what victory there has been, "for fear of missing one," as Horace Walpole was in the year of Minden and Quebec.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

THE GOLDEN SCARECROW.*

Children, as even the least observant among "the Olympians" must be aware, live partly in this world and partly in another. There are some unlovely persons who maintain that the other world in which they seem to pass so many of their hours is a region of primal savagery; but there are others of us who like to think that the small people come, trailing clouds of glory, from God Who is their home, and that it is heaven itself which lies about them in their infancy. Well, those who hold by the former theory will find Mr. Hugh Walpole's new novel distasteful enough; but those who accept the poet's view will take the book straight into their hearts, and give it a place beside "Peter Pan" and "The Golden Age."

All upon whom the "shades of the prison house" have not entirely closed, will find many strange, deep memories stir within them as they turn these fresh and fragrant pages. For there was a time, though it may be many years ago now, when all of us knew St. Christopher and were conscious of his gracious ministrations. We, too, like young Hugh Seymour, felt some unseen Power guiding our childish footsteps, sharing in our childish joys, comforting us in our childish sorrows, companioning with us in our childish loneliness, and (most especially) throwing His protecting arms around us when the bedroom lights were extinguished and the footsteps of mother or nurse faded down the stairs. Of course, we did not know Him by name; nor even could we have pronounced His name had we known it. Nevertheless, we shall recall very vividly, as we read "The Golden Scarecrow," how very real to us was this Unseen Friend of the children.

Hugh Seymour was the type of little boy to whom St. Christopher was particularly real, because he had so much need of Him. For Hugh, whose parents were in Ceylon, was of a dreamy nature, and it was his misfortune to live with a country vicar who perpetually thanked his stars that he had been born a practical Realist and not a slave to "nerves." Since, therefore, St. Christopher meant so much to Hugh in his early years of solitude, Hugh remembered Him longer than do most of us, who grow up and go out into the great world and forget the tender influences that hovered around the nursery. Hugh, indeed, always lived in close communion with St. Christopher; and when, as a man, he came to live in one of those cool, shadowy squares that hide themselves away in the heart of London, he delighted to gather around him all the children that came to play there in the gardens. The children took him into their confidence as they could not take even their parents—for parents so often forget St. Christopher; and so it was that Hugh heard many strange and beautiful stories of the part that the Unseen Friend

* "The Golden Scarecrow." By Hugh Walpole. 6s. (Cassell).



Photo by F. O. Hoffm.

Mr. Hugh Walpole.

had played in the little comedies and tragedies that made up the lives of his young associates, and so it is that Mr. Walpole has written one of the most charming books of its kind that has been published within recent years.

For into this series of child-studies which, incidentally, offers him much scope for genial satire at the expense of parents, uncles, aunts and country clergymen the author has packed a great wealth of intensely sympathetic observation and picturesque description, together with an abundance of humour and pathos which play as naturally about the springs of the heart as the sunlight and the shadows play alternately around the fountain in the Square. And, with the figure and the spirit of St. Christopher always in the background, the story is suffused with a warm glow of imagination which illuminates the whole picture as a landscape is illumined by the sky. Indeed, one cannot better describe "The Golden Scarecrow" than as a book with a horizon and a sky; and it is, therefore, the type of book for which one should be especially grateful at a time when the eye tends to travel no further than the headlines in the halfpenny Press.

GILBERT THOMAS.

OBLOMOVISM.*

Even the name of Goncharov is barely known in this country, although he is the author of one of the finest romances of the last century. Not only is his "Oblomov" a classic in Russia, but it has gained great popularity in other lands, although beyond an article by the present writer, published some years ago, no attempt appears to have been made to acquaint British readers with its merits. The work is more a study of character than a combination of events, and that may have deterred the few English authors conversant with Russian from attempting its translation. Despite this fact, the story is full of interest, and never monotonous. Goncharov depicts the native character

* "Oblomov." By Ivan Goncharov. Translated by C. J. Hogarth. 6s. (Allen & Unwin.)

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so faithfully in this work that a famous Russian contemporary declared: "Something of Oblomov is to be found in everyone of us"; and so universally was the portraiture recognised that "Oblomovism" was accepted as the proper term for the nerveless, lethargic, undetermined class of people prevalent in the Russia of those days.

Goncharov displays a likeness to Hawthorne's delicacy of touch, and possesses no small share of the American's humour, but in his minute delineation of personal traits and in subtle analysis of mental processes, he more closely resembles Dickens and Balzac, both of whom seem to have influenced his work. In his masterly grasp of character he fully equals the latter in his delineation of "Louis Lambert." The incidents in Oblomov's career nearly always result from mental rather than physical action, and the man's tendency to enjoy the *dolce far niente* of this life modifies all his resolutions. A fine contrast to the hero is his servant, or rather serf, Zakhare. This man is a most original personality, and is quite as lifelike as his master, whose laziness he shares, whom he adores and yet slanders; to whom he preaches economy whilst he squanders his money; to whom he is impudent and peevish, but "whom he loves as a dog loves his collar." It would be difficult to find anything more curious and yet natural, the conversations of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza excepted, than the dialogues between Oblomov and his serf, Zakhare. Only a portion of their chatter is given in Mr. Hogarth's translation, but every sentence which is bandied between the two is worthy of preservation.

The most beautiful portion of this romance is a retrospective review of Oblomov's past life, in the semblance of a dream. This dream is regarded as one of the finest specimens of Moscovite literature, and is adopted as a model for study of the language in native colleges. It starts with a representation of provincial life in the south of Russia, giving a portrayal of the ways and manners of the simple-hearted masters and their serfs, as they were more than half a century ago. Not only the labourers, but even their masters, are seen caring for little more than the gratification of their daily needs, and as not altogether unblissful in their ignorance of more cultivated wants. From this unsophisticated spot in the empire Elias Oblomov, a petty noble, is transferred to the stirring life of Petrograd, where he obtains an appointment in the Civil Service. His duties in this Government department, carried on in a manner not very dissimilar in some respects from those of the British Service, are related with much sly humour, but unfortunately the whole of this section of the work is omitted in Mr. Hogarth's translation. "Oblomov" is a lengthy romance, and some abridgment of it might have been permitted, but the wholesale exclusion of so much of the most characteristic portions is inexcusable.

The hero's career in and out of the Civil Service, his course of love-making and his aimless kind of life, are all depicted in a masterly manner. It has been complained of Goncharov that he only gives pictures, and that his portraits, although marvels of delicacy and finish, are too abstract for daily life. It is partly true that his characters sometimes lack action and even animation, but in his portrayal of the various idiosyncrasies which distinguish one human being from another, he is almost unequalled. Of course he has written other works than "Oblomov," but this is his masterpiece; it is, indeed, one of the world's *chefs d'œuvre*.

JOHN H. INGRAM.

Novel Notes.

THE VICTORIANS. By Netta Syrett. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

In a certain famous letter Charles Lamb inveighed with characteristic heat and bitterness against the pestilential tribe of Barbaulds who had robbed childhood of its fairies and substituted a tiresome course of trite copy-books and crabbed precept. Miss Syrett takes the same view, but she brings the indictment down a century later, and

flogs the Victorian schoolmistresses with their own birch-rods. Her Miss Pidduck is a masterpiece of frowzy inculcation, her grandmamma a monument of domineering and hidebound propriety. Her heroine Rose is a kind of Maggie Tulliver, who, clever and "unusual" as she is, will not possibly fit into grandmamma's system of education for "young ladies." The model sister Lucy develops in an odour of correctness and universal approval, and in the course of time meets the kind of reward that Samuel Richardson would have bestowed upon her, for she marries a lord. Rose, on the other hand, leads a thorny existence of rebellion against all the fixed rules of behaviour, and, after a wild expenditure of energy, writes a novel. The leading influence upon her life is Mrs. Winter, who earns a reputation for being "advanced" simply by wearing fashionable hats, reading the latest books, and imperilling her soul by witnessing the plays of Gilbert and Sullivan. Happily, she imperils Rose's as well, for she is instrumental in getting the girl sent to college and liberating her from the old and cramping influences of the grandmotherly and Pidduckian regime. Thereafter we watch her evolution through many stages and influences, from a mild form of Socialism to "the new art." Helen, her college chum, and Geoffrey Winter, her first love affinity, are living and convincing characters, and console us, as they consoled Rose, for having snatched her Pharisaical surroundings gladly. The way in which the author conveys all this environment without growing dull under the weight of it is a triumphant tribute to her powers of humour and her buoyancy of mind, and we feel that if she does not soon redeem her undertaking to continue the story of Rose's career we shall have to proceed against her for literary breach of promise.

THE ROSE OF YOUTH. By Elmor Mordant. 6s. (Cassell.)

The title and the very attractive paper cover of this novel combine to awaken expectations that may be disappointed by its highly original contents. It is not a love story. Youth stands for many things that make the hero more or less indifferent to the call of sex—the spirit of freedom, the romance of literature of music, of the world's beauty and of life as an adventure. Those things take him out of a draper's shop in London, bring him into touch with people of another social level than his own, and, when the story ends, run out with him on a trip to the Mediterranean. The chance to go, a casual one, "for to be old and for to see," is enough to catch him away from a girl who not only yields after a tough conflict of ideas but offers to let him reform the shop he has fought about. He loved her, we are told, but this chance was too much for his love and his chivalry. It is such a hero whom we are to understand, if not to admire without reserve and some dissatisfaction. The story is written with tremendous verve, in a style of unmannered ease and liveliness depicting shop and warehouse life, with a glimpse of the commercial Thames and a hint of the universities. Finney's, the retail drapery store where the hands "live in," is painted with a mordant realism, indignant at its mean and conscienceless oppressions. There is this realism, sharp when not indignant, in many scenes of London bustle, misery and distraction. The handling counts for much more than the tale. It is that of a witty though not very sympathetic determinist, impatient of the sordid things she has seen and passionately in love with things beautiful. Teddy Earp's defection seems excusable if not sublime, for when he rebelled at Finney's, heading a protest, the unorganised poor wretches he spoke for deserted him. But his poetic depths are not so discovered as to be convincing: the romance, with its allusion to pre-natal memories and Hellenism in an irresponsible Cockney, is strained. It whisks him out of life as well as out of the story. That sort of thing happens, no doubt; but to reconcile a reader to it is a feat demanding more reflection and more detachment. Thereupon the sense of humour may have more to say to the sense of the romantic, and all be well.

LOOKING FOR GRACE. By Mrs. Horace Tremlett. 6s. (John Lane.)

This is the first comedy of the war, and one that will take a good deal of beating. The real hero and heroine of it never appear in its scenes. In the opening chapter Mrs. Massingham receives a letter from a young officer who was with her husband, Colonel Massingham, when he died of his wounds in a field hospital in France. "It appeared to me," the letter concludes, "that he wished to send you a message of some kind, but I could not catch clearly what he said. I could only hear him murmuring, 'Grace, Grace, tell Grace I have done what I could.'" But the name of Mrs. Massingham is Margaret. She is a local society leader at Blackheath; a woman so self-complacent and unsympathetic that though you follow her rather vindictive search for the mysterious Grace with the keenest interest you rather hope she may not find her. Mrs. Tremlett has a delightful sense of humour; she clothes the shrewdest common-sense comments on modern social life in the warmest sparkle and gaiety of style; she is as dexterous in the drawing of her various men and women, and in the management of her dialogue as in the easy development of a plot that is ingenious in its very simplicity. You may not be able to decide whether the story is more charming even than clever, but you will say emphatically and without any hesitation that it is both.

BAMBI. By Marjorie Benton Cooke. 6s. (Jardoll & Sons.)

There is something delightfully fresh about "Bambi." Bambi herself is so frankly enthusiastic, so sparkling, so full of rapture, that she seems to whirl through the book like a comet, and leaves the reader a little dazzled and wondering, but wholly captivated by her brilliance and charm. Having an absent-minded professor for a father, and, while he is in one of his moods of madness, marrying a genius in order to take care of him, Bambi, with her practical mind and quick intuition, thinks and acts for the two men, and in between whiles writes an anonymous book that springs into fame. Her husband, ignorant of the identity of the author of the book, through dramatising it gets into communication with her and falls in love with his own wife without knowing it. The idea is cleverly worked out; the dialogue light, exhilarating and rich in humour. As Bambi is the life and soul of the small, intellectual family she so successfully manages, so she is the life and soul of the book, and one is not surprised that, in spite of complications and disappointments, her affairs come out right in the end. Bambi risks much and gains all, and the risking and the winning make a very excellent story.

MISS BILLY—MARRIED. By Eleanor H. Porter. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Here is Miss Billy again. The same warm-hearted impulsive Miss Billy—and yet, we must own to a little disappointment in her. She is not quite such a fresh, original Miss Billy as she was before her marriage; in a word, she has become too ordinary. She makes the conventional mistakes that all young wives in stories are supposed to make; there is the averting of the first "big, bad quarrel"; the trials and troubles of the servant problem and the failure of the first dinner that Billy tries to cook herself; there is much reading of books of advice to young wives, etc.; then there is the usual misunderstanding between the young couple and the happy reconciliation over their baby's life-or-death bed. Now, this is all too ordinary for Billy, and not what we expected of her. She can still be as gay and charming at times as she was in former books, and there are numerous old friends to meet again in this book—the three Renshaw brothers (one of whom Billy marries, of course), Aunt Hannah of the countless shawls, M. J. Arkwright, and many others. Everyone who has read the other Billy Books will want to read this one too, in order to get another glimpse of that sunny personality which all readers of Miss Porter's former novels must have found so refreshing.

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"The rarest gifts God can bestow,
Do with the littlest children go;"

and one might say of his own work as he says in a sonnet "To the Poets,"

"In your verse life all transfigured lies,
And strange is true, and truth no longer strange,
And there is magic in the humblest tale."

This is a little book written in divers keys and many moods; several of the poems touch on the war, most of them are concerned with the joys and hopes, the thoughts and emotions of common life. It would be easy to pick out jewelled lines and graceful fancies from some of the longer poems, but Mr. Faber takes us best with his shorter lyrics, such as "Departure," with its poignant opening:

"Here, where all ways together meet,
Here must we halt, make our farewells:
And while with lightly jangling bells
Your carriage fares along the street,
Here must I stand, until the beat
Of horses' hoofs no longer tells
That you are near, and silence knells
Death to the old life and the sweet."

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A WOMAN IN THE SAHARA. By Helen C. Gordon. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

The Algerian Hinterland is wild enough to lend the thrill of adventure to an exploration by two European ladies, though one be a painter and the other a writer; for on the fringe of the Sahara there are savage tribes, rude superstitions, lawless Beys, and the infinite possibilities of misunderstanding that Mohammedanism creates for free women. But it is a region worth running risk to see. The Russian girl turned Mussulman whose romantic story is told in the last chapter of this book found it more attractive than Europe, though she knew Switzerland well, and had seen Italy, Sardinia and Paris. That rare story and her portrait—the face is that of a student, wise and sensitive—persuade one that her preference was not fantastic; yet she, too, passed through perils. The author, for her part, clearly sought them, determined to know what she might of the intimate life of a secretive race. At Constantine, for example, she strayed into the palace of Hadj-Hamed, a gentleman who cut out the tongues of playful persons and otherwise resembled Bluebeard. Mistaken for an expected guest, she was shown everything by one of the Bey's daughters, including a periodic review of his 400 wives and concubines, and seems to have felt herself lucky to get away unchallenged and unpunished—as she doubtless was. That scene and many another, with stories from the lips of Arab women with whom she made acquaintance, let us breathe again the exotic air of the Arabian Nights with the important difference that we are not doubtful of the detail. This is soberly described. There is no attempt at fine writing and no ecstasy. Chapters of a plain narrative, not even vivid, leave such episodes as that stolen visit, a torch-light orgie of Dervishes, and an exchange of courtesies with an Arab witch to "stick fiery off" in virtue of their natural strangeness. It is a book, in short, that adds most acceptably to our knowledge of a civilisation that may change sooner than some of the scenes photographed by Mrs. Walter Creyke and Mrs. Mathews.

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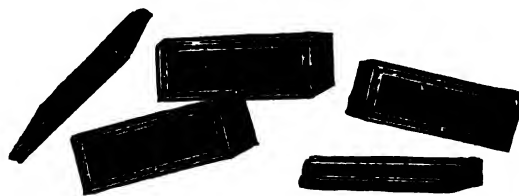
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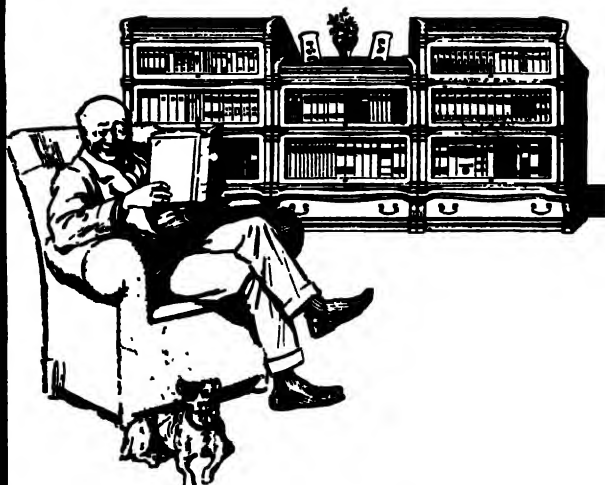
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No. 291. VOL. XLIX.

DECEMBER, 1915.

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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

When the war broke out Mr. John Morse was in Eastern Germany, but managed to get across the frontier and joined the Russian army as a volunteer. After ten months of continual fighting in Poland and Courland, he was invalided home. He has now written a record of his experiences in "An Englishman in the Russian Ranks," which Messrs. Duckworth are publishing.

Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. are publishing early this month a lively, seasonable volume by Mr. Walter Jerrold, to be called "Jerrold's Jest Book for 1916." A very attractive cover design for the book has been drawn by one of Mr. Jerrold's daughters.

Mr. Joseph Conrad Korzeniowski, whose latest novel "Victory" (Methuen) has been acclaimed by most critics as the best of his books, is the son of a Polish country gentleman, a poet and a patriot, who suffered political exile during many years. His mother shared her husband's fate, and died before he was liberated. Joseph Conrad, as he is known to his adopted countrymen, passed the earliest years after his mother's death in the house

of his uncle whom we have met and appreciated in "Some Reminiscences"; later he was educated at St. Anne's School in Cracow. At the age of sixteen, when travelling over Europe with his tutor, he first heard spoken the language that he afterwards adopted. And from the first time he heard it he says he loved the sound of our tongue. Choosing, in despite of much opposition, a seafaring life, he became in due time a master in the Merchant Service. It was at this period that "Almayer's Folly" was written; not because the author wished to write novels, but because Almayer (to whom Conrad had delivered a horse in the sea-going days), and Nina, and Dain Maroola the Arab (a grandson of Tippoo-Tip, whom Conrad encountered while commanding an armed steamer on the waters of the Congo) plainly desired to become a story. They lived and wrestled for birth in the author's imagination. Curiously, Mr. Conrad never wrote a line for print till he was thirty-six; and like many another novelist's first book, "Almayer's Folly" must be a source of perpetual income to the original publisher to whom it was sold for £20. That is not so many years ago; yet already Mr. Conrad is one of the very few living authors whose first editions fetch fancy prices three or four years after their appearance. Mr. Conrad's method of work is to write slowly and revise a great deal. He is a believer in the power of the right word. He seeks for that and finds it. His work contains exactly those minute and rather disarming imperfections which in literature are the evidences of a mind wrestling towards a



Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

Edmund Dulac, whose "Picture Book for the French Red Cross," is published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

fastidious exactitude; just as in some beautiful handicraft, the hammermarks—to the discerning eye—typify a living personality, which is startlingly absent from the fine gloss and finish of the machine-made article. "Victory," which took two years in the writing, appeared first in an American magazine, and in one of our own evening papers. Last summer Mr. Conrad and his family went from England to visit the town of Cracow, which he had left forty-one years ago in order to take up sea life, and where neither Mrs. Conrad nor their two sons had ever been. Unfortunately the war overtook the party; and only after great delay, through the good offices of the American ambassador, were they enabled to leave Austrian Poland and return to England, where they are now re-established in their delightful old Kentish farm-house, to the content of their many friends and the villagers around them. At present Mr. Conrad is engaged on a long short story. It deals with his first sea command, and, like many of his previous works, is partly reminiscent.

"Lute-Strings, Laughs, and Shifts of Song" is the title of an interesting volume of poems that Mr. Erskine Macdonald is publishing in his "Twentieth Century Poetry Series." The author, Mr. Theodore Maynard, a young contributor to the *New Witness*, has entered a



John L. Carter,
whose new novel, "Nymphet," is published by
Messrs. Sampson Low & Co

Benedictine monastery since he arranged for the publication of this, which is to be his last as well as his first book. Mr. G. K. Chesterton has written an introduction to it.

The following interesting letter from a soldier at the front has been forwarded to us by the Syndicate Publishing Company, who publish the British Empire Universities' Modern English Illustrated Dictionary:

"15 Stationary Hospital,
"Med. Exp. Force,
"October 4th, 1915.

"I don't suppose you ever expected to receive orders for your Dictionary from the battle line, but it has made its appeal so that a man will turn aside for a moment from the thrilling scene of battle to secure a copy. Let me give you the history. I am sure it will interest you. I received from Wilts a copy of THE BOOKMAN for September. I lent it to a Captain Archibald, who belongs to the Egyptian Army, and who is the bacteriologist out here. He is the pathologist of the Wellcome Tropical Research Laboratories, Khartoum, and I believe one of the leading authorities for Tropical Diseases. He is an exceedingly fine man and has shown great kindness to me, inasmuch that when I was ill he took me specially under his care, and I consequently received the very finest possible treatment. I felt a great indebtedness to him, and in this place of desert the only thing I could do was to pass on to him my BOOKMAN,



Rt. Hon. Lord Redesdale
(Age 28).

From Lord Redesdale's delightful book of "Memories" (Hutchinson), which is reviewed in this Number

seeing he was interested in literature as well as bacteria. This morning at breakfast he asked me if I would mind if he cut out the coupon as he wanted to send for a copy of the Dictionary. I begged him to let me send for one for him. Will you please send out a copy addressed :

Captain R. G. Archibald, R.A.M.C.,
Bacteriological Laboratory,
c/o 15 Stationary Hospital,
Med. Exp. Force,

and I will bear the cost, if you will let me know postage, etc.

"I felt sure you would be glad to have these facts rather than just a coupon filled in and returned to



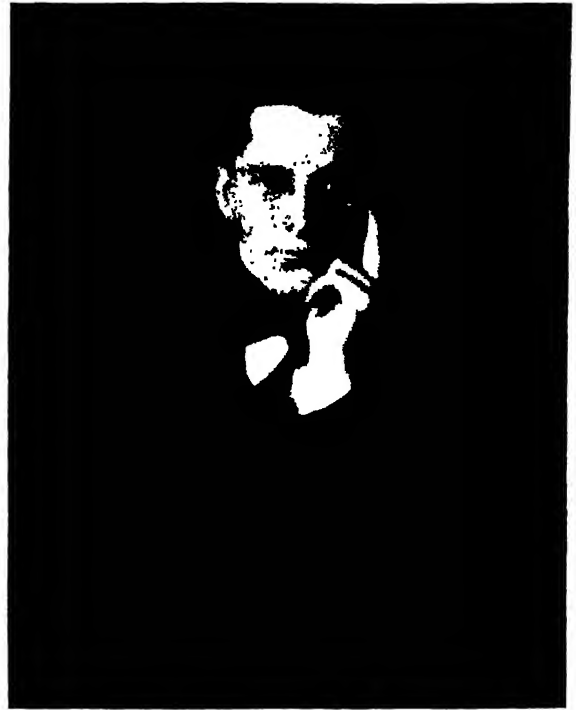
**Rev. Richard
Aumerle Maher.**

Father Maher's powerful novel of modern, social and economic life "The Heart of a Man," has just been published by Messrs. Pitman.

THE BOOKMAN,
for it will mean
that a copy of
the Dictionary
will lie on the
shelves of
Gordon Col-
lege, Khar-
toun, Khar-
toun, Egypt,
Soudan, these
names will
picture so
much to your
fertile imagina-
tion. Again,
we are on the
'lines of com-
munication'
here, and to

strengthen the lines of communication in this world battle by your Dictionary seemed a suggestive idea that you might like to work out."

Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn, whose series of beautiful photographs illustrates the book on "Moor Park, Rickmansworth," that Mr. Elkin Mathews has just published, is an American who has for some years past been living in England. Born at Boston, he went to Paris to study painting, but instead of doing so he spent his time in delighted wanderings about that city, visiting its galleries and churches and forming impressions of the streets and the people. Back in America he worked for two seasons at the Ipswich Art School in Massachusetts; but in the end he devoted himself to the art of photography. "Although I am still a comparatively young man," he wrote of himself a little while ago in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, "I feel that I have lived



Alvin Langdon Coburn.

From his photographic study of himself.

a very full and varied life, and as I look back over my twenty-two years of activity I feel how lucky I have been in my choice of a life-work." In pursuit of what is more a pleasure than a profession with him, Mr. Coburn has travelled much in America and Europe, and has photographed some of the most beautiful scenes in those continents, and many of the



Abbe Felix Klein

whose "Diary of a French Army Chaplain" (Melrose) is reviewed in this Number.

most famous men of the time—Meredith, Barrie, Shaw, H. G. Wells, Mark Twain, Jerome, Brangwyn, Bernard Partridge, Yone Noguchi—but the list of his distinguished sitters is too long for repetition. In 1906 he gave an exhibition of his work in landscape and portraiture at the rooms of the Liverpool Amateur Photographic Association, and in a preface to the catalogue Mr. Bernard Shaw spoke of him as "one of the most accomplished and sensitive artist-photographers now living. . . . It is Mr. Coburn's vision and susceptibility that make him interesting, and make his fingers clever."

The accompanying portrait of Thomas Hood is one that Mr. Walter Jerrold was unable to trace when he was writing his full biography of the poet a few years ago. Now, not only has its whereabouts been found but the painting is in Mr. Jerrold's temporary possession and we are therefore enabled to give a reproduction of it. In an undated letter from Ostend Hood wrote towards the close of 1837, "I shall be very happy to see Mr. Lewis, and show him all the countenance I can . . . by letting him take my own; but, for my own part, I never got any good of my face yet, except that it once got me credit for eighteenpence at a shop, when I had gone out without my purse." It was probably in December of 1837 that the portrait was actually painted, for on the 2nd of that month Hood wrote to a friend, "At this moment there is an artist on



Mrs. Helen Mackay.

Mrs. Mackay's successful novel, "Accidentals," was published last spring by Mr. Andrew Melrose, who is shortly publishing a book of remarkable war poems by the same author, "London One November."

the sea, on his way to come and take a portrait of me." There were at that time three artists of the name of Lewis, but the portrait painter appears to have been George Robert Lewis who died in 1871 at the age of eighty-nine. When Lewis journeyed to Ostend to paint Hood's portrait the poet was suffering from one of his frequent bouts of illness, as he described himself a little later he was "as weak as gin and water without the gin." The portrait, however, was distinctly successful, and there are several mentions of it in his correspondence, "it is said to be very like," "as to my leanness, look at the portrait," and so on. A steel engraving was made from the painting for presentation with "Hood's Own," in the summer of 1838, and that hitherto has been the only form in which the portrait has been known. The engraving has some distinct differences from the original, to which, indeed, it barely does justice; it was probably at Hood's own desire that the book on which his left arm rests was in the engraving inscribed with the name of "Elia."

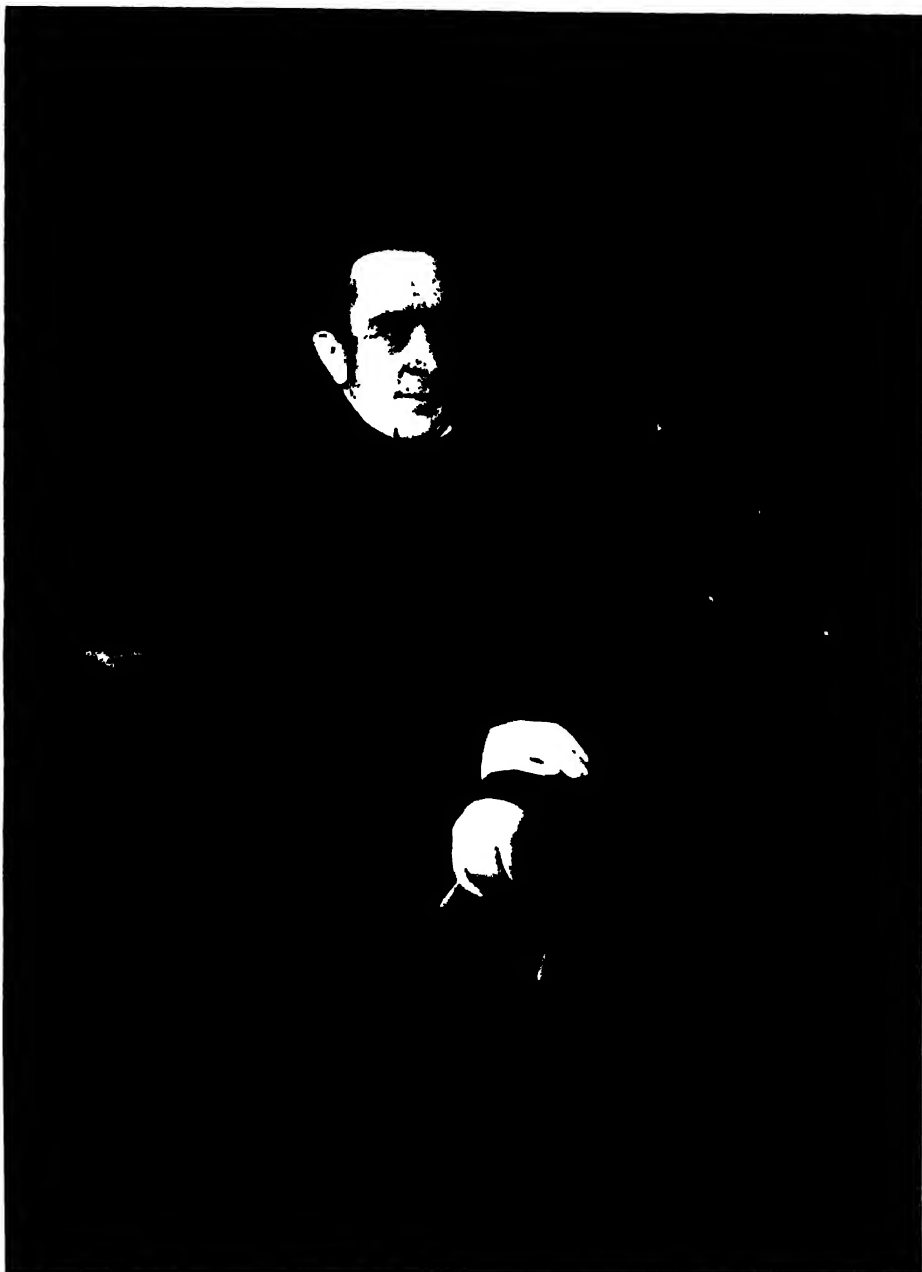
Mr. Randal Charlton and Mr. Frank L. Lascot, who have been in close touch with Miss Cavell's family in England, have written an authoritative book on "The Life and Work of Edith Cavell," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing.

We regret we inadvertently stated last month that Mr. Beckles Willson's official "Life of Lord Strathcona," was to be published by Messrs. Constable. The book will be published by Messrs. Cassell.



Professor Leacock,

whose new book of humorous stories, "Moonbeams from the Larger Funnel," is published by Mr. John Lane.



THE READER.

FRENCH WRITERS IN WAR TIME.

By WINIFRED STEPHENS.

IN this war French writers are nobly bearing their share of the national burden. Authors old and young and of all shades of opinion join hand in hand in the national defence. They serve *la patrie* on every field of activity—at the desk, in the hospital ward, among the refugees, on the relief committee, and in the trenches. Many have already perished: some on the field of battle, some like the veteran of 1870, Comte Albert de Mun, have died of their zeal in other war-time occupations. For among the writers of France the burden of years cannot extinguish patriotic ardour, neither can it serve as an excuse for inactivity. We know how Anatole France, undaunted by his three score years and ten, besought the Minister of War for permission to resume the sword which forty-four years ago he wielded against the invader. Since that request was denied him, reverting to a more familiar weapon, he has busied himself in sending letters of cheer and admiration to his younger and more fortunate brethren at the front. I know a French soldier who, in place of the religious medals worn by his comrades, carries as his only talisman, next his heart, a packet of those letters. Some of them, together with other war-time writings by France, have been collected and published in a beautiful volume, entitled "Sur la Voie Glorieuse."¹

Though twenty years younger than Anatole, Maurice Barrès too was over military age: yet he too applied for permission to serve with the colours, and he too received the intimation that in other spheres of usefulness he might render his country better service. Since then there has hardly been a department of a civilian's war-time activity in which Barrès has not laboured. The ardour he now displays in the cause of national defence comes as no surprise to those who have followed his career through the last twenty years, who have observed the man of letters becoming the man of action, who have watched him emerging from the pure contemplation of his early works, "L'Œil des Barbares" and "L'Homme Libre" into the world of actuality. His multifarious activities even before the war, justified the bestowal on Barrès of that

¹ Paris: Edouard Champion, 3f.50. This book is the first of a series published in aid of the French wounded. Two other volumes, "Pendant l'Orage," by the late Remy de Gourmont, and "L'Etang de Berre," by Charles Maurras, have already appeared, while a fourth, "Jeanne d'Arc," by Maurice Barrès, is announced.

title "Professor of Energy," which he himself invented and applied to Napoleon.

And now, since the declaration of hostilities, all this stupendous energy Barrès has concentrated on the national defence. Herein he toils terribly. All who are fighting and suffering in this gigantic struggle, combatants and non-combatants alike, find a friend in Barrès. Unwearying are his efforts for *le secours nationale* and *la Croix Rouge*, and for that society he has founded for the training and equipment as useful citizens of crippled soldiers. Eloquent and successful appeals on behalf of all these objects Barrès is constantly making in his almost daily articles in *L'Echo de Paris*. He has lately visited the British Army in France and in Belgium; and his newspaper articles describing our home, Canadian and Indian troops have been translated into English for the *Daily Chronicle*.

Even before the war many of Barrès' readers lamented the inroads made by public affairs on that serene contemplativeness which has given us the noblest pages of his prose. It is inevitable that they should now complain that in him, whom they jestingly call *le littérateur du territoire*, the war has spoiled a great writer. For, as a famous English author remarked to me the other day, "the war is making journalists of us all."

Nevertheless, in the journalists' somewhat arid path, along which Barrès' patriotism now impels him, there occur ever and again green and fragrant oases, passages whose delicate sentiment, poetic style and fine romanticism recall the Barrès of "Le Jardin de Bérèce" and "La Colline Inspirée." Such a passage is the essay entitled "In a Lorraine Garden."² Here the author tells how there reached him at Paris news that his house in Lorraine, his birth-place at Charaines-sur-Moselle, where, as a boy of eight he had watched the Germans pursuing the French Army after the Battle of Froeschwiller, had again fallen into the enemy's hands. But happily the news proved false. Though the Germans were approaching, though the inhabitants had fled, thanks to the armies of the

² It appeared first in *L'Echo de Paris*, then in the volume "L'Union Sacrée" (Paris: Calmann Lévy; 3f.50.), published last summer, and later in "Maurice Barrès—Pages Choieses" (Paris: Larousse; 2f.), the first instalment of an interesting series "Les Ecrivains Français pendant la Guerre," edited by M^{me}. Marguerite Baldensperger, and introduced by a Preface and a Biography of the author in French and in English.



Pierre Champion.

author of "Villon Sa Vie et Son Temps," on which, in June, 1914, the French Academy bestowed the Prix Gobert. M. Champion is now sous-lieutenant in a regiment serving in the department of la Somme.



René Boylesve.

the distinguished French novelist who is now serving as infirmier in a military hospital

Generals Castelnau and Dubail, the invaders were diverted and Charmes was saved. Consequently when, during one of his numerous journeys to the front, Barrès was able one autumn day to turn aside to Charmes, he found his childhood's home intact, though the garden *tout rempli du frémissement d'une radieuse journée d'Octobre* was strewn with the trunks and branches of trees which the soldiers had cut down to facilitate their firing.

"Adieu, beaux arbres," he writes, "mes compagnons de cinquante années, qui avez l'honneur de souffrir à la suite de l'élite humaine et d'associer à nos pensées le monde végétal. Je me lussais envahir par cette émotion, difficile à renfermer dans quelques froides lignes, où nous précipite la masse des souvenirs de notre enfance, suspendus comme des niches d'hirondelles au toit de la vieille maison. Aucun vent, et les feuilles fragiles par un dernier lien tiennent encore aux arbres. Caractériste minute immobile, extrême instant de l'âme précaire des jardins. Ah! que j'aurais aimé demeurer là et qu'il fût permis sans indignité de respirer tant de beauté! Mais nos frères sont dans les tranchées, au péril sous les froides nuits, et tout plaisir, cette année là est vilénie."

And throughout the war Barrès' soul has been in the trenches. He is never content save when moving in the heart of the army, especially of that eastern army, which is defending his own region of Lorraine.

Barrès is one of those who regard war as inevitable, as a permanent condition of humanity. And herein he resembles that other great literary artist Pierre Loti. "As long as two men remain on the surface of this planet," said Loti to the present writer, "they will fight."

Commandant Julien Viaud, better known by his *nom de plume* of Pierre Loti, had retired from the navy some time before the war. Early in 1915 he was appointed to

a post in connection with the defence of Paris. In March, entrusted with a mission by the President of the Republic, he visited the Belgian headquarters and had memorable interviews with King Albert and his Queen. His journey through desolated Belgium, the ruins of Ypres and of Furnes, and his conversations with the heroic martyred sovereigns, Loti has described with all the magic of his marvellous art in some of the most beautiful pages written during the war. Never has he displayed more tenderness than when he tells of tiny children in a bombarded town who come up from their cellar hiding place to dance in a ring among the ruins, but who suddenly stop their game and hush their merriment when an elder child rebukes them for playing in such a place of sorrow and desolation.

Since their first appearance in *L'Illustration* these articles have been collected and published in a little book entitled "*La Grande Barbarie*," published for the benefit of Belgian victims of German frightfulness.¹

One of the features of the war which most forcibly strikes Loti is the sense of brotherhood, uniting officers and men, which now, so he says, for the first time reigns in the French Army. This solidarity extends beyond the fighting forces to all classes of the French nation. Nowhere is it more marked than among French writers. One of the chapters of his book "*L'Union Sacrée*" Barrès devotes to this *Belle victoire des cœurs qui se reconnaissent et fraternisent quand les intelligences bataillent*.

For the time being at any rate the war has effaced those high barriers which divided the various schools of French writers. It has brought together from the antipodes of French thought cosmopolitans and nationalists, pacifists and militarists, Remy de Gourmont and

¹ Paris: Calmann Lévy; 21.



Charles Péguy.

From Charles Péguy's "*Œuvres Choies*" (3fr. 50), published by Bernard Grasset, Paris.



Jerome and Jean Tharaud.

two young French novelists now serving with the French Army in 1915.

Charles Maurras, Gustav Hervé and Maurice Barrès. The war has made strange bedfellows. We can hardly say that the lion has laid down with the lamb, for there is little that is lamb-like in any of these strenuous fighters. Now for the first time in French history we see merging in one broad stream of patriotism those two hitherto divergent intellectual currents of France, one descending from St. Louis, Jeanne d'Arc, Bayard, St. Vincent de Paul, Corneille and Bossuet to Barrès, the other from Rabelais, Montaigne, Molière, Voltaire and Diderot to Remy de Gourmont and Anatole France.

In the attitude of the last two—cosmopolitan and pacifist—writers the war has changed much. The blow it inflicted on his ideals and aspirations has killed Remy de Gourmont. A consummate literary artist and a bold thinker, his complete cosmopolitanism once caused him to write scornfully of certain patriots and even of patriotism. The war convinced him that even those patriots whom he had blamed were serving their country and contributing to that magnificent patriotic movement which has roused in the defence of *la patrie* even socialists, pacifists, and anarchists.¹

There never was a more ardent apostle of peace than Anatole France, yet even he is a supporter of this war. He has always foreseen it. It requires no very acute reader to detect its hideous possibility lurking behind those pages in which he celebrates peace. As far back as 1908 he said to the present writer: "We shall probably see a great European conflagration, and it will break out over the railway to Bagdad." About the same time in the introduction to "Jeanne d'Arc," while declaring his belief in the future union of nations, he asserted that "to-day none but a madman would maintain that we are assured of a peace which nothing will disturb." Nevertheless, France, like so many others, hoped against hope, he clung

to the faith that so terrific a catastrophe must be avoided. And it was this faith which led him to oppose many of the measures taken to prepare for war, for he feared that they would merely precipitate the dreaded evil.² Now, however, that the conflict has begun, he is firmly convinced that it must be continued until the end, until Prussian militarism has been completely annihilated.

"Nous aimons trop la paix pour la souffrir louche, fausse ou débile," he writes; "nous la voulons grande et forte, assurée d'une longue et haute destinée. Je l'ai dit dès le début de la guerre, je ne me lasserai pas de le répéter, la paix, cette paix si chère, si précieuse, il est criminel de l'appeler, criminel de la désirer avant d'avoir réduit à néant les forces de l'oppression qui pesent sur l'Europe depuis un quart de siècle, avant d'avoir préparé le règne auguste du droit. Jusque là nous ne devons parler que par la bouche de nos canons."³

It is impossible in the limited space at my disposal even to mention, let alone to discuss all the numerous books, some of them very significant, which have appeared in France during the war. With the war poetry of France, Mr. Edmund Gosse's admirable article in the July *Edinburgh Review* renders it unnecessary for me to deal. Very interesting in view of the present international crisis is Madame Edmond Adam's book "L'Heure Vengeresse des Crimes Bismarckiennes," which should be read in conjunction with two volumes "Kaiseriana" and "Le Kronprinz," by M. Paul Louis Hervier, a writer for the *Nouvelle Revue*, which Madame Adam founded.

Hitherto we have been concerned entirely with the elder French authors. But what of that young France so much discussed on the eve of the war? Where are her writers? With very few exceptions they have taken their places in the trenches. There they have displayed that energy, that hopefulness which distinguished young Frenchmen in the "bourgeois century" to use the

² See his article "Pour la Paix," *Univ. Revue*, August, 1913.

³ Letter addressed to a Russian new-paper, *Les Nouvelles*, and quoted in *Le Figaro*, May 2nd, 1915.



Maurice Barrès.

speaking to village children in the Vosges who are going to decorate the graves of French soldiers with flowers.

¹ "Pendant l'Orage," p. 56.



Anatole France.

From a photograph taken since the war began.

expression of one of our own authors. Possibly in the intervals of their military duties many of these young authors are writing. One or two volumes have already come to us from the front. It was the young Le Goffic who, while serving in Flanders, furnished his father with the material for that striking book, "Dixmude." Another young writer André Warnod¹, has published an account of his experiences as a prisoner in Germany.

Not a few of the writers of Young France have already offered up to *la patrie* the last, the supreme sacrifice. The names of these heroes are engraved upon the hearts of their readers. They stand also recorded by the care of three devoted fellow-writers, Messieurs René Bizet, Fernand Divoire and Gaston Picard in an admirable monthly publication, *Le Bulletin des Ecrivains*, edited for free distribution among the French authors who are under arms. This journal bears upon its front page the names of those who have fallen on the field of honour. The list, alas! is constantly growing; it included seventeen names in November last year, fifty in February, and now it is creeping up towards two hundred.

Among these names are some which were just beginning to be known in this country: Charles Péguy, Paul Acker, Emile Nolly, Ernest Psichari, Renan's grandson, that gifted translator of Rudyard Kipling, Robert d'Humières, and André Lafon, whose novel "L'Elève Gille" won considerable appreciation here.

Of Péguy's unique personality and of his curious style, suggestive of a Hebrew psalmist and totally unlike any other ever produced in France, it is difficult to write so

¹ "Prisonnier de Guerre." (Paris: Eugène Fasquelle.) As we go to press appears in the 15th October number of *The Mercure de France* the first instalment of another prisoner's narrative, "Prisonniers de Guerre" by Emile Xavie. To judge from these two chapters, the story will be striking, and will be told with an Erckmann Chatrian touch.

soon after his heroic death in the Battle of the Marne. We think of him as the founder and editor of *Les Cahiers de la Quinzaine*, that literary journal to which contributed, in the days of its splendour, the choicest spirits of the new age and some of the elder writers too. "Crainquebille" and "Jean Christophe" both made their first appearance in *Les Cahiers*. Any periodical would be famous of which this could be said. We also think of Péguy as the genius presiding over a literary circle, *la chapelle où il était aimé jusqu'à l'idolâtrie*, which met on Thursday afternoons in the little office of *Les Cahiers*, in la rue de la Sorbonne. There I had the pleasure of a talk with him only a few months before the war burst upon France. We think of Péguy as the author of those wonderful mysteries of Jeanne d'Arc, the peasant maid of Lorraine, into whose mouth Péguy put a cry for mercy, a passionate prayer, inspired by the desolation of *la patrie*, which might well arise from many a broken heart in Lorraine to-day. Péguy himself, despite his university education and his literary career, remained, like Carlyle, a peasant, and the most modest of peasants. "Not even a peasant of the Danube," he wrote, "for that would have been literature (*ce qui serait la littérature encore*) but a peasant of the Loire, a wood-cutter of the forest of Orléans." Look at him in that admirable portrait which introduces the volume of selections from his works². There he sits, clad in the long hooded cloak, which the humble wear in France. He has the high forehead, the overhanging brows of a poet and a dreamer, *bien campé sur la terre et toujours prêt à partir en plein ciel*.³ On his countenance beam serenity and benevolence. We should expect him to be a man of peace. And Péguy himself looked forward to a peaceful though premature old age. Already at forty, so he said, he felt it coming upon him. "Quand je m'en vais déjà les mains derrière le dos, mon parapluie sous le bras, le dos rond je sens monter la courbure. . . . Je marcherai avec mon bâton comme les vieillards thébains, ces autres paysans. . . . On dira: c'est le père Péguy qui s'en va."

From that Theban old age Péguy was saved by the hero's death, which came to him at forty-four, on the 5th September, 1914, as sword in hand he was leading his men in a victorious onslaught upon the enemy.

There are names in *Le Bulletin des Ecrivains* famous in their own country, but unknown here. One is that of André Fourmer, the young novelist, whose sole published volume "Le Grand Meaulme" is a masterpiece of delicate romance and deep psychology. There are others unmentioned in *Le Bulletin*, the makers of a literature yet unborn. Many of these will survive the war. They will return victorious, they will live to give to the world pages charged with the lessons they have learned. "Livres," writes Maurice Barrès, "issus des plus graves expériences humaines, poèmes chargés des vertus de la bataille."

² By kind permission of the publisher of this volume, M. Bernard Grassé, the portrait is reproduced here. See p. 72.

³ Maurice Barrès, "L'Union Sacrée," p. 201.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS. DECEMBER, 1915.

We regret that as we have been compelled to go to press this year before the last day fixed for sending in papers for these Competitions we are unable to announce the results of the December Competition in our Christmas Number. Results will be given and new announcements made next month.



Photo by Gerschel, Paris.

**Maurice Barrès,
de l'académie Française,
Député de Paris.**

D'ANNUNZIO.*

BY GEORGE SAMPSON.

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO has lived to realise at least one of his imagined triumphs. In "The Flame of Life" we meet, as technical "hero," a poet and dramatist named Stelio Effrena, who becomes the lover of La Foscarina, a great tragic actress. The disguise is thin; for La Foscarina is as plainly Eleanore Duse as Stelio Effrena is, not so much plainly as ornately, Gabriele d'Annunzio himself. Well, at the beginning of the story Effrena stands in the Council Hall of the Doge's Palace, with the *Paradise* of Tintoretto on the wall behind him, the *Gloria* of Veronese on the ceiling above him, and all the royalty, nobility and gentry of Venice in the seats before him, and makes a very wonderful and moving oration. Something of this has come true; for not many weeks ago D'Annunzio made a speech to a chance gathering of his countrymen, and urged them in fiery words to decide whether they were to be a nation of hotel-keepers and *ciceroni* and Italy merely the honeymoon habitat of Teutonic brides and bridegrooms, or whether it was to be in its future a country worthy of its mighty past. Very soon after, Italy declared war against Austria. It would of course be rash to say that D'Annunzio's oratory settled the matter; but the event followed so soon, that the speech had quite a pleasant air of being decisive. The re-issue of D'Annunzio's stories at this moment has therefore a topical interest. The volumes come to us as the work of one who not only writes novels, but aspires (like every great author) to the laurels of Tyrtæus. A thought of this should give a kindly turn to our reading. In the novelist we salute an ally and the mouthpiece of Italian aspiration.

D'Annunzio's early work dates a little. He belongs to the Beardsley period, to the happy days of the early 'nineties, when we were so riotously young and so valiantly Wagnerian. How we delighted in that long exposition of "Tristan" in the "Triumph of Death"; "The Flame of Life," though later born, is still faithful—with a difference. Its musical text is "Parsifal"; La Foscarina is likened to Kundry, and the last scene in the book is the death of Wagner at the Palazzo Vendramin-Calergi. The penalty of being up-to-date is that you are so soon out of date. The sense of yesterday in

D'Annunzio is really very slight, but it is needlessly intensified by a general introduction, belonging really to an issue of 1898, and smelling quite horribly of that period in its less agreeable aspects. In those prelude pages, Mr. Arthur Symonds enlarges on the Beauty of Unholiness, and the Importance of being Erotic, in terms that had then a vogue. It is quite startling to be confronted with it all again, and to remember that once there were people who took it seriously. I think Mr. Heinemann should have dropped this piece of antiquity.

As information it is now hopelessly incomplete, and, in other respects, it has (so to speak) lain in the grave four days.

"The Child of Pleasure," the earliest of these volumes, was written in 1889, and is something of a curiosity. It is worth reading merely for its demonstration of how horribly bad the early work of a distinguished writer can be. D'Annunzio wrote it at twenty-five and it reads like an exaggerated parody of a super-novelette. The hero is handsome, wealthy, nobly-born, a great swordsman, a great jockey, a great poet, a great artist, and an irresistible lover, who suffers what he seems to think unmerited pain through his habit of being in love with quite a number of superbly handsome married ladies all at once. A person arithmetically minded could compile some alarming statistics of the art allusions in



Phot. by H. Le Franc, Rome

From a photograph kindly lent by Mr. Heinemann.

Gabriele d'Annunzio.

this volume. You know the sort of thing. The heroine, whose figure might have been outlined by Titian, and whose face might have been painted by a Flemish Primitive, appears wearing a robe that might have been coloured by Rossetti, and a collar that might have been designed by Van Dyck. Her gaze, which might have been lured by Greuze, is caught by a piece of tapestry that might have been invented by Primaticcio, and she gazes at it with a rapture that might have been painted by Guido Reni, till, with a gesture that might have been conceived by Nijinsky, she turns, knocking down a bronze tray that might have been fashioned by Cellini, with a crash that might have been orchestrated by Richard Strauss. There is quite a lot of this. I think that, unless you want to gratify your curiosity, you had better let "The Child of Pleasure" alone. Mr. Arthur Symonds solemnly fathers it upon Pater. The real inspiration is obviously Ouida.

"The Victim," which comes next in order of time, is brief, original, intense, and dreadful. Here D'Annunzio has got over his attack of Ouida and is progressing

* The Novels of Gabriele d'Annunzio: "The Child of Pleasure," "The Victim," "The Triumph of Death," "The Virgins of the Rocks," "The Flame of Life." 3s. 6d. net each. — "The Honeysuckle: a Play in Three Acts." 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

in self-discovery. The climax of the story—it is a long monologue—is the murder of a child by the very device used in one of Mr. Arnold Bennett's early shockers—the stealthy opening of a window to induce pneumonia in a sick person. Mr. Arthur Symonds, doubtless with an eye to Raskolnikov, names Dostoevsky as an influence. The influence may be admitted; but any resemblance must be denied. "Crime and Punishment" is a psychological study of a murderer after his act. "The Victim" is the story of a husband driven by hate and jealousy to kill his wife's child—his wife's, not his. In the one case, a murder is the premise, in the other it is the conclusion. Some Russian affinity is plainly indicated by allusions to "War and Peace" and by the inclusion of a character who is a sort of southern Levin; but the whole atmosphere is passionately Italian. I can conceive it told again and told better in verse, in some long Browningsque monologue. "The Victim" is a great advance on "The Child of Pleasure." The extravagance of the earlier book gives place to a tense, stern economy of means, and a swift focussing of the action to the burning point of murder.

"The Triumph of Death" is possibly the best known here of D'Annunzio's novels. It has affinities with "The Child of Pleasure," but it is written by an author who has clearly found himself. In the place of extravagance there is powerful and restrained realism. Story—as in his other books—he has next to none to tell. Temperament illustrated in episode and displayed in description may be taken as the D'Annunzio formula. In "The Triumph of Death" the episodes are specially lurid—for example, the half-witted child, the sick baby in the cottage, the drowned boy, the horrible Lourdes-like pilgrimage of the maimed and diseased. The literary power of the book is remarkable, but it is power devoted to the service of sin and horror.

"The Virgins of the Rocks," written two years later (1896), can be called nothing less than beautiful. It is a real prose poem, a symphony in words, with themes drawn from St. Francis, St. Catherine, and Leonardo da Vinci. It opens with an introductory movement whose motive is Race and the need for Aristocracy as a regenerating force in a world degraded by base equality. Then, with a change of tempo it passes to a graceful, plaintive second movement. In an ancient castle among the rocks dwells a family of the old Italian nobility, driven from the court of the Two Sicilies by the triumph of the Liberators. There are the old prince with his life of defeat behind him, the old princess, mad, the two sons darkly apprehensive of the same fate, the three daughters haunting their garden like Hesperides with nothing to guard, and all lingering out day after day, fading, withering, and waiting, ever waiting—for nothing. Nothing happens to them, nothing can happen. They are ghosts, shadows of the past. How far the thesis of aristocracy as a regenerating force is maintained by this picture of a noble family failing in mind, paralysed in action, and closely cloistered from the world, I cannot pretend to understand. But the book has its power. In these pages D'Annunzio sets forth his belief in Latin greatness and the coming of a New Rome to give laws to a future world of civilisation. It is an anticipation. It figures Europe, the heir of the Roman Empire, against the barbarians of the

North. Of the earlier stories we can admit the power, the skill, and even the beauty—of an ignoble and meretricious kind. "The Virgins of the Rocks" must be placed on a higher level. It has not merely power, skill and beauty; it has vision; and in spite of its minor key it has a clear note of faith.

"The Flame of Life" returns to the glitter of the world—the gay world, I was going to say, only no one in D'Annunzio's world is ever gay. Like "The Virgins" this book has its noble and enlarging view of things. As I have already pointed out, it reverts to Wagner, but reverts to him only to show that the Wagnerian vision is essentially German and barbaric, hostile to the warm South whose capital is the Eternal City. The author's æsthetic predilections, so ludicrously excrescent in "The Child of Pleasure," are woven with a master-hand into the very pattern and texture of this later volume. We leave its poet-hero planning a new temple of the arts on the Janiculum, and we remember ruefully that the nearest D'Annunzio has been able to get to the universal art that he foreshadows is a Cinema Drama of the most inflated, egregious and worthless kind.

In "The Honeysuckle" we have the latest addition to the plays of D'Annunzio published by Mr. Heinemann. "Francesca da Rimini" and "Glorinda" we know already. This one is remarkable for its absence of the Italian note. Its atmosphere is rather that of Maeterlinck. It abounds in intimations. Its heroine is a sort of modern Electra or female Hamlet, whose prophetic soul discerns in her mother's second husband the serpent that did sting her father's life, by stealing upon his secure hour with juice of cursed morphia in a hypodermic syringe. In the suggestion of a brooding, fatal atmosphere the piece is highly successful; but I think D'Annunzio would do well to re-write it as a novel. The three acts give him no room to develop the finely-conceived character of the Ægisthus-Claudius murderer.

The interest already taken here in the rather exotic art of D'Annunzio is a little difficult to understand. It is very desirable that we should read the literature of modern Europe, but usually we don't. Why have we taken—with moderate rapture—to D'Annunzio? I cannot say. His pictorial appeal is certainly great, and he has no rival among novelists in the interpretation of art and music. One of the qualities that Italians find most attractive in him, the beauty of his writing, is naturally discounted in a translation, though it is only fair to add that some of these volumes read excellently. Miss Agatha Hughes' version of "The Virgins" deserves special praise. Perhaps the fact that D'Annunzio is a genuine voice of ultra-modern Italy may explain something of his vogue. The Italy of Manzoni's "Betrothed" and Ruffini's "Dr. Antonio" (a book, by the way, that some one ought to re-issue) has now passed away. D'Annunzio, for all his sympathy with the ancient and the mediæval past, represents emphatically the newest Italy, and in the present clash of nations his voice has rung out unmistakeably as the trumpet of a prophecy. So far, nothing that he has written seems quite worthy of his gifts. There is always something to forgive, something, even, to deplore. Perhaps the fiery ordeal of war may purge his grosser qualities and leave him "*Puro e disposto a salire alle stelle*"—"pure and made apt for mounting to the stars."

GORKI.*

BY HAROLD MASSINGHAM.

RUSSIA—largely because she is an unknown quantity, a changeling to the sophisticated, commercialised nations of the West—is the victim of many generalisations. To one altitude she is the demon of corruption, to another the angel of redemption. It is only to a few impartial observers that it has occurred that she may be both—the angel and the demon co-existing side by side in the same personality, neither encroaching upon the prerogative of the other, but showing dominion alternately, like Vice and Virtue in the Morality plays, and Castor and Pollux in the classical legend. To Western minds, with their critical, compromising, intermediate moralities, this true mediævalism of the Russians is almost unintelligible, in exactly the same way that the Greek conception of Dionysus was unintelligible to the Romans of the Empire. I am not the first to point out that modern Russia (that is to say, mediæval Russia) is a kind of re-incarnation of the Dionysian idea. But it is so suggestive and, at the same time, unfamiliar a comparison, that it is worth while touching upon it. Dionysus was, I take it a symbol of ecstasy. Now, ecstasy is a two-edged sword; it signifies both possession and inspiration. Bacchus, to the Romans, was the presiding deity of festivity; Dionysus, to the Greeks, was both a savage and drunken reveller on the plains of Thrace, and a personification of the divine fire, a representation in terms of health and youth and ruddiness, of mystical rapture and communion with the eternal. Dionysus, in fact, does not so much reconcile as concentrate within himself the early Christian cosmographies of angels and devils. And it is this Dionysian comparison that makes Russia so vitally interesting a nation. Ourselves have none of these exciting extremes, and none of the still more exciting speculations as to which will ultimately emerge—the devil or the angel. We are in danger of neither, and walk in civilised serenity, with the devil on one side of us and the angel on the other.

I am tempted to these reflections by reading Maxim Gorki's "My Childhood," a book, it is true, in which the demon has the pick of the best dishes, and the angel has to be content with the crumbs. Perhaps Lamb, with his nice sense of form, would have called it one of those books which are no books. For it is disobedient to every canon of art it is possible to break. Its style, methods, composition, and structure are inchoate and anarchic to a degree undreamed of in English letters, if we except the perversities of the Vorticists and their brethren. It is consistent only in

* "My Childhood." By Maxim Gorki. 10s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)



Maxim Gorki.

From "My Childhood" (Werner Laurie).

one particular—in the unrelieved picture of misery, crime, desolation, horror, madness, and nightmare amid which Gorki passed the susceptible years of infancy. I can no longer wonder that some of his books read like the convulsive agonies of disease. At the period in which the book opens his peasant father is dead, and the household consists of his mother, his grandfather and grandmother, and his uncles. Uncle Michael and Uncle Jaakov have bursts of epileptic fury against one another, and fight literally like wild beasts. One of them besieges the house, with intent to murder all the occupants. The grandfather brings him to reason by beating his head with an iron bar. Maxim himself is frequently flogged into unconsciousness. Uncle Peter, a kind of senile satyr, kills himself motivelessly in the garden. The grandfather crashes his wife's head upon the floor with such demented ferocity that Maxim has to pick the hair pins out of her skull. His mother marries again—a dissolute embezzler called Eugen Maximov. Coming home one day from school, Gorki discovers Maximov kicking his mother in the breast. He tries to stab him with the bread-knife. Squalor, poverty and drunkenness sit round the hearth like evil spectres. The school-children steal timber from the Volga to stave off the pangs of hunger from themselves and their parents. Thieving is an economic necessity for the whole village. No wonder that Gorki

"for a long time lived as in a dark pit, despairing of sight, hearing, feeling—blind and half-dead."

And yet these poor, maddened wolves have their moments of supreme spirituality, a spirituality seemingly dissociated from their miseries and brutalities. Sometimes they sing and dance and pray as though in the golden age. They are as capable of sublimity as of bestiality. The old grandmother is the magnet for this spirit. Her husband, whose violence nearly kills her, she regards indulgently as a cantankerous child. If Gorki's mood is of "sullen endurance," hers is an exquisite resignation. Her prayers are untouched by the calamities of her environment:

"Source of our Joy! Stainless Beauty! Apple tree in bloom! Dear Heart, so pure, so heavenly! My Defence and my Refuge! Golden Sun! Mother of God! Guard me from temptation; grant that I may do no one harm, and may not be offended by what others do to me thoughtlessly."

As Gorki says:

"As I remember these oppressive horrors of our wild Russian life, I ask myself often whether it is worth while to speak of them. And then, with restored confidence, I answer myself—'It is worth while because it is actual, vile fact, which has not died out, even in these days;'"

It is James Thomson puts it

Because a cold rage seizes one at whiles
To show the bitter, old and wrinkled truth
Stripped naked of all vesture that beguiles

Whether it is worth while to draw up so relentless
A catalogue of horrors untempered by artistic selection
uninformative by style or personality from photography

to painting, is disputable. Gorki, at any rate, must
be ranged with the secondary rather than with the
first artists of Russia with Andreieff, Sologub, and
Aitzibashef. But as light upon the vexed obscurity of
the Russian soul and its angelic and demonic elements,
its fascinating contradictions, and its quite magnificent
hopes for the future the book is a valuable document.

BRITISH AUTHORS AND THE WAR.

BY A. S. JOHN ADcock

I

COMING out of a railway station yesterday morning I found myself caught in the current of a great stream of soldiers who were pouring into it and stood aside for them to go by. Then I noticed certain young and elderly women waiting near the barrier that kept the platforms clear. Some of them had children in their arms or holding to their dresses and they and the children were poorly clad. Among them however were other women evidently happier circumstanced, you would guess from their gracious manner and appearance that they were not negligible members of society in their own neighbourhoods but here such social distinctions were lost. They were all just wives and mothers of soldiers. Now and then the soldier thus or that one was eagerly watching for would detach himself from the pressing stream to whisper hurried words to say a last good-bye then tear himself from her arms and hasten on again. I loitered till the platform gate closed after the last man till the troops were entrained and the train started with tumultuous cheerings and waving of hands and caps from the carriage windows and a waving of hands and handkerchiefs from that group of women whose tears were terrible to see.

It occurred to me that if all the women there had looked poverty-stricken I should have felt ashamed. In the past, with an easy conscience, we left the poor men of the country to go and fight for it the hundreds of officers who led them were drawn from the upper classes but the thousands of men in the ranks all belonged to the lowest class, and we accepted it as the natural and proper order of things. Now that is changed, officers and privates are of all classes, and of none. The Army is a great democracy we no longer talk any solemn nonsense about one class being born to command and other classes to obey, a new spirit is abroad, and officers and men regard

each other humanly as good brothers-in-arms, the men yielding a ready obedience to leaders whose superiority is an official and not a personal distinction.

You may suspect me. I might half suspect myself of prejudice or sentiment in saying this, so I am glad to be able to take shelter behind the unimpeachable opinion of Sir Evelyn Wood. Glad but not surprised, for I chanced to be at a military dinner a little while ago where Sir Evelyn was the chief speaker and he spoke, not like the old-fashioned martinet, but like the great soldier he is who has tested men and knows that, whatever their rank, they have no higher attribute than their manhood.

I was often asked in the early days of the war, he writes in an Introduction to Sir Ian Hamilton's Despatches from the Dardanelles, whether I thought that the men in the ranks were of the same fighting value as those of two generations ago and my urbane answer confidently is follows. Yes just the same at heart, but with better furnished heads. Education has done much to improve the fighting services but the most potent magnet for bringing out the best of the Anglo-Saxon nation is the fuller appreciation of Democracy. The officers not content with leading their men gallantly which they have always done now feel for them and with them as staunch comrades. All ranks are now more geographically, mentally and morally than they have ever been before to the heart of England. In the last half century the power of appreciating noble deeds and the merits of capable officers has increased. The days are fortunately passed since our senior general said. We find all our officers much of a muchness. There is now a more generous acknowledgment of the fact that the life of a labouring man is as much to him as that of a peer to a duke's son, there has grown up amongst our soldiers a deeper sense of appreciating value apart from natural or acquired advantages.

Read this opinion of a man who speaks with knowledge, and then read somebody's quite honest but ill-informed references to our Army, lamenting that the tramp has now disappeared from our



Photo by F. O. Hoppé

W. B. Maxwell.

It is not (Newnes)

highways, and suggesting that "like the criminal proper, he has enlisted." The suggestion, of course, has no foundation in fact; everybody who is acquainted with our country life knows that as a result of very drastic police regulations the tramps vanished almost completely from our highways some four or five years before the war. The only two British authors of prominence who have said things about us that the Germans have found grateful and comforting are Bernard Shaw and Frank Harris, and we at home know that these gentlemen are not to be taken too seriously. Each has to maintain his reputation for smart writing; it has apparently become such a habit with them that they



Photo by Wm. Cullen.

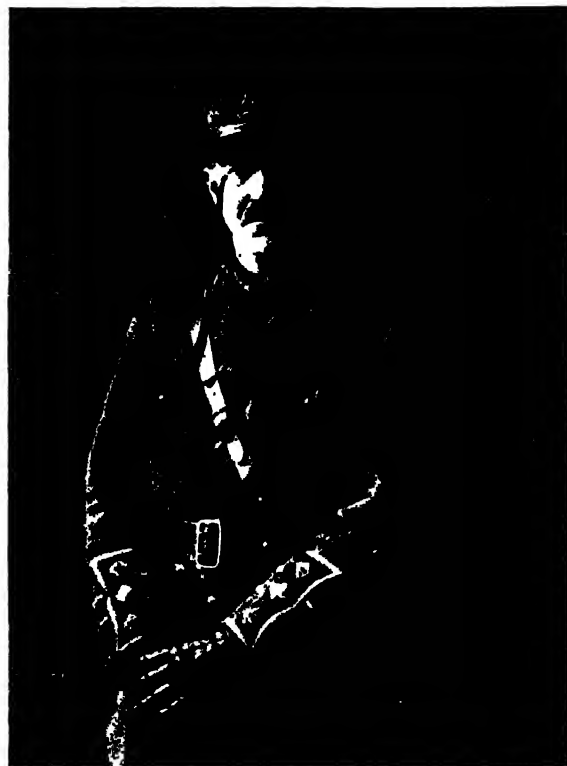
Albert Kinross.

must needs go on doing it in all circumstances, at all costs; and one is inclined to be tolerant with them knowing they are only consoling cleverly in this blaze of war because they are temperamentally incapable of realising it is not the mere limelight to which they have grown so accustomed and cannot live without.

If they were in any sense representative, their fulminations might have some significance; happily they represent nothing whatever but themselves. The general attitude of our men of letters towards the war is emphatically expressed by H. G. Wells, Hilaire Belloc, Arnold Bennett, Maurice Hewlett, Jerome, G. K. Chesterton, Cunninghame Graham, William Watson, Alfred Noyes, H. M. Hyndman, Thomas Hardy, and many another. But, in the main, if you want to assure yourself of what that attitude is you do not look at what our British authors are saying, but at what they are doing.

The peculiar interest of "*The Times Red Cross Story Book*"¹ is that it is not only a quite exceptionally brilliant collection of short stories, but that the score

¹ (Hodder & Stoughton.)

**Charles G. D. Roberts.**

of authors who contribute to it have all entered the Army or the Navy since the war commenced, and are now on active service abroad or at home. The stories are a delightfully varied miscellany of humour, pathos, sentiment, or romantic or dramatic narration; the admirable illustrations of Dudley Hardy, Will Owen, and other distinguished artists add very appreciably to the beauty and interest of the volume; but I fancy you will feel that the unique significance of such a book lies in the few words of military description that appear under the name of each author. Here is

**Patrick MacGill.**

the list of those authors, and it speaks with an eloquence of its own: Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch, of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry; A. E. W. Mason, of the Manchester Regiment; W. B. Maxwell, of the Royal Fusiliers; Ian Hay, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders; Barry Pain and Cosmo Hamilton, of the Royal Naval Air Service; A. A. Milne, of the Royal Warwick Regiment; Desmond Coke, of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment; Compton Mackenzie, of the Royal Navy; R. E. Vernede, of the Rifle Brigade; Ralph Stock, of the Artists' Rifles; C. G. D. Roberts,



Photo by J. Moran: Edinburgh.

Ian Hay.

of the 10th King's (Liverpool) Regiment; Theodore Goodridge Roberts, his brother, of the 1st Canadian Expeditionary Force; Martin Swayne, Warwick Deeping, and Austin Freeman, of the Royal Army Medical Corps; Oliver Onions and Albert Kinross, of the Army Service Corps. Martin Swayne has seen service at the Dardanelles; Compton Mackenzie is still there. Albert Kinross has been invalided home from France and gone out again; and most of the others are now on duty in the firing line, but one is forbidden to mention the whereabouts of their regiments.

Many novelist-soldiers have been omitted from this book for lack of space or because it has been found impossible, one understands, to get into communication with them. In any case, the number of British authors who have joined our armies as officers or privates since August, 1914, is so large that it would have needed half-a-dozen volumes to accommodate contributions from them all. Patrick MacGill, of the London Irish Rifles, has sketched his officers and comrades, and told the story of his early experiences in the ranks down to the day when his regiment embarked, in "The



Lord Dunsany.

whose new book, "Fifty-one Tales," was published recently by Mr. Ekin Mathews

Amateur Army,"¹ and since he has been fighting in the trenches, has written a series of vivid impressions of what he has seen and known of the war, some of which have already appeared in the newspapers, and all of which are gathered into "The Red Horizon,"² which is to be published shortly. He took part in the recent victorious battle of Loos, and came through it uninjured. Ford Madox Hueffer is serving in the Welsh Regiment; Edward Thomas in the Artists'

¹ 2 is. net each. (Herbert Jenkins)

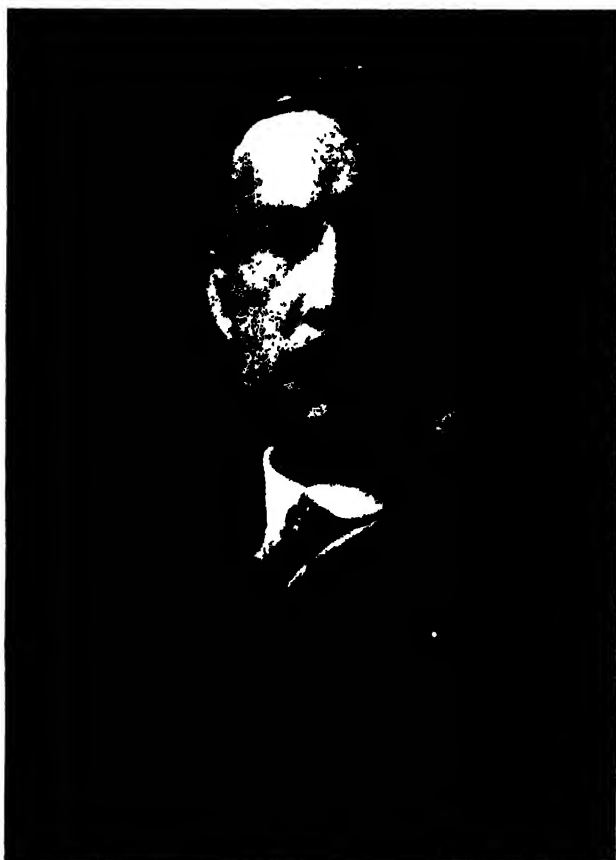


Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

Oliver Onions.



A. E. W. Mason.

Rifles ; Hugh Walpole in the Russian Red Cross ; Joseph Clayton in the Eastern Foreign Service Battalion ; Scudamore Jarvis in the Dorset Regiment ; A. J. Dawson in the Border Regiment ; Charles Gordon (Ralph Connor) is a Chaplain with the Canadian contingent ; Horace Wyndham and Basil Tozer have been serving with the Army Service Corps in France since the early days of the war ; Lord Dunsany and Francis Ledwidge, the "scavenger poet," are captain and corporal in the Inniskilling Fusiliers ; and on active service in the army or navy are Filson Young, Haldane Macfall,



Photo by F. C. Hopf.

The late Dixon Scott.

A. J. Anderson, Scott Craven, Roger Pocock, Ward Muir, Scotland Liddell, John Masefield, Charles Inge, Maurice Drake, Stephen Gwynne, Dion Clayton Calthrop, and many another. At least as many, who are beyond military age, are serving in our Citizen Armies, and I have given up trying to count how many, also beyond military age, are enrolled as Special Constables.

II.

One name that will be familiar to all readers of THE BOOKMAN--the name of Dixon Scott--was written little more than a month ago in that Roll of Honour which keeps the deathless record of our dead. His is at least as great a loss to literature as was the death of Rupert Brooke. An essayist of rare charm and distinction, a critic of the keenest insight, the most sensitive feeling for beauty, the surest analytical cunning, his brilliant gifts were fully recognised already by the discerning, and his kingdom seemed only waiting for him to enter into it. "Dixon Scott died before the promise of his richly-endowed personality was quite fulfilled," writes a colleague on the *Liverpool Courier*, to which he was for many years a regular contributor. "He was a magician in words, a lord of language, a creative artist in criticism, a keen observer, and a subtle appraiser of art and life." Sir W. Robertson



Photo by F. C. Hopf.

Ford Madox Hueffer,

whose two books about the war, "When Blood is the Argument," and "Between St. Denis and St. George," are published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.



Photo by F. C. Hopf.

Warwick Deeping.

Nicoll has spoken of him as "our greatest critic," and nobody who knows his work will feel that the claim is too large. Yet the man himself always impressed you with a feeling that he was only at the beginning, that he had not yet reached his height, and what he had done "was still but earnest of the things that he would do." He laid aside the work that was so obviously his own, and took up his share in the burden of the war from the strongest sense of duty, and in the finest spirit of chivalry. Not robust, his health never quite satisfactory, he had ample excuse for evading service, but had no desire to be excused. He followed the early stages of the war with intensest interest. "It makes this writing business seem too terribly trivial," he said. "I expect I shall have to go. I feel I ought to. Perhaps it's silly to think so much of it—this tinkering with literature makes a man fanciful and sensitive, and apt to take himself too seriously. It makes us overnice when we come up against brutal facts, and unfits us for such a thing as the military life. I don't believe I should ever be able to bring myself to stick a bayonet into anybody. I wonder?"

He began by giving his services as a volunteer dispatch-rider to a regiment of the Royal Field Artillery; went with them when they went to continue their training at Faversham, and presently being urged to accept a lieutenancy, he did so. He threw himself into his new profession with characteristic earnestness; found the study of tactics and strategy "enormously fascinating," and was glad to revise certain preconceptions of the military career. "I had a notion that it must have a dreadfully stultifying effect on one, and didn't like to think I should develop the adjutant mind and become a sort of man-machine, with no feeling left for anything but drill and system and discipline, and that sort of thing. But there's more humanity in it than that. What you read in the papers about the spirit of comradeship between the officers and men is true, and it's rather fine."

Towards the end of last September he sailed with his regiment for the Dardanelles, landed at Gallipoli on the 2nd October, and on the 23rd died of dysentery, on a hospital ship, and was buried at sea.

If I write no more of him here it is because words seem to lose their meanings in face of such a death as this. One day I hope, before long, the best of his essays and criticisms will be gathered into a book—they ought to be—and these will do more justice to

his memory than anything that anybody could say of him.

III.

The war that has been turning authors into soldiers and sailors, has turned some soldiers and sailors into authors. There are no fresher, more graphic, or more entertaining stories of life in the Navy nowadays than you will find in "Naval Occasions"¹ and "A Tall Ship,"² by that unknown naval officer who conceals his identity under the pseudonym of "Bartimeus"; there is any amount of high spirits and rollicking fun in Captain R. W. Campbell's tales of the British troops in "Private Spud Tamson,"³ and in his yarns of the Australians and New Zealanders at the Dardanelles in "The Kangaroo Marines"⁴; and for humour and vivid realism there has been nothing yet to equal the pictures of the fighting in Flanders that you get in the anonymous "Sapper's" two books: "The Reminiscences of Michael Cassidy"⁵ and "The Lieutenant and Others."⁶ Another book of such stories which will compare with even the best of these is "With the Army"⁷; it is written by another Army officer, a pseudonymous one, and will probably be published before these lines are in print. There is some capital verse, written in a vivid, vigorous vernacular, and pleasantly suggesting the influence of Kipling, in Captain Blackall's "Songs of the Trenches,"⁸ where you may learn:

" . . . the song of the blooming trench:
It's sung by us, it's sung by the French;
It's probably sung by the German Huns;
But it isn't all beer, and kittles, and buns.
It's a song of water, and mud, and slime,
And keeping your eyes skinned all the time."

Or you may read how:

"The Maxim muttered the music,
The pom-pom marked the time,
And the whimper and whirr of the shell o'erhead
Out-voiced a ruthless rhyme.
Oh, the guns all clamoured the chorus,
Both large and small as well,
From "Grandmamma" to the armoured car,
That morning at Neuve Chapelle."

Few of the authors who have donned khaki have had leisure for the writing of books in the last year, and in all likelihood the few who have published any had

¹ 1s. net. (Blackwood.) ² 1s. net. (Cassell.) ³ 1s. net. (Blackwood.) ⁴ 1s. net. (Cassell.) ⁵ 5s. net each. (Hodder & Stoughton.) ⁶ 1s. net. (Heinemann.) ⁷ 1s. net. (John Lane)



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch.



Photo by Will Cadby.

**MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH CONRAD
AND THEIR SON JOHN.**

written them wholly or in part in the days before the war. This was so, at all events, with Edward Thomas's "Life of the Duke of Marlborough,"¹ if it was not with his admirable anthology of patriotism, "This England."² From Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch we have had that delightful serious-humorous war novel, "Nicky and Nan"³; from Albert Kinross one of the happiest of his stories, "The Fortunes of Virginia Bright"⁴; and from Ford Madox Hueffer, "When Blood was their Argument,"⁵ a trenchant study of Germany and German ideals, and "Between St. Denis and St. George,"⁶ an outspoken reply to pacifists and pro-German apologists.

Rudyard Kipling's two strikingly characteristic books, "The New Army in Training"⁷ and "France at War"⁸ and Neil Lyons's shrewdly humorous "Kitchener Chaps,"⁹ occur to you at once among the war work of

authors who have remained among the civilians, but to attempt even the baldest catalogue of all such work by such authors within the limits of a magazine were to attempt the impossible. Already the results of their labours have filled three volumes of Messrs. F. W. T. Lange's and W. T. Berry's useful bibliography, "Books of the Great War,"¹⁰ and if the struggle continues for another year there is every prospect that they will fill three more. From which it is obvious that Germany is unduly optimistic in saying that the British people are tired of the war: they are not even tired of reading about it.

¹ Chapman & Hall. 2s. 6d. net. (Oxford Press.) 6s. (Blackwood.) 6s. 2s. 6d. net each. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
² 6d. net each. (Macmillan.) 1s. net. (John Lane.) 2s. 6d. net per vol. (Grafton).

LILLIPUT REVELS.

By KATHARINE TYNAN.

MRS. STRANG'S "Annual for Baby"¹ will win the hearts of mothers and aunts and all interested in the King of the House by the charming baby on the cover, in whom everyone will recognise a likeness to her special monarch. The pictures in the book are delightful, and they are laid on good stout cardboard, which even the most energetic baby will not easily destroy. The subjects are exactly what they ought to be—viz., Baby's friends among the animals. There is a group of puppies the grown-ups must bow before, and there is some very easy and big letterpress. There will be many babies this year under the shadow of the war—though they must not know it, dear lammikins—and this will solace an hour for Baby in which otherwise he might miss the Perfect Playmate of old.

"The Child of the Sea"² is a retelling for children of the old-world romance of Amadis of Gaul and Oriana, and is somewhat of a departure in the way of children's books. The beautiful old romance, told simply and effectively by Mrs. Littlewood for her children, is far more in keeping with the spirit of these great days than the Christmas books according to the old formula—for in these days here in our own country, our own circle, our own home, very gallant knights and very noble ladies, and chivalry and romance are once more in fashion. I must say a word for the beautiful shadowy illustrations in colours of Miss Honor Appleton. They are entirely in keeping with the dim tapestry of the old romance.

¹ "Mrs. Strang's "Annual for Baby." (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

² "The Child of the Sea." By S. R. Littlewood. 5s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

"A Nursery Book of Science"³ by that old friend of

³ "A Nursery Book of Science." By the "Cockyolly Bird." 3s. 6d. net. (T. C. & F. C. Jack.)



Presently the smoke began to clear away, and they saw in the middle of it a serpent, much bigger than the biggest ship in the world.

From *The Child of the Sea*.

(Simpkin, Marshall.)



"Long Live the Lady Angele."

From the "Red Book for Girls" (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton)

the nursery, the "Cockyolly Bird," shows what a wary old bird he is, for he teaches and he delights, and the children will never detect the useful powder in the jam, but will imagine all the time that they are only playing while they are mostly learning. This is a book which will make a special appeal to the good people who like something of work in the children's play, and the most wonderful thing will be that the children all normal children are curious—will discover in this book that the things of every day are just as full of wonder and delight as any fairy book. There are plenty of pictures—a great number of them gaily coloured.

"Plants We Play With"¹ is not a book of the teaching kind, as one might suppose, but a book of charming flower-pictures with letterpress telling the games the children of the English Midlands play with their play-fellows of the fields and hedgerows, games which, with slight variations, are, one imagines, fairly common over the British Isles. The drawings of the flowers and plants have a Japanese delicacy, and since most children, or all children, are born with the country heart, although some have the misfortune to lose it in the city, the book will be a pretty safe choice for a gift-book.

"The Children in Japan,"² with illustrations by Willy Pogany, all for a shilling, will take the fanciful child on a fine voyage of exploration to the Land of the Rising Sun. One cannot but believe that Jack and Jill were real children, and that they travelled to Japan by the P. & O. or the Messageries Maritime—unless, indeed, they were born there—rather than by that

delicious vessel of Mr. Willy Pogany, which surely is one of the Three Ships that were seen a-sailing. That drawing—and it is one of several—is worth a great deal more than the modest shilling charged for the book.

Baby will never learn his letters in jollier fashion than by the "Animal A.B.C.,"³ where every letter has its animal doing something, with a little background picture which will make Baby's eyes open very wide. I hope he will not be like a little boy I once knew who knew the thing when he saw it—and spelt out "h-e-n—shicken."

KATHARINE TYNAN.

POST-SCRIPTUM BY PAMELA.

The "Grand Duchess Benedicta"⁴ is the first convent school story I have read, and it is a welcome change from the very much beaten track of the average girls' school story. The plot arises out of the desire of several of the girls at the Convent of All Saints to play a trick on one of the nuns, Sister St. John, in order to pay her out for what they consider her undue favouritism of a new girl, Alice Johnstone-King. A new girl, a foreigner, is about to arrive at the school, who is a distant connection of one of the conspirators, Chris Matland, and Chris, after much thinking, hits upon the brilliant idea of presenting Benedicta D'Aigot to the school as grand duchess of a somewhat vague kingdom on the Continent. "You see," she explains, "there are dozens of them in Germany, and Sister

¹ "The Animal A.B.C." By Harry Golding. 1s. net. (Ward, Lock.)
² "The Grand Duchess Benedicta." By A. E. Burns. 3s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)



Iris in Penance.

From "The Grand Duchess Benedicta" (Longmans).

¹ "Plants We Play With." By J. H. Robertson. 3s. 6d. net. (Wells Gardner.)

² "The Children in Japan." 1s. net. (Harrap.)

St. John couldn't know them all." The plot turns out an extraordinary success, although eventually it is not Sister St. John who is the victim of it, but the neat girl Marion Langton. The reader cannot help feeling a little sorry for poor, innocent Marie Thérèse de Villeroi, who, owing to the fact that she also is a foreigner, is dragged into the plot as a would-be assassin of the much-wronged grand duchess. However, eventually the plot, which has been so successful as rather to alarm the instigators of it, explodes suddenly, and the innocent cause of it turns out to be Sister St. John's niece, which fully explains what the indignant school-girls considered the favouritism shown to her. The life in a convent school is described very truly in this book, which is sure to delight many girls.

"The Rose Book for Girls" is a delightful collection of stories, ancient and modern. The story of Saint Angel of Hennebion, with which the book opens, is sure to delight girls of all ages, and the high standard is kept up throughout the book. A story by Angel Brazil is always sure of an enthusiastic reception by girls, and her contribution to the "Rose Book" is no exception to the rule. "The Ghost of Biddlecome Manor" produces the nice creepy feeling that only a really good ghost story can give. There is also a very charming story in which a German and an English girl figure, called "Enemies Allied." There are so many stories, each deserving of especial praise, in the book that it would be impossible to name them all, but the book is one to be recommended safely to all readers.

There are many of us who could find it in our hearts to envy the children who even in these days can forget; and the delightful collection of Fairy Tales,² edited by Harry Golding, will do its share of war work by giving many little ones whose fathers or big brothers are out in the danger zone, many a happy hour. The

¹ "The Rose Book for Girls." Edited by Mrs. Herbert Strang. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

² "Fairy Tales." Edited by Harry Golding 3s. 6d. net. (Ward, Lock.)

stories are told in simple language, so that even the very young children will find no difficulty in understanding them, and the very charming illustrations, for which we have to thank Miss Margaret Tarrant, are delightful little stories in themselves. We are quite sure that all mothers will consider the hours of happiness which this book will give the little ones more than worth the 3s. 6d. they pay for it.

POST-POST-SCRIPTUM BY BUNNY.

"THE ARMY SHOWN TO THE CHILDREN."³

Captain Atteridge gives an excellent brief description of the composition and organisation of the British Army. Though expressly a book for children, it might well interest older persons. Each department of the Army is here fully described, and the history of each regiment is briefly told. Captain Atteridge describes the work of the Army from its earliest days, and the changes in equipment and uniform. The book is illustrated with about fifty coloured plates, which give it a more realistic touch. The great story of the making of Kitchener's Army is told in a few words, and special reference is made to the beginning and progress of the present war. On the whole, it is a



The Christening.

From "Fairy Tales" (Ward, Lock).

book which ought to attract the keenest interest. It is good to read, and all it has to tell is so well worth telling.

"THE NAVY SHOWN TO THE CHILDREN."⁴

Mr. Percival Histin describes fully the work of the Navy, its different departments, and its wonderful organisation. Like "The Army," a book of the same series, it might well be read with pleasure by children and older persons alike. Reading this book helps one to realise what a tremendous thing naval supremacy is.

³ "The Army Shown to the Children." By Captain A. H. Atteridge. 2s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

⁴ "The Navy Shown to the Children." 2s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

The full history of the Navy is told in its very interesting pages, with special regard to the training of officers, and their duties in the Fleet. Every unit of the Navy, from the Dreadnought to the submarine, is fully described and discussed. It is made clear to you that what the Navy has done for Britain in the past is

only equalled by what it is doing to-day. This is certainly a book that will be read with pleasure and interest by both old and young. Like the book about the Army, it is illustrated with numerous first-rate colour-plates that help you to realize everything more clearly.

STYLE.*

BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY, HON. D.LITT.

THERE are many good points in Mr. Rannie's book as well as, perhaps, some not so good; but there is one which, whether intrinsically or completely good or bad, acquires for it special attention. The present writer has a dim and corrigible, but, he thinks, correct, memory of (he thinks again) Sir Richard Burton writing to some periodical nearer forty than thirty years ago, and congratulating it on having published a review of a dogmatic character, "as contrasted with the æsthetic stuff now rampant," or words equally Burtonian, to that effect. It is, of course, perfectly true that at that time, and since (nay, for a considerable time earlier) purely dogmatic criticism has been in the minority. Coleridge began the revolt against critical dogma, though he did not invariably carry it out; Hazlitt was its Danton if not its Robespierre; Mr. Arnold rather tried reaction in principle than observance of it strictly in practice; Pater brought the purely æsthetic handling to something near its farthest in at least one direction. Nor has all the other revolt of twentieth against nineteenth century been really dogmatic. Even Signor Croce, the greatest of our living dogmatists in criticism, dogmatizes æsthetically or founds dogma on æstheticism—whichever phrase he prefers. And side by side with the æsthetic tendency there has grown up the historic; indeed, the two, in persons of any mark, have rarely been disjoined, though the union in some cases, especially Mr. Arnold's, has sometimes been considerably *ad libitum*, and has even permitted itself an almost complete divorce now and then.

Mr. Rannie's way is different, and in more than his title it reminds one rather forcibly of the late Professor Bains: though he has humour or common sense enough to refrain from insisting that "the occasion [of kissing] should be adequate, and the actuality rare." His book is compact of classification and definition: it proceeds entirely as M. Brunetière once said, "*par cases et par compartiments*," and every compartment is headed, or, so to speak, labelled, by a definition.

Now definitions are capital things in their way, and a method which proceeds by them is, at any rate, safe from the intolerable "woolliness" which characterises some modern treatments of the critical kind. But "the feelings are" not the only "dangerous guides," though Amy's mother may have found it to her interest

to suggest this. For instance, quite early in Mr. Rannie's book we come across the following, which though not exactly a definition, is at least a contribution towards one: "Another great difference between poetry and prose is that the former favours literary egoism, while the latter favours literary utilitarianism."

Now this is certainly handy, and it sounds authoritative. But will it work out? Certainly some poetry is more egotistic than some prose; perhaps there is in proportion more egotistical poetry than egotistical prose. In one form of poetry—lyric—egotism certainly dominates, though, perhaps, not so exclusively and essentially as some critics would have it. But are these predominances sufficient to create any real crucial *differentia*? Homer is generally considered not a bad and even a curiously "pattern" poet; is he egotistic? Montaigne is something of a protagonist in prose. There is certainly an immense amount of egotism in him; but is there much "literary utilitarianism?"

This is the perpetual danger of these systems of classification and definition in such an undulating and shifting matter as literature. When you once get beyond the eternal and immutable characteristics of form, your material is perpetually slipping and sliding and changing colour and substance under your hand.

Not that Mr. Rannie disdains form. He rather apologises for not doing so. "We must not be too ready"—let him reassure himself as far as some quarters are concerned—"to say that metre is not the essential difference between poetry and prose." He thinks it "seems childish" to dignify metre in that way, though he argues that is not really so. But as this odd apologetic shows, he cannot be happy with this "childish" faith, and must have his good, thick, strong, stupefying "incense-smoke" of proposition and definition and distinction, and everything which ends in "tion," to soothe and satisfy him.

So, at the other end of the book, he lays it down that there are three ideals of the novelist—lucidity, proportion, and truth to life. Now it certainly will be good that the novelist should have all these three ideals before him. But only the third is in any way distinctive of his art; and even it he shares with all the other "imitative" branches of literature and other arts as well. There is nothing in the smallest degree "proper to him" in "lucidity," though, despite the example

* "The Elements of Style." By D. W. Rannie. (Dent.)



From "The Army Shown to Children" (Jack).

A Bomb-proof Shelter.

of one famous novelist, at least, he ought to have it. So ought everybody who writes on any subject in any form. "Proportion" may seem (especially to those who set much value on plot) more individually appropriate, yet some capital novels have very little of it; a novel may be carefully proportioned and yet—the unpardonable sin—be dull; and, again, most, if not all, classes of literary work should observe proportion as well as they can.

Nobody but an ignoramus or a fanatic now speaks disrespectfully of the Schoolmen: yet few persons of good information and sound judgment fail to see the weak points of scholastic treatment. Among the weakest of these are undoubtedly the multiplication of "nesses and 'tudes and 'ties" which Hobbes bombarded; the endless criss-crossing and schematising of "qualities" which, to some extent no doubt, was derived from Greek rhetoric, with its equally endless subdivision of "figures." One thinks again of the Aberdeen professor's "intellectual" and "emotional" qualities of Style, which have made such sport for other professors and for students with some dialectical faculty. Mr. Rannie, as was said above, avoids his master's astonishing want of the sense of humour; but, as has been partly shown, he lays himself open in the same way to constant distinctions, objections, and counter-theses. One asked, for instance, in reading the old book, whether such a classification as "figures founded on contiguity" had any real justification, imparted any real intelligence, served, in fact, any purpose at all except the construction and labelling of a new pigeon-hole, the contents of which, in most if not all cases, might just as well go into another or twenty others. We turn to the new, and we read that "*Fitness may overpower archaism*," and further "that standards of fitness vary, and are chiefly determined by considerations of *religion, modesty, humour and learning*." At once the inexorable critic feels bound to point out that the second proposition weakens the first very much; that the first itself is more oracular than illuminative; and that the third is almost startlingly

inadequate, because it excludes Expression altogether, and gives a scanty, a rather haphazard, and an exceedingly ambiguous list of Matters. For instance, how does "religion," by constituting fitness, combat archaism? One of the ways—the fact that religious formulae hold the ground unchanged longer than others by constant public repetition and early inculcation—is, perhaps, the most important of all. But the context shows that Mr. Rannie is hardly even thinking of this.

The fact is that no book can consist exclusively of formulated and categorical propositions like these

without inviting that polite, but peremptory, denial which Mr. Carlyle couched in a famous phrase. Such denial, with the resulting argument, is, no doubt, now and then quite a set-off to literary study: but when a book consists entirely of occasions for it the thing gets wearisome.

There is also a further danger about it—that it is almost impossible for the writer to escape occasional—one is almost inclined to say constant—platitudes.

"For it is no paradox to say that archaism of this kind—archaism, such as that practised by William Morris or Mr. Maurice Hewlett, is as much a phase of an accomplished contemporary writer's idiom as a less self-conscious and more colloquial diction."

Certainly it is not paradox; but it may go near to be thought to come under the letter *p* on the other claim. Or take another:

"From these sentiments arose the Revolution, an event of mighty consequence, and the foremost foundation of British liberty." "*In this sentence the appositional phrases almost amount to a definition of the Revolution.*"

The italics are ours, and we should like to have Mr. Rannie's definition of a definition.

Nothing is farther from the intention of the present critic than to put off such a book as this with a jibe. It contains careful and often intelligent thought on an interesting and important subject; it is a praiseworthy attempt at systematic treatment of that subject; and if the student knows enough about the matter not to be taken in by its unconscious fallacies, and not enough to have anticipated its sounder conclusions, it will undoubtedly do him good. But it is rather a "contribution" to literary criticism than an "introduction" to it; its apparent system too often resolves itself into a deceptive (though never intentionally deceptive) agglomeration of propositions, both disputable and not really connected; and a large part of it is only busied with "Style" in such a wide and vague sense of that, no doubt, rather treacherous word, that a rigorous blue pencil would reduce its bulk very materially.

New Books.

STEVENSONIANA.*

In a letter written to Mr. (now Sir, Sidney Colvin while on the s.s. *Janet Nichol* in the spring of 1890, Stevenson tells him that he was "sharply ill at Sydney, cut off, right out of bed, in this steamer on a fresh island cruise, and have already reaped the benefit. We are excellently found this time, on a spacious vessel, with an excellent table; the captain, supercargo, our one fellow-passenger, etc., very nice; and the charterer, Mr. Henderson, the very man I could have chosen. The truth is, I fear, this life is the only one that suits me; so long as I cruise in the South Seas, I shall be well and happy—alas, no, I do not mean that, and *absit omen!*—I mean that, so soon as I cease from cruising, the nerves are strained, the decline commences, and I steer slowly but surely back to bedward." It is an account of this voyage in the *Janet Nichol* which lasted from April 11th to July 25th that Mrs. Stevenson now gives us as a delightful complement to her husband's works. It is in the form of a diary, and was originally intended to be a collection of hints to help her husband's memory where his own diary had fallen in arrears. That is a very modest estimate, and whatever the intention it has been capitally compiled and will be welcomed wherever there is a Stevensonian. Even if R. L. S. had never written a word himself, Mrs. Stevenson's unpretending volume would be very attractive on its own account, not only by reason of the delightful descriptions of the many groups of islands visited, but also by making us intimately acquainted with such a number of picturesque and vastly interesting people. The supercargo and "our fellow passenger" were Ben Hird and Jack Buckland, to whom, along with Harry Henderson, Stevenson dedicated his "Island Nights' Entertainments." In the whole book there is nothing with which any one could find fault except that there is no index and that on the ship's arrival at Namorik, one of the Marshall Islands, the only incident noted is that "Louis went on shore and met a wicked old man who afterwards appeared in the 'Beach of Falesa.'" Who that has read that most fascinating story would not wish to know as much as could be gleaned of that consummate villain, Case; for it is to be presumed that it is he whom we are to understand by the phrase, "a wicked old man." He is certainly one of those "persons one would wish to have seen." Nor is he the only one. Tom Day is another the man who took pleasure in representing himself as "the most desperate of ruffians." This is his story as related to Stevenson:

"A native had shot at him without provocation. Some one said, 'Don't shoot, it's a white man.' A white man can cut a bullet as well as another," was the native's reply as he fired. Tom put his hand to his ear, found that a shot had grazed it and his head, and the blood was running from the wound. Infuriated, he rushed into the house for his rifle, but when he got back the man frightened at what he had done, had disappeared. Tom tried to persuade the people standing about to go after the man, pinion him, and fetch him back to be tried. To this they objected, they could not get him, they said, as he was a chief and had people to protect him. One of the men came close to Tom. 'Better we kill him,' he said, in a low voice, which Tom imitated. 'If you do,' was Tom's answer, 'fetch me the head.' Then turning to us with an apologetic air he explained that if I had not asked to see the head they'd just have gone and killed some poor offensive fellow, and I'd never have known the difference. That might he was called up by the men who had the head, sure enough. 'I made 'em stick it, up on the wall,' said Tom, and then I got a light and looked at it. I jerked it down and slung it as far as I could, and, by golly, the old woman was in the way, half scared to death, and it took her on the side of the head and knocked her down, and I had to pour three or four pails of water over her, for she had fainted dead away. And after that,' he continued with an air of virtuous indignation, 'they wanted to make trouble about it in Sydney—they said I had killed a man. What did they mean by it, I'd like to know? I never killed no man; I only told them to fetch his head so I could be sure it was him.'"

He certainly did not malign himself by representing himself as "a most desperate ruffian." Tom had been a sailor, and

* "The Cruise of the *Janet Nichol*." By Mrs. R. L. Stevenson. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

had deserted from three men-of-war. Such is the kind of characters one comes across in voyaging through the South Seas.

Here is another creepy story:

"Speaking about the superstitions of Penrhyn [one of the Manihiki Islands], Mr. Hird recalls the following grisly incident that occurred when he was stopping on the island. A man who was paralysed on one side had convulsions which caused spasmodic contractions on the other side. One of the sick man's family began at once to make a coffin. 'But the man's not dead,' said Mr. Hird. 'O yes,' was the reply: 'he's dead enough; it's the third time he has done this, so we are going to bury him.' Mr. Hird went to the native missionary, but his remonstrances had no effect; he kept on protesting until the last moment. 'Why, look,' he said, 'the man's limbs are quivering.' 'Oh, that's only live flesh.' The belief was that the man's spirit had departed long before, and the devil who wished to use the body for his convenience had been keeping the flesh alive. Mr. Hird thinks that the man was insensible when buried and must soon have died."

It would be giving an erroneous idea of this appealing book if it were to be supposed that the foregoing excerpts forms its only kind of attraction. It is brimful of varied interest from the first page to the last. As it is stated to be but a *part* of the diary kept by Mrs. Stevenson during the cruise, it is to be fondly hoped that we may be favoured with a further instalment. It is beautifully printed, and well illustrated with photographs never before given to the public.

S. D.

A PRINCE OF MEMOIRISTS.*

Louis XIV. had many spies about his brilliant Court, but none so indefatigable as the Duc de Saint-Simon, who spied, however, neither for the king himself, nor for his own mercenary ends—though saddled all his life with colossal debts—but for the empty praise of posterity. Fired by the works of earlier chroniclers, who had already enriched the literature of France with a matchless series of historical memoirs, beginning with Villehardouin at the close of the twelfth century, and continuing through the ages with Froissart, Commines and others, he decided worthily to follow in their footsteps. Saint-Simon was only nineteen when he formed this resolve in 1694, and for generations he made it his business to keep his eyes and ears open, and jot down his daily notes with that object in view. Failing to make a name for himself in the great world of affairs in which he moved, and in which he had exceptional opportunities as the son of one who had been a favourite of Louis XIII., he saw his surest hope of fame in studying "the insects of the Court," and telling posterity exactly what he thought of them. Boswell was not so minute or assiduous in collecting materials for his portrait of Johnson as was Saint-Simon in preparing these memoirs of the French Court in the last twenty-four years of Louis XIV. and the days of the Regency. "He wrote like the devil for immortality," declared Chateaubriand.

Lest anyone should pry into his secrets he kept his monumental manuscript under lock and key—no small matter since the work gradually assumed such proportions as to make twenty volumes when at length it was published in its first authentic edition in 1829. The memoirs were known and discussed long before that. The duke's cousin, the Bishop of Metz, claimed the manuscript after Saint-Simon's death, and though the Government impounded it on the ground that it might contain State secrets—the author having been employed as an ambassador on one occasion—it was borrowed at times by the favoured few, affording endless amusement to Madame de Pompadour, Voltaire, Madame du Deffaud and others. When first published in full in 1829 it created an immense sensation, six editions, each in twenty volumes, being exhausted in the first twelve months. Saint-Simon's faith

* "Memoirs of the Duke de Saint-Simon." An Abridged Translation with Notes. By Francis Arkwright. Illustrated. 4 vols. 10s. 6d. net each. (Stanley Paul.)

in himself and his work was justified. His memoirs have not only immortalised his name but have also furnished modern historians of his age with much of their choicest material. Like the old three-decker, however, they have long since lost their popularity. No one, save the very serious student, has time nowadays to wade through twenty volumes of Saint-Simon, with his dreary interludes of discussion on points of precedence and etiquette that drive the modern reader to despair.

If ever a work needed pruning for present-day needs it is this, not so much because it is occasionally coarse

— Saint-Simon himself was a pattern of respectability and turned down these occasional leaves with a blush—but because so much of it is choked with superfluous matter which prevents us at times from seeing the wood for the trees. Mr. Francis Arkwright has pruned severely in this new translation, eventually to be completed in six volumes making some 3,000 pages in all, judging from the average of the four volumes already issued—and though he has not succeeded in removing all the unnecessary undergrowth, he has cleared a passable course for which students of history will be grateful. It is doubtful whether the general reader of to-day will take to Saint-Simon even in this abridged translation. He prefers the racier memoirs of those modern authors who, as Mr. Arkwright says, dig into Saint-Simon as into some vast rubbish-heap, in search of jewels with which to adorn their own writings.

The real value of the new translation lies in the fact that it furnishes the English student for the first time with an adequate version of a work which is now much too long to be read in its own language. The older translations were pruned more severely for the special benefit of the general reader, but the continuity of the narrative was necessarily not so well preserved as in the present case. Here the translator has made a point of omitting nothing which throws any light on the history and manners of the time, and the publishers have done their best in producing the work in an entirely worthy manner. With an adequate index to the completing volume much will depend on that. Mr. Arkwright's version is destined to become a standard reference book on the period for English students.

The golden age of Louis XIV. was waning when Saint-Simon, piqued through being passed over for promotion, resigned his commission in the army to begin his more fitting career as an industrious observer and chronicler at Court. His military services were unimportant, except that he claims to have saved the life of his father-in-law, the Marshal de Lorge, while that warrior was commanding the army on the Rhine. This was after the doctors had despaired of the Marshal's recovery from a serious illness, Saint-Simon taking upon himself to administer "English drops," the chief ingredients of which included dried vipers and powder made from the skull of a man who had been hanged. Yet he could scoff later on at the Duke of Orleans' dabbings in astrology. It is not until the Duke



Bombardment of Liège.

From "The Memoirs of the Duke de Saint-Simon" (Stanley Paul).

gets well into his stride that he really grips our interest to day. Then he peoples the courts and corridors of Versailles with a moving throng through which passes and repasses until the whole scene springs to life. No one escapes the closest scrutiny. In the confidence of many of the most influential personalities Saint-Simon was specially intimate with many of the ladies of the Duchess of Burgundy's household. These born gossips did not scruple to reveal all the secrets of their own circle, as well as much that went on in the mysterious sanctuary of Madame de Maintenon whose power over the King and Court, under the influence of the Jesuits, was at its height when the memoirist first repaired to Versailles. Often we are transported to places far removed from Court life with its scandals and gossip and interminable disputes as to privileges and precedents and the position of "the bastards," upon whom the author never tires of heaping his honest hatred. The side lights on the campaigns in Flanders in particular possess a new and special interest at the present time, when France and Britain are fighting side by side over ground which, as foes, they saturated with their blood some four hundred years ago.

F. A. MUMFORD

PHASES OF LIFE AFLOAT*

If one has an especial fault to find with this latest novel of Mr. Noble's it is that he drives his purpose home too ruthlessly. The story itself is as human and real as it need be. Its men and women are all alive, though they lack the little characteristics that make individualities. They live, suffer and are joyful manfully by the dint of their author's manner of biting them and their actions into our imaginations—as is the case with all Mr. Noble's characters—and, perhaps because we have known their like in real life. All the same, the book contains rather too much of the "purpose," *i.e.*, the injustices and the fatuities under which Merchant Service captains and officers have to do their work.

Dennis O'Hagan—young and stalwart and than whom

* "The Bottle-Fillers." By Edward Noble (as Hemmings). "Pirates—With a Foreword and Sundry Decorations." By Lovat Fraser (Simpkin, Marshall).

a better fellow never trod a ship's deck—is returning home, from America, in the *Sphinx*, a crank-steamer of which he is master. She has a deck load of machinery, etc. : First injustice, for the time is winter, and the tramp has a sou'-west gale on her quarter. These cases break adrift, with the fairly inevitable result of material damage, injured men, long hours in battling against the savage, inboarding seas, and utter personal exhaustion. So that both O'Hagan and his sterling chief officer are knocked up entirely when they should both be on the alert for their landfall. Under these circumstances it was only to be expected that the ship would go ashore, which she does, and master and mate have their certificates suspended for losing the vessel—second injustice, which is made worse by the two men being put on Lloyd's Black List, thus prevented practically from getting a living. The next injustice is that to all intents and purposes they are tried by a common magistrate, who scarcely knows the head from the stern of a vessel.

Now all this is true to Merchant Service life to-day—alas ! that it is so true. And in stating the real thesis of the novel no word has been said of the masterly way in which Mr. Noble puts his case—i.e., that wallowing in the gale, the half-futile efforts of the crew to correct the ravages of the unwieldy deck cargo, etc. As to the trial of O'Hagan and his mate, officially termed an "inquiry," this is given with surely too much reportorial fidelity—far less of it would have served the same purpose and not have retarded the story in this undue fashion. However, from this point in particular we plunge into the outcropping ups and downs, the hard fighting of Denis and his equally brave and wholly charming young wife. We see the crushing difficulties of his situation ; we recognise the reality of it all ; we are carried along by the tense nature of the writing, even when the story moves but little ; and we know that this is an uncommonly fine and human novel. But we rebel emphatically against the drowning of Denis and Lucy at the end. We like them so much ; they have suffered so much ; the "purpose" does not need their death ; and so far as novel-writing is concerned this harrowing end, grim and nature-savage though it be, is both needless and inartistic.

At the first glance one hardly knows what to say of Mr. Lovat Fraser's reissue of the 1735 "History and Lives of all the most Notorious Pirates and their Crews," with the "Twenty Beautiful Cuts, being the Representation of each Pirate." "Beautiful!"—crude, grim, woodcut caricatures of that day! Yes, it was certainly good to put these in ; they play up so much to the generally accepted notion of those bloody highwaymen of the deep. As to the "Lives," there are just a dozen of them, including, of course, the best known, such as Avery, Kid, Teach and England. They are treated in a quaint, impressionist manner that is quite entertaining on its own account. They are quite artless, and appear to have been written by a ship-master who knew more about his subjects than he gained by any honest calling. Yes, on the whole it was wise to republish the book ; and Mr. Fraser's "Foreword" shows that he has more than a smattering of his subject. Yet, whilst he was about it why did he not give us that bigger, comprehensive work on piracy which is waiting to be written, and "embellish" it with such "decorations" as make the best of this book?

J. E. PATTERSON.

LOOKING FORWARD.*

For the past half century Mr. Hyndman has been the leader of British Social Democracy, concerned, primarily, with questions of social reconstruction. But he has not limited himself to abstract theories ; he has been interested in international affairs of every kind. Thus he was one of the first public men to declare that Germany meant to make a bid for the military overlordship of Europe, and

* "The Future of Democracy." By H. M. Hyndman. 2s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

that, if we would avert such a calamity, we must have an armed nation to oppose to the drilled, trained, and armed millions of Prussian Junkerdom. That he so signally failed in his efforts need not surprise us. His lack of success in the political sphere naturally led to failure when he tried to persuade, or goad, the public to move in other matters.

Circumstances, however, have proved that Mr. Hyndman was not a mere scaremonger when he was fulminating against Germany, and he now claims that he was no visionary when he declared that the co-operative commonwealth of his desire would come before most people expected. The war has shown us that certain industries are vital to our national health if not to national life. "No one complained when the Government, acting as it averred, in the national interest, took control of the whole of our railway system" ; the assumption being that the Government should also have taken over for the nation, or, at any rate, nationally controlled, all other national industries, such as shipping and mines. Not that he is satisfied with the part the Government has played (Mr. Hyndman believes in never being satisfied) ; he thinks there has been too much of the taint of bureaucracy about it all. But, in spite of this, "far be it from a Social-Democrat, of necessity a philosopher, a collectivist, and a man of peace even at the price of war, to cavil at the use of the nation's resources under national management for the benefit of the realm."

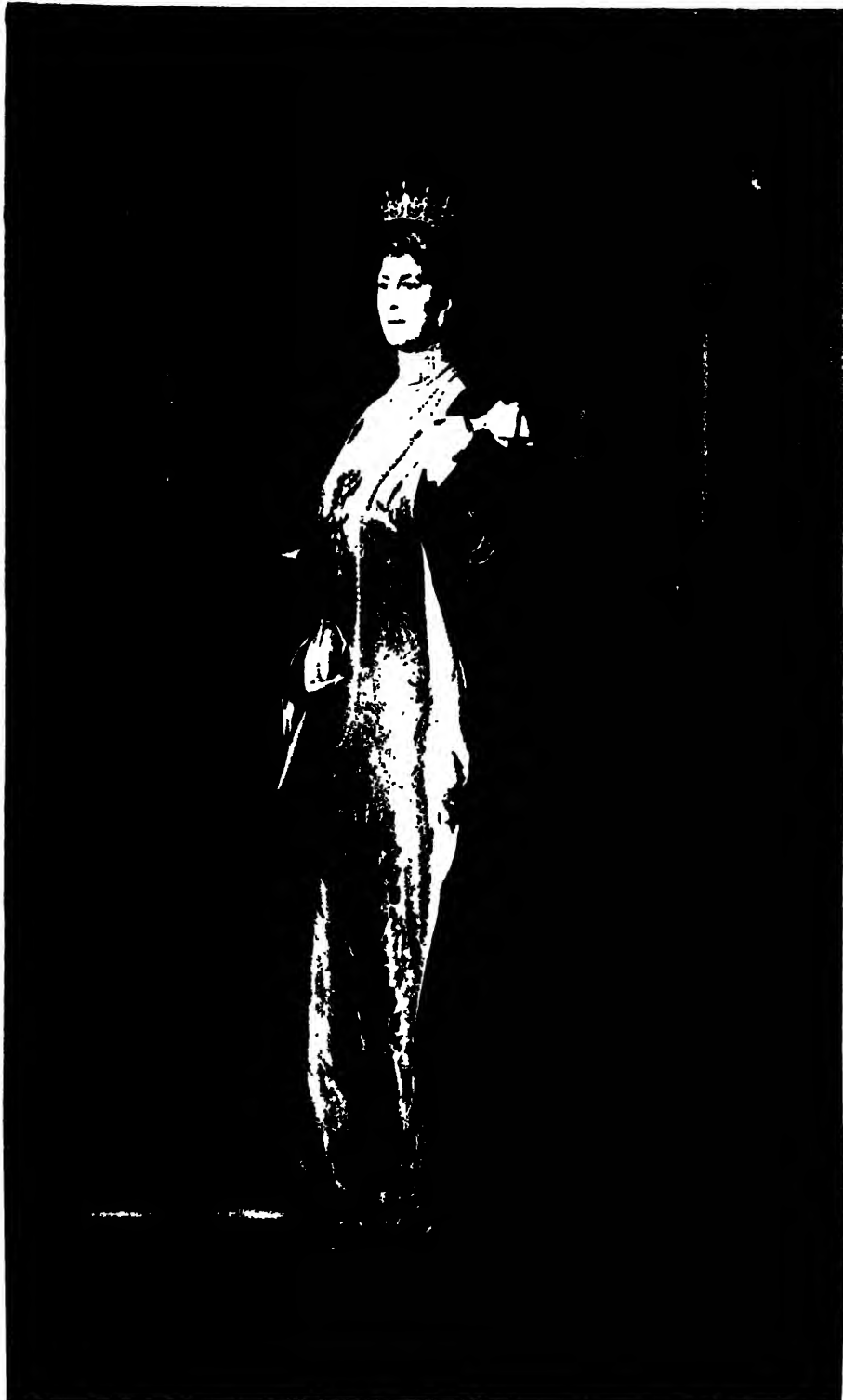
As for the future, we must work to justify the position it is hoped our soldiers will win for us in the world. Democracy must have more than mere lip service paid to it. Our whole social structure must be refashioned, and the refashioning will take much time and labour. "The mischiefs bred of generations of apathy and neglect cannot be remedied all of a sudden to meet a set of circumstances that ought long ago to have been seen and prepared for." In education, in matters pertaining to public health and physical well-being, root reforms are necessary. Our industries must be reorganised for the benefit of the nation and not run for the enrichment of a section of society. Slum areas must be abolished, and our towns and cities made fit for decent people to live in. In short, Mr. Hyndman demands the collectivist State for which he has so long laboured. England, he says, is now acting, to a great extent, under a system of State Collectivism ; but it is an exceptionally bad system, hastily adopted to meet certain urgent requirements, inchoate and ill considered. It must be developed into a sane, scientific system. War is teaching us much. The people are learning that if certain modifications of our economic laws and of our political constitution are necessary to preserve the nation in a time of danger from outside sources, the same modifications may be necessary to give the nation health in time of peace. "What has been forced upon the nation, as a temporary expedient in a time of stress and strain, will be carried to complete fruition, so soon as the people comprehend what has been done." With some of Mr. Hyndman's opinions and assertions we are in complete disagreement, but he has written an excellent book, which should find a ready sale among that vast mass of liberal-minded people that concerns itself with the progress of democracy and true national development.

R. K.

THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY*.

It is true, if trite, to say that the days before the war seem "incredibly remote," but it is well to remember that the remote is not necessarily the irrelevant. At first it seemed as though the things that were our concern before the descent of the flaming sword could never by any possibility interest us again ; and, indeed, ought not to, on the theory *post hoc ergo propter hoc*. All our recent activities had been vicious, a direct summons to Armageddon. In the arts, for instance, all that welter of movements—cubism, vorticism, imagism, and so on—in which we had

* "Vanishing Roads." By Richard Le Gallienne. 6s. net. (Putnam.)



THE QUEEN'S
GIFT BOOK



*From the painting by William Llewellyn, A.R.A.,
in Buckingham Palace.*

*A half-tone reproduction of the colour
frontispiece from "The Queen's Gift Book."
Published in aid of Queen Mary's Convalescent
Auxiliary Hospitals for Soldiers and Sailors who
have lost their limbs in the war.
(Hedder & Stoughton.)*

H.M. QUEEN MARY.

been indulging was in some curious way an irritant to the dogs of war and utterly poisonous to good living. Let us therefore be thankful to be out of it, even at the price we were paying, and turn our back on æsthetic iniquity for ever, seeking salvation in patriotic poetry and a reversion to the ideals of Martin Tupper, who, by the way, was himself a war poet.

But it was not long before we grew a little ashamed of this frantic, romantic cry of "*Mea culpa*," and realised that it was the war itself, and not the things which it had interrupted, that was unhealthy, and that "business as usual," whatever it might be in commerce, was a good maxim so far as the arts were concerned, however difficult it might be to put in practice. The pictures and poetry and music which were produced in the last few years were discovered, by those who still concerned themselves with such matters, to be absolutely, if not relatively, as important or as insignificant as they had ever been. We gave up resenting the appearance of new works of art, and the critical formula, "In other days this would have been interesting," and its variants, fell into desuetude.

But the things which have grown old-fashioned by a natural process, and not by reason of this disgusting and yet ridiculous accident, are another matter. The evolutionary, or, rather, the cyclic change of fashion, is a phenomenon of which it is perfectly legitimate that criticism should take cognizance, for it is an essential element in the appreciation or depreciation of a work of art. And nothing latterly has seemed so *démodé* as the typical work of the last generation, the generation whose heyday was in the mid-nineties, who produced the "Yellow Book" and the "Savoy," and whom, for the sake of convenience, we call decadents. They were so remote from life, these spinners of exquisite webs, these amateurs of exotic emotions; and we were so strenuously, even robustly, in love with life. The truth was not in them.

And yet—was it not? Or at least as much of it as is in our own contemporaries? It is difficult for any generation to be just to the one before. It owes it too much, and is in reaction against it. We have batted on the work of our predecessors until it has become trite to us. We have gone through its experiences vicariously until we have tired of them and want fresh experiences of our own. There is probably not one of the Georgian poets but has his decadent juvenilia locked away in his desk; and one is ashamed of one's juvenilia.

But that is not to say that Mr. Arthur Symonds was further from the truth than Mr. Chesterton or Mr. Wells, or, to take a younger example, Mr. Gilbert Cannan. He saw things from a different point of view, that is all; and it is a point of view which we have for the moment deserted. No doubt we shall come back to it, and it may be that, as a direct result of Armageddon, some will return to it sooner than they would have done in happier circumstances. That aristocratic detachment from life, the cult of beauty for its own sake, the turning in despair from the general to the individual problem, will doubtless be the refuge of many sensitive minds.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has never deserted the old point of view. He was a secondary star in the constellation of the decadents in their brightest years, and he still "keeps their fallen day about him." He has become an American and, as he confesses, middle-aged, but he still loves the Golden Girl, and who shall say that the quest of her is not at least as permanent and authentic a quest as the quest of social justice, which absorbs so many of our younger knights-errant? He is still thrilled by the "darling stockings" and the "not too swiftly flying petticoat"; but he is reminiscent rather than actively engaged in pursuit, and he is quite an ardent feminist, maintaining that feminism and amorism are by no means mutually exclusive.

Mr. Le Gallienne is always amusing—though not always consciously—when he writes of women, but he has a pleasant pen whatever his theme. In his latest book the themes are very varied, and some of them are fresher than others. His style is florid—"hyacinthine" seems to be

the word for it—and it sometimes only gilds the commonplace, but quite often it is put to charming uses, as in the little fantasy that ends this collection—"The Bible and the Butterfly," and in "The Haunted Restaurant" and "The Little Ghost in the Garden." The papers on Pater, "Fiona Macleod" and Forbes-Robertson are sound criticism. Mr. Le Gallienne loves many things—including aeroplanes—and is tolerant of many—including the late Mr. Guy Boothby. His principal dislikes seem to be Mrs. Grundy and Mr. Bernard Shaw, and they, after all, are cousins german.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

OLD DELABOLE.*

There is an interesting word of dedication prefixed to the new novel put out by Mr. Eden Phillpotts: "To Thomas Hardy, in honour of his unapproachable art and with affection for his most approachable self." It speaks of a charming friendship. The Rationalist author might not feel it amiss, one imagines, to dedicate, if he still could, the bulk of his work to the master he admires and loves. The present book is the second of his industrial studies. It pictures life in a Cornish village whose people quarry slate—under a decent-minded company of "adventurers"—and the management of his hero, Tom Hawker. The people are ignorant and pious, but have that vein of natural good sense, alloyed with folly, on which his humour plays with a kindly light at all times. So far as the story is concerned, this is simple. A girl of some education, equally respecting Hawker and another man, takes the latter, quarrels with him because his sense of justice as trustee of her father's estate is rigid, and, on trying to change sweethearts, is put right by the hero (who loves her) and sent back to his rival. Tom Hawker's quiet mastery of her, and of the quarrymen too, is conceived very finely; he is one of Mr. Phillpotts's larger types, and impressive with less drawing than some others. Two firm touches, as well as the general treatment of this book's *milieu*, go with his last novel to show that in turning to the labour problem he sets his face against a democratic Socialism, or at least against the conceptions of some democratic Socialists. Even those who do not rise to the stern heights of his Rationalism may be grateful for the large artistry with which he makes industrial life romantic; for romantic it becomes under his hand. He stands in consequence for gentle manners. In regard to the play of sex upon conduct he stands, too, for gentler judgments than his Cornish folk in their Nonconformist fervour and great simplicity can always form—though he thinks them kinder than their conventions. A book-lover is grateful to him most, however, for the smaller studies of human nature that make one smile. This novel is no less rich than others in them, and it will be loved for an unforgettable type in Grandfather Nute—whose green old age is buoyant with honest kindness, and quite a trial to his family and friends. In a pious company pictured with unflinching insight and fairness, and even with some affection, he is the sunniest and most sympathetic figure. One is happy to see him marry again at seventy.

THE TRANSLATION OF AN EXOTIC.†

The publishers of this volume naively speak of Baudelaire's "great and growing reputation" much in the same way that rising novelists or poets of the day are referred to by benign critics. Extolled by Swinburne, and cribbed from by that prince of pilferers Oscar Wilde, Baudelaire's achievement was such that foreign patronage can add little to its lustre. Probably one of the earliest

* "Old Delabole." By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Heinemann.)

† "Charles Baudelaire." By Théophile Gautier. Translated into English, with Selections from his Poems, "Little Poems in Prose," and Letters to Sainte-Beuve and Flaubert, and an Essay on his Influence, by Guy Thorne. 10s. 6d. net. (Greening.)

references to the French poet in this country was made by Swinburne in the defence of his "Poems and Ballads." The fact that he had been quoted in connection with this controversy was sufficient to give the impression, to those who could not or would not trouble to study the poet at first hand, that he was nothing but a writer of the most sinister and corrupt character. In the second series of "Poems and Ballads" Swinburne paid a high tribute to the author of "Les Fleurs du Mal," in his noble elegy, "Ave atque vale." Baudelaire is one of those instances of the true poet who understands to perfection the art of matching the form of his verses and the matter. It was a faculty that never failed him, and was something more than the consummate art by the exercise of which Théophile Gautier produced his enamels and cameos, it was a part of Baudelaire's natural genius. His poetry, which depends so much on the *mot juste*, almost defies translation. Swinburne or Rossetti, who both gave proofs of the well nigh impossible feat of translating Villon, might have produced versions of "Les Fleurs du Mal," but lacking their gifts, it is doubtful if the poetry of Baudelaire should be translated. The subjects in themselves were frequently too gruesome to be detached from their original cadences which make them tolerable, and those who are unable to read them in French would be wise to leave them alone.

Although Baudelaire has not wanted for biographers, it is doubtful if anything will ever be written of him to approach Gautier's masterly study of the decadent poet. Baudelaire's inscription to "Les Fleurs du Mal" is one of the most noteworthy of dedications, and a witness to his admiration for Gautier. "To the impeccable poet, to the perfect magician of French literature, to my dearest and most venerated master and friend Théophile Gautier, with sentiments of the most profound humility." Gautier's thorough knowledge of Baudelaire enabled him to tell us all that is worth telling of his friend's life. It is a sketch, but the sketch of a master's hand, from which no detail is absent that is essential to the portrait. No future picture of the poet can be accomplished without the use of Gautier's sketch as he has given us an analysis of Baudelaire's mind and a vivid picture of his striking personal appearance. One obtains, moreover, a glimpse of the world to which the two poets belonged, and one realises that no posthumous biographer could have reconstructed the background or visualised the characters of that strange artificial paradise of Parisian Bohemia in the late 'fifties. It was the second romantic movement in French literature, and Baudelaire, who had his worshippers or disciples, set himself the task of shocking the prudes of his day. It is evident that he loved to pose, and if the public chose to believe him as wicked as his book, they were free to do so. The impeccable Théophile was as happy in his subject as Baudelaire was fortunate in having for biographer his master, for so he always regarded him. Gautier thoroughly entered into the spirit of Baudelaire's manners and mannerisms. When he describes the peculiar affectations of his dress, his reticence of speech, his dislike of gesture, one is made to realise that Baudelaire was an actor who could play to perfection and who never forgot his part. He could, however, when he chose, lay aside the mask and buskin, as one can see in his correspondence and some of his prose writings notably in his early essay on Wagner.

In his literary work Baudelaire did everything well, and his translations of Edgar Allan Poe are admirable because he retold the stories of the American writer in magnificent French prose. Some people, and perhaps Mr. Guy Thorne may be counted among them, think that Baudelaire's versions are an improvement on the originals.

Mr. Guy Thorne has given us in his volume a translation of Gautier's study of Baudelaire, as well as of a selection from "Les Fleurs du Mal,"

and a few of his letters. To these he has contributed "Some remarks on Baudelaire's influence upon Modern Poetry and Thought." It would seem that Mr. Thorne has allowed his enthusiasm sometimes to get the better of his judgment. In the translation of Gautier's memoir of Baudelaire, for instance, his pen has slipped into a few errors. To give two examples: Gautier speaks of the loss of Baudelaire, and not of Théodore de Banville as it is given on page 4 of Mr. Thorne's translation. A closer inspection of the original text would have revealed this, even if the fact that de Banville survived Gautier had not shown that something was wrong. Again, on page 20 the translator writes: "This style of the decadence is the *dernier mot* of Verbe, summoned to express all and to venture to the very extremes," which is certainly not a happy rendering. Mr. Guy Thorne's "remarks" are restricted to the French poet's influence on English letters; and of those of our poets, who were thus influenced, the greatest was undoubtedly Swinburne. Mr. Thorne's opinion is perfectly sound when he affirms that "no single word" of Gautier's study of Baudelaire "could be altered or improved upon." The portrait of Baudelaire reproduced as a frontispiece to the volume is singularly unattractive.

ROGER INGPEN.

LANOE FALCONER.*

May not the author of "Mademoiselle Ise," "Cecilia de Noel," and "The Hôtel de l'Angleterre" come to be regretted and loved by a special set of readers, like the author of "The Roadmender"? Her biographer is sure that she will, and I think it possible. Lanoe Falconer (Mary Elizabeth Hawker) gave us "a tiny modicum of work that promises to be of permanent value," and her life had, it seems, those elements of charm and pathos by which, as soon as they become well-known, the gratitude of true minds is fixed. But there is as much difference between

* "Lanoe Falconer" A Biographical Appreciation by Evelyn March-Phillips. 6s net (Nisbet & Co)



Charles Baudelaire.

From "Charles Baudelaire," by Théophile Gautier. Translated by Guy Thorne (Greening).

the two personalities of these authors, and the circumstances in which they worked, as there is in what they wrote; and I am afraid Mrs. March-Phillipps lets her sense of tragedy and pity dwell too long upon the last six years of broken health, in which Lanoe Falconer produced nothing but a diary of "thought notes." These are too unlike the novels and short stories to be taken as character notes. The brain was starved by a chronic indigestion. To quote its poor efforts freely as developments of "the spiritual life" is in this case not only to divorce health from religion, but to forget that Lanoe Falconer's bravery and humour were what we valued. The humour most of all. It had the sure touch that belongs to those who can see themselves as humorously as they see others.

However, this makes the story of her early life delightful; and as it can be followed in a sort of facetious journal, kept between the ages of twenty and twenty-six for the entertainment of herself, a sister and a brother, we get to know her pretty well. There was a stupid and pretentious stepfather who never did, and who in later years became a crazy tyrant; but why Mrs. March-Phillipps "can scarcely forbear calling him her evil genius," one is left to wonder; she made fine fun of him. The light chronicle has nothing to relate but the humours of an average country household, yet it sparkles.

"Godmother" wishes to know of books suitable for a small pet groom. They must be at once horsey and moral in tone. . . . Mrs. Mallet has been hearing noises again, in describing which she paid an indirect compliment to Miss Hawker's fury-like step. "It were a 'cavy' noise. I cannot compare it to anything but a druggan' a 'cavy' pile of furniture, which I really believed Miss, it were you, a-comin' upstairs to call me."

I am sure we ought to have been shown more of it. The Hurstbourne Priors family are too dimly seen. Marie's much-tried mother, her keen-eyed sister Julia, who discovered the true facial expression of the parrot, her brother, and even the egregious Mr. Fennell, should be realised more sharply than they are. She herself is only described for us effectively in middle-age:

"You saw a woman with a plain face, but an attractive face, a slight, undeveloped figure, dressed in an old-maidish way unappreciative of current fashion."

She employed a bad dressmaker out of pity:

"I can see she is all wrong," Marie would say plaintively. "She bulges out and goes in all at the wrong places." But . . . Marie was extremely dainty and precise in her attire and arrangements, and her own plain needlework and knitting had the same sort of perfection that marked her writing."

This description is elusive, and an expressionless portrait that appears as frontispiece helps it little.

"Lanoe" was her father's name, "Falconer" a transparent disguise. The Hawkers had been yeomen and soldiers since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and from the mother's side she had Scottish blood. She inherited qualities developed by many vicissitudes in these forebears. Her parents were petty gentry in Hampshire; she knew France young; and she knew some "Society" young, and saw more after her first book was published. The manners and characters of her fictional people had been closely studied from life, as everyone perceives. Eveline Countess of Portsmouth was among her friends, and so, later, were Mrs. Harry Drew and the Gladstones, Mr. Shorthouse, Canon Ainger, Mme. Darmesteter, and other well-known people. To these she partly owed it that her debut was a triumph, but she justified their help, and only the failure of health disappointed us.

It is needless to insist upon her quality—the firm and dainty workmanship, the rare distinction of thought and manner, the spirit of true humanism. One finds in these diaries many sayings and notes to freshen recollection of it, or to express her:

"For the idealist, living chiefly among people occupied with the concrete, existence is not merely lonely but fatiguing. It is as if he or she were talking a foreign language. . . . The real *bona fide* fool is not stupid or silly—necessarily. He may be clever. . . . That love of the facetious which is so incompatible with a sense of humour. . . . Nothing makes one less fastidious

in the enjoyment of society than the habit of talking a good deal without enquiring too much into the interest with which one is heard. . . . Lady Adderley's grief: 'Yes, my dear, I feel that her life is blighted (do you take cream?) and that there is no help for her.'"

Such trifles must serve here. But there is no lover of good books who will not be eager to sift for himself this intimate story of a modest and very brilliant writer.

KEIGHTLY SNOWDEN.

A BOOK OF NOVELS.*

Comparative criticism is the last ditch of the defeated. The critic who, confronted with the new work of a new author, can only compare it with the work of other, older authors—almost always to the older authors' advantage—is manifestly either shrinking his task or confessing his incompetence. To say that one book is like or unlike, better or worse, than another, is as informing and illuminative as to say that a parsnip is like or unlike, better or worse, than a beetroot. They are wholly distinct and different things, as each piece of literature must be wholly distinct and different from any other piece of literature. If it fall short of this canon, if it be frankly imitative and yet not a parody, then it is outside the pale of art.

I am moved to these reflections by the book which lies before me as I write. It is so very new. It is new as the New, and at the same time old as the Old, Testament. Its style, by the way, would seem to be founded on that of the Bible. It displays the same limpid simplicity in narrative. It is forceful without being violent, and direct without being harsh. Each line is packed with significance. There is nothing superfluous, nothing redundant. Often, in a few words, a man or a woman is limned so clearly and convincingly that we seem to have known him or her all our lives. A whole life-story is epitomized in a sentence. There is not a tale in the book but contains the essence of a tragedy or an epic, or at least a novel. Indeed one might almost describe "My People" as a book of short novels rather than as a book of short stories.

On the paper wrapper round the cover we are warned that this book "is not meat for babes," and it is explained that "the justification for the author's realistic pictures of peasant life, as he knows it, is the obvious sincerity of his aim, which is to portray that he may make ashamed." But to me this warning and explanation seem quite unnecessary, because, in the first and second place, neither babes nor the kind of people—"My People"—the Welsh Peasantry—with whom it deals are likely to read it. And if they did read it they would not understand. No, the justification of this book consists in its ineludible truth.

It was George Meredith, himself of Welsh extraction, who said that "there is human nature—and Welsh nature." I have always rather wondered what he meant by that, but now, after reading this book, I am persuaded he meant that Welsh nature is something less than human nature, that it is more akin to the nature of the beasts which perish. For, beyond question or cavil, these Welsh peasants of whom Mr. Caradoc Evans writes so plainly and uncompromisingly are in their habits and conduct worse than any race of savages. They are worse, because savages do not cant, and these degraded wretches do.

It must not, however, be supposed that the only merit of these stories lies in their faithfulness to facts. A newspaper report may be faithful to facts and yet as flat and flavourless as ullage. We need to know something more than the bare facts of a case to judge it equitably. We need to know something of the individual protagonists. And this knowledge can only be supplied by the imagination and insight of the author. Mr. Caradoc Evans, though his methods are strictly objective, possesses this imaginative insight. Furthermore, to derive any profit from such

* "My People: Stories of the Peasantry of West Wales" By Caradoc Evans. 5s. net. (Melrose)

studies as these, one needs to have their moral pointed in some way; and the best way of all—because it is the most subtle and therefore demands the closest application of the reader—is the ironic or satiric way. Our author has the gifts of irony and satire in abundance. He has also humour, of course; humour of a dour, fierce kind perhaps, but the real thing nevertheless, and in one of his lighter sketches, "A Heifer Without Blemish," this humour is of such rare and elusive quality that you must read the story again and again to enjoy the full flavour of it. And of course the only stories worth reading are those you can read again and again, always with increasing enjoyment.

To conclude as I began, with a gentle gibe at comparative criticism. New authors who are not only new to the public but have something new to say, should expect little, though they may suffer much, from this form of ineptitude. Doubtless by the time he reads these lines, Mr. Caradoc Evans will be greatly amazed to find that his work is so like and so unlike, so infinitely superior and so abysmally inferior, to the work of so many other authors. But he may take comfort from the fact that unanimity in praise or blame of any book is sure proof of that book's lack of originality. The thing that defies the rules and sets up new standards for itself is always a stumbling-block in the way of the would-be critical. It is as an old and seasoned member of that craft that I say now, deliberately, I have never before had brought to my notice so remarkable a first book as "My People." It reads so maturely. It is so finished and distinguished, alike in its manner and matter. I do not say that it will succeed or fail, because it seems to me that as a consummate work of art it has not failed, but is an assured success already.

EDWIN PUGH.

A DELIGHTFUL CONQUISTADOR.*

Surely there is not in all the world a specimen of what Mr. Cunninghame Graham calls "that irritable genus" who would not be soothed into benevolence by reading Bernal Diaz. Mr. Maudslay, who for many years conducted antiquarian research of great importance both in Guatemala and the neighbouring lands, has given us an excellent translation of the words of Diaz, who is probably the greatest man who ever ruled in Guatemala. Very often Mr. Maudslay must have wished that the officials of the present day were not so different. And now we have the lovable old man with Mr. Graham's commentary. It need not be said that there is no one whom the old conquistador would have preferred. One is astonished, indeed, that Mr. Graham did not write this book long ago; it would have been most irritating if another sort of hand had undertaken it. "But," says Diaz, of another peril he escaped, "God willed it that we should be saved." If his companions had been more like him and less like Cortés, one supposes that the modern Mexican would not so much prefer the Aztec hordes to their conquerors. At any rate, it shows that modern Mexicans, who usually are condemned for every kind of vice, may be assassins, but do draw the line at snobbishness. The greater number of the so-called educated classes keep asserting that they are of pure Castilian blood—with the good poet Altamirano it was a glory to be Indian, one of the "people without reason," as they are currently called, and when Huerta said he was pure Indian he was showing the fine brusqueness and was speaking simple truth, which virtues, both of them, served him so ill when he dictated "diplomatic" notes to the United States. Although it usually is a point of honour for a Mexican of any save the lowest class to be descended quite exclusively from Spaniards and Creoles (that is, people born in Mexico of European blood), yet Cortés and the others are not honoured in the country of their exploits. Several of

* "The Life of Bernal Diaz del Castillo." By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. 7s. 6d. net. (Nash.)



Caradoc Evans,

author of "My People" (Melrose).

them wrote as well as fought, but none of them wrote half so well as Bernal Diaz.

Mr. Graham puts himself with Bernal Diaz as a man who is surpassed by many in the art of writing, or rather he says that he is in this category, while Diaz is as modest—and with just as little cause. In many things do they resemble each other, for example, in the great knowledge of horses. So much did Diaz love them that, writing in his old age, after thousands of adventures and long years of toil, he actually gives the names and colours, qualities and faults of all the horses and the mares which came in the first fleet that sailed from Cuba with Cortés; and Lieutenant-Colonel Cunninghame Graham has lately been, we believe, in Uruguay buying horses for the British army. It will be remembered in Prescott—and his most vivid passages are taken from the book of Diaz—how the horses made upon the natives a most marvellous impression. "The Indians," says Diaz, "thought the rider and the horse were the same body, as they had never seen a horse." And in the casualty lists the number of lost or wounded horses is mentioned before that of the warriors, although "we were in all five hundred and fifty comrades, we lived like brothers, and always talked together, in the wars, on watch, and in the battles and all the hazards of our lives. We talked of those who had been slain, and about those who had been carried off and sacrificed. . . I further say that I remember all of them so well that I could paint or sculpture all their faces if I knew how to draw . . . even their way of walking, and each detail of their faces and their forms . . . and how each one of them went into battle, and the courage that he showed . . . and I thank God, and also His Blessed Lady Mother, that I escaped from being sacrificed to idols, and for having spared me to preserve their memory." The more one reads of Bernal Diaz the more is one likely to agree with John Ingram Lockart, who translated him in 1844 and placed him beside Cervantes, saying that his book is as interesting as Don Quixote.

We would be reconciled to all the endless fighting nowadays in Mexico if such a man as Bernal Diaz were recording it. Carranza, Villa, and Zapata, and the other gentlemen who are all, more or less, Presidents, would be portrayed so vividly and with such insight that they would not have wholly lived in vain. Wherever we may look in

Bernal Diaz we are thrilled. Thus he saluted the poor captive Lord of Mexico, Montezuma: "And as at that time I was young, when I happened to be on duty guarding him, or when I passed before him, always with respect, I took my steel cap off and saluted him." I wish that Bernal Diaz could acknowledge our salute.

HENRY BALDWIN.

SEA, COUNTRY, AND THE TOWN.

Mr. de Vere Stacpoole is in his degree one of the most essential poets of our time. He does not startle us in "The North Sea," but his clean, plangent, pungent poetry is a delight. He is a craftsman and a sure one; and he has the spirit of romance, as Stevenson had it, and Kipling has it. Strange lands call to him and the sea, and he loves the sea like a Viking. Colour and zest and energy are in these poems of the North Sea, as they are in his admirable renderings of François Villon. He is a Bohemian born, and he has justified Shakespeare, for he might place his great scene on a sea-coast in Bohemia. The poems of the North Sea are written in war-time. The thought of the war behind all doubtless gives sharpness and passion to much of his poetry; but so much of the essential craftsman is Mr. de Vere Stacpoole that he keeps in mind steadily the thing he is doing, and is not diverted from his purpose by any emotion from without. There is something extraordinarily strong and delicate about these little poems. The emotion is not obvious, but it is there, as in this poem of Cruisers:

The rose that blooms in England fair,
Thistle and shamrock green— they come
The whole sea-line is Manchester,
For smoke, and the destroyers' hum
Fills with its turmoil all the day
As past in fume and battle they tear,
Leaving the lines of cruisers grey
With guns swung out to nose the air
God! what a sight! what swing, what fire!
Beauty of order, power and speed!
The full chord of Apollo's lyre
Would fit it better than this screed!"

And then, again, there is the meeting with the Breton fisher-fleet in the North Sea:

"How goes the war?" O fishers rude,
Men of the true-blue Breton brood,
I'll answer to be understood
Well, then, the cod is on the snood.
But since the line is long as sin
It takes a long, long hauling in
But we are hauling all together.
The Channel and the North Sea weather
Have built for us this labour twin
Who cares about the weight or whether
The line be long so that we win?"

There is much delicate, firm and austere work in this book. We feel the very greyness of the North Sea, and smell the salt of it. He makes us see:

"The cod are coming down the coast,
Ten million fish like one grey ghost.
A fathom deep, two fathoms deep,
They pass and each his place doth keep.
And as they pass they slay and slay,
And as they pass us they are slain;
Nothing their hunger can allay,
Nothing make mark in that grey slum
That passes down 'twixt coast and coast,
Millions that move like one grey ghost."

To those who may not smell the sea this year, "The North Sea" may be given as a tonic air. It is full of the gulls and the wind of the sea.

One opened "Irish Eclogues"¹ without much expectation, and was agreeably disappointed. An amateur farmer, one grumbled to one's self, and suspected Mr. Lysaght of writing too finely. As a matter of fact, the poems have

¹ "The North Sea and Other Poems." By Henry de Vere Stacpoole. 3s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

the Virgilian spirit. There is the smell of the earth in the book; not the rich loam of England nor its mud, but the rain-drenched porous earth of Ireland, light as a sponge. He rises in the morning dark and goes off to the fair with his bullocks—oh, does not one know it?

"Three o'clock—and with a start
I waken, cursing fair and mart,
And the bullocks if they knew
Surely would be cursing too."

Or he is making hay:

"When the dew has gone off the ground and the heat of the sun
Is very near able to melt the prong of his fork,
When already the small little breeze the task has begun,
Then man sets to work.

Five acres of good meadow lay is in Costeloc's Field,
In windrows we have it made up, it won't rain; we'll no fear,

'Tis only the fools who make cocks when the clouds are
concealed

And the sky is all clear."

One likes that "concealed." Again, it is a cold winter night, and we listen with Mr. Lysaght to the contented munching of the cattle in the shed. Or he introduces us to the characters among his men, and we recognise the racy truthfulness. The Lough Derg poems, too, have great charm. This is quite artless art, but Mr. Lysaght gets there; we walk his fields and handle his catch and appraise his crops; yes, and we know him too—a country-gentleman in plain homespuns, farmer by day, bookish by lamplight, when he is not too tired for anything but the sweet sleep of the labouring man.

Mr. Bell's "Poems and Sonnets"² might have been written thirty years ago, when all the world was reading "The Idylls of the King." He is a *revenant* from that world, and his poems of Lancelot and the Grail have a ghostly sound. How they would have delighted the young men at the Universities, who swore by Tennyson in the 'eighties! Anything of later date seems to have passed by him unheard. He has music, and is sensitive to beauty and colour:

"I was a votary
Of the old gods with a passionate constancy,
And I numbered not the hours as they flew,"

he says of himself. He might have been living in old rooms in Clifford's or Gray's Inn or the Temple, sporting his oak all these years since the 'eighties, if it were not for the sonnet called "The New Crusade," which startles one with its suggestion of new and fiery wine in old bottles.

Miss Irene Rutherford McLeod has, we imagine, yet to grow up. She has something of the root of the matter in her, but she is as yet too wild, too earth-worn, too acquainted with strange sins. She will outgrow all that. "Songs to Save a Soul"³ has promise, despite its turgidity. There is a real charm in some of the poems which assures us of good things in time to come, when she does not any longer desire to shock us.

K. T.

MODERN FRENCH NOVELISTS.

To many amateurs of French literature, the generation of novelists succeeding Maupassant, Anatole France and Loti seemed to lack creativeness. Talent and scholarship abounded, and the general level of workmanship was remarkably high. But the writers of the 'nineties, who won to something like fame, appeared to owe their position to a happy choice of subject rather than to a striking force of imagination. They were gleaned in fields from which the harvest had been taken. René Bazin was typical of this class of novelists. He found an interesting thesis for his "Dying Land," in the impoverishment of the human

² "Irish Eclogues." By Edward E. Lysaght. 3s. net. (Maunsell.)

³ "Poems and Sonnets." By Harold Bell. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

⁴ "Songs to Save a Soul." By Irene Rutherford McLeod. 2s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

resources of the countryside produced by the suction power of the great industrial towns. The lure of Paris and the effect of its sceptic, desiccating atmosphere on the mind of the thoughtful type of countryman was the theme of Maurice Barrès' best-known novel, "Uprooted Lives." Most of these authors undoubtedly could write well; Barrès in particular has a magnificent style, with which he advocates a new social and political movement of intensive provincialism. But even Barrès' character-drawings, such as his Sturel, are figures of fine rhetoric rather than created beings. It would have been hard to find in the French novel of this cultured, critical, political period a character that lived in the memory of the reader with a life of its own, or a scene of dramatic passion in which the heights or depths of human nature were lighted up. Even in the French art of the short story, Russian writers had eclipsed the successors of Maupassant. Loti was an exhausted volcano, and only Anatole France, strangely quickened in his disillusioned old age by socialistic ideas, still flamed forth from France, one of the great lights of the modern world.

In both the arts of poetry and prose France seemed to be falling into a placid, highly-cultivated silver age, possessing, in men like Remy de Gourmont, sophists of an exquisite perversity and nonchalance, who desired to become the new Lucians, but lacked the touch of real creativeness necessary to the great satirist. This is how things appeared; but appearances were deceitful. Behind the tarnished façade of France of the Caillaux régime, the inexhaustible genius of the people was working in many directions. A young, athletic, adventurous France was arising and producing the best airmen, the best motor-racers, champion boxers, fine runners, and promising footballers. In engineering crafts the French mechanics, who had given the world the petrol engine, were becoming the finest power craftsmen in the world, and it was mainly their remarkable skill and the skill of their directing minds which endowed France with her chief weapon of salvation—the 75 millimetre quick-firing gun. There was a feeling of a great democratic renaissance stirring in most Frenchmen between the ages of nineteen and thirty; rather older men, in close touch with the youngsters, also felt the stress of the new spirit. Among these was Charles Péguy, a brave, poor, enterprising man of letters, who, by some financial miracle, set up as a publisher and produced in the "Cahiers de la Quinzaine" a vehicle for the literature of the newer France. In 1903 a *Life of Beethoven* by a new writer, Romain Rolland, excited such public attention that the enterprise of "Les Cahiers" was set on a sound monetary basis, and opened to all that new school of French writers, whose work is admirably summed up by Miss Winifred Stephens in the second series of her "French Novelists of To-day."



Jerome and Jean Tharaud.

From "French Novelists of To-day" by Winifred Stephens (John Lane).

At Péguy's Thursday afternoon gatherings in the Rue de la Sorbonne were seen Rolland, the Tharaud brothers, the enemies of Kipling, Pierre Mille, the impassioned disciple of Kipling, and a score of other good men, who worked for "Les Cahiers" or wanted to do so. Of them all Rolland was chief. His famous, "Les Cahiers" novel, "Jean Christophe," was the greatest thing in French prose literature since the "Comédie Humaine" and "Les Misérables." It was an enormous thing, in size as well as in quality and power of inspiration. In it Rolland tried to conciliate and blend all that was best in French and German civilisation. His hero was a modern Beethoven, who resumed Goethe's missionary work in Europeanism. Rolland is now an exile in Switzerland, disowned by his own countrymen and bitterly attacked by the intellectual leaders of Germany. Nevertheless, the French-Swiss, no poor judges of the present European situation, consider Rolland the supreme example of French humanity, wisdom and civilising genius. The war has produced no nobler or more moving utterance than his reply to Gerhardt Hauptmann. He may be a little too much of a Don Quixote; on the other hand, we angry Britons, Frenchmen and Russians may not see so far into the future as does this exiled seer of young France.

Péguy himself fell fighting the Germans; and nearly all the French writers of the younger school are either in the trenches with the army in action, or working round the depots and railways or on the lines of communication as part of the Territorial force. Some may wish that Miss Winifred Stephens had devoted even more of her pages to the appreciation of the work of the "Les Cahiers" men and the writers connected in spirit with them—those new makers in French literature whose work she knows so intimately and appreciates with such discrimination; but that is merely a matter of personal preferences. It is enough that in this second series of "French Novelists of To-day" Miss Stephens has given us a very interesting and thoroughly well informed study in a subject which she has made peculiarly her own.

E. W.

A HAPPY DOMINIE.*

There is nothing new in Mr. A. S. Neill's little volume; but to say that is not to condemn it, for we have respectable authority for alleging that there is nothing new under the sun. But if there is nothing new, there is much that is fresh. Mr. Neill's specialty is not originality of idea but a happy manner of presenting his views. Those views, indeed, are the usual commonplaces of modern educational theory mingled with the social opinions of the up-to-date young man who reads the "New Age" and the "New Statesman." But observe the difference. Educational theory is usually presented in so dismal a way that it is read with reluctance by a few teachers and by no other persons whatsoever. Mr. Neill has chosen a more excellent way. He has jotted down his hopes and efforts, his doings and his done-unto, in the confessions of a half-humorous, half-serious "log," and so made a little book that is delightful as well as profitable to read. No one who begins it will leave it half finished, and we therefore beg all teachers and inspectors, and especially all parents, ratepayers and members of School Boards or Education Committees to glance at its bright and really suggestive comments.

Its main thesis, if so dull a word must be used, is that a school is a place, not of repression but of expression. From that point of view the perfect school is the last word in individualism. The perfect school is not an assembly of perfect mechanical units all doing perfectly the same thing at the same moment at a word of command; but a gathering of separate souls all encouraged to do that which most expands the native faculties. That is the ideal for which, in some way or another, every real teacher strives. But we must be on our guard. The world of education suffers more than any other from second-hand enthusiasms.

* "A Dominie's Log." By A. S. Neill, M.A. 2s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)



From a drawing by Albert Chanler.

From "The Romance of Old Belgium" by Elizabeth W. Champney, (Putnam).

Malines Cathedral.

Teacher A evolves from his own personality a means of handling children that produces very happy results. This is discovered by some eager theorist or official, and immediately presented as a panacea. It is forced upon teachers B, C, D, etc., whose own enthusiasms are of a different order. They spend their efforts in doing what is unnatural to them, become disheartened, sceptical and indifferent. That is the usual history of educational ideas. Panacea mongering in the schools is the worst of crimes. The personality of the teacher is all important. If he is a good teacher, he will do the best work in his own way, if he is a bad teacher he will be bad under any system that presupposes originality and creative personality.

Apparently Mr Neill teaches in a small rural school somewhere in Scotland. His personal relations with his charges are thus immediate. He knows his flock and their homes every one, and in his happy surroundings he can set them wandering among the fields and by paths. Imagine, now, his methods prescribed to a school in Limehouse with four hundred boys and four hundred girls arranged in classes of sixty or thereabouts! It is all very well to say that barrack schools and classes of sixty under one unfortunate teacher ought not to exist. They do exist very numerous, and to theorise about educational practice as if they didn't is the height of absurdity. On the heart of every elementary school teacher is written: Not as I wish but as conditions compel me.

The change in the schools during the last twenty years is very great and very encouraging. We are much nearer the heart of the child than we used to be. Here is an example of the change. A boy is a small animal to whose happiness much noise seems essential. The old idea was to thrash the noisiness out of him, the new idea is to seize upon this noise making proclivity and set him whacking a drum and blowing a bugle in a scout band—to his great advantage.

Mr Neill's little book with its note of kindness and sympathy is a most happy contribution to a right understanding of the children—our successors as they will be—our betters as they should be.

G. S.

THE WAND OF HARLEQUIN*

Harlequin, that child of moonshine and the footlights, plays an important part in Miss Marie Cher's fiction "The Immortal Gymnasts." He and his colubine and their—and our—old crony, Pantaloon, combine the parts of lay providence and chorus, and organise happiness for some pleasant ordinary people. Miss Cher is a welcome newcomer even to the over-swollen ranks of our novelists, largely because her book is an admirably written venture, but partly, too, because of the courage of her imagination. She has proved once more that reality is no less real because the visionary immortals are concerned in it. If we are a little sorry to find in her book that Harlequin has been a sandwich-man in the mean streets, that his Columbine pats butter and pours milk in a dairy shop, and that Pantaloon finds his principal happiness in delving for second-hand books, it is none the less good—exceedingly good—to find a novelist gifted with imagination enough to mend the actualities of this life of a day or so with some of the pranks of the eternal playfellows. What we—and fiction—want is more imagination. Too much has life been to recent novelists an affair of telephone, revolver, and bedroom furniture, as if its requirements could be obtained in all sufficiency among the lumber of an upholsterer's shop. With the spiritual circumstances away from it, Miss Cher's book is merely a small story of a careless youth, a love-sick maiden, and the necessary idealist. It is nice to think that the paths of these ordinary mortals were made smooth and pleasant by the ancient antics, whose lineage is to be traced just a stage farther than the

* "In Brief Authority" By F. Anstey, 6 (Smith, Elder).—"The Immortal Gymnasts" By Marie Cher, 6s (Heinemann).—"Gossamer" By George A. Birmingham, 6s, (Methuen.)

globule of Pooh-Bah going back, indeed, almost to the mists in which the world was born.

We had intended to deal first with Mr Anstey's book, but it must have been that Harlequin intervened. Now we will shed in print the pleasure received from "In Brief Authority" if the same potent influence will permit. This is a characteristic Anstey book, and no one but its author could have written it. It falls naturally into place beside "The Brass Bottle" combining the impossible with the very ordinary. On this occasion some of the human products of Suburbia are transferred to that folk land born of German inspiration before the hoof of Prussia trod out the fancies and ideals where the goose girls and pretty tulips, Snow Whites, witches and ogres, the playthings of the Gummis and their company, lived and did and didn't. Munchenland is that chapter of the old world which is only to be reached in a mystic conveyance, rather more than the old fashioned family coach drawn by storks and driven by the good wishes of its fairy masters. Make believe is the easiest thing in the world—easier than breakfast sometimes when the make-believer really likes, and it is not at all surprising therefore, it is, indeed, quite what would be expected that Mrs Wibberley-Stimpson, who is just as conceited and unpleasant as an overfed suburban fool can be with her stodgy husband, raffish son and daughters, one of whom Edna is a sort of over-tutored rat and the other Ruby, not old enough to be other than nice, with the governess—we must not forget dear Daphne—should be carried away in that ramshackle aerial conveyance to Munchenland where the descendants of the heroes and heroines of the German folk tales are still existing and behaving nicely. How the fury messenger makes a mistake and causes Mrs Stimpson to ascend the throne there being some queen, how her consort King Sidney makes board meeting speeches to his untidy subjects, how Clarence the Crown Prince endeavours to introduce the civilisation of the nut to the country of the gnomes, how Edna loves an ogre and is cured off by his pet dragon, how the true queen is at length discovered and Daphne crowned—is written with fine ingenuity and the stuff of laughter. The most amusing episode is King Stimpson's golf match with one of the principal courtiers. In order that royal dignity should not be jeopardised through defeat, the Crown Prince Clarence induces the magician Xuriel to bewitch his father's ball. Unfortunately, his rival, the Marshal has gone to the same source for a spell to be put on his marshie.

We are not going to be ungrateful to Mr Birmingham, but we can express regret that a little more imagination and irresponsibility is not mixed with his invention. If only he could borrow the wand of Harlequin for a little time! He has taught us to look to him for farce, and he can build a plot and devise characters from which plenty of amusement might be extracted. And yet Gossamer, though written with skill and care, and though its people are excellent types of diverse humanity, rather depresses. It is mainly a study of Aschei, a finance king who when war breaks out finds himself on the horns of dilemma, shall he, a loyal German, stand by the Fatherland, or shall he be true to his honour as a financier and do his best for those whose affairs have been entrusted to him? This sensitive man is far and away, the most attractive subject in the book. Gossamer disappoints because we expect too much of its author, but there can be no question of its *bonhomie* and cleverness.

C. E. LAWALANCE

THE JOLLY DUCHESS.*

When Harriot Mellon bade adieu to the stage in 1815 on her marriage with the rich banker, Thomas Coutts, Lord Burford, afterwards the Duke of St Albans, was a lad of thirteen years of age, and his future wife well over

* The Jolly Duchess Harriot Mellon afterwards Mrs Coutts and the Duchess of St Albans. A Sixty Years' Gossiping Record of Stage and Society (1777 to 1837) By Charles L. Pearce 16s net (Stanley Paul)



*From a drawing by Dudley Hardy.
In "The Times Red Cross Story Book."
(Hodder and Stoughton.)*

DIMOUSSI AND THE PISTOL
By A. E. W. Mason.

forty. The marriage took place some ten years later, after Mrs. Coutts had been a widow and the wealthiest woman in England for three years. There had been before, as there have been since, several instances of actresses being raised to the peerage by marriage—Lavinia Fenton, the famous Polly Peachum of "The Beggars' Opera," who became the Duchess of Bolton; Miss Farren, the Countess of Derby; Miss Foote, the Countess of Harrington; and Miss Stephens, the Countess of Essex. None of these, however, held the public gaze after her marriage as did the subject of the present biography. Harriot Mellon married her first husband for his money; her second one for his rank. Both marriages were certainly great achievements for a woman born, as she was, in very humble position. Although she is said to have been the daughter of a lieutenant in the Madras Native Infantry the fact has not been established, nor has that of her having been "born on the wrong side of the blanket" been disproved. In her day she was a popular actress but not to be compared with her model, Dorothy Jordan, and it is very probable, but for her two amazing matrimonial achievements, that her name would by this time have been buried in the iniquity of oblivion unless she had gone on from strength to strength in her art.

Her first success appears to have been made in the provinces at Ulverston—in a strolling company. Afterwards, at Stafford, she became intimate with a well-to-do family, by whom she was introduced to Sheridan when he visited that Midland town as one of the stewards of the Stafford races. Then she was, after some delay, promoted to Drury Lane Theatre, where her first important part was as Lydia Languish in the great manager's comedy, "The Rivals," in 1795. Afterwards she undertook those with which she was already familiar, such as Maria in "The Spoiled Child," Lucy in "The Country Girl," Miss la Blond in "The Rump," and Lucy in "The Devil to Pay." And Lambites need not be reminded that it was Harriot Mellon who took the part of Melisinda in his damned farce, "Mr. H—," which was acted at Drury Lane on December 10th, 1806. It is not correct to refer to Lamb at that period, as Mr. Pearce does, as the "Gentle Elia." With the exception of an interval when she played at the Lyceum after Drury Lane Theatre was burnt down in 1809, she was connected only with the latter playhouse during the whole period of her stage career.

It cannot be said that the personality of the woman stands out clearly, either as Harriot Mellon the actress, as Mrs. Coutts or as the Duchess of St. Albans, so buried is she among the various people who throng the book. But that is hardly the fault of the author, a very painstaking and industrious worker, and he has distinctly described his labours as a gossiping record of stage and society from 1777 to 1837. His list of authorities takes up more than three pages. He makes no mention of a book, scarce, as nearly all the copies printed were bought up and destroyed, but doubtless he came across it during his researches. It is entitled "Life of the late Thomas Coutts, Esq., with biographical and entertaining anecdotes of his first wife, Betty Starky, and of the present Mrs. Coutts." It is undated, but must have been published some time between 1822, when Coutts died, and 1825, when Mrs. Coutts married her second husband. Nor does he refer to Lord Broughton's "Recollections of a Long Life," which appeared over five years ago. From it I transcribe the following amusing incident. Under date May 22nd, 1830, Lord Broughton (or John Cam Hobhouse, as he then was) records:

"Went to Holly Lodge and saw the many ways by which the good-natured hostess tries to make all the world forget that such a person as Miss Mellon ever lived. Very few of the great



Harriot Mellon as Mrs. Page in
"The Merry Wives of Windsor."

From "The Jolly Duchess" (Stanley Paul).

people who used to court Mrs. Coutts were, however, there. They do not choose to accept favours which they must return at the hazard of having precedence taken of them in London by the *ex-débutante*. There was no very prominent absurdity in the spectacle except that the Duchess was drawn in a garden phaeton up and down a hill, preceded by a band of Prague minstrels and followed by her guests in procession. I have seen the sight once, and shall never see it again."

There is much entertaining matter of varied interest in the book. Perhaps the following anecdote may be new to more readers than Mr. Pearce supposes:

"Mrs. Glover [whom Hoaden considered 'the ablest actress in existence'] . . . had wit, too, if she can be credited, as Vandenhoff asserts, with being the originator of a *jeu d'esprit* which has gone the round in many languages and has been told of any actress on whom the cap fits. Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Orger, and Mrs. Humby, a very pretty woman, the subject of an audacious couplet which was current in the clubs of her day, and of which one may hope she was ignorant, were talking in the green room one day, and the subject was Charles Matthews and his recent marriage with Madame Vestris. 'They say,' said Humby, with her quaint air of assumed simplicity, 'that before accepting him, Vestris made a full confession to him of all her lovers. 'What touching confidence!' she added archly. 'What needless trouble,' said Orger drily. 'What a wonderful memory,' wound up Glover triumphantly. An old joke, doubtless, but ever young."

The book is well illustrated with caricatures and portraits, and an index which might usefully have been made fuller.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

Novel Notes.

THE FORTUNES OF VIRGINIA BRIGHT. By Albert Kinnross. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is the story of a pretty young American girl's holiday in England. She arrives from the U.S.A. with plenty of money on her, given to her by her father, brother, and aunt, who have clubbed together to enable her to have this holiday. Virginia has mapped out a grand tour for herself, but before she has been long ashore nearly all her money is stolen from her bag, leaving her with a small amount of ready cash and the return half of her steamer ticket. She has no friends in England. What shall she do? She decides to stay and "see it out" even if she has to *work* her way through the holiday. So she finds the most unconventional and interesting sorts of jobs, and sends picture postcards home and says what a jolly time she is having, and not a word about the lost money. In reality she has a much jollier time than she would have had had she stayed in hotels and done the ordinary tourist holiday. She takes on all sorts of work as she goes along on her tour, from cooking and housekeeping to managing a pierrot troupe. There is a fresh, healthy atmosphere throughout the book, and about Virginia, which makes her adventures delightfully entertaining reading. The various people she comes across are all "ships that pass" until, at length, she meets a young man on a motor-cycle who asks her to take a fly out of his eye. Which results in—but we must not spoil by anticipating it the charming finish of a very charming romance.

THE GAME OF HEARTS. By G. B. Burgin 6s. (Hutchinson.)

It is a pity that in the opening pages of this new story of life round Four Corners, Mr. Burgin should have presented his hero and his two heroines in so unattractive a light as to prejudice the reader's interest in their future. Despite his beautiful face and slim, aristocratic fingers, it is difficult to tolerate the young Seigneur with his pretentious monologues, his poetical snobbery, and his excessive self-pity, occasioned by his diminutive stature. "Only a blind woman could love a third of a man like me," he sighs, as he reclines gracefully in the woods. And the reader is prepared to agree with the stipulation that she should be dead also. Not so, however, *Lasse l'aboussier*, the beautiful granddaughter of an Iroquois squaw, who longs to "pillow her head" on the Seigneur's breast. For his part, the Seigneur yearns for the tall, slim and unapproachable Marion, the priggish daughter of Judge Mant. Fortunately, as the "game of hearts" which gives the novel its title proceeds, the young people become more likeable, the Seigneur quits his picturesque posing, and the heart of Miss Mant begins to show signs of life. A thrill is given to the plot by the insidious attempts on the part of an old Indian squaw, aided by a she-wolf, to destroy the Judge's daughter. The novel is written in Mr. Burgin's characteristically light and easy manner, and introduces some entertaining Four Cornerites.

NYMPHET. By J. L. Carter 6s. (Sampson Low.)

From the very moment that Claude Kempton sat in the corner of the railway carriage and scoffed and pshawed at the article in the magazine on "Love at first Sight," we knew what was going to happen to him. And it did, too. How it did, and what he did, and what Nymphet (who is *her* sister) did, is the business of this sunny, light-hearted story. As a rule, little girls of Nymphet's age, in story books, who have a hand in the love affairs of their elders are unbearable and most irritating to read about. But not so Nymphet. She is a natural, jolly little girl, who plays her part unaffectedly throughout. The author is to be congratulated on the excellent character studies in the book, and on the breezy, summery, holiday atmosphere that exhales from its pages. "Nymphet" should come as a welcome guest to many a fireside this winter.

THE PASSIONATE CRIME. By E. Temple Thurston. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

A passionate young poet, divining that pure emotion is the mood of vision, vows himself to celibacy and goes into solitude in the wicks of Ireland. There, after two years of calm, he is found by a modern woman of great beauty. They love; but, to keep his ideal of her unspoiled, he must leave her. To nurse desire of her would wreck his inspiration. By this time he has acquired more than a half-belief in *laerie*, his conviction being that the things seen and heard by a simple and imaginative peasantry are symbols of their moods. He is himself tempted presently by such a simulacrum, his lady in a peasant guise; and, being tricked into the satisfaction of what he deems a fatal weakness, he kills her. That is Mr. Temple Thurston's story, with which he sets in a new atmosphere and meaning the age-old "conflict of flesh and spirit." It is finely done. The conflict in Anthony Sorel is almost as tragic as in Claude Frollo; the Celtic glamour with which the story is arrayed makes it less familiar and real, but hardly less absorbing. Indeed, the loss of reality might be unimportant if this conflict were not presented as vital for a poet, in the sense that he must not love like a man. As Browning would have said, the less poet he. If we believed in Sorel, using a knife in his bridal bed to enforce that thesis, we should have to call him a monster. Happily the romantic setting and elusive treatment make the thesis a fictional expedient and nothing more. It enables Mr. Thurston to establish a logic of *faerie*, by which we are so delighted that the human aspect of Anthony Sorel and Anna Quartermaine concerns us little. He has been artist enough to know that what mattered was to make us believe in Ireland and its imaginative lore rather than in these protagonists, who are very sufficiently shown for that purpose. A romantic ethic serves as the staple of a romantic aesthetic inspiring him for our pure pleasure; and the pains taken to make us believe that he went to Tipperary in quest of the truth about this "Passionate Crime," and found it in a certain way, are high craftsmanship. From all artistic points of view this novel is a clear success.

DAVENPORT. By Charles Marriott. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

If a man's real claim upon posterity is the amount of interest he has drawn from the well of life and the way in which he has poured it out for other men's refreshment, then few men of our generation can better substantiate that claim than Mr. Marriott. Instead of playing with baubles like love or gam or war, he prefers the larger field of human personality, and it has never failed him yet. Whatever interests the rest of men is good enough for him, but not unless it serves to bring into picturesque relief the influence it exercises upon human character. You might take a gallery of Mr. Marriott's creations and show an effortless unity in their treatment, and the same unflinching exercise of brain playing like a morning breeze above and around the subject. In this faculty of irradiating common things and experiences with intellectual wonder—mixing his colours "with brains, sir," as Opie said—we can only compare him to Wells or Conrad; but he is wise in choosing a smaller canvas and sticking to the subject. This time he allows himself a problem in dualisation, and though his psychological doubling of Harry Belsire reminds you inevitably of Stevenson's Jekyll, it is a reminiscence enforced by dint of difference. Jekyll is an embodiment of horror made fascinating by a dramatic picturesqueness; Harry is a thoroughly human youngster with an aura which affects you with uneasiness because he inspires affection. Jekyll is a vampire, a being of another world; Harry remains not only human, but British and modern. His only departure from the stage of our attentive sympathy is when he deals with the fussy little Mrs. Orme. As for his identity with Davenport, the writer of power and imagination, it never makes him any the less Harry and likeable. Anybody less mystical or priggish than young Belsire you could hardly imagine, and that is why his deliverance from this interminable division of self comes

with a sense of relief, though you feel it must end a most engrossing story. Part of the self-denying artistry of the book consists in the way in which Anne Courtney gives Harry up for a Quixotic reason, and in the way that after it, Harry goes off to the war and falls with honour. He gives one the sense of pride that comes to many a bereaved and patriotic father to-day—the feeling that he was worth it, and grateful memory will not let him die.

THE GATES OF SILENCE. By Lindsay Russell. 6s (Ward, Lock.)

Old Denis Crorey, the warmest man in Cruthmary, a deep whisky-drinker and a bigoted Roman Catholic, boon companion of all the neighbouring priests, loudly boasted that "There's never a Crorey left the ould Church, an' there never will." He was also wont to add, "An', please God, before Denis Crorey closes his eyes on the world there will be two o' his flesh and blood that will be dedicated to the glory o' the Church." But even into peaceful Cruthmary the inquiring spirit of modernism had penetrated. The dreams of Denis were rudely shattered when Father Malfield renounced the Church, when Mary Gabrielle was moved by sympathy and by the hopelessness of a convent future. The theme is a delicate one, but it is handled in a manner which gives no offence. The alternate setting of Donegal and New Guinea—where Paul Malfield makes good as a bush doctor—enhance the charm of a delightful story. Denis Crorey's daughters both break their vows, Mary Gabrielle for love of an explorer, and Elizabeth for love of Paul Malfield and Mary Gabrielle's baby. Some of the details are sordid, but this novel has an appeal distinctly its own.

THE ETERNAL WHISPER. By Charles Inge. 6s (F. & L. Nash.)

Finding your Self has always been hard—and always will, remarks old Mrs. Pilkington. Hetty Von Borne, young and eager to try her wings, but married to an unsympathetic and elderly Ceylon merchant of Portuguese extraction, discovers the truth of this after bitter misery and disillusionment. Von Borne, a stolid, unemotional man, with large ideas of duty and a penchant for playing patience, brings his wife to England for a holiday. In England Mrs. Von Borne meets Mrs. Pilkington, wife of an artist, and formally his model, and their conversations suggest to Hetty a way out. On the eve of their return to Ceylon she disappears, joins a model in lodgings, and begins the Search for Self. Colin Maud, a rising young artist, employs her, and gradually the pair drift into a more intimate relationship. Love comes to them, a love, however, which destroys Colin's industry. When the truth dawns upon Hetty she determines to sacrifice herself to save Colin and his career, and does so by returning to her husband. Mr. Inge is to be congratulated upon an admirable piece of work. All through this story grips. The temptations and dangers besetting the lonely woman's path, the ugly and seamy side of London's lodgings and work, have never been so realistically described.

SHADOWS OF FLAMES. By Amélie Rives. 6s (Hurst & Blackett.)

Five hundred and eighty-eight pages, closely printed pages, is excellent value. The one thing to be said is if you don't like the story you need not read them all; while if you do you will like it so much that you cannot have too much of a good thing. The beautiful American married to the English aristocrat, who is quite brutal and a morphia maniac, gives scope for a magnificent tale. And the agonies of morphia, the cunning of the victim, the whole pathology, is excellently observed and displayed. The most sympathetic character in the book is the nurse, a brisk and taking figure. When the husband dies, Sophy has further adventures, and marries again an American boy who has Adonis and Apollo "beat to a frazzle" for beauty and charm; but the end is a divorce. And then she moves towards the Italian who has loved her through

her two wedlocks. There are many lurid scenes of every kind in the course of the book, very skilfully handled, and one has no doubt that a very large and eager public will be grateful for so warmly emotional a novel.

TEN DEGREES BACKWARD. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. 6s (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Behold, I will bring again the shadow on the sun-dial ten degrees backward." This is the keynote of Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's new novel, in which we see the middle-aged hero of the story—after he has made a failure of his life getting his chances over again: though he himself believes, and says early in the story that the real tragedy of life is "that there are no *encores*." Told in a witty and vivacious manner, the story covers a wide range of subject matter: there is the gift of spiritual healing which Reginald Kingsnorth (the hero) finds that he possesses, and which opens up an interesting channel for argument and speculation; there is his marriage with the charming and youthful Fay Wildacre, and the extraordinary way he bungles his happiness and hers; there are old friends to meet like Isabel of "Concerning Isabel Carnaby" fame; and then, towards the end of the book, comes an echo of the Great War, for, of course, no modern stories can escape it entirely. The interest in the two main themes of the book—Love and Religion—is cleverly sustained throughout.

SOME ELDERLY PEOPLE AND THEIR YOUNG FRIENDS. By S. Macnaughtan. 6s (Smith, Elder.)

By reading Miss Macnaughtan's latest book we meet several delightful people whose acquaintance it would certainly be a pity to miss. A few of the characters are elderly, and these decidedly resemble the fascinating folk of whom Jane Austen has told us, with an added humour all their own: their young friends are essentially modern, not to say startling at times, yet these contrasting characters are fitted so perfectly together, each group seems to form the complement of the other. Happily with Miss Macnaughtan's description still ranks as a fine



"Ten Degrees Backward."
Cover Design.

art; there is a sub-acid flavour about her criticisms, and she makes a few words do a wonderful amount of work. She sticks neat little labels on to her characters, and we recognise them at once as old friends. There is Tom Beamish, whose table napkin would never rest on both knees at once; Mrs. Darling, who is "one of those women who sit at home and say 'Well darling?' to everybody when they return"; and Clemmie; Clemmie, with her naively expressed ideas on matrimony and the law of the land, and her extreme modernity. Personally we wouldn't have missed Clemmie for anything, although we heaved a sigh of relief that after all she wasn't our own daughter. In the end the very thing you never would have expected happens, and the story proves that, as Jacqueta says, "When all is said and done, love remains amazingly the fashion." This book is filled with a gentle gaiety, and the sense of humour which outlasts trouble. The lights and shades are so carefully applied that the whole reminds one of a very finished picture. Distinctly a book to take one's thoughts away from the war.

THE HIGHWAYMAN. By H. C. Bailey. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Bailey really knows how to do it. He can reproduce an ancient time to the life, or persuade you that it is to the life, which, if you come to think of it, is really far better. The days of Queen Anne have not been the most profitable for the historical novelist; we have "Esmond" and "Shrewsbury," and, of course, the *Spectator* and *Tatler* as contemporary fiction and authority, not to speak of others. Mr. Harry Boyce's adventure in life, as recounted by Mr. Bailey, is not merely an adventure of riding and swearing and wooing and slaying. He is a scholar, and at twenty-four tutor to Mr. Geoffrey Waverton, an Egoist, but an egoist devoid of the excellent qualities of Sir Willoughby Pattern. Strangely enough, Mr. Boyce's father reminds us of Harry Richmond's. How Mr. Boyce loves and is wooed by the peerless Miss Lambourn, who leads him a dog's life, and then falls in love with him afresh when he has left her, is the background of a sufficiently exciting tale, that gives us vivid glimpses of Marlborough, his Duchess, Sunderland, the Pretender, and such solid historical people, all strongly presented and made part of the stuff of the story. But the characters of the hero and heroine are well and truly delineated, they live and excite our human feelings of friendship and aversion as human folk will do in real life, and it is to this real quality of characterisation that the book owes its value. No one is all villain, no one is all heroic. There is an exception—the Egoist, and he is a very sorry fellow indeed. Only we feel that such a person would be just such an insufferable rascal given his original qualities, so that our sense of psychology commends the unrelieved blackness of his portraying.

THE LITTLE ILIAD. By Maurice Hewlett. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The impression which one carries away from this book is that one has been reading a first novel from the land of ghosts, its author being Harland—a Harland who has fitted round George Meredith, but not come very near the heart of him. It is significant that Mr. Hewlett looks towards the poets wistfully, and one is made to feel that he would sooner be a poet than a novelist. He has, indeed, some features of the poet, but what he has without a doubt, is great skill in the art of telling tales. This art is here so palpable that the very thinness of the tale is made more evident. We need not labour the point that the whole affair is, with its Hector and Helen and so forth, a shadow of the Iliad that is, to say the least, courageous; but the cynical friend who tells the story seems to tell you that it is a show of puppets. They play their little parts, in and out, and go their way and nobody is a penny the worse for it. The moral is that a womanly woman who is not unhappy should not be told that she ought to be; but if this

Hector had behaved with such self-restraint there would have been no Highland siege of Troy, and Hector's father would not, in the end, have married Helen and the rather wise old chorus, Laura Bacchus, would not have been able to make her pronouncement that Hector "don't want to marry anybody. He only wants a woman to say his prayers to." There are several shrewd epigrams and neat observations. You are left in surmise as to Hermione, the beautiful and coldish daughter of this Helen: what will become of her when old Sir Roderick dies?

THE OCEAN SLEUTH. By Maurice Drake. 6s. (Methuen.)

The plot of this mystery story turns on the disappearance of an absconding banker with eighty thousand pounds' worth of English and French notes. Both the embezzler and his plunder are traced to a liner which comes to grief on the Lizard shelf, and the notes are ostensibly recovered and lodged with the Official Receiver. We say "ostensibly" advisedly, for Austin Voogdt, a wealthy young man with a convenient name for the author's purpose, an aptitude for asking questions, and a *penchant* for the sights and smells of the sea, is soon involved in a shower of notes bearing the numbers of those supposed to have been "recovered": and to his dismay his efforts to elucidate the mystery only serve to fasten suspicion on a beautiful girl to whom he had been of some service on the wrecked liner. The mystery suffers a little from over-elaboration, and the solution is too long deferred. Any but the painstaking Voogdt would have skipped several steps in the solving. By far the most realistic chapters of "The Ocean Sleuth" are those setting out life on the salvage ship *Godwit*, and Austin's adventures in the Parson's Tunnel. Apropos of this tunnel, you cannot read this book without registering a vow to thrust your head out of the carriage window on your next journey between Dawlish and Teignmouth.

THE MONEY MASTER. By Sir Gilbert Parker. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

In any other hands but those of Sir Gilbert Parker, we are convinced that the dialect of the Canadian "habitant" would grow monotonous. It has always palled on us after awhile in the poems of Drummond, and we find it impossible to read more than a few pages of that capable writer at a time, but Sir Gilbert escapes monotony by the vigour of his character creations and his deftness in keeping the ball of action continually at work. He introduces a new element, moreover, by marrying his hero to a Spanish girl of wilful disposition and a haunting beauty, and her absconson from the home of Jean-Jacques Barville after certain years of outward conformity to the rules and conditions of matrimony constitutes the real beginning of the story. After that Jean-Jacques, with his self-obsession and his smattering of stereotyped jargon from the philosophic schools, seems to drift down the weirs of trouble. His daughter consults her own devices by marrying a Protestant, in opposition to her father's Catholic views, and they only become reconciled in a kind of way by his renunciation of her orphan babe, an act of self-denial on his part which more than expiates his faults of egotism and self-sufficiency. There is a complete reconciliation with his truant wife upon her deathbed, and after this the fortunes of the house of Barville seem destined to return, or, if they don't, it does not greatly matter. Jean-Jacques has lived his life and shot his bolt, and the prospect of a second wife who has long adored him in secret is all in favour of a serene old age. He is philosophic at last in something more than the superficial sense of years ago, and we find we have traced the character upwards from a mild and good-humoured disparagement to a genuine level of admiration. The book is not the author's best, but it may rank amongst his most original. It is a book which nobody else could have written, and everybody else will appreciate.



*From an etching by
the Belgian artist, M. Van der Loo.
From "Belgium the Glorious. Her Country
and her People."
Illustrated in colour and black-and-white.
(Hutchinson.)*

THE BEGUINAGE, BRUGES.

The Bookman's Table.

THE SONGS AND SONNETS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE Illustrated by Charles Robinson 7s 6d net (Duckworth)

Mr Charles Robinson has found in Shakespeare's songs and sonnets a series of subjects that are admirably suited to his graceful delicate art. His drawings are touched with fancy and imagination as well as with beauty. He does not take a scene sufficiently described by the author and mechanically reproduce it in visible line and colour but rather catches at ideas the poet has no more than hinted at and imaginatively elaborates these. In the Court of Love for instance charmingly symbolises the inner significance of a sonnet in which that phrase does not even occur. And "This Fair Child of Mine" is not merely a portrait but shows the child a living lovable looking little soul playing in just such an old world garden as Shakespeare must have known. The grace and sweetness of the women and children in these as in all Mr Robinson's pictures are among the happiest characteristics of his work. This handsomely produced volume with its twenty-four full colour plates and numerous decorative drawings and initial letters is one of the most artistic and should be one of the most popular of the Christmas gift books.

SOLDIERS' STORIES OF THE WAR By Walter Wood Illustrated by Clayton & Hall (Clayton & Hall)

One day we shall have the great drama of the retirement from Mons told in full and as Mr Wood says "history does not give a more splendid story of courage and endurance." You have vivid and moving glimpses of it in the most narrative in this book which unfolds the personal experiences of Private J. Parkinson of the 1st Battalion Coldstream Highlanders. All the twenty-four chapters are planned on the same principle. Mr Wood has talked with men who have been in the fighting lines and has let them down their own accounts of the actions they have been through giving not only a strong clear statement of the facts as they occurred but of their own impressions of the fighting and the hardships and the things they have seen. Some of the men had kept diaries and these have been drawn upon. There is no more vivid record of the great struggle on the Aisne than that taken from the lips of Private Herbert Page of the Coldstream Guards nor of life in the trenches than you get from Private G. Townsend of the 1st Battalion East Lancashire Regiment nor of our victory at Neuve Chapelle than you get from Sergeant Gillingham another of the Coldstreams. There are stories of the fighting on the Yonne and of a stirring account of the famous exploits of the London Scottish by a private of that regiment and of other phases of the war on land and sea. Mr Wood has done his work uncommonly well. His book is alive with interest and has the permanent value that must always belong to such first-hand testimony. The twenty full page illustrations by A. C. Michael are admirable.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE MARKET OF EUROPE. By Princess Catherine Radziwill 7s 6d net (Cassell)

It is the strain of cynicism in all of us that gives lasting currency to such phrases as "the marriage market" just as it is the strain of sentiment which makes us go on repeating the saying that marriages are made in Heaven and which makes us accept the statement that any particular royal marriage is a true love match. Possibly where royal marriages have been concerned history would tell us that cynicism is often nearer the truth than sentiment, though it must be recognised that within the past half century there have been more frequent departures from long-established custom in "The Royal Marriage Market" than would have been thought seemly earlier. Yet the sphere of selection for any member of a ruling family in



The "Hogue" began to turn turtle. The four immense funnels broke away.

From Soldiers' Stories of the War (Clayton & Hall)

search of a mate is a very limited one. Choose not alone the proper mate but proper time to marry says the didactic poet at the close of his apologue but it may be believed that the double choice is often made for them in the case of prince or princess even as it was in days when such unhappily situated individuals were contracted in their cradles in accordance with the dictates of state policy. Though Princess Catherine Radziwill in her survey of the ruling families of Europe from the marriage market point of view has to tell of some love matches the fact that the probabilities or possibilities of the leading royal candidates for matrimony down to the six-year-old heiress to the Dutch throne can be canvassed in a single volume shows of itself how limited is the field generally speaking. As the author points out the great war is likely long to have its effect on the market for German princes and princesses will be looked at askance when it comes to the making of dynastic alliances and such have for generations been an important article of export. Princess Catherine Radziwill gives light and sketchy chronicles of the marriages of recent and living members of the various ruling Houses and discusses the possible marriages of the more or less immediate future in a fashion which will prove very attractive to those many readers who find a delight in gossip about the people whose misfortune it is to pass their lives within that herce light that beats upon a throne. While there is much that will of necessity be familiar to such readers there is also much that will be fresh and the whole is set forth in a bright and unpretentious fashion.

YUSUF KHAN, THE REBEL COMMANDANT. By S. C. Hill 10s 6d net (Longmans & Co)

A Sepoy who fought under Clive—who quite possibly had fought against Clive in the siege of Arcot—who won golden opinions from Clive and Lawrence, who by feats of daring and by soldierly skill proved over and over again, earned a

special gold medal from the Company, and was given a commission as Commander-in-Chief of all the Company's Sepoys, was no ordinary man. This was Yusuf Khan, whose name appears so often and so honourably in Orme's "History of India." That history ends with the year 1761, when Yusuf Khan had been nearly ten years in the service of the English, and had been for five years Governor of the provinces of Madura and Tinnevely. Under his rule these provinces prospered exceedingly, his administration was vigorous and effective. "His justice," says Colonel Fullarton, "was unquestioned—his word unalterable—his measures were happily combined and firmly executed." His services were then transferred from the Company to the Nawab of the Carnatic, and before long he rebelled, and the English reduced his rebellion for the Nawab. The tale of the siege of Madura is heroic, it endured sixteen months, and Yusuf Khan repelled all assaults, until his French officer, Marchand, betrayed him and the defence was broken, and it is sad to read how the gallant soldier was hanged as a rebel, October 15th, 1764. The Nawab might well have spared the ablest of all the Indian soldiers who fought in the early wars between the English and the French for the possession of Southern India. The story of Yusuf Khan's last three years is locked up in the records of the Madras Government and the Orme MSS. Mr. S. C. Hill has drawn from these and other sources the first authoritative sketch of the career of a remarkable military genius, and a great Indian hero, whose courage was admired and whose fate was lamented by the British soldiers who fought against him at the end. We owe him no small debt of thanks for his account of a picturesque and chivalrous ally and enemy.

THE CALIPH'S LAST HERITAGE. By Lieut.-Col. Sir Mark Sykes, Bart., M.P. Illustrated 20s. net (Macmillan)

Just now, when the Turks have allied themselves with our enemies, and many of us are quite naturally inclined to look only on the worse side of the Ottoman Empire, it is well that our bias should be corrected, and that we should look, as well, upon the other side for even the Turk has something to his credit in the long account of the march of civilisation. The land ruled by the Sultan has indeed, as Colonel Sykes reminds us at the outset, "been the birthplace of civilisation, has given the world the Gospel and the Koran, has seen the rise and fall of four great Empires and scores of principalities and dynasties. It has been the battle ground of all the philosophies and creeds which form the basis of those now occupying Western minds, as well as the highway of all conquerors

from Xerxes to Napoleon. The fact that the decisive historical events which have occurred within the Asiatic Provinces of the Sultan are those which have moulded the whole of the spiritual and material destinies of mankind, should give us food for reflection. There is nothing in our daily private or public life to-day which is not directly or indirectly influenced by some human movement that took place in this zone." Colonel Sykes holds no brief for the Turk, he is simply concerned to give him justice, and he does so in the right impartial spirit of the true historian. The narrative of the rise and decline of Islam—the study of the widely differing races that come under the Turkish rule—the stories of the great fighting they have done (and as fighting men, Colonel Sykes evidently holds them in high esteem) are all written with such knowledge and with such skill in the art of narration that "The Caliph's Last Heritage" is not only a valuable history, but one that, with its shrewd reflections, its breadth of vision, its illustrative anecdotes, makes thoroughly enjoyable reading. A second part of this substantial volume includes the diaries kept by the author describing five journeys he made in Turkey and Egypt between 1900 and 1913, and gives an excellent, most interesting and up-to-date account of those places and their people. The book is well illustrated with photographs and contains a number of very serviceable maps.

GLORIOUS DEEDS OF THE AUSTRALASIANS IN THE GREAT WAR. By E. C. BULEY. Illustrated with photographs. 3s. 6d. (Melrose.)

Everybody knows from the newspapers something of the gallantry and stubborn courage with which the Australian and New Zealand troops have been fighting at the Dardanelles, and what they know has filled them with the most enthusiastic admiration of these pugnacious sons of the Empire. But they don't know a title of the story yet. Mr. E. C. Buley, himself an Australian and one of the ablest journalists in London, has done excellent service not only to his native country, but to all who have Britain's cause at heart in writing this vivid, stirring account of what the Australasians have achieved since the beginning of the war. By talking with hundreds of the wounded Anzacs in London hospitals he has been able to unfold his story and enliven it with first-hand information of the best and rarest kind. Mr. Buley has a sense of humour and tells many capital anecdotes. This is the most intimate and intensely interesting account of the Dardanelles campaign that has yet appeared.



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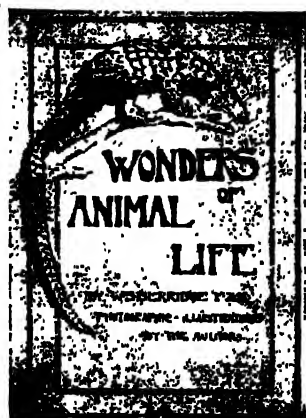
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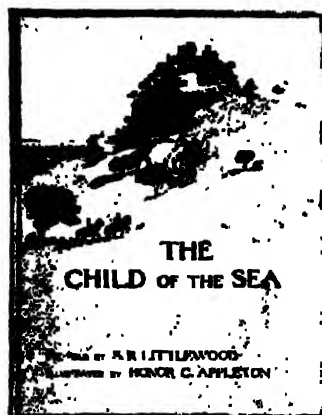
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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1915

FESTIVALS, HOLY DAYS AND SAINTS' DAYS.

By ETHEL L. URLIN. With 8 Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net.
(Simpkin, Marshall)

The sub-title of this book is "A Study in Origins and Survivals in Church Ceremonies and Secular Customs." It is a fascinating subject, but one which needs patience, interest, honest first-hand work and continuous study. It cannot be "mugged up." The reward for all this trouble lies in the ever-increasing pleasure of the pursuit of some obscure fact, and in the handing on of the knowledge gained. In Miss Umlin we have the spirit of the true antiquary, and her new volume is an illuminating record and explanation of customs and ceremonies still existing or but lately discontinued. It is much more than this too; it is a book of genuine folk-lore, and one to be enjoyed not only by scholars, but by the general reader. The scheme of the book is, roughly speaking, that of a calendar, beginning with New Year's Day and ending with New Year's Eve, and surveying and tracing customs and beliefs connected with certain days in each month. And in addition to the greater festivals, the authoress tells us of such days as "Plough Monday," "Carling Sunday," "Holy Cross Day," "Lammas Day," and others. For ourselves, we have placed it on the shelf between Brand and Howe, those indispensable to the lover of folk-lore. The illustrations in the volume are well-chosen reproductions from the old masters.

BELLES LETTRES.

In times of war poetry and the making of poetry and the impulse towards poetry flourish, and in the third category I place those who have no real wings to fly, but feel the spring lifting them a little way from the ground, even if it is only to fall back again. The poets and the verse-makers are like the birds of which word comes to us from the firing line, that their songs are to be heard through all the terrible noise of a war which has made noise as terrible and afflicting a scourge as fire and sword. The impulse to sing in these troubled times is a good and hopeful thing, for all poetry and honest attempt to make poetry are in themselves indications that the hearts of the makers are turning towards idealism. When there are no poets, and none who long to be poets, and no readers for the poets, then the world will be tumbling to pieces from its own inherent rottenness.

Of the half-dozen books of verse under review, but one I think contains poems of the War, and that is the best of the bunch—the "Swords and Ploughshares"¹ of John Drinkwater. Mr. Drinkwater's diction is good and stately;

¹ "Swords and Ploughshares." By John Drinkwater. 2s. 6d. net. (Siddgwick & Jackson.)

he has thought before he has written; he has a worthy vocabulary; he has style; he treats of serious and dignified subjects with dignity. He has cultivated an academic manner of poetry, the manner which commends itself to college dons and the old-fashioned reviews; but I am inclined to think that it is not in the groves of Academe he finds himself, but in the wonderful, haunted English country, with its placid ordered beauty, the country of Kipling's heart and of the Shropshire Lad, of Belloc and Gilbert Chesterton. And that is a poetry which has its fount of inspiration springing clear as crystal from woods and meadows and gardens, where the Spirit of Delight has made her quiet habitation. Mr. Drinkwater is a Warwickshire man, and he is at his very best when he

thinks upon the Cotswolds and forgets Birmingham University, or other Universities for the matter of that. Personally I would give all the correct polished academic poems for the freshness of "For Corin To-Day," or "Mad Tom Tatterman," or "The Defenders." Here is the latter to prove my point that Mr. Drinkwater is a poet of pastorals, with just the touch of carking care added inseparable from our times and anxieties, for your pure artificial shepherd and shepherdess are now gone to Fairyland.

"His wage of rest at nightfall still

He takes who sixty years has known
Of ploughing over Cotsall hill

And keeping trim the Cotsall stone

He meditates the dusk, and sees

Folds of his wonted shepherdings

And lands of stubble and tall trees

Becoming insubstantial things

And does he see on Cotsall hill

Thrown even to the central shire—

The funnelled shapes, forbidding still

The strangers from his cottage fire?"

"One Way of Love,"² by Cuthbert Wright, proves that its author has really got the hang of it. His is very smooth and easy versification, with a sense of beauty and a sensitive choice of words. There is achievement in the book, but such achievement as stands for promise, for one feels that when Mr. Wright has lived longer and become less sophisticated, when he has learnt to look into his heart and write, he will have his place among contemporary poets. At present he has a suggestion of the undergraduate, perhaps of the Rhodes Scholar, doubly undergraduate. He was perhaps brought up in the other worldly unworldly atmosphere of a Catholic school, from which he has escaped to a somewhat over-emphasised knowledge of the world. The mere externals of religion and religious ceremonial are too much in his verse at present. All the same, he can write and will write.

Mr. Percy Dobell has done a work of piety in publishing this posthumous volume of his father—"Sonnets and

² "One Way of Love." By Cuthbert Wright. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)



From *Festivals, Holy Days,
and Saints' Days*

THE NATIVITY

(Bottom)

(Photograph by W. A. Mansell & Co.)

Lyrics in War-Time."¹ Dobell is a name of good savour to bookmen; and there is a real honest, brave and wholesome personality revealed in this book. Mr. Bertram Dobell must have been "ever a fighter"; and, if it came to him to fight with words rather than weapons, none can say but that he fought bravely. There is an inspiring spirit in these sonnets and lyrics of the fighting sort and a tonic in these great days of glory and desolation.

"The Forgotten Island"² might bear the sub-title of "Poems from the Japanese" but it does not. Miss Radclyffe Hall, who makes no rhymes, but pours out her verse without pre-meditation, has contrived to get the impassioned manner, the fragrance, the drowsy warmth of the East, into her poetry. It is not poetry of thought, of manners, of teaching, of illumination; it does not belong to any time or any epoch. She is a poet of one mood, and the mood is love's. This volume, though it is more temperate, will appeal to the many admirers of the late Lawrence Hope and, being much less decorated, it is probably also more sincere. A book which has no mes- sage for its time may be something to retire upon for the not too heavily burdened in this oppressed and uplifted day.

K. T. H.

THE ART AND GENIUS OF TINTORET.

By F. P. B.
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The greatness of Tintoret's genius has not been so readily and universally recognised as have the genius of Titian or Michaelangelo. There was a time when his art fell into comparative neglect, and not until Ruskin championed his cause and paid him the high tribute that belonged to him in "Modern Painters" did anything of a general realisation grow up, at all events in this country, that he was one of the world's supreme artists, and that his place was with the greatest of the great masters. He

still has his detractors; still has to abide the question, and is ranked by certain critics considerably below the highest. But in sheer imaginative power, in the dignity and beauty of his conceptions, the wonderful virility, the sense of abounding life he gets into his figures, he is unsurpassed. Mr. Osmaston is as enthusiastic an advocate for Tintoret as Ruskin was, but he is more effective because he is more discriminating, less given to running into hyperbole and being carried away on the glorious stream of his eloquence. He supplements an ample and admirably written biography of the painter with a most careful

critical study of the development of his art, and describes and appraises his great canvases with an insight and balanced judgment, a skill in technique, and a sympathetic understanding of the ideals and methods of his subject that make his book the most elaborate and illuminating contribution we have had to the study of Tintoret's life and works. The two large volumes are very artistically produced, and the two hundred and five plates from Tintoret's canvases and drawings are beautifully reproduced. It is a book that will charm the collector, but it will delight every lover and student of the wonderful art of one of the most wonderful of the old masters.

VERSUS ET LUDIBRIA QUÆDAM.

Four volumes of verse have reached us simultaneously, and we turned first, and with sympathetic curiosity to those three whose names were not familiar.

Let unsuccessful authors say what they like to the contrary, reviewers are a kindly folk, and there is not one who is not keen to be able to proclaim that he has heard a "new voice," or caught the first glimpse of a new star. It was a memorable occasion in some reviewers' life when "The Soul's Destroyer" came into their hands, published by the then unknown poet W. H. Davies at his own charges from the "Farm House in the Marshalsea," and they are ever on the look-out for a repetition of the glad experience. It is sad to be obliged to add that one reviewer is waiting still.



From The Art and Genius of Tintoret
(Bell.)

CHRIST IN THE HOUSE OF LAZARUS.

¹ "Sonnets and Lyrics on the War." By Bertram Dobell. 1s. net. (P. J. & A. E. Dobell.)

² "The Forgotten Island." By Marguerite Radclyffe Hall. 2s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1915

It does not need the direct hint contained in two of his "book-plates" to tell us that Mr. William J. Ibbett¹ is a loving disciple of Robert Herrick. Like the delightful pagan parson he finds his joy in little things and expresses it in good, homely English informed by a racy humour. If he laments the on-coming of age he does so with a whimsical smile, and consoles himself with the unrepentant, cheerful reflection that he gathered his rosebuds while he might. In the opening verses, "Old Age, forget thy sorrow," in "The Golden Age," and in "Heigho!" Mr. Ibbett shows that he can use his favourite medium to good purpose; and "A Field in Ludwell" has the true ring of the epigram as derived from Martial through Herrick. Altogether, these chosen poems prove distinct talent if no genius.

Mr. Gerald Crow's poems² do not please us quite so much, despite the fact that their deeper note appeals more strongly to the intellectual interest. Whether the melancholy underlying them is a sentimental phase of young manhood, or whether it is the result of some disillusionment in life, we will not stay to speculate. Its effect is a general sombreness which is rather dispiriting. Best in the collection we like "Advent" with its reminder of the large place occupied by gardens in the course of God's direct human relations with man, and its protest against the noisy and lurid imagery of language dear to the revivalist preacher.

Dr. Watson has undeniable facility in metrical expression, but few of the poems in this collection³ have genuine inspiration behind them. We do not mean

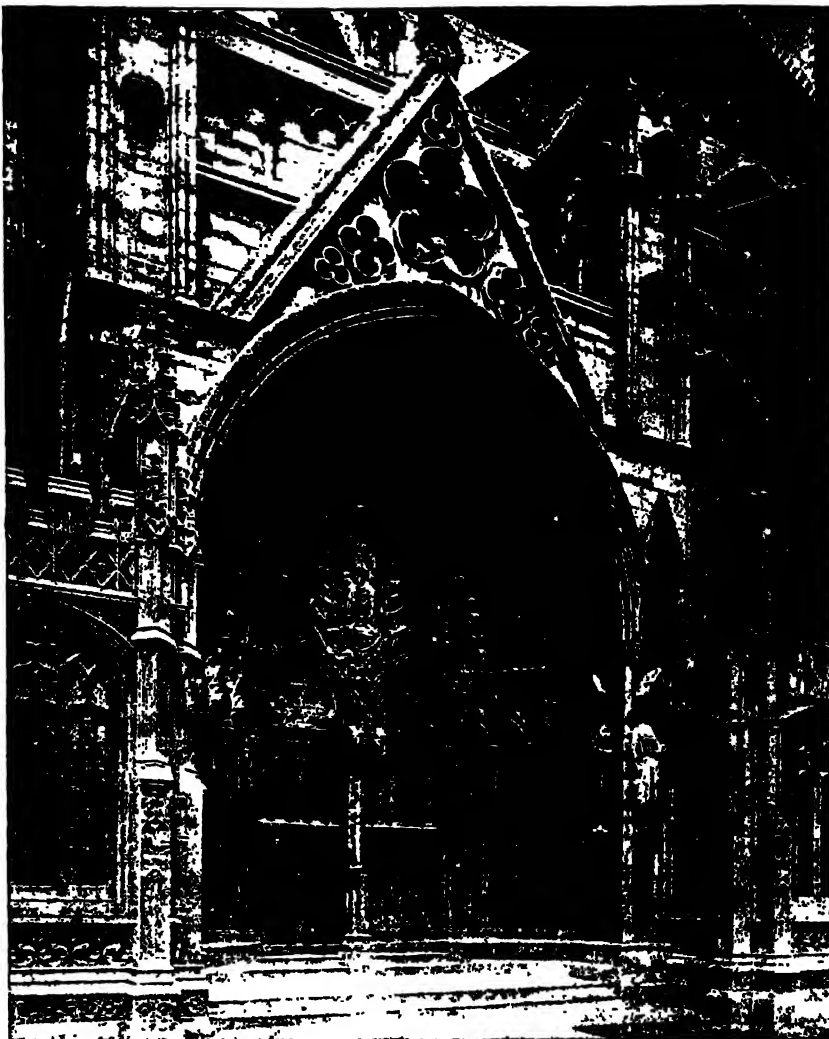
that the work is pedestrian, but in nearly every case we are made conscious of limitations to the suggestive power of the ideal, enshrined in the poem, or of limitations to the author's technical skill. Sometimes, as in "Aspiration," an otherwise creditable thing is spoiled by a lack of fineness of ear which has not detected the fatal monotony of the vowel sounds in the endings of the lines; sometimes a common-place word suggests poverty of the author's vocabulary, or a cheap device, employed in order to make an obvious rhyme immediately available.

¹ "Chosen Poems" of William J. Ibbett. 2s. 6d. net. (Stratford-upon-Avon: A. H. Bullen).

² "Chosen Poems" of Gerald H. Crow. 2s. 6d. net. (Stratford-upon-Avon: A. H. Bullen).

³ "If Love were King, and Other Poems," By Edward Willard Watson. \$1.25. (Philadelphia: H. W. Fisher).

robs a stanza of its power to please. Yet there are good things in this volume, notably "David's Lament" which has genuine human pathos, "The God of Guns" marked by fine vigour, and "The Marshes," which for atmosphere and colour is the most distinctively poetical thing in the book. Mention should be made, too, of "Hello! Hello!" an ode to the telephone in the manner of Walt. Whitman; there is originality of thought here, and decided poetical quality.



From Gothic Architecture in France,
England and Italy
(Cambridge University Press).

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL



STATUE OF ST. MATTHEW IN
HENRY VII. CHAPEL, WEST-
MINSTER ABBEY.

From Gothic Architecture in
France, England and Italy.
(Cambridge University Press).

It is a pleasure to come at last to Mr. Alfred Noyes' new volume, "A Salute from the Fleet,"⁴ for among the "Other Poems" there is much that is really good, charged with imagination, truly musical, and delicate to a degree that makes one smile for sheer pleasure. There is power, too: firm grasp of ideas and intensity of feeling. And there is depth of conviction and sense of responsibility. Upon "A Salute from the Fleet" we confess we have no great praise to bestow: "noisy" is the word we should apply to it rather than "sonorous," and we think other men, inferior as poets to Mr. Noyes, could have done a good deal better with the subject. To our thinking, "The Return of the Home-born" is a more valuable tribute of love to England from this one of her sons.

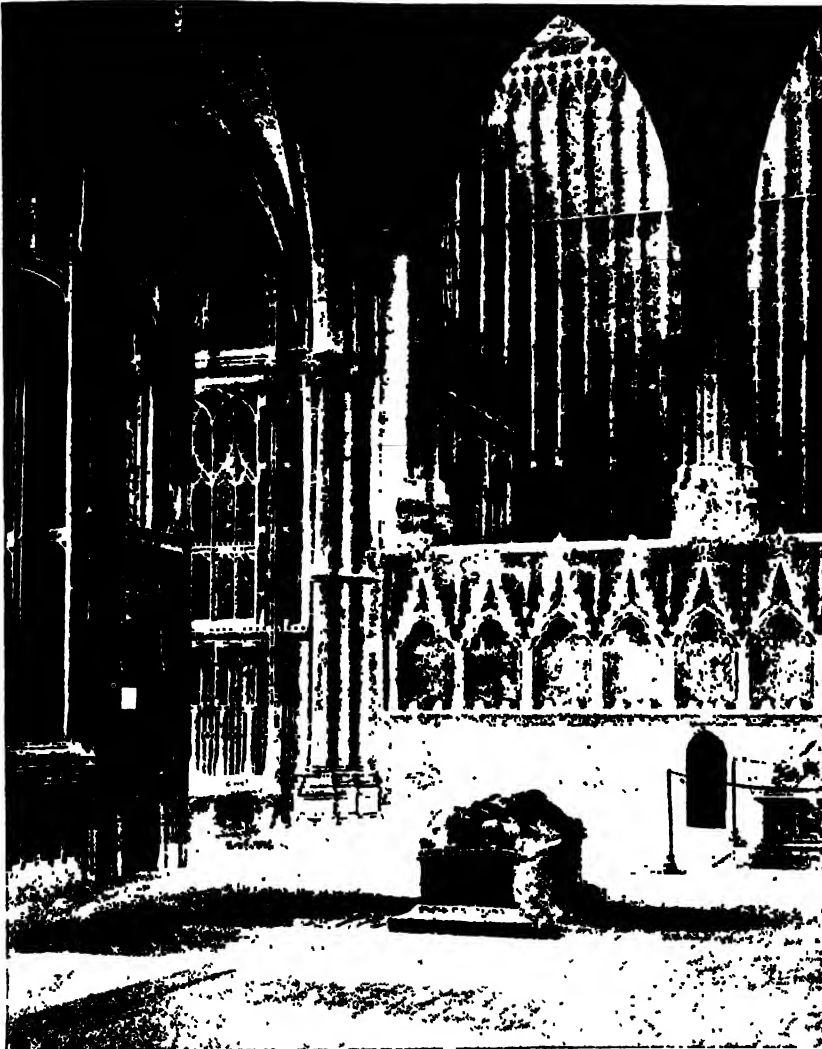
"Mother of half the rolling world,
And O, so little and gray,
The first time I found you
Was when I turned away.

Over you green water
Sussex lies.
But the slow mists gather
In our eyes.

⁴ "A Salute From the Fleet, and Other Poems." By Alfred Noyes. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

*England, little island—
God, how dear!
Fold me in your mighty arms,
Draw me near.*

*Little tawny roofs of home,
Nestling in the gray,
Where the smell of Sussex loam
Blows across the bay. . . .*



*From Gothic Architecture in France,
England and Italy.
(Cambridge University Press).*

WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL

*Fold me, teach me, draw me close,
—Lest in death I say
The first time I loved you
Was when I turned away.*

But there is no need to labour proof of Mr. Noves's love of his country. It is breathed in every word he puts on paper. And if one began to quote all that one likes in this book it would mean transcribing the whole two hundred pages. Typical of the poet who has won his way into the hearts of all who love England are "The Great North Road," "Blind Moone of London," "The Lord of Absrule"—and, in short, all the others. There is poetry here—real poetry—that all of us should buy, and keep, and be thankful for.

C. M.

THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

By CARDINAL MANNING. 5s. net. (Foulis.)

Quite apart from its special interest to the theologian and the seeker after truth, this is one of those books that will always make a strong appeal to the book-lover, and

this particular edition is a delight to the eye, a joy to handle, and a credit to artist and publisher alike. It affects the reader with a mingled feeling of reverence and æsthetic pleasure; a simple shrine lit by a stained-glass window inspires a similar feeling. Concerning the nature of these "Little Flowers" we cannot do better than recall Cardinal Manning's foreword to his translation: "Every page of this little book breathes of the faith and

the simplicity of the Middle Ages. . . . Each of the little flowers is in itself a sacred poem. A divine ideal forms their principal feature from beginning to end, and throws a halo round the personages they describe. This ideal is Christ, whose saints are all, in a certain sense and measure, reproductions of Himself. St. Francis owes all his greatness to his conformity with his divine Lord, and the purport of the 'Little Flowers' is to draw out and exhibit the resemblance." We may recall, too, the Cardinal's reminder of the deeper significance of these poems in prose: "Notwithstanding their great simplicity, they are full of strong doctrine, and fitted for men deeply versed in theology." Happily, however, this beautiful book is not doomed to disappear in the dust of a theological conflict; the thoughtful tranquillity of cloister and study is its true abiding place. Its large-heartedness, its simple human kindness lifts it above the narrow circle of any sect or creed and gives it place among the enduring books that are for all men and for all time.

OXFORD.

By ANDREW LANG. With Illustrations in Colour by GEORGE T. CARLINE. 12s. 6d. (Seeley, Service.)

There is no more interesting book about Oxford than this by Andrew Lang. Keenly sensitive to the loveliness

and repose of the place, he wrote of it with all that charm of thought and style that make it a joy to read, whatever he has written on any subject that was near to his heart. His chapters on the town before the university, on the early students, including "a day with a mediæval undergraduate," are full of delightfully picturesque bits, and of touches of humour and whimsicality that were peculiarly his own. But one may say the same for the whole of the book. It unfolds the life of Oxford from the earliest days to the latest, is by turns descriptive, anecdotal, gossipy, and through all is informed with intimate knowledge and alive with the warmest enthusiasm.



STATUE OF ST. ANTHONY IN HENRY VII. CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.
*From Gothic Architecture in France, England and Italy.
(Cambridge University Press).*



MINIATURE PORTRAIT OF
ANDREW MARVELL.
Probably by Samuel Cooper.
Printed on silver.
From *Collecting Old Miniatures*
(Heinemann).

of disks, ribbons, and the like as labels of merit, rank and honour is palpable to all, and in consequence the man in the street has developed a piercing and discriminating eye for badges and insignia of all kinds. Mr. Steward writes with the enthusiasm of the genuine collector. "Just think," he says *à propos* of the warriors of Waterloo, "just think what it is to touch and possess the solid proofs of the deeds that those men did and to feel that you have in your possession the only recompense those brave and daring men received from a grateful country." His collection of medals enables him to cover over a hundred years of history, and by means of the metallic records which he describes so meticulously in this volume he recalls the glory of many a hard-fought battle and campaign on land or sea. The book contains a military section and a naval section, and is profusely illustrated by photographs of the same size as the original medals to assist the reader in recognising official lettering. Some space is also devoted to a number of interesting foreign medals, and an appendix provides a record of the average auction prices fetched by war medals during the last twelve years prices

WAR MEDALS AND THEIR HISTORY.

By W. AUGUSTUS STEWARD.
12s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul)

Although primarily addressed to collectors and sellers of war medals, this large and laboriously compiled volume should not be without interest to the man in the street. For in these days when the man in the street is no longer regarded as a man unless he can exhibit a badge, medal, or armlet to justify his claim to manhood, the importance



From *War Medals and their History*
(Stanley Paul)

most charming poetry, for the words themselves are so rich in meaning that even to repeat them over to oneself is to allow a little of their magic to escape. Prometheus and Pandora, Apollo and Daphne, Echo and Narcissus, Orpheus, Icarus, Proserpine—the names are like gems which hold in their hard lustre the beauty and passion of a people. Mrs. Lang retells these old stories with true sympathy, so that they live again in her words. She has designed her book principally for young readers, and the narratives are given in simple language. Very delightfully is the tale of the death of Adonis told, to mention one of the most successfully treated of the myths—"and when the time of the singing of the birds has come and the flowers have thrown off their white snow pall we know that Adonis has returned from his exile, and trace his footprints by the fragile flower that is his very own,

the white flower with the golden heart that trembles in the wind." Fortunately the author has not confused the beauty of the old myths with any scientific or anthropological observations. One wishes the illustrations reflected more of the charm of the book; unfortunately they are not quite worthy of the text.



MINIATURE ON IVORY.
COSWAY SCHOOL.
From *Collecting Old Miniatures*
(Heinemann).

THE PATRIOTIC POETRY OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

A Selection. With Introduction and Notes. By the
REVEREND ARTHUR H. D.
ACLAND. 1s. net. (Clarendon Press).

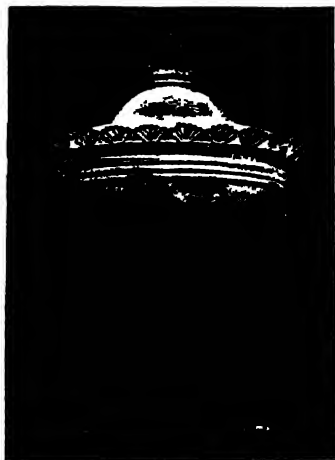
Few things are easier to write than patriotic verse; few things harder than patriotic poetry. There is none in our language that rises to nobler heights or is more genuinely inspired than Wordsworth's, and the series

of great sonnets that Mr. Acland has included in this timely little volume are as finely appropriate to the circumstances and spirit of our day as they were to those of the days for which they were written. The hope and confidence by which Wordsworth held throughout the long Napoleonic wars are the very sentiments and feeling that sustain us in the midst of the present struggle. It is such a rousing, heartening little book one would like to have a copy of it put into the knapsack of every one of our soldiers. Mr. Acland's introduction and notes are admirable.

A BOOK OF MYTHS.

By JEAN LANG. 7s. 6d.
net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack)

The author touches for us with sensitive imagination the beautiful mythology of Greece. The very titles of some of these myths make the



TRAFALGAR GLASS.
From *Collecting Old Glass*
(Heinemann).



WATERFORD GLASS,
ENGRAVED AND CUT.
From *Collecting Old Glass*
(Heinemann).



From *Chats on Military Curios*
(Fisher Unwin).

**CHATS ON
MILITARY CURIOS.**

By STANLEY C. JOHNSON.
5s. (Fisher Unwin)

The collecting of military curios is a form of connoisseurship that has naturally been much stimulated by the war. There are many more miniature United Services Museums in existence than is generally imagined, nor is the general public aware of how various and interesting military curios can be. For in addition to the ordinary stock of things which inevitably attract the attention of the collector of martial relics, such as medals, helmets, swords, firearms,

tunics, buttons, sabretaches, gorgettes and epaulettes, there are also to be sought for autographs of famous soldiers, plans or copies of plans, postage stamps and franks, and regimental crests. The author addresses himself rather to the collector or would-be collector than to the general public. His volume is one of a series of books for collectors, and he seeks first of all to awaken the collecting instinct in his reader and then to tell him how and where he may satisfy it. The volume contains many useful hints. For instance the official catalogue of the United Services Museum in Whitehall is recommended to the student as a kind of text book of the subject. There are the Tower of London, the Wallace collection, and the Rotunda at Woolwich to be seen, to mention only the principal military museums of London. There is room for a book such as this at the present time when so much curio stock is in process of manufacture. The collector of to-day may indeed feel jealous of the wonderful "finds" this war will make possible for the enthusiast of, say 1950 or 1960. Our two illustrations represent Royalist Badges worn by the Partisans of Charles I.



THE ALFRED MEDAL OF 1901
(From Bowker's Millennium of King Alfred).

**EDIN-
BURGH.**

By ROBERT
LOUIS
STEVENSON.
6s. net.
(Seeley,
Service)

Yet another handsome edition of Stevenson's "Auld Reekie" printed in large type on stout rough-edged paper and illustrated by James

Heron's soft-toned colour pictures. So large is the type that you can settle down in your fire-lit study and find your way with as much comfort among the dark alleys and archways, the dangling washing and bulging houses of the Old Town, as among the gaily-bellagued palaces of Princes Street. And what a feast of memories and impressions come flitting into view with the fire-light. The little shops "plastered like so many swallows' nests among the buttresses of the old Cathedral"; the New Town with its "draughty parallelograms"; the land

in the Old Town where "the population slept fourteen or fifteen deep in a vertical direction"; the dismal uproar of the Sabbath bells, the unforgettable spectacle of Edinburgh, "with her satellite hills and all the sloping country sheeted up in white." Not a page but stirs the imagination by some happy phrase or pregnant passage. One reads and re-reads. If any traveller there be who has been induced by rumours of its climate vile to postpone his visit to the ancient Metropolis of the North, here is an excellent opportunity to make the journey under the most delightful of conductors in his own armchair and carpet slippers.

ALL'S WELL.

By JOHN OXENHAM. 1s. net.
(Methuen)

Mr. Oxenham describes the contents of this little book of his as "some helpful verse for these dark days of war" - and it is a description that cannot be bettered. A profound faith in God and in the ultimate triumph of righteousness runs through all the poems, amid the darkness and

the sorrow with which the war has clouded all the world. Mr. Oxenham still sees "the morning light" far off, but shining and brighter. There are thoughts in those poems that should fire the courage of any who doubt, and bring comfort to many who are sad and heavy laden. It is a little book of quiet wisdom that will answer to the needs of most of us in these dark days.



ALFRED THE GREAT.
(Putnam).

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1915

RABBI BEN EZRA AND OTHER POEMS FROM "DRAMATIS PERSONÆ."

By ROBERT BROWNING. Illustrated by BERNARD PART-
RIDGE. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Almost every one knows Mr. Bernard Partridge's masterly black-and-white art, for he has long been one of Mr. Punch's most famous cartoonists, but his work in colour is not so familiar to us. The twelve full-page drawings in this volume show him, to such as did not know it already, as cunning and effective with the brush as with the pencil. So many artists achieve grace at the expense of strength, or strength at the expense of beauty, but the strength and vigour of Mr. Partridge's conceptions are fully expressed in his line, yet there is grace and beauty also in his most forceful and most sombre portrayals. This in itself makes him an ideal interpreter of Browning, whose ruggedest verse is redeemed by an underlying beauty of thought, and whose tenderest fancies always bespeak the tenderness of a certain masculine strength. It is safe to say that every Browning lover will be delighted with these twelve imaginative renderings of scenes and characters from some of the master's noblest poems.



From *The Artistic Anatomy of Trees*
(Seeley, Service).

DAWN IN WINTER.

author and its many reproductions of pictures by other famous artists. Mr. Cole is a landscape painter of renown, and he has placed the whole of his practical and theoretical knowledge at the disposal of the student. Three headings divide the book into sections, trees considered in relation to painting, the anatomy of a tree,

and the details of trees. Each chapter is a minute study of the characteristics of a certain group of trees—trunks, branches, buds, and leaves being sketched and described. But the lesson does not end here. The effects of light and shade are shown, the effects of the seasons, the effects of age, wind, frost, snow, and moonlight. More exhaustive still are the notes on balance and masses, on trees seen against the sky, on outlines on the

lines of branches, on varieties of light and shade on varieties in colour, on the influence of situation, and on how trees adapt themselves to it. Not one single useful piece of knowledge has been omitted, and to the country

lover this book will be as invaluable as a source of reference and information as to the art student.



From *The English Countryside* (Batsford).
Recently reviewed in *THE BOOKMAN*.

RUXLEY WATERSPLASH, EPSOM.

MOOR PARK, RICKMANS- WORTH.

A Series of Photographs by ALVIN LANGDON COBURN. With an Introduction by LADY Ebury. 5s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Moor Park, Rickmansworth, has a history which goes back far through the centuries to the

days of Offa, King of Mercia. It is one of the most beautiful parks in Hertfordshire, and is upwards of five hundred acres and four miles in circumference. The Manor House, under the hand of a celebrated Italian architect, was transformed in 1720 from one of the finest examples of Tudor architecture into a stately place of marble pavements and doorways that, as Lady Ebury

THE ARTISTIC ANATOMY OF TREES.

By REX VICAT COLE. 7s. 6d. net. (Seeley, Service.)

Magnificent is the only adjective fit to describe this sumptuous volume with its four hundred sketches by the

says in her very interesting prefatory note, reminds one "more of a Genoese palace than of an English country house." Among the many famous men who have from time to time been possessors of it were Cardinal Wolsey, two Earls of Bedford, the Earl of Pembroke, the Earl of Monmouth, to whose widow it was granted by James II. after Monmouth had been executed for treason. To many book-lovers Moor Park is chiefly famous because Sir William Temple and his bride, the charming Dorothy Osborne, spent their honeymoon here, and Temple has described the grounds and the gardens in the letters he wrote to her before their marriage. Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn's series of wonderful photographs of this historic mansion and its surroundings will be a source of great pleasure to all who love to look upon beautiful things. He has the artist's sensitiveness to the spirit of beauty in landscape and architecture, and has chosen his subjects with unerring instinct and com-
posed them to his plates with a feeling for the light and shade and whole aspect of them and, in out-of-door scenes, a delicate art in catching the right moment of exposure that is the perfection of photography.

SAMUEL COLE- RIDGE- TAYLOR

Musician: His
Life and
Letters.

By W. C. BER-
WICK SAYERS.
Illustrated.
7s. 6d. net.
(Cassell.)

The ideal biography is one in which a personality expresses itself through the medium of another, as a player upon an instrument. All great biography has this dual quality, from Boswell to Morley. Genius must be revealed

intimately. But there is another kind in which the biographer, without always discarding the unessential, is able to satisfy curiosity, and to reveal the main motives of a life. To this good, workmanlike school belongs Mr. Berwick Sayers' book on the composer of "Hiawatha." He tells us much about the Musician, but more about the Man.

The book contains a full and by no means fulsome account of the composer's musical career. Mr. Berwick Sayers was a friend, yet he makes no absurd claims. Coleridge-Taylor was a genius, but not a prophet. Lyrical, popular, versatile, are words to describe him. Yet two qualities, the one personal and the other racial, set him apart from all other musicians. He was at once childlike and ambitious, serious

and joyful. And above all he was West African, being the son of a negro doctor, who married an English wife. Most men are sensitive about such an origin. With Coleridge-Taylor all depended upon circumstance. Through-

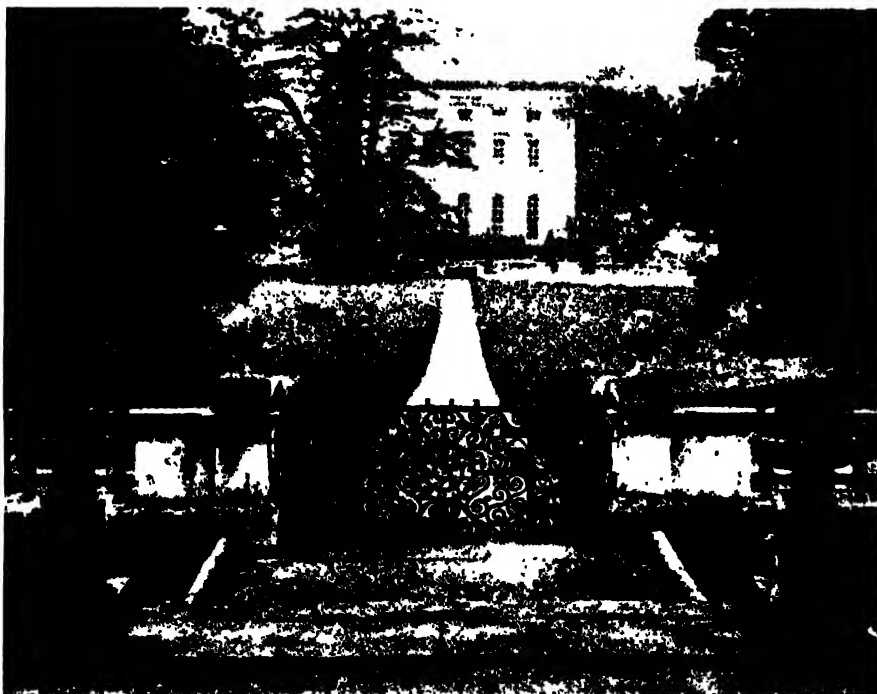
out this book the colour question runs like a "leit motiv." Certainly it ran through his music. He would speak smilingly of the "savage" in him. Really he was a kind of "Hiawatha," a romantic savage. We are introduced to him playing mallets on the pavement. His father, even in the comparative prosperity of his medical career in Theobald's Road, Holborn, was very poor. Nor was he satis-

factory in other matters. But for a good mother and the friends who came to his aid later, the curly-haired little darkie would not have developed into the celebrity, much less into a genius.



From Moor Park, Rickmansworth
(Elkin Mathews).

THE GATEWAY TO MOOR PARK.

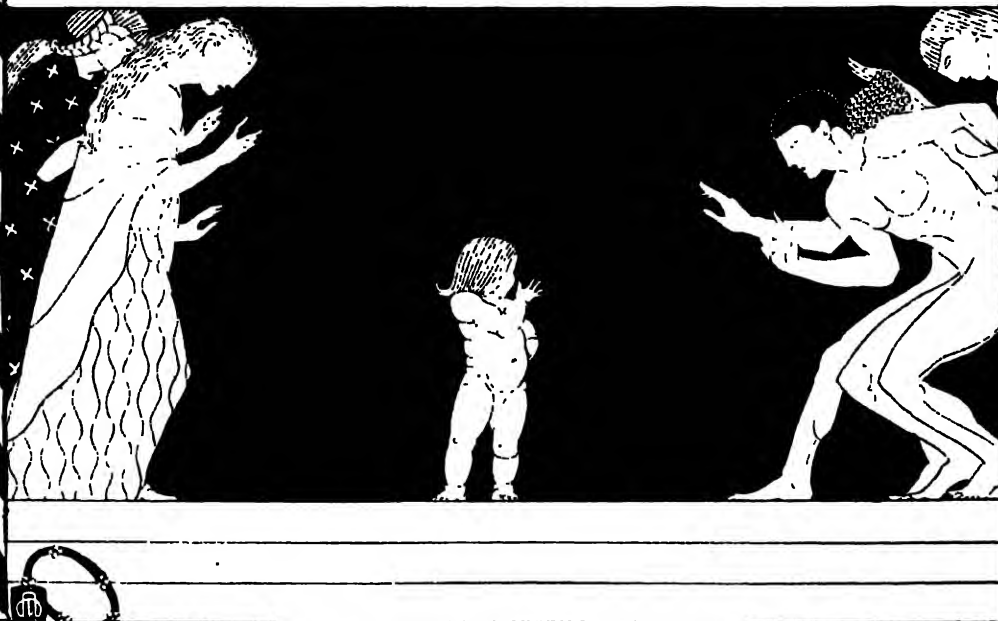


From Moor Park, Rickmansworth
(Elkin Mathews).

THE HOUSE FROM THE
PLEASURE GARDENS.

his bony fingers with rapture ; and, grasping the drum with which he accompanies his heavenly voice, sat down obedient between Fear and Hatred, unconscious of their foulness.

THE way the Ballet began was this : Among the Nations appointed by Satan to dance, for a few had to be kept to swell the audience, which would otherwise have consisted only of sundry sleepy Virtues and of the Centuries-to-Come, which are notoriously bodiless and difficult to please—among those Dancing Nations there was a very little one, far too small to have danced with the others, and particularly unwilling to dance at all, because it knew by experience that the dances of Ballet-Master Death oftenest took place upon its prostrate body. So it was told, as it always had been told, it need do nothing but stay quite quiet for the others to dance round. And as it stood there, in the middle of the Western Stage, two or three of the tallest and finest Dancers danced up in a silent step, smiling, wreathing their arms and blowing kisses, all of which is the ballet-language for "Don't be afraid, we will protect you," and danced away again wagging their finger at a particular one of their vis-à-vis, who was also curtsying and smiling in the most engaging manner on the other side. During this prelude Idealism. Self-



From "The Ballet of the Nations."
(Chatto & Windus).

When he went to the Church School of the old "National" brand he was known generally as "Coaly." Later at the Royal College of Music he became self-conscious, though seldom was he forcibly reminded of this cardinal factor in his career. His first festival performance at the Shire Hall, Worcester, resulted in a tremendous ovation in which surprised admiration played a part. He was so simple and free from affectation that professional prospects never suffered through colour. "Once, however when I had invited him to dinner at a Bloomsbury hotel the management requested me to reserve a private room owing to the prejudices of American visitors. Needless to say I preferred the honour of his company at a restaurant. To do Americans justice one must remember the Coleridge-Taylor Choral Society, and the Festivals at Washington and Baltimore." Mr. Berwick Sayers, too, gives an instance of the suppressed fury with

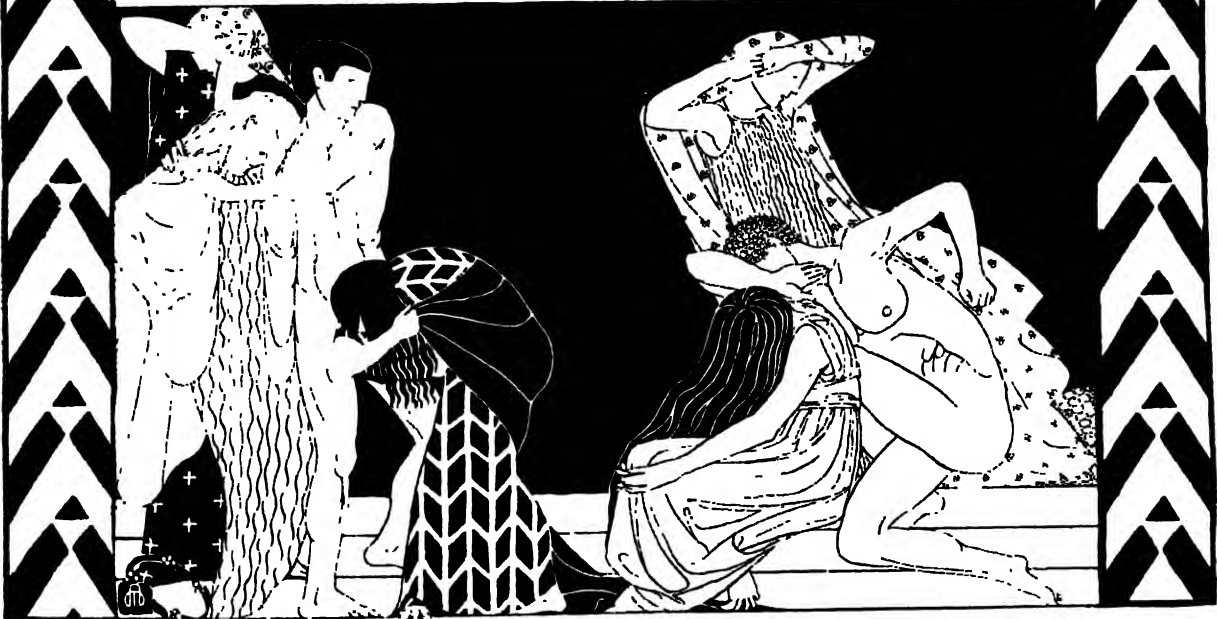
which he whacked a young hooligan who called him "nigger."

Such was life on the surface. Down below his African blood warmed with the sun of unforced melody. Early poverty enabled him to be happy with a simple life. His work made much money for his publishers, but owing to the wretched system by which the musical houses refuse "royalty agreements" little of the reward came to the creator himself. He found his compensation in the love of a sympathetic wife, an English singer, who married him despite family objections.

His kindness of heart appears in a little story. He was trying to rid himself of the annoyance of an organ-grinder, who was driving melodies out of Coleridge-Taylor's head. But when it transpired that the organ-grinder was the special joy of a sick child in a neighbouring house the composer gave way, preferring to sacrifice his own

Righteousness and a one-eyed hidden Fiddler called Statecraft, played a few conventional variations on the well-known diplomatic hymn to Peace, to which the Nations pirouetted unconcernedly about, although Fear, with Suspicion and Panic, were beginning to whistle and to thump on that mediæval tocsin-bell concealed in greasy newspapers.

And as the Smallest-of-all-the-Corps-de-Ballet stood quite alone in the middle of the Western Stage, that same tall and very well trained Dancer sidled up to it with polite gestures of "by your leave," and, suddenly placing his colossal horny paws on the Tiny One's shoulders, prepared for leap-frog. But at a sign from Death's bâton, and with a hideous crash of all the instruments of Satan's orchestra, and a magnificent note from Heroism's clear voice, the poor Smallest-Dancer-of-All tripped up that Giant and made him reel. But the Giant instantly recovered his feet, although his eyes became bloodshot and his brain swam. And, flinging the poor Smallest-Dancer on the floor, he set to performing on its poor little body one of the most terrific *pas seuls* that Ballet-Master Death had ever invented, while the vis-à-vis Nations danced slowly up, till they all came to grips over that Smallest-of-all-the-Dancers, who lay prone on the ground, and continued so to lie, pounded out of all human shape into a dancing-mat for the others.



From "The Ballet of the Nations."
(Chatto & Windus).

ideas rather than rob the little one of its noisy consolation.

The letters quoted in the book reveal small literary gift, but singular directness. Yet his choice of librettos, and the books that he read, contradict this conception. He was passionately fond of the Brownings' poetry. He read and set both poets. Browning's grandmother was a Creole, a racial fact that the composer had suspected before he learned how considerable the West African influence actually was.

Another poet with whom Coleridge-Taylor had kinship was Alfred Noyes. Many who are not professed "musicians" will know Coleridge-Taylor's setting of "A Tale of Old Japan," and will have noticed how adroitly the musician follows and colours the lyrical pattern of word and phrase. The two men were in many ways complementary. His literary taste included Marie Corelli and

Marion Crawford, whose novels Mrs. Coleridge-Taylor would read aloud as he "scored" not composed! his music. And one day he surprised Mr. Berwick Sayers by the statement that Lady Florence Dixie was "the greatest poet that he had ever read," which, being interpreted, meant that her verse appealed to him genuinely at the time. At the invitation of the Ditsons, an American firm of publishers, he compiled a book of negro melodies, with notes. But he wrote very little else.

Lighter touches help the general picture. And the author was well-advised to include a full account of the tragic days of illness. "I am too young to die; I am only thirty-seven," exclaimed the composer in a moment of physical weakness. Yet towards Death, as in Life, Coleridge-Taylor showed an almost Latin courage. He looked forward to a Heaven where he would meet his friend, Hurlstone, and "such a crowd of musicians."

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1915

Latin, too, was the remark that "When I die the papers will call me a Creole," as they did Dumas!

At the last he sat up in bed conducting an imaginary orchestra, entering the Unknown with the energetic cheerfulness that characterised him.

A biography on these lines is quite as interesting to the layman as to the musician. But the latter will find a complete list of Coleridge-Taylor's prolific output, and a good supply of general information concerning its performance and origin. I see nothing here about his music-hall aspirations. The arrangement of music for the "halls" was among his projections.

It was a trend characteristic of a composer who paid little attention to ultra-modern "schools" or vogues. To that fact may be contributed the comparative lack of technical discussion regarding his later works. The public both of Britain and America grew in appreciation, though on the Continent he was little known.

REGINALD R.
BUCKLEY.

IN AND AROUND LONDON.

By CONSTANCE M. FOOT. Illustrated with Drawings by A. S. FORREST, and Photographs. 3s. 6d. (T. C. & E. C. JACK.)

Every London child should possess some such book as this—and we may say, at once, that this book could not, we think, be bettered for the purpose. The purpose being to interest children in the greatness of their city, in the romance of it, in the daily growth of it, and in the scores of facts that make its history as absorbing as a fairy-tale. In many a book on the history of London the reader is tempted to



From *The Heart of Mendip*
(Barnicott & Pearce).

BURRINGTON COMBE.

horse-tracks." The story goes on to tell of the romances of the famous buildings, of the development of its lighting, of its street cries, and its gardens, railways, markets,

making it absorbingly interesting with its picturesque details and practical information. And in addition to the numerous illustrations, Miss Foot has included in her volume a list of places to see with times and fees; a plan of London, and a coloured plate of that great figure, The Lord Mayor's Coachman.



From *In and Around London*.
(Jack).

FLEET STREET AT NIGHT.

"skip" the early pages which deal with Londinium's beginnings; but there is no excuse to do that in this volume. In a few pages Miss Foot takes us over the early years of the settling; the conquerings, the being conquered; and it reads like a pageant. Then as a natural move forward she tells the romance of London's roads; and this reviewer confesses that it was a shock to read that "little more than a hundred years ago it took two hours to drive from Kensington Palace to St. James's Palace, a distance of three miles, while in wintry or bad weather the coach was just as likely to stick fast in a rut or be turned over in the mud for, even in the neighbourhood of London, the roads were merely

THE MOUNT OF TRANS- FIGURATION.

By DARRELL FIGGIS.
3s. 6d. net. (Mausel.)

Even those of us who prefer Mr. Figgis's prose to his verse, recognise that his poetry has an individual note and that there is much of beauty in its thought and utterance. His new volume, which we hope to deal with adequately next month, is dedicated to Æ.



*A half-tone reproduction of a colour painting
by Margaret Lindsay Williams.
From "The Land of my Fathers,"
The Welsh Gift Book published in aid of the
National Fund for Welsh Troops.
(Hodder and Stoughton.)*

THE LADY OF THE VAN LAKE.



From A Picture Book of British History
(Cambridge University Press).

ELIZABETH IN A PROCESSION OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER.

THE STORY OF PRINCE AHMED AND THE FAIRY PERIE BANOU.

From "The Arabian Nights Entertainments." Decorated
by CHARLES ROBINSON. (Gay & Hancock.)

This is that story in the Arabian Nights which tells how the three sons of an old Sultan of India fell passionately in love with their beautiful cousin, the Princess Nouronnihar, and as none of them was willing to abandon his suit, their father sent them to travel separately in different countries, promising that the one who brought him back the most extraordinary rarity should have the Princess for his wife. You may have read the story; if so you will know it is worth reading again. If you have not—this is an ideal form in which to read it, for Mr. Charles Robinson's drawings and decorations realise exquisitely the grace and charm and fantasy of the tale, and subtly help to subdue you to the glamorous atmosphere of it.



From The Story of Prince Ahmed and
the Fairy Perie Banou.
(Gay & Hancock.)

have read them. Here you have a dozen of them set to simple, graceful music, beautifully suited to its theme, and well within the compass of youthful players or singers. And the colour drawings and decorations by Margaret Tarrant round off the completeness of the book by picturing

with a grace and simplicity in harmony both with the words and the tunes the happy children who live for ever in R. L. S.'s magic verse. It is a most attractive gift book, and is sure to be a most popular one.

THE DREAMER OF DREAMS.

By the QUEEN OF
ROMANIA. Illustrated in Colour by
EDMUND DULAC.
6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is a romance that opens in a King's Court in a northern country, and takes you away across the world into strange places on a quest that could have

THE SORCERESS RETURNED
THE NEXT DAY.

only one ending. Eric the wonderful young Court painter suddenly loses his wits and, careless of all commands and entreaties, goes away from "the white castle of beauty to wander the wide world over, seeking for two eyes that had come to him in a dream." The story of his long search and the adventures he encountered by the way, is touched with a fine spirit of poetry and romance, and it is the tender mysticism and spiritual significance of it that inspire Mr. Edmund Dulac's vivid and beautifully imaginative paintings. The grace and inner significance of this pregnant and curiously interesting parable of human life find in him their ideal illustrator.



THE MEDICI CALENDAR
(Published by the Medici Society.)



COVER DESIGN.
From Songs with Music from a
Child's Garden of Verses
(Jack).

SONGS, WITH MUSIC, FROM A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES.

By R. L. STEVENSON.
Illustrated by MARGARET
W. TARRANT. 2s. 6d. net.
(T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

There is no need nowadays to say anything in praise of R. L. S.'s children's poems—their quaint charm, a mingling of whimsicality and tenderness, has given them a sure place in the hearts of all, children or adults, who

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1915

THE GOLDEN MILESTONE.

By F. W. BOREHAM. 3s. 6d.
(Kelly.)

Amidst all the tumult of war a book like "The Golden Milestone"—a collection of essays—is like a glimpse of peace. It is, indeed, so divorced from the existence we are all leading at the present moment that to scan its pages is something like a shock. Mr. Borcham's essays are an interpretation of religion in the terms of everyday life—of the everyday life that we bade good-bye to on August 4th, 1914. The author will draw a moral from the pickles on the table and their association with cold mutton. Spring-cleaning is the title of another of his essays. "The March of Civilisation is simply a matter of Spring-cleaning," he tells us. "As the world's old winter passes away, and genial springtime comes on, we instinctively throw away the heaps of rubbish that have accumulated in the process of the dark old ages, and set up brighter and lovelier things . . ." Mr. Borcham, who has made his home these many years in Tasmania, is an optimist—a deeply religious man with a fine literary sense. If his essays seem somewhat rudely divorced from our experiences of the last fifteen months, they are none the less very charming reading. His essay entitled "The First Swallow," for example, is a very graceful and a very effective piece of writing. Quoting

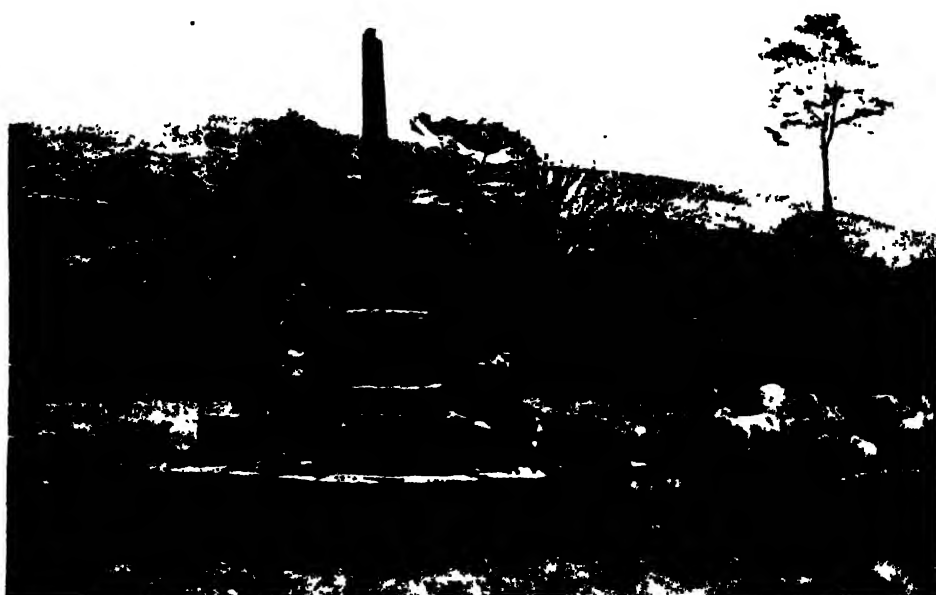


From Belgium
(Routledge).

CLOTH HALL, YPRES.

"Verily my book will not be able to be read and endured," he warns you, "save by those whose great grief it is that they once possessed and now I have lost the Only Hope, by those who, doomed as to unbelief, come yet

to the Holy Sepulchre with a heart full of prayer, with eyes filled with tears and, for a little while, would linger kneeling there." Admirably translated by Mr. W. P. Barnes, and with eight colour plates by Mr. Fulleylove—some of the most charming and finished work he has ever done—"Jerusalem" should go into your list of highly desirable gift-books.



From The Golden Milestone
(Kelly).

OUT OF TUNE.

Lamb, he says, "I find this world a very pretty place to live in, and standing here, beside my golden milestone, I will try to point out a few things that make it so lovable." And we congratulate him on the success with which he has done so.

JERUSALEM.

By PIERRE LOTI.
With illustrations in colour
by JOHN FULLEYLOVE. 7s. 6d.
net. (Werner Laurie.)

This is a very beautiful edition of the book in which Pierre Loti describes his visit to Jerusalem, and the impressions and emotions it left upon him. There is much in it that is impressive and profoundly moving. The descriptions are vivid and steeped in colour; the thoughts and dreams that came to the author on that holy ground are clothed in the most sensitively delicate prose.

A PAINTER OF DREAMS AND OTHER BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES.

By A. M. STIRLING.
12s. 6d. net. (The
Bodley Head.)

Beginning with a harvest of eighteenth-century anecdotes, epigrams, epitaphs, verse, parodies, acrostics, jests, fashionable intelligence, and the like, gleaned from Diana Bosville's "Book of Extracts", the precursor of the Victorian *Album*, and ending with a sympathetic study of the life of the author's distinguished uncle, Roddam Spencer Stanhope, the papers that make up this vastly entertaining and varied collection of memoirs are arranged in chronological order, and, contrary to the usual practice, the final paper, instead of the first, gives its name to the volume. That the title "A Painter of Dreams" is not inappropriate to the other historical studies in the volume is explained by Mrs. Stirling in an admirable preface. The book is handsomely illustrated, and reveals this talented author in her most sparkling as well as her most serious vein.



From *A Painter of Dreams*
(John Lane).

"I HAVE TRODDEN THE
WINE-PRESS ALONE."

illustrations to which show a vigour of imagination and originality of treatment that should interest all art lovers in this praiseworthy venture

THE RELIGION OF ART.

By REGINALD HALL-
WARD. Illustrated.
3s. 6d.

GRANNY'S WORKBOX.

Illustrated. 2s. (The
Woodlands Press.)

The Woodlands Press has been established at Gravesend by Reginald and Adelaide Hallward with the object of meeting the new and difficult state of things that the war has brought to pass, and encouraging the creative arts by publishing the work of the artist by subscription in the good old-fashioned way. It is true that the modern commercial spirit is not favourable to the development of the artistic faculty, and one wishes success to any enterprise that has for its object the counteracting of that influence. The Woodlands Press has made an admirable beginning this autumn with the two books mentioned above, and with some three others, the illus-



From *The Religion of Art*
(The Woodlands Press).

"STRANGE CONTRAST, THE DEEP FLOWING RIVER, ITS MARGIN THICK SET WITH TREES, WHICH IN THE DUSK OF EVENING ARE LOST IN THE GLOOM BELOW; AND ABOVE THE MINE WORKING AS BACKGROUND, WITH ITS GAUNT BLACK SHAFTS AND CIRCLING WHEELS."



From *Myths and Legends of Ancient Egypt*
(Harrap).

**THE DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC
DANCES OF NON-EUROPEAN RACES
IN SPECIAL
REFER-
ENCE TO
THE ORIGIN
OF GREEK
TRAGEDY.**

By WILLIAM
RIDGEWAY,
Sc.D., F.B.A.
15s net (Cam-
bridge Univer-
sity Press.)

The cardinal mistake which most modern anthropologists and folklorists make is the endeavour to trace certain very complicated institutions and emotions down to one single cause. They get hold of a theory, say of religion or of marriage, and then ransack the records of ancient civilizations and

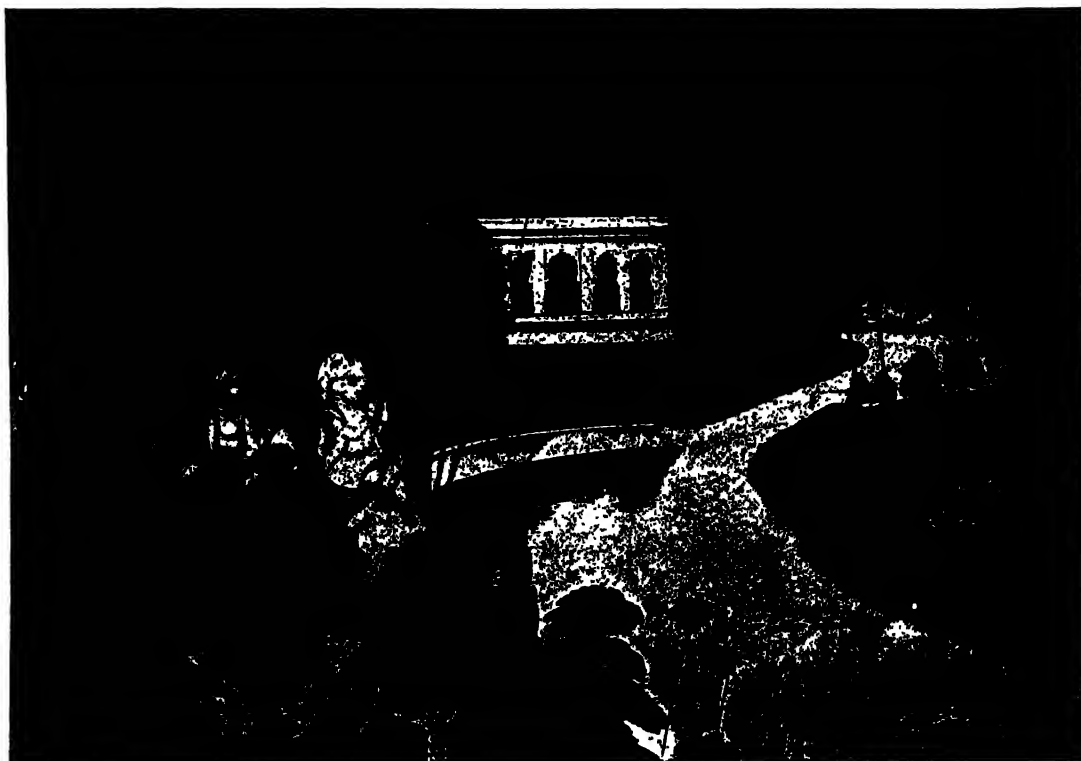
of modern savages, and choose such illustrations as support their case, discarding more or less unconsciously all such as go to disprove it. In this way, in the time of Max Müller, many of the Greek gods and most of the Homeric heroes were regarded as solar myths—surely the most inhuman and unscientific notion ever promulgated, a notion truly worthy of German psychology! Later that brilliant literary dilettante, the late Mr. Grant Allen, succeeded—to his own satisfaction—in tracing "The Evolution of the idea of God" to simple ancestor worship. In similar fashion, Sir James Frazer, whom we mention of course *honoris causa*, assumed that Dionysius, Demeter, Osiris and Adonis were vine, corn and other kinds of vegetable spirits and never human beings. And now Dr. William Ridgeway comes forward to suggest that the origin of Greek tragedy was the commemoration of the death of some hero. In one sense, of course, such a suggestion is only a re-discovery of the obvious; for tragedy, ancient or modern, is necessarily concerned with the deaths of heroes—it Prometheus, (Edipus, Macbeth and Othello can be called heroes. But there is all the difference in the world between a popular celebration of some dead hero by rude dance and song and the tragedian's selection of this same dead hero as a subject for apotheosis. So that the evidence which Dr. Ridgeway adduces from "The Dramas and Dramatic Dances of non-European Races" in support of his theory, a theory which is also discussed in a substantive volume of his, leaves us unconvinced. Dr. Ridgeway's forensic ability is, however, unquestionable, and masterly and masterful in the extreme.

**MYTHS AND LEGENDS
OF ANCIENT EGYPT.**

By LEWIS SPENCE. With 16 Plates in Colour by EVELYN PAUL and 32 other Illustrations 7s 6d. net (Harrap)

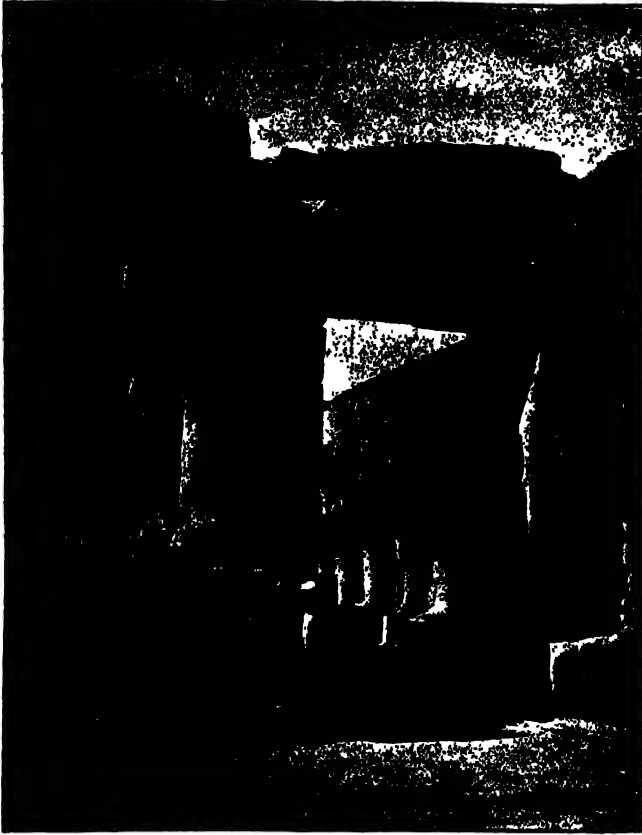
HARP.

It is explained in the preface that the writer has not hesitated to attack some accepted hypotheses "concerning the character and attributes of certain deities," and



From *The Dramas and Dramatic Dances
of Non-European Races*
(Cambridge University Press).

**KRISHNA PERFORMING A "LILA" ON THE
BANK OF THE JUMNA.**



From *Architecture of Ancient Egypt*
(Bell).

STATUE OF RAMESSES II. AND
ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLE
OF RAMESSES III. AT KARNAK

that he has attempted to reconstruct "the natures of Osiris, Isis, Thoth, and several other divinities." The book constitutes therefore a new departure, and outside the points enumerated, a comparison of Mr. Spence's views on totemism in Egypt with those of Sir Wallis Budge in "Osiris and the Egyptian Resurrection," will show that there are grave matters at issue between this new and the older Egyptology. While the recognised authorities do not love one another, as their books testify, they are liable to present a united front against new comers bearing a message of their own, and Mr. Spence is likely to meet with some unsparing criticism. The beautiful coloured pictures of Evelyn Paul will, no doubt of themselves, be sufficient to condemn the work from the standpoint of strict scholarship, and the imaginary element in these will be discovered also in the text. The fact, however, will remain that the scholarship which is apart, as a rule, from any literary gift, could never have produced this handbook of Egyptian mythology and official religion, which will bring many to a knowledge of the charm of Egypt who would be left untouched and unenkindled by the vast collections of archæologists. In a work of this kind the pictures of Evelyn Paul will help to bind the spell, for they breathe the Egyptian spirit, however little they may owe to monuments and papyri. For Mr. Spence's particular purpose there is enough and to spare of these in the other illustrations. Mr. Spence, unlike most of the recognised authorities, is a student of the science of religion at large, and is learned in the mythologies of Mexico and Peru, as his earlier works prove. But what is termed the science of religion will not open the door of the old temples without the science of mysticism, under which light "the natures" of Osiris, Isis and the other divinities suffer yet another change, for within these solar and lunar

gods, as under veils, there is found hidden the legends of the soul.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF EGYPT: AN HISTORICAL OUTLINE.

By EDWARD BELL. 6s. net. (Bell.)

To students of architecture Mr. Edward Bell's name is well known, particularly in such books as "Bell's Cathedral Series," most of the volumes in which owe much to his knowledge. The various handbooks on different branches of architecture which have come from his house are recognised as sound and authoritative. Hence the volume before us is sure of a ready welcome. Egyptian architecture is not very familiar to the amateur, but to anyone who has studied it on the spot it has a great interest and a certain impressiveness due to something other than its mere antiquity. The many illustrations in this volume, which are carefully chosen and very representative, bring out well this impressiveness. They also emphasise another feature very characteristic of Egyptian architecture, the frequent elaborate ornamentation which is an addition to the completed works quite distinct from the actual structure, and only very slightly modifying the general effect. The preface tells us that this volume is the first instalment of an attempt to trace the architectural tradition from its remote origins to the time when it became generally recognised as part of Roman civilisation. It is, in the main, a book of reference, and will be found a most trustworthy storehouse of facts, which are full of interest and suggestion alike to the amateur and the serious student.



From *Indian Thought, Past and Present*
(Fisher Unwin).

YOUTH OF KRISHNA AMONG
THE COWHERDS.



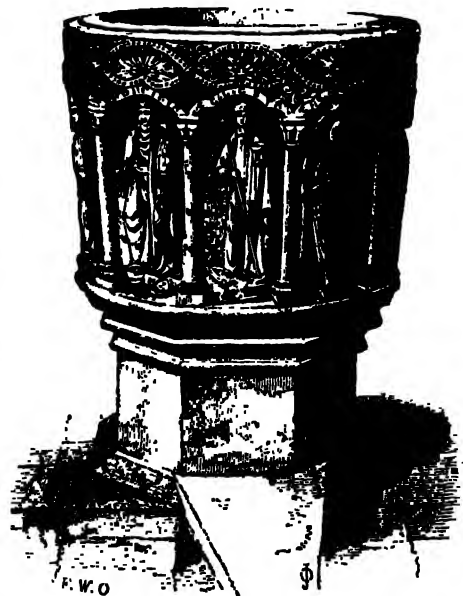
From The House of Pomegranates
(Methuen).

INDIAN THOUGHT: PAST AND PRESENT.

By R. W. FRAZER, LL.D. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. R. W. Frazer, who is Lecturer in Tamil at University College, is probably as competent to discourse on Indian thought as any save an educated native Hindoo can be. He has spent years in the Indian Civil Service, he has written the tale of British India in "The Story of the Nations" series, he has compiled a much-needed "Literary History of India," and, as the volume before us abundantly demonstrates, he has tried to approach his present subject with a desire to be fair and impartial to Christian, Buddhist and Brahman alike. What he has to say about the religious, the philosophical and the theosophical aspects of the greater Indian theologies may not be, indeed cannot be, exactly new. But, at any rate, it will be new to the majority of Western readers, who can hardly be expected to be as well read in these topics as the members of the Royal Asiatic Society or the late Professor Max Müller. Dr. Frazer, by the way, does well to point out afresh that the passage in the Vêda which was supposed to sanction widow-burning, has been misinterpreted. By altering "agre" ("first") into "agne" ("in the fire")

sermon above the sacrament, which resulted in ill-fashioned pulpits being placed in a position so as to obscure the altar. It is interesting, too, to read of the history of the hour-glass which the parishioners hoped would remind the eloquent preacher of the passage of time, but instances are recorded of its entire failure to stem the torrent of Puritan oratory. Mr. Ditchfield has here a subject after his own heart, and makes it interesting wherever he touches it.



From The Village Church
(Methuen).

NORMAN FONT,
STANTON FITZ-
WARREN, WILT-
SHIRE.

an unscrupulous priesthood
has devoted millions of
women to the flames!

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

By P. H. DITCHFIELD. 5s. net.
(Methuen.)

The versatile rector of Barkham lays under a debt of gratitude those of us who rejoice in the essential features of English village life. In his latest book, with a lucidity born only of genuine study, he deals with the village church, every stick and stone of which is rich in historical lore to those who have eyes to see. Mr. Ditchfield conducts us round the church, points out the details of its exterior and interior and comments on the devoted labours of generations of pious villagers. Needless to say, our author is very caustic at the expense of the modern "restorer," and advises us to search for old treasures which have fallen at the approach of the vandals. In this connection Mr. Ditchfield cannot conceal his satisfaction at his discovery of an old weather-beaten door of which his own church had been robbed. There is a charming chapter on "Pulpits" wherein the author describes the tendency of the Puritans to exalt the

ELEFTHERIOS VENIZELOS: HIS LIFE AND WORK.

By Dr. C. KEROFLOS. With
an Introduction by M. Take
Ionescu. 3s. 6d. net. (John
Murray.)

In this popular biography, the Greek statesman is one of the romantic figures of history. Dr. Keroflos begins by telling how he was born "in a house surrounded by almond trees in blossom, while two Mohammedan hodjas and two Greek priests were praying: for two days and two nights they prayed ceaselessly near a room where the wife of a rich merchant of Canea was then in labour." And indeed the career of a genius who led the Greek Liberals at three-and-twenty, and who has continued to lead with a large and supple sagacity through many crises, began long ago to seem marvellous. But the author wastes no more words upon its Oriental aspect. His book is a luminous and energetic account of that career by a competent politician, to whom the Balkan tangle is a skein unwound and very manageable. M. Venizelos commands our admiration by the mere record of his acts; and it is to the former President of the Roumanian Council, after all, that we are indebted for a portrait of the man as he appears among his fellows, a man whose courage and indomitable will are so singularly evident behind "a gentle and penetrating glance, a subtle smile, an irresistible sympathy that radiates from all his being, and an almost girlish modesty." This timely and well-informed book will have a large welcome.



From Songs and Sonnets of William Shakespeare
(Duckworth).

"THESE LOVERS CRY OH! OH! THEY DIE."

THE GREAT SETTLEMENT.

By C. ERNEST FAYLE. 6s. net. (John Murray.)



From The Village Church
(Methuen).

NORMAN FONT,
STOKE CANNON,
DEVONSHIRE.

THE SOUL OF EUROPE.

By JOSEPH
McCABE.
10s. 6d. net.
(Fisher Un-
win)

These are two good books, well deserving of the attention of any man who wants guidance as to the more permanent features of European life and polity; well deserv-

ing, also, of detailed criticism by those who are familiar with parts, at least, of the vast field they cover—if one could shut one's eyes and ears to the tragic events that have transformed the subject since they were written. Circumstances have been hard upon Mr. Fayle, Mr. McCabe, and their respective publishers, as upon other men who hoped that the voice of reason might be heard even amid the roar of thousands of guns. Yet some day, sooner or later, Europe will have to be reconstructed; and we may hope that these counsellors will then be heard more widely.

Mr. Fayle's somewhat ambitious aim has been to present, within easy limits, a sober survey of the most important problems, political and economic, territorial and racial, that are likely to arise at the close of the war, and to test each set of facts by its relation to the two rival theories incarnate in the war—that of military domination, on the one hand, that of the organised co-operation of free nationalities, on the other. The most useful part of the book consists of the central chapters summarising the complex racial, territorial, and economic factors, continental and colonial, with which the statesmen at the settlement will have to deal. Incidentally, I am very glad to see in an appendix an outline of Mr. H. H. O'Farrell's convincing conclusions with regard to the Franco-German War indemnity of 1871. For the moment it seems futile to discuss many of these questions; in some instances,



From "The Glory that was Greece"
(Sidgwick & Jackson).

BOY VICTOR.

such as the possibility of a Balkan League existing under the shadow of a European union for mutual defence, it would be a mockery. And, indeed, Mr. Fayle's "hope that the failure of the policy of aggression into which Germany has been dragged will discredit the doctrines of

her militarist class" seems to have been more than a little premature. With the Kaiser's legions battering at the gates of the Morava Valley, one is brought roughly up against the fact that, after fifteen months of a struggle of unimagined magnitude and heroic sacrifice, the "policy of aggression" is still undefeated. Everything in our future is uncertain; the outlook is darker than it has ever been. All my



PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY AS A BOY.
By The Duc de Montpensier.
From Shelley in England
(Routledge).

own eggs were once in Mr. Fayle's basket; all my sympathies and habits of thought leaned toward the ideal of a reasonable and pacific comity of Europe. But if this terrible year has taught any lesson it is that of the folly of mistaking our hopes for realities. The gulf between the two political principles is broader and deeper than we had supposed; militarism has revealed an infinitely greater strength than any of us had thought possible. Even if it be defeated, which is not certain, it will remain an open question whether it will be "discredited" in the eyes of the German people. That is the crucial problem; and it is useless to rely upon "hopes" about it. We are paying to-day too heavily in flesh and blood for the hopes which have arrested action, for instance, in the Balkans. The terms of peace will be settled by the balance of forces, not by disarmed reason; and there will be, I believe, no "great settlement" without, as its basic article, a fully organised arrangement for the mutual defence of the subscribing States against any further eruption of the spirit of conquest. Mr. Fayle does not get beyond some shadowy suggestions on this vital point.

Mr. McCabe, to whom we are already indebted for studies of Goethe, Talleyrand, Haeckel, and Treitschke, is a more realistic thinker, his romantic-seeming title notwithstanding. By "soul" he simply means distinctive character; and his task has been to give some account



From 1914 and other Poems
(Sidgwick & Jackson).

RUPERT BROOKE.

of the normal average characters of the European nations now at war, and to show how they were formed under the double stress of inheritance and environment. Like most modern scientists he reduces greatly the factor of race—a factor which undoubtedly becomes less important, by admixture and by the greater play of other influences, the further national development progresses. Thus, scientific inquiry leads us to "discard as foolish and mischievous superstitions all the claims of particular races to innate superiority over others," while rather encouraging our attachment to institutions, types of culture, and even traditions which tend to produce a nobler manhood. And, conversely, Mr. McCabe shows that "brutality is not a normal trait even of the Prussian or the Bavarian peasants who have dishonoured their country on the field of battle," but is the product of a certain process of organisation and instruction favoured by certain historical and environmental circumstances. What he calls, not too strongly, "the almost infinite plasticity" of the character of peoples is not a pious hope, but a fact of sociology; and here rest the sole possibilities of a better future. Some of his generalisations, and some of his particular remarks, may be open to doubt; but he has a hundred interesting and suggestive things to say as to the shaping effect of occupation, polity, culture, religion, social habits and tradition, upon character. Believing that "Germany desired and

provided the war," he cannot, at the end of his argument, accept the "crude popular psychology and ethic," according to which the soul of Germany is "inherently malignant, cruel, and selfish." On the other hand, he is not tempted to join the idealistic minority who, "eager to save moral principles and fine emotions, refuse to consider the evidence for undeniable ugly facts," and think to become the peace-makers of to-morrow by apologising for the war-makers of to-day. Neither is he inclined to think that Germany, or at least its rulers, will be disarmed for the future by over-generosity. It cannot be restrained, he believes, except by some loss of territory; and we must look forward, he suggests, "not to a period of profound peace, but a period of grave dangers, when the war is over."

Without fully endorsing these conclusions, we may feel Mr. McCabe's essay to be an admirable tonic, a bracing draught of well-informed common sense for which we should be grateful.

G. H. PERRIS.



From *Vigée Lebrun, Her Life, Works, and Friendships*
By W. H. Helm
(Hutchinson).

PORTRAIT OF HERSELF IN
THE UFFIZI GALLERY.

FLOWER OF YOUTH.

Poems in War Time. By KATHARINE TYNAN. 3s. 6d. net.
(Sidgwick & Jackson.)

The charm of Mrs. Hinkson's poetry is its perfect spontaneity—the carelessness or apparent carelessness with which she utters fine thoughts and gracious fancies in a language that is at times daringly simple and yet never fails to carry her meaning as easily, lightly and effectively as a bird's wings carry a bird. The tenderness of many of her lyrics, their poignant, beautifully natural pathos could not be expressed in other than the unaffected terms she uses—they touch you no less by their utterly simple truth of feeling than of expression. Take such a song as "The Bride"—there is all the heartache of parting in it and yet at the end the brave triumph of love over fear:

"Go glad and gay to meet the foeman,
I love you to my latest breath;
Oh, love, there is no happier woman.
See, I am smiling! Love—till death!"



From *Old Familiar Faces*
By Theodore Watts Dunton.
(Jenkins).

MRS. ROSSETTI.

or "The Heroes," with its prelude

"By such strange and wonderful ways
God would save His world again."

and its glorious close:

"He who gave His Son to die
For man's purchase, gives once more
These, His beloved sons, to buy
Him a world worth dying for."

Mrs. Hinkson has the authentic lyrical gift—her verses seem to have sung themselves rather than to have been written, and we have had no verse on the war that brings home to us the self-sacrifice, the tragedy, the heroism of it all so finely, so reverently, with such infinite human sympathy as do the lyrics in "Flower of Youth."



From *Thoughts from Trine*
(Bell).



From An Artist in the Riviera
(Hutchinson)

CAMOGLI.

THE ROMANCE OF SORCERY.

By SAX ROHMER 10s 6d net
(Methuen)

If people believe less in revealed religion nowadays than formerly, as Mr Rohmer supposes, they certainly remain consistent in their allegiance to spooks and sorcery. He has compiled an account, with liberal illustrations, of weird manifestations from the Ginnis mentioned in the Egyptian "Book of the Dead" down to the spirit photographs in which Sir Oliver Lodge is said to take an investigator's interest. The Sybils the "Elementals" of Assyria, and the Cabalistic arts, receive explanation. And we confess to deep interest in the personality of Appolonius of Tyana, that pre-Christian sorcerer. We learn too, a great deal about those sixteenth-century alchemist-mediums[†] and general sorcerers, Dee and Kelly. And we are told much about St. Dunstan, who at Glastonbury Abbey seems to have gone further than monastic routine would suggest. The author seems to have delved deeply into sources only familiar to the student, the value of which can only be appraised by adepts. As to the readable nature of the book one can speak with certainty.



From The Romance of Sorcery
(Methuen).

NOSHRADAMERS.

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH

By WILLIAM T WHITLEY
15s net (Smith, Elder)

There have been many books written about Gainsborough, but none that has shown much in the way of research or offered new material except the valuable brochure of George William Fulcher, on which all succeeding biographers have been contented to draw. Mr Whitley has set himself to remedy this, he attempts little of criticism, having made it his chief purpose to explore fields that Fulcher had neglected, and discover fresh facts concerning Gainsborough's career, and in this he has been very successful. He has dredged conscientiously in a multitude of documents, and has been able to fix the dates at which many of his greatest pictures were painted, and has brought together numerous facts in the life of the artist and his family that have hitherto gone quite unrecorded. No student or lover of art can afford to overlook what must henceforth be regarded as the standard work on this subject. The portrait of Gainsborough by Zoffany, and a score of Gainsborough's famous paintings, are beautifully reproduced from photographs.

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perchance, in punish-
ment

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would stay His
gifts this year,
And that no Spring
in glory would
appear;

Even His mercy must,
it seemed, be spent!
Yet, on this blue May
morning as I went
Along the rustling
lanes, the birds
made cheer
Such as before had
never chanced
my ear;

And had the woods
e'er breathed a richer
scent?

So sweet it was, I fled!
I could not face

The scourge of
God's forgive-
ness! 'I could
bear,

Amid the world's
red guilt and
black despair,

Thy wrath,' I cried,
'but not Thy mercy,
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Oh, spare me from the
year's unfolding
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For every flower is as a
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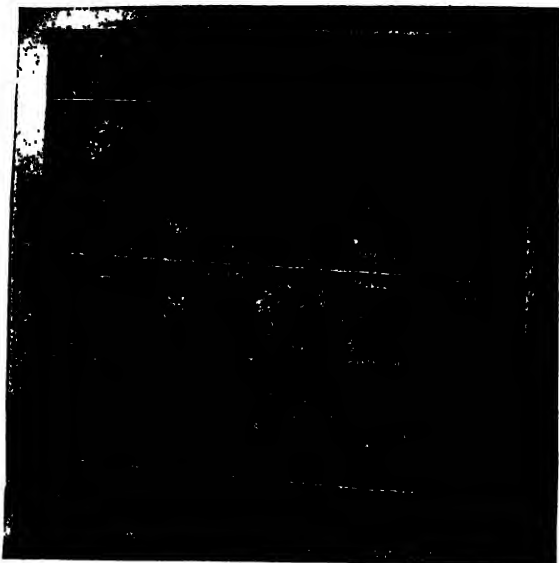
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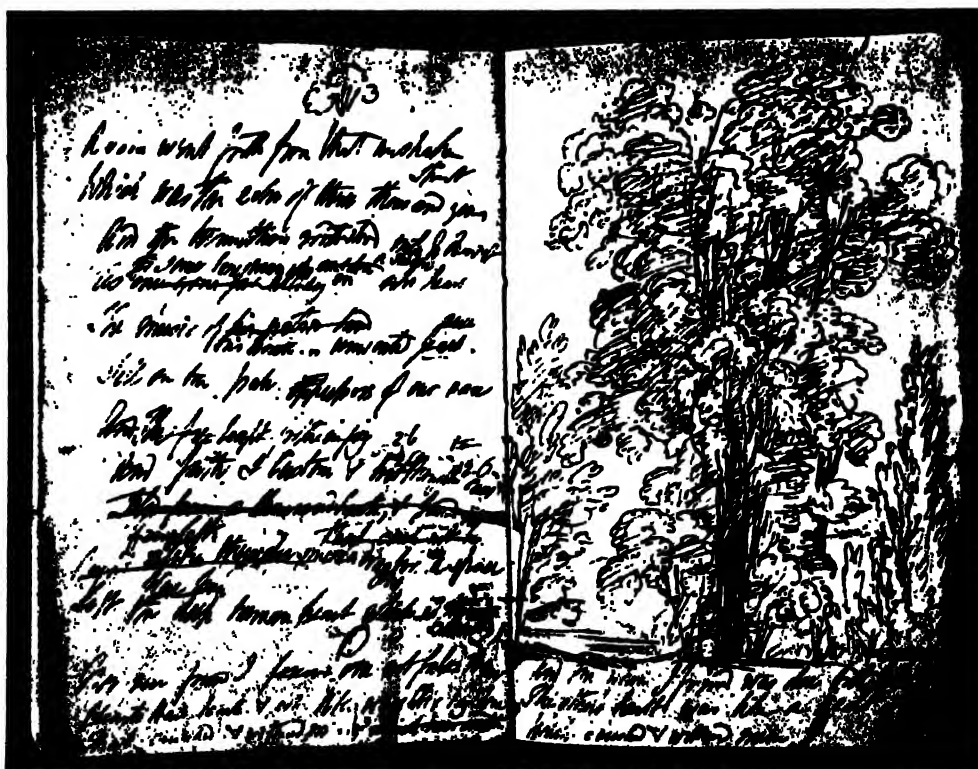
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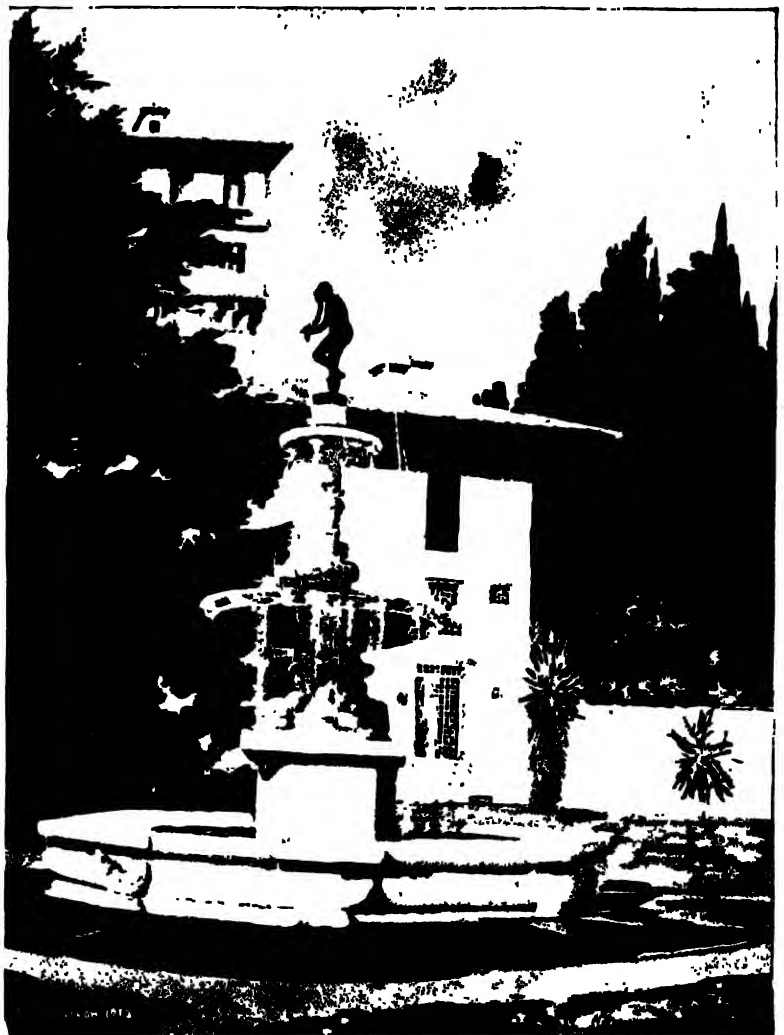
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CICISBE AND MY LADY

THE FURNITURE COLLECTOR: OLD ENGLISH FURNITURE OF THE XVII AND XVIII CENTURIES

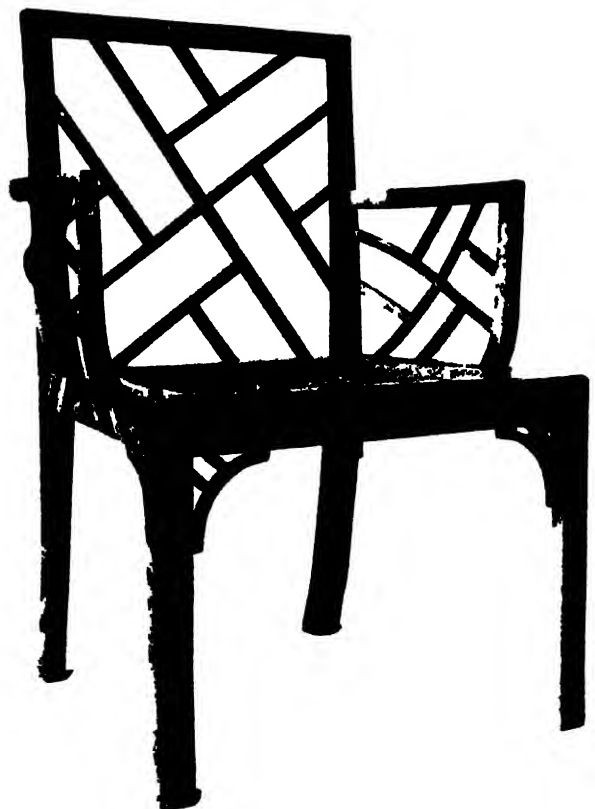
By L. W. GREGORY ESQ. net (Herbert Jenkins)

The interest in old furniture is one which belongs now to every class. Most of us know the joy of having resurrected some alleged old piece from a mysterious dust heap—though we can never be sure these days that the old piece and the dust heap may not have been artfully arranged to catch us for it is an undoubted fact that some of the grandfather's clocks and gate-legged tables to be found in cottages, in neighbourhoods where visitors congregate during the holiday season are placed there by astute manufacturers of such articles. But the interest in old furniture is a genuine one. Everybody, therefore, will welcome the really admirable book which Mr. L. W. Gregory has written, "The Furniture Collector: Old English Furniture of the XVII and XVIII Centuries." It is a very complete introduction to the study of the English styles of these periods. The author has some very interesting remarks to make upon the antiquity of furniture. He points out that a joiner would go on making furniture in the style that he had been taught by his fathers and that therefore a chair in the style of the Stuarts may have been made in some remote village at the end of the eighteenth century. He instances a Chippendale chair made at the beginning of the nineteenth century which any casual critic would naturally classify as belonging to 1750. The book is well illustrated with some fifty photographs of various specimens of old furniture principally of pieces in the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington.

GOLDONI: A BIOGRAPHY

By H. C. CHITFIELD TAYLOR F.R.D. ESQ. net (Chitt & Windus)

No playwright with a European reputation is so unknown to English readers as Goldoni. For a hundred persons who are acquainted with Molière or Calderon, there is probably not one who knows Goldoni. Some of us recollect Eleonora Duse giving a delightful performance as the landlady of an inn in *La Locandiera* fourteen or fifteen years ago. Others vaguely remember the author of this sparkling comedy figuring in Vernon Lee's *Studies of the Eighteenth Century*. Beyond this our information concerning the great Venetian comic dramatist Browning's "good & sunniest of souls" comes to an end. No longer, however, need we abide in our ignorance, no longer need we confess that the Molière of Italy is Goldoni; has been rather unwisely called remains for us but *nomini umbra*. For Mr. Chitfield Taylor, who brought out a learned life of Molière nine years ago, has recently published a full length biography of Goldoni in which he describes the dramatist's career and analyses his plays in the most thorough and searching fashion. A playwright who composed his plays in dialect (Goldoni wrote in the Venetian speech—and whose works extend to fifty volumes, is never likely to be really well known in countries other than that of his origin, more particularly a dramatist who produced no surpassing masterpiece, all of whose productions indeed stand pretty much on the same level. Mr. Taylor, however, in bringing out this weighty volume (weighty in more senses than one, for it is one of the heaviest books we have encountered lately), has done very handsomely by his hero. If he would but follow up this elaborate and surely definitive biography by publishing a translation of a dozen, or even of half a dozen of Goldoni's best comedies, he would deserve still more highly of the English-speaking peoples.



From The Furniture Collector
(Jenkins)

A RARE EXAMPLE OF CHIPPENDALE
CHAIR WITH INLAID DECORATIONS.
It is of Beech ornamented with Walnut and
Sycamore. The cane seat is movable.

THE BOOKMAN
CHRISTMAS 1915



From The Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Gift Book (Jarrold).

BOOT REPAIRING (AT THE BLINDED SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' HOSTEL). Photograph copyright of "Sport and General."

THE BLINDED SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' GIFT BOOK.

Edited by GEORGE GOODCHILD. 3s. (Jarrold.)

None of the Gift Books published in aid of our various War organisations makes a more poignant appeal than this. Many of our brave defenders have returned from the fighting lines permanently blinded, as a result of the terrible

methods employed in this unprecedented conflict, and under the presidency of Mr. C. Arthur Pearson these men are now being taught at St. Dunstons, Regent's Park, how to meet the new conditions of their darkened lives and make them still worth living. They are being trained in all manner of home and out-of-door industries, instructed in typewriting, and in Braille reading and writing; and all profits from the sale of this book are to go in support of



From The Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Gift Book (Jarrold).

"HARD AT IT" (AT THE BLINDED SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' HOSTEL). By kind permission of W. J. Brunall

that great and beneficent work. One is not surprised to hear that it is selling by tens of thousands already; the purpose for which it is published is a sufficient reason why everybody with three shillings to spare should buy it; and, apart from that, the book is a wonderful literary and artistic production that is well worth having entirely for its own sake. There are numerous plates in colour and black-and-white by Frank Brangwyn, Hugh Thomson, Lewis Baumer, Heath Robinson, Cyrus Cuneo, Claude Shepperson, C. E. Brock, Sir Luke Fildes, and other famous artists, and the literary contributions include some of the best work by many of our leading novelists, poets and essayists. Mr. Goodchild is to be congratulated on his successful efforts in a cause that needs and is sure to receive the whole-hearted support of the public.

THE YEAR ILLUSTRATED.

2s 6d. net. (Headley.)

This interesting and useful annual reaches with its present number the seventh year of its issue. This year its story is all a story of the war on land and sea, and of the effect it has had on the people at home, concluding with a diary of events that have happened apart from the war. It is fully illustrated, and contains several excellent maps. With last year's issue it forms a well-arranged, full and permanent record of the Great War, and is the handiest book of reference on the subject that we have come across.



From Lavengro (Foulis).

"ONCE I SAW HIM STANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF A DUSTY ROAD."

Specimen illustration from "Lavengro." Illustrated in colour by Edmund J. Sullivan. 3s. net.



From The Year 1915 Illustrated (Headley).

THE COMFORTER.

THE
BOOKMAN
CHRISTMAS
SUPPLEMENT



HISTORY BIOGRAPHY & TRAVEL



THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1915



From *The Life of the Duke of Marlborough*
(Chapman & Hall).

JOHN, DUKE OF
MARLBOROUGH.

that would not stick at any mischief to them that lay in his power." That only meant, however, that as a trader he was playing for his own hand, and in so far injuring them. To them, however, he more than paid his debt after he became their official representative at a very critical time when the very existence of the Company was in jeopardy. As regards his character, Lord Camelford said: "He amassed a fortune, which was reckoned prodigious in those days, without the slightest stain on his reputation"; but against this it is only fair to note that Sir Henry Yule wrote him down as "by no means delicately scrupulous," though admitting, "nevertheless he had a standard of duty and honour, if not a high one, and I believe he kept to it." As a matter of fact, the Indian official of those days had a divided duty. His salary was nominal—Pitt was given but £300 a year—and he was allowed to trade on his own behalf. It is not surprising, however regrettable it may be, that sometimes he drove a good bargain for himself at the expense of his masters.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

THE LIFE OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

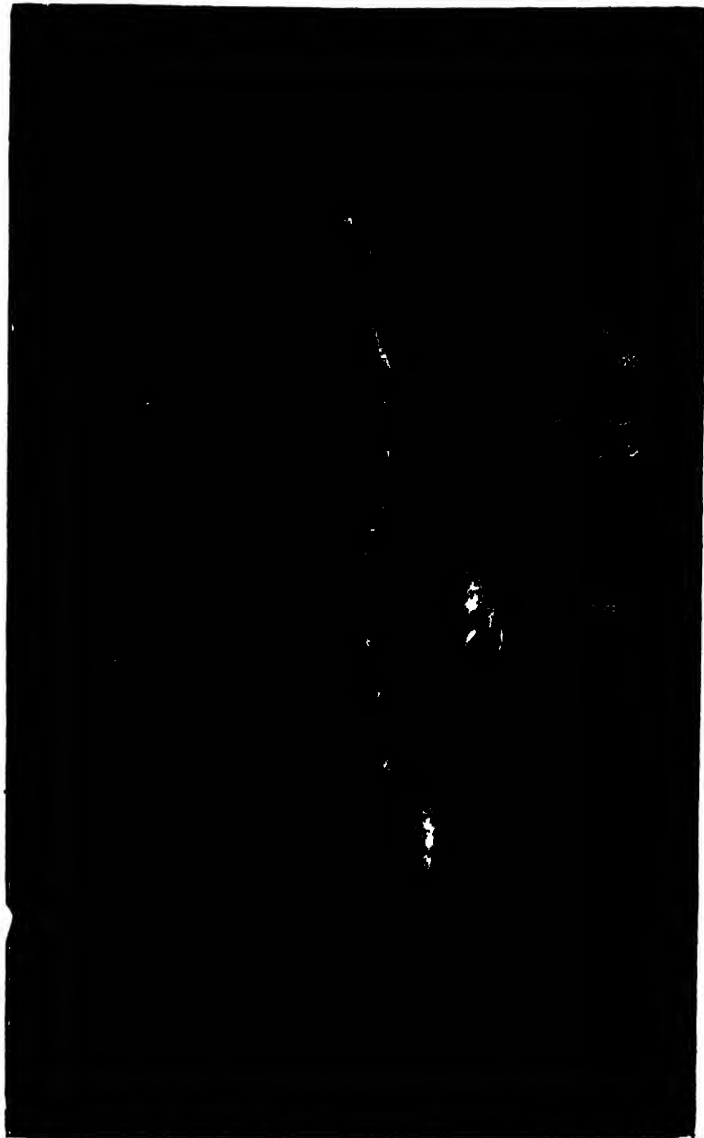
By EDWARD THOMAS. 10s. 6d. net (Chapman & Hall)

Historians with a moral axe to grind, and in their wake all honest patriots who would like to prove that one of

THE LIFE OF THOMAS PITT.

By SIR CORNELIUS DALTON, K.C.M.G. 15s. net
(Cambridge University Press.)

It was a happy thought of Sir Cornelius Dalton to write the biography of Thomas Pitt. There have, of course, been many references to him in many works on India, but there has not before been issued a full and comprehensive account of his career. And his career was most certainly romantic. As a lad he joined the merchant service, but, on one voyage, making India, he left his ship, refused to return to it, and set up in business on his own account—a thing dangerous to do in the days when "interlopers," that is to say, independent traders, were subject to prosecution by the East India Company, which claimed a monopoly. For seven years he laboured, harassed always by the Company, but he amassed a handsome competence, and then, in 1682, returned home, and settled down, so far as a man of such energy could do so. In 1693 he went again eastward, and presently the Company, which had tried to stop his going, deemed it advisable to come to terms with him. Four years later he was appointed President of St. George, and in that position he served his erstwhile opponents well and truly, and his defence of Madras in 1702 against Daud Khan, Nawab of the Carnatic, won him golden opinions. Seven years later, after a dispute with William Fraser, a member of his Council, he was removed from the Governorship. He returned to England, and was again returned to Parliament. In 1716 he was appointed Governor of Jamaica, but he never took up the office. In general circles he is best remembered for his connection with the great diamond which bears his name. This he purchased with his own money for 48,000 pagodas, and afterwards disposed of for a vast sum to the Duc d'Orléans for the French crown. It was afterwards set in the pommel of the Sword of State at Napoleon's coronation; in 1814 Marie Louise carried it off; but it was subsequently restored to Louis XVIII. Thomas Pitt in his earlier days was described by the Court of Directors of the East India Company as "a desperate young fellow, of a haughty, huffing, daring temper,



From *The Life of Thomas Pitt*
(Cambridge University Press).

THOMAS PITT.

the greatest generals was also a fine Englishman, have always been exercised over Marlborough. His early manhood was of so unsavoury a character; his subsequent dealings with James II. and William III. were so deceitful and treacherous. One of those who tried to whitewash the great man was Lord Wolsley, and Mr. Thomas's earlier chapters deal with this instance of special pleading. He has no difficulty in pointing out the weak points in the apologia.

At the same time, we must do Mr. Thomas the justice of saying that he writes in no carping spirit. No bias is evident in his analysis. He does honestly try to get at the truth. And the truth, as he sees it, is that Marlborough cannot be whitewashed. Nothing can excuse the baseness of his early life at Court, except that the whole temper of the time was "hard and coarse." And not even that consideration can suffice to throw a veil of pardon over his subsequent treachery, first to James and then to William. "We expect some degree of open courage from a soldier. It looks ill for a soldier to lie to his king up to the last moment, and then slip away to the hostile army." It looked, if possible, even worse for a soldier to forewarn the enemy that an expedition was sailing against Brest.

With no illusions as to the character of the age or its foremost man, Mr. Thomas becomes somewhat contemptuous of its pageantry. William "lumbers through Flanders," Anne is "dull, dressy, and extravagant." The great war itself is "a tedious game, suited particularly to kings and elderly generals. It could be watched in safety by kings, ladies and children." But this, we imagine, though it is not clearly expressed, applied chiefly to the ante-Marlborough days.

Mr. Thomas describes the battles somewhat perfunctorily, nor is he at pains to draw any comparison between the campaigns in Belgium then and now. The flooding of the country round Lille by Vendome is mentioned without any reference to similar tactics in the last few months. Where Mr. Thomas is valuable is, first, in his demonstration of the terrible crudeness of the raw material out of which Marlborough fashioned his brilliant soldiery—Wellington's remarks on Waterloo immediately recur to the memory—and secondly, in certain vivid touches obtained from personal reminiscences of combatants. Mrs. Christian Davies' fight for a pig on the way to Blenheim; the clouds of bark dust that flew round her in the wood at Malplaquet, when she was looking for her husband with a bottle of beer in her hand, these and similar touches bring the war vividly before us.

THE PERSONAL LIFE OF JOSIAH WEDGWOOD, THE POTTER.

By JULIA WEDGWOOD. 12s. net. (Macmillan.)

Much has been written about Josiah Wedgwood, but not one of his biographers has made full use of all the available stores of personal information to be found in the archives and correspondence still preserved at Etruria. It was peculiarly fitting, then, that the great potter's great granddaughter should take up the task, no light one, especially

in view of her great age, for she must have been about seventy-five when she entered upon it. Indeed it was not wholly complete when she died in 1913, and her friend Professor C. H. Herford, in accordance with her request, has completed and edited it, with an introduction and a short memoir of Miss Wedgwood herself.

The history of families who have contributed men of mark in their own sphere from generation to generation is always among the most truly and satisfactorily interesting departments of literature. The Wedgwood annals, which begin in the fifteenth century, though the name can be traced from the thirteenth, present a steady crescendo of importance, and it appears that already in the seventeenth century the Wedgwoods were noted potters, though Josiah's own parents in 1730, the year of his birth, found their fortunes at a low ebb. The boy grew up in difficult circumstances, but his capacities and enthusiastic devotion to his trade and art triumphed speedily over all hindrances, and before he was forty he was established, rich, and his work successful and universally in demand. His age was of very great importance in the development of



*truly & affectionately yours -
J. Wedgwood
Etruria 11th Feb: 1774*

From The Personal Life of Josiah Wedgwood, the Potter
(Macmillan).

England and Europe, industry and invention were in their most vigorous youth, and Wedgwood shared in no little degree the impulses and the inspirations of the epoch. It is true that as a chemist he ranks lower than as an artist, yet in the world of chemistry he won a respectable place by his constant and unstinted experiments. Both his art and his science, indeed, were solidly rooted in his business—they grew out of the needs of his pottery: but he was always ingenious, open-eyed, quick to appreciate, and above all delighted in the application of man's intellect to subdue or to harness and control natural forces. A sound man of business, one of the points that won favour for his wares was the fact that "the spouts poured, the lids fitted, the handles held" nothing but the best was good enough for this practical idealist, who would

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1915

bring his stick down upon any piece in his workrooms that was not absolutely right, with the words "That won't do for Josiah Wedgwood." Similarly he had a great deal to do with the inauguration of the canal system in England, partly because he perceived the great need of the country for easy cheap communications, but partly because as a potter it was dreadful to have to despatch his fragile, beautiful wares in carts and crates dragged by horses along the disgraceful roads of England. Arthur Young tells us how within eighteen miles he once found three carts broken down and ruts four feet deep! With all his practical shrewdness, he was a man of great sweetness of temper, and strongly held to his friends, chief of whom must be counted Thomas Bentley, another typical eighteenth century figure, his correspondence with whom is a remarkable portraying of personality and reflection of a period as well. His eldest daughter became the mother of Charles Darwin, and in this way the Wedgwood family became inseparably linked with another that left an even greater impress on the nineteenth century than Josiah left on his own. Miss Wedgwood's study is of unusual value and interest, and no one interested either in the subject or in biography as an art will fail to read it with unqualified delight.

THE LIFE OF

PARACELSUS THEOPHROS-

TUS VON HOHENHEIM, 1493-1541.

By ANNA M. STODDART. New and Cheaper Edition. 6s. net. (William Rider & Son.)

Thanks to the late Miss Anna Stoddart, a new and cheaper edition of whose "Life of Paracelsus" has just been brought out by Mr. William Rider, the publisher of "Borderland" books, we know now quite a good deal about the founder of the Homœopathic system of medicine. But even so we still remain in doubt as to the real interpretation of the classical name which he assumed in his eighteenth year. Whether Paracelsus means "more learned than Celsus," a physician who flourished in the reign of Augustus, or, as Miss Stoddart puts it, is "a paraphrase of Hohenheim, carrying the 'High Home' into the spiritual region," must always remain uncertain. This, however, though an interesting, is after all, a minor point, and it were perhaps more expedient to quote six of the seven particulars of the first of the "Three qualifications which a good and perfect surgeon should possess in himself," as some slight indication of the so-called modernity of Paracelsus, of that courageous return to common sense which he was always making and urging medical students

to make, a return which, as a matter of fact, is as bitterly opposed by medical hierophants of the twentieth as by their *confères* of the sixteenth century. Here, then, are the rules which should govern the doctor's own professional conduct: (1) He shall not consider himself competent to cure in all cases. (2) He shall study daily and learn experience from others. (3) He shall treat each case with assured knowledge, and shall not desert nor give it up. (4) He shall at all times be temperate, serious, chaste, living rightly and not a boaster. (5) He shall consider the necessity of the sick rather than his own, his art rather than his fee. (6) He shall take all the precautions which experience and knowledge suggest not to be attacked by illness.



From The Life of Paracelsus
(Rider).

PARACELSUS, AGED TWENTY-FOUR.

RUSSIA AND THE GREAT WAR.

By M. GREGOR ALEX-
INSKY. 10s. 6d. net.
(Fisher Unwin.)

Allowance being made for the fact that he writes admittedly as a Revolutionary, from the standpoint that is to say of a politician who hopes that one issue of the present war will be the liberation of the Russian people from the tyranny of Tsarism and of the bureaucracy, we must allow that M. Gregor Alexinsky, Ex-Deputy to the Duma, has much that is new and striking to tell us about "Russia and the Great War." He informs us that the Tsar's Government was "on the brink of an inevitable fall" when the war suddenly transformed the situation and forced the Russian people "to check the remarkable impetus of its struggle for

liberty." He assures us that neither the people nor the bureaucracy wanted war, adding that among the superior bureaucracy and in the higher ranks of the army there are to be found an ominous number of German names. He declares that the mass of the peasants and of the working classes regard this war with Germany, unlike the war with Japan, as one necessary in the interests of freedom. He repudiates the idea that the Revolutionaries and the Socialists wish their country to be defeated, and points out that it was Count Witte and his friends who were the leaders of the pro-German party. Finally he tells us that, while Poles, Armenians, Finns, Ukrainians, Democrats and Jews all forgot their wrongs and answered to the country's call, the Jews are still being persecuted and Socialist deputies to the Duma are still being deported to Siberia. Yet, or shall we say therefore, M. Alexinsky still clings to the belief that the growing impetus of the Russian people to liberty, combined with the fact of its alliance with the two great democratic nations of England and France, will enable it, when once the war is over, to shake off the shackles of absolutism. And, as the ex-Deputy is optimistic in his estimate of the political outlook that will confront his country at the end of the war, so is he altruistic in his notions of the territorial compensations which Russia should exact.

NEW
COSMOPOLIS

By JAMES HUNCKER (Werner Iuric)

Mr Huncker has been called the Bernard Shaw of America. There are only four years between the two, and both have been much engaged with music besides dogmatizing on the drama. Both love paradoxes and delight in the quixotism of a tilt against anything established. Nevertheless we cannot imagine the New Cosmopolis being written by G. B. S. or by any one on this side of the water. It has all that hustling impressionism that breathless curiosity which seems an instinct with modern Americans.

I record what I see, what I feel, what I have experienced, writing it as well as I can *à la tout* says our observer, and it goes *à la tout* saying that he has seen and experienced *everything*. A regular Paul Pry I edged my way through putting him in. I've seen all the circuses worth mentioning—rather unmentionable. He recalls Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Prague, and Madrid, not to mention Piccadilly.

Stand Quamish old New York is to him but 'tame and respectable'. Elsewhere there are 'the same old non steamboats with the same old brand and new posters'. He calls it a 'look of sky lines and perspectives', which since the world it lugs is compounded of rhythmic surprise and charm will attract many. Since the writer can always compare, since he records with sincerity, we skim over his revelations appreciating. A Walt Whitman catalogue alone could sum up the ethnical and kaleidoscopic variety of a New York mob, and with that youth training Mr Huncker is nowhere at a loss. Habituated from childhood to the cosmopolitan view point, he has had no difficulties about certain European cities before the war, and no illusion.



From General Pichegru's Treason
(Smith T. C.)

GENERAL PICHEGRU

THE
SCOTTISH FRIEND
OF
FREDERIC THE GREAT

By MRS. LILLIAN L. CUTHILL. Illustrated
and designed by Stanley Paul.

George Baron Keith, first Earl Marischall of Scotland, was a fine picturesque subject for Mrs. Cuthill's erudite and interesting work. Born in 1680, he saw war under Marlborough at Queen Anne's death was Colonel of the Scots Grenadier Guards in London, where there was only one regiment besides the household troops, and if he had listened to his own promptings, and the fiery word of Atterbury, instead of to Ormonde, James III. might have been proclaimed king instead of George I. But it was not to be, and George Keith was in the 1715 Jacobite rising, which left him exiled, and by Bill of Attainder stripped of rank, honours, estates, condemned to be beheaded—nothing left but the title of Earl Marischall of Scotland. He was in all the Jacobite intrigues in Europe for the next thirty years. James III. showed him every favour, and he originated a plan to set Charles Edward up as King of Corsica. When his brother James entered the service of Frederic the Great as Field Marshal, George was invited to the Prussian Court, and Frederic speedily made him a close friend, trusted him, and loved him. In 1754 he made him Governor of Neuchâtel, where his portrait still hangs in the public library, and where all ox-tongues in the city were his perquisite! He died in 1778, a great man, a friend of kings, of Rousseau, of d'Alembert, who delivered a funeral oration before the Berlin Academy, a eulogy that has been always famous. The many letters between him and Frederic, and Rousseau, and the rest given in this volume, display him as a keen thinker and a man of the world as well as of great affairs, and this account of him may be recommended as a picture of a noteworthy and eminent figure of the eighteenth century.



From The Scottish Friend of
Frederic the Great
(Stanley Paul)

FIELD-MARSHAL JAMES KEITH



From The Famous Cities of Ireland
(Munnell).

THE THOLSEL, NEW ROSS.

A NATURALIST IN MADAGASCAR.

By JAMES SIBREE, F.R.G.S. 52 Illustrations and 3 Maps.
16s. net. (Seeley, Service.)

This is certainly a book to set on the shelves beside Bates' "On the Amazon," Darwin's "Voyage on the Beagle," and Waterton's "Wanderings in South America." Mr. Sibree is a missionary, and has known the great island since 1863, fifty-two years that have taught him a great deal, and these three hundred odd pages are packed with information, interesting, satisfactory, and, as far as can be judged, sound. He takes the reader hand-in-hand, with the courteous invitation to wander into the wonderful and mysterious forests, and observe the gentle lemurs in their home, as they leap from tree to tree, or take refuge in the thickets of bamboo; to come out in the dusk and watch the aye-aye as he stealthily glides along the branches, obtaining his insect food under the bark of the trees; to note the habits and curious ways of birds; to hear the legends and folk-tales in which the Malagasy have preserved the wisdom of their ancestors with regard to the feathered denizens of the woods and plains, and to admire the luxuriant vegetation of the forests, and the trees and plants, the ferns and flowers, and even the grasses, which are to be found in every part of the island. A careful observer himself, he collects and assimilates the observations of other men to his own knowledge. The result is a ripe, wise, human, friendly book, leisurely, rambling, restrained, as full of interest and entertainment as a dripping sponge is of water. Strange places and strange

people are always magic to us, and this huge island, now under French rule, as large as France with Belgium and Holland thrown in, with its old races and their old rites and age-long industries and ancient primitive lore are fascinating. When we have read Mr. Sibree's book through attentively, we feel we know them almost at first hand, and take pleasure in knowing that the Malagasy have no names for constellations, except for the Pleiades—"little boys fighting over the rice mortar"—and Orion's belt—"three make a fathom"—and for no single star or planet, except for Venus as Lucifer, the morning star, which they call "leader of the day." This and the like is as good knowledge as the history of a decaying Court and exiled queens, which is all most of us remember of Madagascar.

THE DIARY OF A FRENCH ARMY CHAPLAIN.

By ABBE FELIX KLEIN. 3s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)

Abbé Felix Klein was appointed chaplain to the Military Hospital opened by the Americans in Paris at Neuilly-sur-Seine about the end of August, 1914. For Paris, this was a moment of terrible suspense and danger, day by day the Germans were coming nearer, pushing back the English and French troops, and it seemed inevitable that Paris would be reached by the invading armies. We know now how great was the danger, and with what brilliant strategy and dogged fighting it was averted, but to read the Abbé's diary is to be reminded of the breathless tension of the time. And to be reminded of the ignorance in which we remained of the actual state of affairs. Things moved too swiftly for us to take them in, and it was only afterwards we obtained the perspective that we are sometimes inclined to accept as our memory of the retreat and counter-stroke. This diary appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and attracted no small amount of attention; it is no less interesting to English readers than to French. The writer is very devout, very human, sympathetic, cultured, philosophic, far-seeing, and we obtain from his daily narrative a moving picture of the wounded men who passed through the hospital, French, English, Arabs, Senegalese, all alike in their need, alike in their heroism, under sufferings, all, according to the Abbé, strongly moved and open to the influences of the mystic



From Belgium
(Black).

A QUIET WATERWAY.

religion whose servitor he was. He has always been a lover of England, and we delight in his delight in the gallant English soldiers, cheerful, gay through their suffering, singing and larking in spite of wounds, mutilations, amputations; but he is still more a lover of France, and we share his tender, reverent appreciation of the French soldiers, no less heroic than the English, patient, resigned, less playful for the war was too near their hearts and homes for play, of their kin, the wives and mothers and fathers whose sacrifice was made and borne for France. There is little in the shape of anecdote to quote, but the whole book blends into a moving and invaluable picture, the more moving and valuable for the beautiful, restrained writing that proclaims a mind of unusual force and fineness.

THE STORY OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.

By RENÉ FRANCIS. With 20 Collotypes and an Etched Frontispiece by LOUIS WEIRTER. R.B.A. 20s. net. (Harrap)

It may not be true that, as somebody has said, "the history of the Tower of London is the history of England," but the Tower certainly played a prominent and grimly picturesque part in our history from Norman times down to the eighteenth century. It supplies Mr. René Francis with a wonderful subject for story and descriptive writing, and Mr. Louis Weirter with a no less admirable subject for a series of twenty striking and beautifully-finished drawings and an etched frontispiece showing the Salt Tower at sunset which, with its bleak tower lifted above massed shadow into the flying light, is steeped in the very feeling and atmosphere that lingers for ever about this tragic, haunted, old-world fortress. There is a gloom of forgotten miseries in the sombre, vivid presentiments of the interior of the Beauchamp Tower, the sinister frowning Bloody Tower, the Traitor's Gate, and others; but the sketch of the King's House, with its balconies and quaintly tumbling roofs, has an idyllic charm of appearance that is perhaps accentuated by its gaunt surroundings; so, too, has a distant view of the Tower on a winter's night,



From *The Story of the Tower of London*
(Harrap).

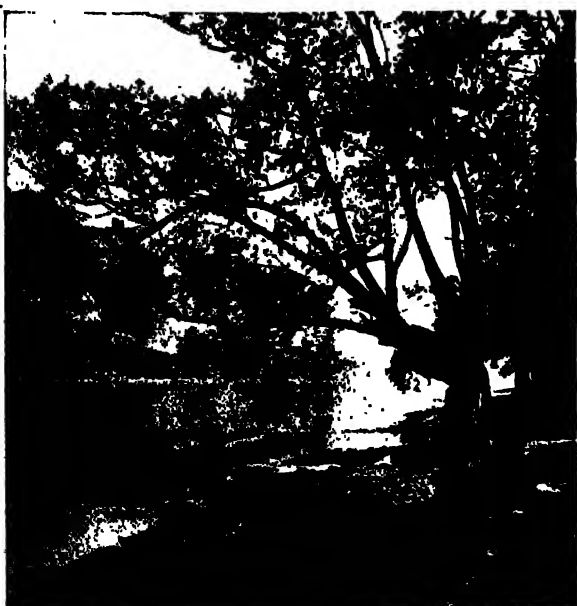
THE BELL TOWER.

when the frost and the stars and the magic light have transformed it into a dream-tower in fairyland. There is strength as well as beauty in Mr. Weirter's remarkable work. Both for the art of it and the fascination of its narrative this is a volume of quite exceptional interest.

ISABEL OF CASTILE: AND THE MAKING OF THE SPANISH NATION.

By IRLENE L. PLUNKET. 10s. 6d. net. (Putnam.)

Isabel of Castile is credited with the glory of Columbus, and hers, too, was the Inquisition period. Partisanship in the historian would be as absurd in Isabel's case as in that of Elizabeth, whose reign was on parallel lines. The author steers clear of this danger, and has made good use of authorities both old and new. If the style be pedestrian, one must admit that Pentecostal fire is not given to all historians. Nor, to be fair, is it generally the stylist who sticks closest to the truth. The grouping and arrangement is hardly as compact and adroit as might be wished. But it is clear. One has the wars, with Portugal, with the Moors, and the Italian campaigns in perspective. Columbus, as might be expected, fares well. We are shown too the singular social and military difficulties of a period just emerging from savagery. Likewise we get a glimpse of Isabel's sincere efforts to welcome the new learning from Italy, and the art of printing that was just discovered in Holland and Germany. The chapter on the fall of Granada makes stirring reading. The work is illustrated.



From *Of Walks and Walking Tours*
(Werner Laurie).

ON THE BANKS
OF THE RHONE.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1915

MODERN AUSTRIA, HER RACIAL AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

With a Study of Italia
Irredenta. By VIRGINIO
GAYDA 10s 6d net
(Fisher Unwin)

The main part of this enlightening volume is an abridged translation (by J. M. Gibson and C. A. Miles) of Signor Gayda's *L'Impero di un Impero* the first edition of which appeared in 1913 the second with alterations and additions in February of this year the study of Undeclared Italy has been written specially by the author for this English issue. It is an elaborate treatise the fruit of five years observation and inquiry in Austria—but none of the 330 pages could be spared. It will bring home to British and American readers with vividness and a measure of fascination a sense of the complicated world the diverse and clashing elements the medley of medievalism and modernism within the borders of Austria Hungary on the eve of the war to the war drama itself it will help to give a new significance. Expressive as it is the new section dealing with the repressive tactics of Austria in regard to the Italian speaking parts of the empire and her jealous attitude towards Italy generally are excelled in interest by chapters showing the more epic clash of vast unreconcilable forces in her extraordinary life. Part of the book is a graphic description of the mighty battle between German and Slavonic elements and cultures with the Germans steadily and sometimes disastrously losing ground. The Bohemian story, in this connection is exceptionally interesting and Signor Gayda unfolds it



From *Isabel of Castile*
(Putnam)

RONDA, THE TAGO OR CHASM.

without any sense or suspicion of partisanship. He is manifestly attracted by the wonderful contest wherein the forces and "weapons" are, or have been, educational and he shows that the clash and the results have done much towards the uplifting of the whole Bohemian civilisation. The growing power of the Jews all round their grip of and new attitude towards, the land their dominance is capitalists here then in influence as socialists there form the subject of acute presentation. Much in the social conditions is simply horrible. Many things have disturbed or marred the struggle for betterment even Socialism has been deeply affected by the rising intensity of national feeling in the varied regions. The Court militarist clerical and generally conservative elements are all analysed and unfolded. The dramatic dreams and passions of central Europe which so profoundly concern all Europe are made very vital by Signor Gayda.

LAVENGRO

By GEORGE BORROW With Illustrations by EDMUND J. SULLIVAN 5s net (Foulis)

A more artistic and attractive edition of *Lavengro* has never been published than that issued by Mr. Foulis this Christmas. Printed on rough edged paper and bound in green, it is illustrated with a dozen charming colour plates by Mr. Edmund J. Sullivan. This artist's free style of drawing and mellowed colour schemes are well adapted to decorate George Borrow's most popular work while the grey backgrounds on which they are mounted form graceful settings for such beautiful and well finished paintings.



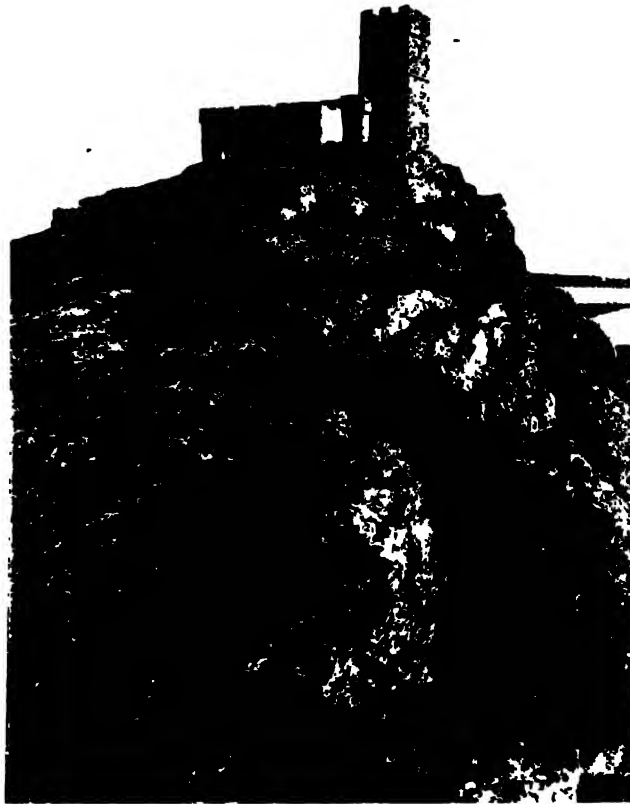
From *Tiger Slayer* by Order
(Chapman & Hall)

THE MORNING BATH
"Motee" and "Pir Buz."

THROUGH THE BRAZILIAN WILDERNESS.

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT.
18s. net. (John Murray.)

To those who read Colonel Roosevelt's account of his Brazilian explorations as it appeared serially in the pages of the *Daily Telegraph* no recommendation of the handsome volume in which the ex-President of the United States has collected these articles will be necessary. Enough to say that the fifty photographs of fauna, flora, and natives taken by Mr. Kermit Roosevelt which accompany the articles now that they appear in book form add enormously to the interest of a thoroughly enjoyable because admirably informing travel story. Whether Colonel Roosevelt actually discovered, or only re-discovered, the River of Doubt is a point which must be settled by expert geographers and explorers. What is perfectly certain, however, is that the Colonel has an uncommon knack of being able to describe in a thoroughly lucid and vivacious fashion the strange human beings and the stranger animals which he met with in the South American jungle. In other words, whatever may be the nature of the contribution which his latest book makes to our knowledge of geography, of natural history, or of anthropology, it is certainly an excellent piece of journalism. There is nothing to skip; every page is readable.



From The English Parish Church
(Batsford).

THE CHURCH ON BRENT
TOR, DARTMOOR.

who enjoy a real live book about real live people. The most striking character in the book is old Shivers—a grim, hardy old salt, who tells some of the strangest of the yarns that Mr. Patterson brings into his pages. In a preface, Mr. Patterson says hard things of some of his critics, but critics are used to that and, because he has done his work here well, will easily forgive him.

EPISTLES FROM DEEP SEAS.

By J. E. PATTERSON. With
a Frontispiece by J. GIDLEY
WITHYCOMBE. 10s. 6d. net.
(Simpkin, Marshall.)

This is the third book that Mr. Patterson has written out of the experiences of his own life as a sailor and world-wanderer; and so long as they are all as alive and full of interest as this, we are prepared to welcome three more. The three are in no sense dependent on each other. "My Vagabondage" gave a full autobiography, and therefore dealt with the author's early life; and his later life as a novelist and journalist, as well as with his seafaring memories. "Sea Pic" was a poignant *olla podrida* of stories of Mr. Patterson's personal adventures, and of stories told to him by his shipmates. "Epistles from Deep Seas" is a second helping of the same fare, and is as full flavoured and as appetising as the first. We recommend it heartily to all



From Denmark and the Danes
(Fisher Unwin).

ROSENBERG CASTLE.



From History of the Nations
(Hutchinson)

TSAR MICHAEL SHISHMAN OF BULGARIA KILLED
AT THE BATTLE OF VELBUZHD 1330

LIFE OF LORD ROBERTS, K.G., V.C.

By CAPT OWEN WHEELER 3s 6d (Ward Lock)

At the time of Lord Roberts' death, many diverse opinions were put forward regarding the place he was entitled to in the hierarchy of great soldiers but one never heard a difference of opinion on his character as a brave and Christian gentleman. Like Gordon he will be for all time an exemplar for boys. His deeds are those that stir the imagination—his high sense of duty one that cannot fail to impress even the dullard. And Captain Owen Wheeler in writing the "Life of Lord Roberts, K.G., V.C." has produced a book which should be welcome on every boy's shelf. He tells the story of his early boyhood, of his adventures in the Mutiny, of how he won the V.C., of the immortal march to Kandahar, of South Africa right up to the memorable time last year when, full of years, he laid down the burden of his life within sound of the guns, among the soldiers with whom he had passed the greater portion of his days. The author has done his work admirably, and the sixteen

plates and the map which explains his Indian adventures, add to the value of the book.



From Lord Roberts, K.G., V.C.
(Ward, Lock)

ROBERTS HAS A NARROW
ESCAPE AT AGRA.

RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN

With the Russian Army
By ROBERT R. MCCORMICK 6s net (Macmillan)

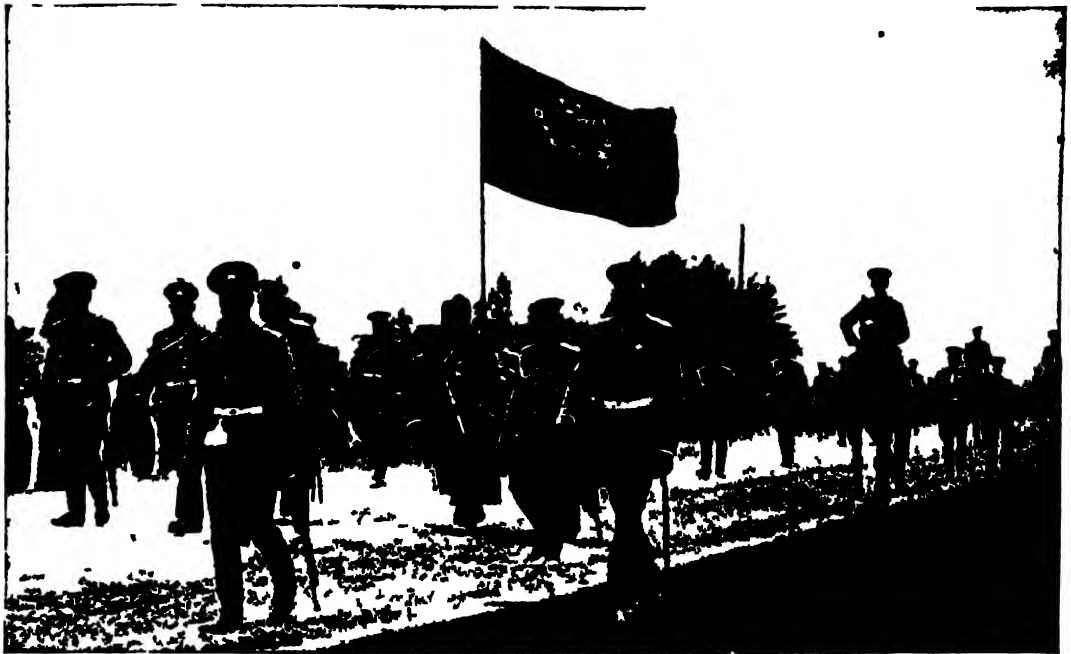
Russia of To-Day By
JOHN LOSTER FRASER 6s net (Cassell)

Russia The Balkans and
the Dardanelles By
GRAVILLI FORTESCUE 6s net (Melrose)

An extraordinary interest attaches just now to Russia and her part in the present great war. Much has been said, and much remains to say—the theme is practically inexhaustible and offers an infinity of aspects. Mr. Robert McCormick, the son of a former American Ambassador to Russia, owed to his father's position and friendliness with the Grand Duke Nicholas the unique opportunity, given him by the Commander-in-Chief, to be admitted "on the field of active fighting" not as a war correspondent, but as a distinguished foreigner personally known to the Grand Duke. In London he met Mr. Asquith, and

Sir Edward Grey—who was 'as fluent in talking of foreign affairs as nobody in the American Government' excepting Mr Alvey A Adce and who in Mr McCormick's opinion is a less gifted man than Mr Bryan—is excellent. Mr Churchill next to the Grand Duke Nicholas is the most aggressive person I have ever met though if tried by a hundred tests he might show less all round ability than Mr Daniels. One perceives at once that the book is written for America and perceives too that

Mr McCormick cannot be held to possess the knowledge of political or military affairs that would have enabled him to take advantage of his opportunities. If he had spent the same time with any of the belligerent forces we feel he would probably have been convinced of the superiority of that particular army and organisation over every other and his enthusiasm for Russia consequently fails to convince us. He gives vivid momentary pictures of what he saw or was told but the whole effect is very fleeting. He tells us how he spends his putting on paper his observations on the Russian Army and in compiling the information from which he wrote the history of the war to date. It is not to be wondered at if the book is bright and shallow. Mr John Foster Fraser's book is bright and packed with information about Russia of today her feelings her people conditions of life and work resources civilisation in fact a complete handbook for the present moment. The titled journalist is apparent all the time and we may be delighted to know from him that 250,000 Japanese passed through Moscow on their way to the fighting line, according to



From Russia of To day
(Cassells)

THE CZAR AND THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS.

universal report which followed in nearly every detail a story with which England was familiar only a Russian Army taking the role of the Japanese. Mr Fraser's book is opportune and useful at the moment and handy for

reference. The book to read out of these three with diligence and respect is Mr Gavinville Fortescue's Russia the Balkans and the Dardanelles. Mr Fortescue is an American war correspondent who followed the Polish campaign with the Russians, and gives a wise and harmonious account of the work done by the Russian Army. He describes their heroism, their patience their fine equipment their faults their mistakes their excellences all with a fine sense of perspective and an understanding of the unity of the campaigns east and west and south and south east. And he manages to restore something of the old brilliancy and colour and movement that we had begun to think were driven away from modern war in mud in stationary trench work in the subordination of the human element to the merely mechanical. Yet his account of the fighting in Poland is as vivid and enthralling almost as the tales of Peninsula battles that thrilled us in Napier's



From The Story of the Highland
Regiments
(blat)

THE HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY
AT SERINGAPATAM



From *The Harim and the Purdah*
(*Her Unwin*)

DANCING GIRL OF JEYPORE.

rich pages. The comprehension of the various elements of war, the vision that in a moment the mustered coloured sheep-skin hided coats of the Askaniad Cossacks and then wild, rough, tough Siberian ponies, the mind that values properly field telephones, barbed wire, the excellent Russian field kitchens, the pony transport that helps the Russians to move in mud that immobilises the German heavy artillery, the training that makes him appreciate the organisation of both sides, and assign each its value. All these qualities shine through the book and give the reader that Mr Fortescue is to be trusted and his conclusions to be respected. This prepares us for the entrancing chapter on the Dardanelles campaign, which Mr Fortescue saw from the Turkish side, and we read of the real and almost abnormal difficulties of our task, where our methods failed, how our hopes could not be realised, the marvels our men accomplished, the effect on the Near East with almost painful intensity. Great as are the difficulties, Mr Fortescue declares success is not beyond our reach in Gallipoli; at we will make the necessary sacrifices. And what he thought of our men there may be seen in the fact that he dedicated his most interesting and valuable book to the officers and men of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force in appreciation of their heroism."

THE STORY OF THE HIGHLAND REGIMENTS.

By FREDERICK WATSON. Illustrated by ALLAN
SHEWELL (Black)

THE BRAES OF BALQUHIDDER.

By FREDERICK WATSON. Illustrated by net
(Hedger)

History ought to be the most fascinating of all reading. Macaulay and Green knew that and had the secret of making it what it ought to be, but the average historian prefers to go the way of dignified dullness and never deviates into any charm or bravery of style. Mr Watson justly complains of this in his preface and owns that he called his book *The Story of the Highland Regiments* because the word history has become accepted as a synonym for tediousness. Nevertheless this book of his is inevitably history for the story of the Highland regiments is also the story of the British Empire for nearly two centuries, a story of strange lands and peoples, of heroism and endurance of the open sea and the frontier. But in Mr Watson's hands the history is a living, thrilling, many-coloured romance and none the less real and true to facts because its romantic attributes are faithfully preserved in the telling. Beginning with an account of the break up of the Highland clan system and the formation of the Black Watch early in the eighteenth century, Mr Watson deftly and gloriously unfolds the splendid narrative of the numerous wars, campaigns and battles in which this famous regiment and the Highland Light Infantry, the Cameron, the Gordon, and others of equal glory have taken part all down the years, through the American Wars, the Napoleonic campaigns, the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, wars in South Africa and Egypt to the greatest and most terrible war that is devastating the world to-day. It is the first time we have had the history of these gallant regiments as ever been told so fully, and in such ordered sequence. Mr Watson has gone into those valleys of dry bones, the



From *Through the Brazilian Wilderness*
(*Murray*)

THE CANOE RIGGED WITH A COVER
UNDER WHICH COLONEL ROOSEVELT
TRAVELLED WHEN SICK

military histories, and has put their dead facts together and made them live to such excellent purpose that his book is not only a valuable record but a stirring and intensely interesting one. It is good just now that we—that our young men especially—should be thus vividly reminded of our glorious past, and of those brave men who fought and died for the inheritance that is ours. All profits arising from the sale of the book so long as the war lasts will be devoted to the Officers' Families Fund.

In this other volume of his, "The Braes of Balquhider," Mr. Frederick Watson turns again to history, and narrates the true story of the life and death of Rob Roy, who is known to most of us only as one of Scott's most famous heroes. He has gathered together the authentic biography and all the credible traditions of the great Scottish outlaw, and marshalled and compressed his material skilfully and very effectively. Especially welcome is the detailed account of the sons of Rob Roy. If Rob emerges in these pages as less of a dramatic or melodramatic hero than Scott made him, he wears still the magic of a picturesque and daring personality. The descriptions of the wild country that is for ever associated with his wild doings are admirably done, so, too, are the sketches of contemporary life, customs and character. This is a brilliant little study in imaginative realism; incidentally it is a delightful guide-book to one of the most romantic of Highland districts.

THE HARIM AND THE PURDAH.

By ELISABETH COOPER 10s. 6d. net
(Fisher Unwin)

The woman of the East has always had a certain strange fascination for the woman of the West, perhaps on account of those very differences which at the same time estrange them. The authoress of this book has lived much with Oriental women, and has won for herself many friends among them, but the sum of her thoughts in connection with them seems to be in this



From Java: Past and Present
(Heinemann)

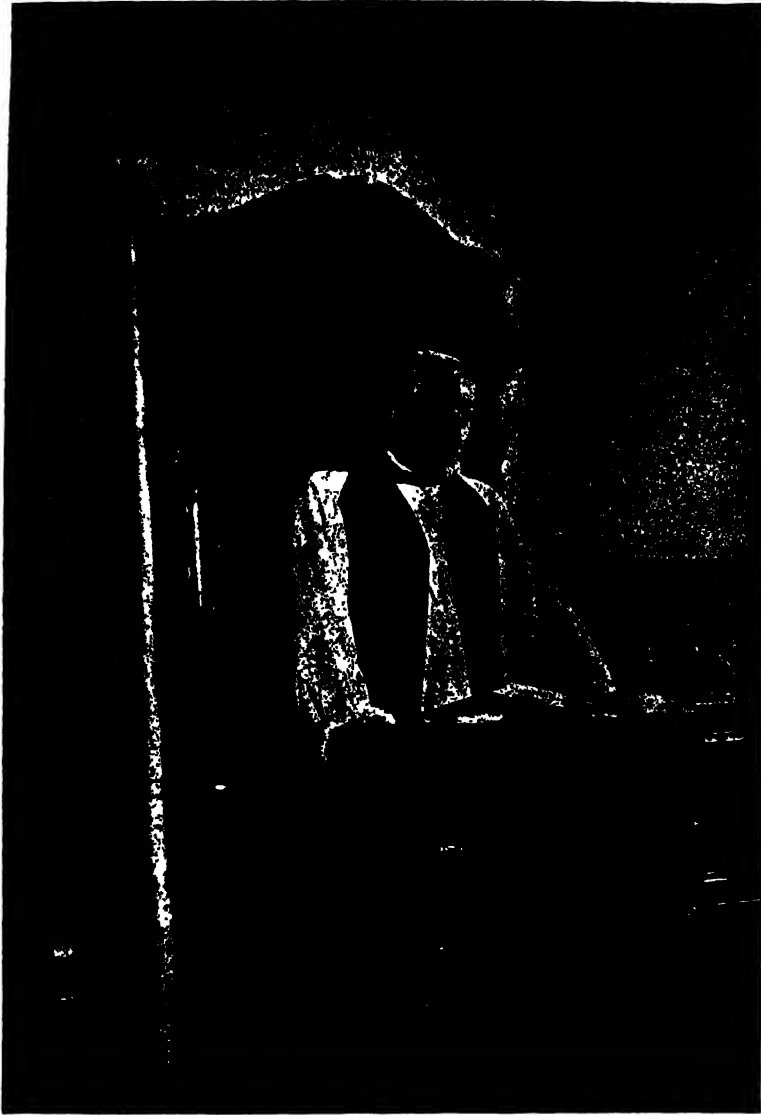
WAYANG TJINA, OR
CHINESE PLAY.

sentence of her book: "The ocean that geographically divides the East from the West is not more wide nor deep than is that invisible ocean between the minds of the woman of the Orient and the woman of the Occident." According to Western ideas the woman of the East is only an emotional and intuitive slave ignorant of that freedom enjoyed by her sister of the West. There is the other side of the question of course, and Mrs. Cooper reveals rather than states it to us here. We are shown in a series of engaging chapters woman's life in Egypt, in India, in China, in Burniah and in Japan. The mysteries of the Harim and the Purdah are not revealed to us for the very good reason that, generally, they have no real existence outside the imaginations of untravelled European writers of lurid fiction. There are perfumes, sweetmeats and soft silks if you will, but also, what these writers always forget to mention, a domestic life so intense and tender that we in Europe can scarcely have any idea of it.



From Through the Brazilian Wilderness
(Murray).

AT THE RUBBER-MAN'S HOUSE.



From The Recollections of a Bishop
(Smith, Elder).

THE CHAPEL, BRISTOL

NEWS FROM SOMEWHERE.

By JAMES MILNE. 5s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Since the war began Mr. Milne has visited Scotland and France, has journeyed about England, and particularly about London, where for years past he has made his home; and in all his goings to and fro he has noted the effect that war has had on the lives of the people, has been stirred by the uprising of the nation's manhood, the sight of the new soldiers going forth to battle, the womenfolk taking up their share of the burden at home, and he has got all these things and more into his book in a series of vivid realistic impressions. There is an admirable section in which, in like manner, he shows what is happening in Paris and in the villages and plains of France just behind the firing line. Any of us who have seen much of such matters for ourselves will recognise the truth of his pictures. He has real powers of observation, and writes with sympathy and with humour and with a deep sense of the pathos, the tragedy, and fine heroism that has entered so largely nowadays into the everyday lives of combatants and non-combatants alike. There are descriptions and stories in the book that bring the smart of tears to the eyes, but they are tears of pride as often as of sorrow. It is a heartening and a humanising book, for you come from the reading it with a better understanding of your fellow men and a warmer admiration and regard for them. It is a book that was well worth writing, and is well worth reading.

JAVA: PAST AND PRESENT.

By DONALD MACLAINE CAMPBELL. With a Map and many Illustrations. 2 vols. 36s. net. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Donald MacLaine Campbell lived in Java for twenty-three years, and in the last five or six years of that period this book of his, as his wife tells us in an interesting little introductory note, "was something more than the occupation of his leisure hours." His official position and business connections gave him exceptional opportunities of becoming familiarly acquainted with the country and all classes of its people, and his original intention had been "to divide the book into two parts, the first consisting of a general history and description of Java, and the second devoted to the commerce and industries of the Island." At the time of his death this second part was unfinished, but the first part had all been written and partly revised for the press, and is now issued in these two handsome volumes. It was a formidable undertaking, the writing of this book, but it was a labour of love. "The study of Eastern people, during my twenty-five years' sojourn in the Far East has always been a peculiarly delightful subject to me, but no Eastern folk have interested and fascinated me more," Mr. Campbell writes in his preface, "than the Javans of the Dutch East Indies. Their daily talks, their religion, amusements, their customs, their feasts, their life, I have quite entered into and lived in thought as one of them. Sorrows they have none, at least not as we know them. The more I knew of them the more excitement was engendered to learn and study them further." Written throughout in this spirit of keenly sympathetic interest the work is not only done with the most conscientious thoroughness, but has the freshness and vitality that come of such happy and spontaneous effort. Beginning with the ancient history of Java, before it came under the influence of the Hindus, Mr. Campbell traces its growth and development; its prosperity first under the Dutch down to 1811, then for five years under British rule; and finally under Dutch Government again from 1816 to the present day. This full and admirably narrated history occupies the first volume; in the second Mr. Campbell has brought together the accounts of Java written by many travellers between 1519 and 1832. Then follow



From News from Somewhere
(Chapman & Hall).

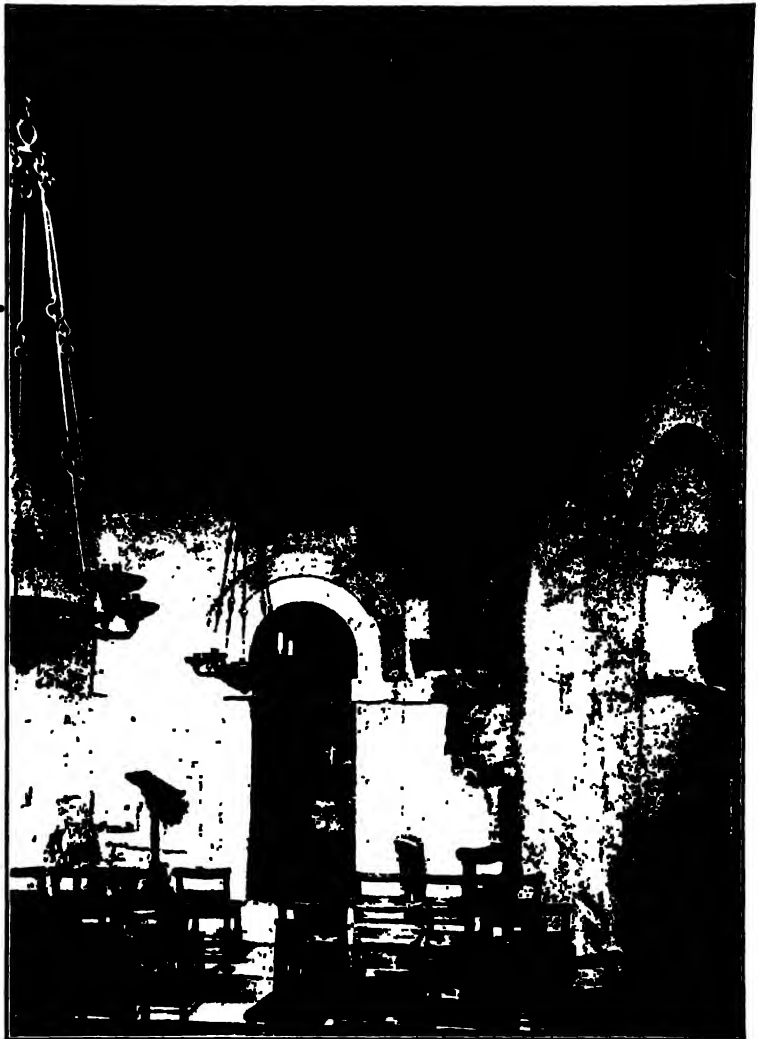
THE SPIRIT OF WAR.
(Photograph taken by Mr. Ernest Brooks for the Admiralty, of a soldier visiting a comrade's grave in the Dardanelles.)

six well-informed chapters on the antiquities, the fruits, flora, fauna, minerals and industries of Java; then follows a long concluding chapter devoted to an enthusiastic personal study of the people, their life, language, religion, trade, government, etc., with useful notes on the climate and general information that will be valuable to travellers. Nothing seems to have been forgotten. This will certainly become the standard reference book on "Java" and all concerning it, and it has the merit beyond most good reference books of being entirely readable and enjoyable.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A BISHOP.

By the RIGHT REV. G. F. BROWNE (Lately Bishop of Bristol). 10s. 6d. net.

These recollections of a bishop make most refreshing and entertaining reading. For truth is not merely stranger than fiction, but very much more interesting as well. The Right Rev. G. F. Browne has a pleasant style of writing and a good sense of humour, he has witnessed and taken part in various historical events, and has come in contact with many people of importance. He relates how, at the Glenalmond Jubilee in 1891, he sat between Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and "had the duty and pleasure of conveying many messages from the anxious, careful wife about the management of Mr. Gladstone's coat collar in relation to draughts." The author was born in 1833, and seven years ago the editor of one of the daily newspapers wrote to ask him for his rule of life, as he had heard that the Bishop had reached an advanced age and was still vigorous. He replied that his rule of life was threefold:



From Alfred the Great
(Putnam).

THE INTERIOR OF THE
ANGLO-SAXON CHURCH,
STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

1. To have had healthy parents.
2. To have been brought up in the country.
3. When things look black at night, turn on the electric light.

The book is illustrated with photographs and is a most interesting and valuable autobiography.

ALFRED THE GREAT: MAKER OF ENGLAND.

By BEATRICE A. LEES. 10s. 6d. net. (Putnam)

A thoroughly competent study of the life and times of the great king, supplemented with important and well-chosen illustrations, provides its own justification. Alfred belongs to history far more than to legend. Yet he is so far a legendary figure that the author is able to provide an intensely interesting chapter on the Alfred myth. The book is a veritable patchwork of transcription and research. But it remains readable. The study of the Witan and its relations to the war, the systematic unfolding of the Alfredian state, which means so much to us by way of beginnings and example, make one glad of what might well prove to be a fatal book on the builder of the Navy, and first exemplar of the Federal idea. The study of Alfredian topography is thorough, and useful to historical teachers. There is remarkable freedom from dogmatic certainty regarding matters that must lie unsolved. And a lengthy bibliography will provide the sceptic with material with which to check the author's conclusions. She regards Alfred as an adaptor rather than a creator. Certainly he was defender rather than conqueror, and a conservator quite as much as a pioneer.



From Paris Waits, 1914
(Smith, Elder).

A MONUMENT TO
FALLEN SOLDIERS.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1915

A WAR-TIME JOURNAL.

Germany 1914, and Travel Notes. By LADY JEPSON.
2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Lady Jepson was in Germany when the war broke out, and was detained there until nearly the end of September, 1914. During this period she kept a daily diary of her experiences, and a reading of it in this volume gives you a very vivid idea of how the Germans were meeting the crisis in the first days when we were recruiting and making eager preparations here in England to render a good account of ourselves in the great struggle. In the simplest, most matter-of-fact record of daily events the diary conveys a graphic impression of the insults, anxieties and humiliations that the English resident in Germany at that time had to endure, when the Germans were swollen with tidings of their initial successes and boasting that in a week they would be in Paris, and in about three weeks in London. The cheering on the streets, the bell-ringing and the flag-wagging after every fresh victory, or reported victory, the growth of the terrible German cocksureness, the continued excuses for preventing the exiles from returning to their own country—all the inconveniences and mortifications that came upon British, Russians and French who chanced to be stranded in the enemy's country are revealed in the casual entry for each day, till you understand fully the devout thankfulness that came upon the unfortunate aliens when at last they were permitted to depart. It is an interesting little book, and valuable for its authentic, first-hand account of certain phases of the war.



From A War-Time Journal
(Elkin Mathews).

ENGLISCHE KRIEGSFÜHRUNG
(How the Englishman makes war.)

THROUGH WONDERFUL INDIA AND BEYOND.

By NORAH ROWAN HAMILTON. 12s. 6d. net
(Holden & Hardingham.)

The writer of these impressions of India tells us nothing of herself. And yet she manages through her book to bring us into very agreeable relations with her, we are happy in the sense of pleasant sympathetic companionship. That is one of the qualities of successful writing of this kind. So much has been told us of India, we all have more or less accurate general nodding acquaintance with the principal characteristics of the country—the vivid colouring, the jewelled cities, the sumptuous fantastic decorated architecture, the manners and customs and habits of the people. Here, however, is a new interpretation through another personality, and one that we accept gratefully. Whether it is the discrimination in the descriptions, never exaggerated, never hackneyed, always delicately seen and skilfully conveyed, the sympathetic attitude towards the great mystic mysterious land and its countless races, the sound practical sense with which the actual situations and problems of to-day are stated and discussed in their essentials, or the appreciation of the ancient glamour and magical legendary charm of India, at no point does the book fail to carry the reader along in interest and pleasure. The sense of India's immensity and inscrutableness is everywhere felt, and yet the impression is always present that the veil is being withdrawn a little for our benefit. We talk to an old lady who was a child of nine during the Lucknow siege, and helped to tend the sick Highland girl who heard far off the bagpipes that brought rescue; we meet the Begum of Bhopal, who had studied Western ways, and is a progressive mother to her people, with shrewd views and a good executive brain; we learn something of what an Indian girl's life is. The book might be four times as long, and we should all look on it as four times better, especially if the seventeen beautiful illustrations were also quadrupled.



From Epistles from the Deep Seas
(Simpkin, Marshall).

"MY GOD! THE BARQUE AGAIN!"

MEMORIES.

By the RIGHT HON.
LORD REDESDALE,
G.C.V.O., K.C.B.
2 vols. 32s. net.
(Hutchinson.)

Few men have had a longer or more interestingly varied career than Lord Redesdale; and fewer still have had the luck or the capacity to write a book of recollections at once so historically valuable and so entertaining as his "Memories." As a statesman and diplomatist he travelled much and came into contact with the great men of many lands; his sketches of and delightful gossip about Disraeli, Gladstone, Harcourt, Bright and other famous politicians of the mid and late Victorian era are a real contribution to the history of the time and to the world's store of good anecdotes. A man of letters, author of the memorable "Tales of Old Japan," Lord Redesdale was on enviable terms with the literary giants of yesterday and the day before. He knew Dickens, Tackcray, Browning, the Carlyles, and has something of interest to tell of them all, of the Carlyles in particular. He was at Eton with Swinburne and Dickens's son Charles; and his friendship with the latter "led to my first acquaintance with his great father, who came down to Eton one fine summer's day with Mark Lemon and, I think, Shirley Brooke, and took several of us up the river to Maidenhead. What a day that was! The great man was full of life, bubbling over with him, the youngest boy of the party. I often met him in after life, but then, wonderful as he was upon occasions, his face when at rest showed signs of fatigue; the strenuous work had told upon him; he looked careworn and older than his years.

I like to think of him as he was that day at Maidenhead, brilliant, young and gay, the spirit of joy incarnate. It was at the time when he was writing "Bleak House." There are some capital stories of Whistler, but there is no one, not even Beaconsfield or Gladstone, of whom Lord Redesdale writes with more admiration and affection than he does of Carlyle. He speaks of the sage's



From War Pictures Behind the Lines
(Smith, Liders.)

"S. J'ÉTAIS À LA PLACE DE JOFFRE."
By Oels.
(Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.)

sudden bursts of laughter. "They were very characteristic and significant. Those who from Froude downwards have recorded much of Carlyle's conversation have given the impression of an ill-natured, discontented man carping with no little spite at the rest of mankind. That was not Carlyle. That he held violent opinions expressed in violent language is a fact. But much of his so-called cynicism was, I am convinced, misunderstood. . . . That laugh took the sting of cruelty out of his speech. He did not suffer fools gladly, and he could not brook being humiliated, but during all the years that I knew him— from before the year 1850 to the time of his death— he was always kind to everybody with whom I saw him— kind and, in his rough way, considerate." He denounces Froude's portrait of him as entirely false. For any unhappiness that came into their married lives, Lord Redesdale puts the greater share of the blame on Mrs. Carlyle. Lord Redesdale writes genially and with a keen sense of humour, he has had a



Defence Commanders proving, each to his own entire satisfaction, that the two 6.3 inch Mowitzers are absolutely necessary in his particular Section.

From The Life of Field-Marshal Sir George White
(Huckwood.)

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1915



From The Fjords and Folk
of Norway
(Methuen).

GEIRANGER FJORD.

full life, and it is largely because he has enjoyed it all so thoroughly that his book is so thoroughly enjoyable. The volumes are well illustrated with portraits and photographs.

NAPLES AND SOUTHERN ITALY.

By EDWARD HUTTON. 6s. net.
(Methuen.)

Naples to Mr. Hutton is a man-made blunder set amid the glories of a nature that is prodigal in scale and generous in colour. He dwells with critical insight upon Neapolitan painting; works of native origin and importations to the galleries. Sculpture and bronzes are seen and described. Upon the historical side we have learned to expect boldness of assertion coupled with a care for facts. And here we are not disappointed. The book covers a vast area: on the West, from the mouth of Tiber down to Palermo, and across to that Eastern window of the Adriatic wherefrom Brindisi looks out upon the sea way. Coming forth just now, it is the historical and geographical aspects of Italy that rivet the attention. And in the South places of deep import are fewer and farther between. It is a land of distances, where even sunlight cannot always dispel the melancholy sense of marsh and far expanse. All that topographical quality is seized by the author. And in this task he is helped more than are most authors by his illustrator, Frank Crisp, whose pictures in colour



From The Fjords and
Folk of Norway
(Methuen).

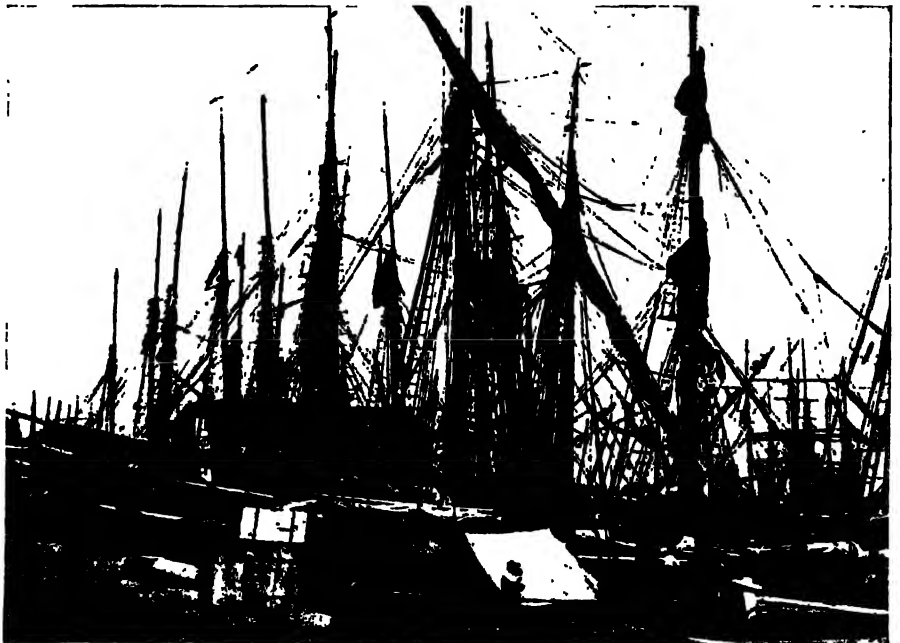
"EAGLE'S NEST" DWELL-
INGS. SHOWING TETHERED
CHILDREN.

and half-tone are in harmony with the prose, which is strong and vital. Especially is this the case where he describes the land scarred by those infidel desecrations that pierced Italy as they pierced Spain; the memory of which make Italy again a barrier against the Saracen.

PREHISTORIC MAN AND HIS STORY.

By G. F. SCOTT ELLIOT, M.A., B.Sc. 7s. 6d. net. (Seeley,
Service.)

Professor Scott Elliot has done the world a sensible service in assembling all that is known to six branches of science about the history of Man in prehistoric times, and in stating his judgment on the many doubtful points of it. Moreover, the illustrations in his book, which include that remarkable series of sculptured effigies done at Brussels under the inspiration of Professor Rutot, and the astounding art work of the French caverns, are of extraordinary interest. With this author's conclusions in general most anthropologists will agree; but of course



From Naples and Southern Italy
(Methuen).

THE HARBOUR, NAPLES

they are open to revision, and it must be allowed that in drawing large inferences from slender data, as one is bound to do in a tentative way, he sometimes forgets that they are inferences only. There is really no reason why we should suppose mankind to have developed from a single ancestor, or from a tribe in only one locality; and science awaits in particular the exploration of Asia.

MY HARVEST.

By Richard Whiteing. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Few journalists have had a larger or fuller career than has fallen to the lot of Mr. Richard Whiteing. Born in London, he knows and loves the great city he has worked in for so large a part of his life; and his pictures of it, and of that special circle of it in which he moved, have all the truth and vividness of things seen and clearly remembered. But Mr. Whiteing has been no stay-at-home. He represented his newspaper in exciting times in various quarters of the globe, and has much of great interest to say of the cities he has known and people he has met. But we cannot do justice to such a book in a paragraph—we have said nothing of his work as a novelist—and shall return to it next month.

THE FJORDS AND FOLK OF NORWAY.

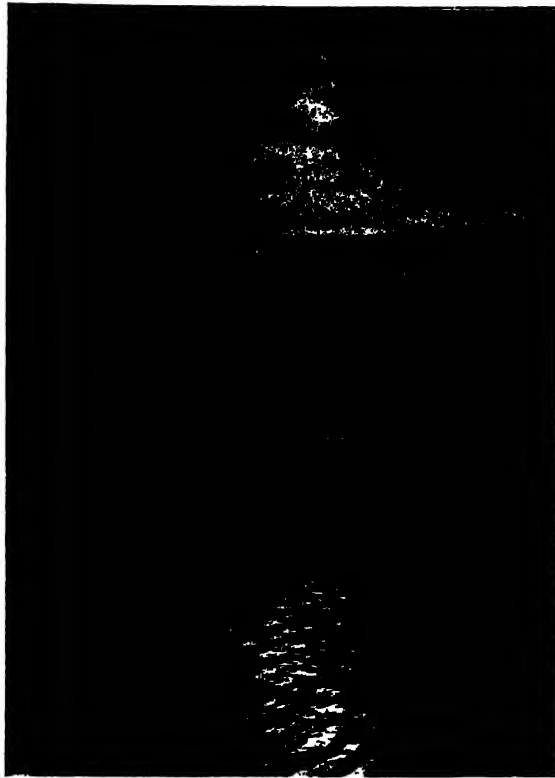
By S. J. BECKETT. 5s. net.
(Methuen.)

Norway offers a splendid field to the literary tourist or traveller, and of its opportunities advantage has often been taken. We have the ordinary tourists' guide books in plenty; as we have also many excellent books on the sports and pastimes of the country. But we certainly have not too many cheap, popular books which give a comprehensive view of even one section of the country and the many activities of the inhabitants, as this handbook by Mr. Beckett does. The first part of the book deals with Norwegian history, literature, art, folklore, customs, and national life. The educational facilities, the system of national defence, the industries -- which are steadily increasing in importance, unregarded by many industrial peoples -- and the commercial life of the country are also explained. The remaining portion of the book is more directly "tourist," a gazetteer of most of the better known places on the Norwegian coast. There is also an excellent index, as well as a map and a series of illustrations.

THROUGH CENTRAL AFRICA FROM EAST TO WEST.

By CHERRY KEARTON and JAMES BARNES. With a Colour Frontispiece, 8 Photogravures, and 160 Illustrations from Photographs by CHERRY KEARTON. 21s. net. (Cassell)

A good deal of the ground covered by Mr. Cherry Kearton



From The Fjords and Folk
of Norway
(Methuen).

THE CALM WATERS OF
THE INNER LEAD.

for his latest picture book has been gone over quite recently by writers who have described their experiences in the Belgian Congo. None the less, there is much that is interesting in the combined literary and pictorial account of the journey "Through Central Africa" which Messrs. Barnes and Kearton afford. If Mr. Kearton's photographs can hardly be described as arresting taken singly, at least they contrive by their number to give quite a vivid idea of the animals and human beings with whom the scribe and the photographer come into contact. While Mr. Barnes, though he has nothing really new to tell us, always writes pleasantly and has some particularly sound and useful advice to offer to would-be travellers in his own track. Nothing is more interesting in this very readable book than Mr. Barnes's description of the feeling of depression that came over the collaborators when they were making their way through the Great Forest:

"I have remarked before how conversation languished; one felt no more like laughing and joking than one does in the dusk of evening in the damp gloom of the unlighted nave of some cathedral. Our voices, when we did talk, were subdued; our spirits sank to zero. So the pleasant part of our recollections lives with the sunlit countries; they will return many times as pleasant dreams."

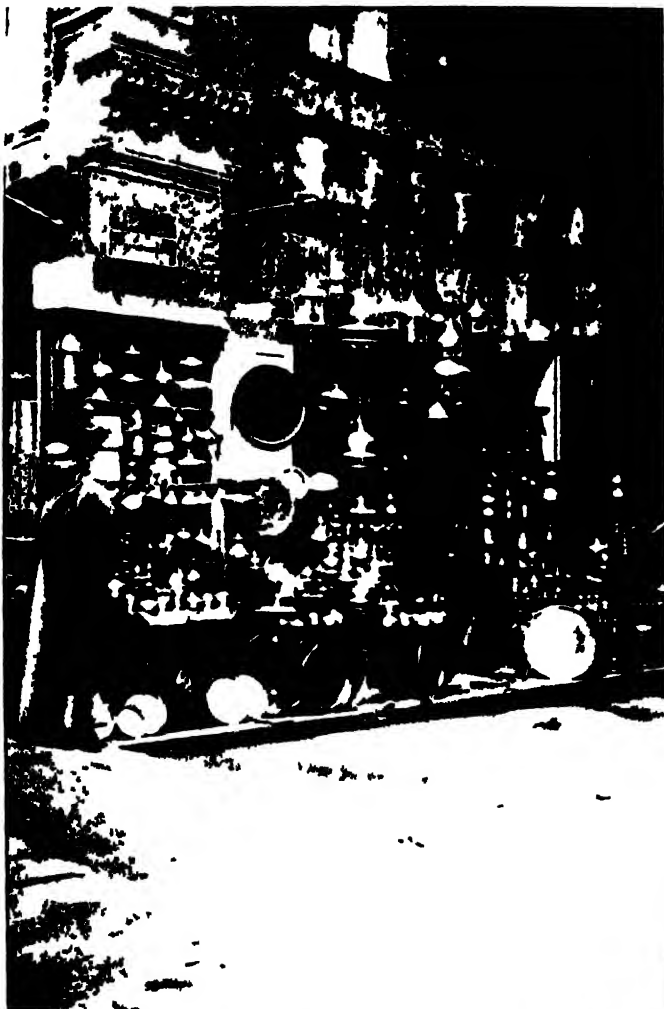
Messrs. Barnes and Kearton's opinion of the Forest is shared by the Duke of Mecklenburg who, in his book, "The Heart of Africa," says:

"I believe a long stay in this forest would lead to heavy mental depression in sensitive men. The unutterable feeling



From Through Central Africa from East to West
(Cassell's).

THE FALLS OF THE NAIROBI RIVER.



From Egypt of the Egyptians
(Putman)
IN THE BRASS BAZAAR AT CAIRO
(From a copyright photograph by Mr. Walter Cox)

of oppression which makes itself felt in the course of time in the absence of any free view the impossibility of permitting the eye to rove freely across a wide space or of once catching a glimpse of sky and earth merging in the far horizon

In other words the Great Forest produces in travellers a modified form of claustrophobia

EGYPT OF THE EGYPTIANS

By W. LAURENCE BATES Illustrated (6s net) (Putman)

Circumstances have given Egypt a special interest for all of us just now but the fascination of that strange country is a thing that is independent of time and change. Mr. Bates, who knows his subject most intimately tells the great romance of the rise and decadence of Egypt its slow passing from under Roman and Ottoman rule to its renaissance and development under the British protectorate. Its ancient glory was a wonder and a mystery, its modern glory is less of a mystery but even more of a wonder its people have been quickened to new life and much that was parched desert transformed into fruitful ground, and a new era of prosperity has dawned over all the land. The student of Egyptian history and social life will not easily find a more competent or more interesting book for his purposes than this. There is a useful map and numerous illustrations from photographs.

A VAGABOND VOYAGE THROUGH BRITTANY.

By MRS. LEWIS CHASE (6s 6d net) (Hutchinson)

Vagabond literature is admittedly alluring but too many quite preposterous people pretend to be vagabonds. These

sheep in wolves' clothing have left their heavy impress upon our circulating libraries. Let me hasten to say that Mrs. Lewis Chase is not of their company. On the contrary, she is a traveller who shuns sheltered paths but who none the less retains the seemingly antagonistic instinct for capturing the glamour of beautiful hidden places. With her you can snatch a moment of forgetfulness of ruin and death to renew old memories of Brittany and discover the wonder of new solitudes. She has made you a travelling companion without giving you the least worry for she has that excellent gift of being vivacious without making other people feel dull. But before all else this married couple were no sham vagabonds during that journey in an open boat from St. Malo to Brest a journey that was punctuated by the exasperation of no less than two hundred and eighty locks.

Good travellers as they were the Breton rain cured them very quickly of confidence in minute tents.

Starting out in good faith as campers albeit without experience a single night brought a change of heart in favour of a less portable habitation. Any sentimentalising that may have been indulged in over the nice little tent was speedily transferred to a nice big hayloft although there was a shy reluctance at first to admit this even to each other because it seemed so out of keeping with the expedition.

This habit of seeking for hay lofts brought our vagabonds necessarily into contact with men as well as things and again and again we are introduced into the remote exclusiveness of Breton farm houses and even to the ghosts of Breton chateaux. Here is a typical interior.

The only entrance was the door which had been the exit for such an astonishing number in the preceding day. On either side of the very long and narrow table were equally long



Is in A Woman in the Sahara
(Hutchinson)
A STREET IN CONSTANTINE

and perilously narrow backless benches. Over the open fire there was the customary black iron soup-pot, which was not much smaller than the tub-like receptacle used for making soft soap on my grandfather's farm. The side opposite the chimney was given up to a huge wardrobe, next the outside door stood a dresser, and at the other end of the room two finely-carved old beds, foot to foot, which were nightly occupied by the father, mother, and the four youngest children."

Generally speaking, however, they were happiest when gliding down the current alone, past châteaux and pine-crested summits, sheer rock and innumerable windings between lock and lock. Sometimes there would be a snatch of life that was wholly un-French and even un-Breton, as though a glimpse of New-England days had by some magic projected itself into modern Brittany. Usually, however, life seemed hard enough for the Breton peasants in these days, so close to the outbreak of war. A Gascon peasant, for example, told the author that his rations during military service were altogether inadequate, but exactly the same rations seemed more than sufficient to the Breton conscript.

But poor as the Breton is, his sense of honour stands out conspicuously in these pages, and the author notes that it is so universal that it never occurred to the poorest of farmer's wives to imagine that anybody would take advantage of lack of guardianship. Even the children preserved of their own accord the "honour system." On one occasion our vagabonds hid their oar-locks, which were eventually discovered in the safe keeping of a little Breton:

"We were flabbergasted. Here was one of the little *gamins* actually guarding the very things we had removed to prevent him or some of his numerous fraternity from carrying away!"

But a walking-stick was missing, and it seemed at first that it at least had been stolen:

"The tension was relaxed by a small boy coming down a steep incline at such speed that when he stumbled and fell he kept on coming. Up he jumped and dived into a clump of bushes as though intent on completing the personal damage his headlong dash down hill had begun. For a minute his little sabots were the only signs of his existence; then he re-appeared waving the 'stolen' cane. Smiling and dirty, scratched and torn, he presented it to the rightful (?) owner, saying that he had found it in the grass and had hidden it for safe keeping when called away to mind the cows."



From the Balkan Peninsula
(Black)

OLD SERBIAN TYPES.

Such little incidents are worth quoting because they illustrate, more clearly than pages of description, the temperament of this foreigner in France, who never for a moment looks upon himself as French.

Naturally the picturesque is not neglected, and we have glimpses of the national life, from "A Market Day in Rostrenan" to the "Pardon of Plouguernevel." It is, in short, a charming and companionable—the flogged adjective does preserve a meaning after all—volume that Mrs. Chase has given us in sad days. As for its bearing on these days, the author notes significantly that, when the call came, every man of this "race apart" went willingly to the colours, offering as a matter of course his life to "La France," while remaining as indomitably as ever a Breton of Bretagne.

J. A. T. LLOYD.



From Forty Years in Constantinople
(Jenkins).

ABDUL HAMID.



MR. R. G. KNOWLES.

*From A Modern Columbus
(Werner Laurie).*

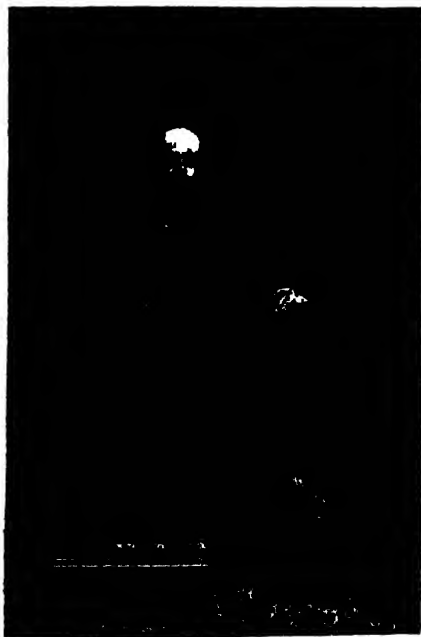
the seven seas." The record of his varied career is told vivaciously, and with the characteristic touches of humour that have so often delighted us when we have seen him on the stage. No one can beat him at telling a funny anecdote, and he does it simply and effectively on paper as he does it on the boards. This is a thoroughly joyous book—Mr. Knowles even has some new and excellently voluminous anecdotes to tell about the war—the very thing to make a pessimist happy and an optimist happier than ever.

AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA.

By MRS. DE BURGH DALY. 10s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

Many books have been published about China during the last twenty-five years, but, as Mrs. de Burgh Daly remarks in her Prologue, most of these have been written by experts in one line or another: scholars, politicians, experienced missionaries, or well-known travellers. The book she has written she describes as a "simple record of the life of ordinary European residents in China, who were interested in the people amongst whom they lived and very

friendly with them." The general reader will much prefer to see China through the eyes of one who does not specialise in a particular branch of life, but takes life as a whole and writes of it in a most engaging way. He will find Mrs. de Burgh Daly's book of exceptional interest. The author, with her intimate knowledge of the people and customs of the country gives some vivid and entertaining descriptions of China and the Chinese, and



*From Up and Down
the World
(Jenkins).*

**A FRIEND OF THE
PACIFIC RIVER EX-
PEDITION.**

A MODERN COLUMBUS.

By R. G. KNOWLES.
Illustrated.
7s. 6d. net.
(Werner Laurie.)

Mr. Knowles has travelled the world around as an entertainer, and he must have written his book in the same capacity, for it is first and last and all the time entertaining. He has been a rolling-stone and gathered no moss, because he has been too busy gathering experience and good anecdotes "from the four quarters of the globe and

paints charming word pictures of the wonderful scenery. Her record of war and peace in the Far East, written with a ready sympathy, a familiarity with her subject, and an Irish-woman's native humour, is one of the most attractive and pleasing of books.

FORTY YEARS IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

By SIR EDWIN PEARS. 16s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

A book of exceptional interest at the present moment is Sir Edwin Pears' recollections of forty-two years spent in the Turkish capital. Starting with a brief account of the chance circumstances that first led to his taking up his position of importance in the Near East, he goes on to tell us in graphic style of his experiences in Constantinople, the celebrities he met there, and his general impressions of the country and its people. One may gather that his book is in nowise lacking in excitement from the fact that he witnessed three Revolutions, three Sultans deposed, and the establishment of the Young Turk Party. He gives a vivid description of the Russo-Turkish War, and tells how "The British Fleet had arrived in Besika Bay near the Aegean end of the Dardanelles in May, 1876. In the middle of February, 1878, it passed through the Dardanelles, and thus without the consent of the Sultan. For some weeks it remained in the Gulf of Ismidt, but when the Russian Army advanced to San Stefano it steamed up to Prinkipo, where it anchored, the flagship *Alexandra* being immediately opposite our house. Daily we heard its bands playing that most banal of music-hall songs, which added a new word to the language, or gave it rebirth. The chorus was:

"We don't want to fight, but by Jingo if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money too
The Rooshun bear we've thrashed before and while we're Britons true,
The Rooshuns shall not have Constantinople."

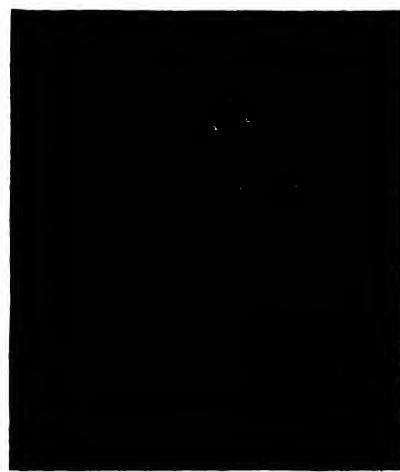
Whatever the Turk's opinion of us may be, there is little in Sir Edwin's book to inspire our love for the Turk. We would quote, if we had space, a gruesome story concerning the Moslem atrocities in Bulgaria, which the author played a noteworthy part in exposing; and also recount his meetings with famous public men connected with the Near East, most of whom he has come in contact with at some time or other. He has written a most valuable inner history of Turkey and the Near East during a period of forty important and turbulent years.



MRS. DE BURGH DALY.



MR. ROBERT HOLMES,
whose book "My Police Court Friends
with the Colour" is published by
Messrs. Blackwood.



MRS. HUGH FRASER,
whose book "Storied Italy" is published by
Mr. Werner Laurie.

FINLAND AND THE FINNS.

By ARTHUR READE.
10s. 6d. net.
(Methuen.)

Although for the past century Finland has been in the hands of the Russians, it has never ceased to hold steadfastly to its national ideals and to develop its national institutions. This, one would have imagined, should have made it a country of peculiar interest to the British people, for its ideals and aspirations are largely our own. The chief difference between us being that, in spite of their position of dependence, the Finns have done much more to transform their ideals into facts. Unfortunately, however, we have seldom troubled ourselves about this little country, but it is to be hoped that our alliance with Russia will lead us to take a more active interest in its development than we have done in the past. Mr. Reade opens his introduction with the war of 1808-9, when Finland was lost by Sweden to the armies of the Russian Empire, in spite of the brave and steady resistance of the vastly outnumbered Finnish Army. He then leads us through the century, with its changing fortunes and noble efforts, its period of peaceful development and ordered progress, to the recent unhappy period of "Russification," a period not yet ended and upon the continuance or discontinuance of which depends the future welfare of the nation. We welcome Mr. Reade's book as an admirable introduction to a study of the Finnish problem.

MY ADVENTURES AS A SPY.

By LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL. Illustrated with Sketches by the Author. 18. net. (Pearson.)

Since the war began many of us have come to look upon spies and spying with a contempt that is a little unjust. So long as one side,



From *Finland and the Finns*
(Methuen).

Z. TOPELIUS.

in any warfare, resorts to spying the other side is compelled to do so in self-defence, and so far from being base and despicable the spy is frequently a man of the highest courage and honour. One of the cleverest and most successful spies who have ever been in the service of this country was Sir Robert Baden-Powell, and his character and personality is enough to lift the profession above the scorn and obloquy that is often poured upon it nowadays, even if there had not, as there have, been other men who have helped to clothe it in the attributes of heroism and romance. "B. P." touches on some of these, in his opening pages, then devotes himself to the story of his own experiences and adventures as a spy, and it is enough to say that it is one of the most amusing and exciting stories of its kind we have ever read. Incidentally he shows some most interesting sidelights on the plans and theories that have

influenced Germany in its conduct of the present war. Surely there never was a spy more ingenious in disguises, or one who came alive through more perilous enterprises. It is such a fascinating record that it moves one not merely to tolerate spying, but almost to be in love with it.

CO-DIRECTORS.

By UNA L. SILBERRAD. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Elizabeth Thain is as fresh and sincere a character as we have met with for a long time; she makes a decidedly interesting heroine for Miss Silberrad's new book. Thirty-five years of age, she is a "woman with a little tuft of grey in the thick hair above her temples, and creases about the corners of keen, smiling eyes." The story deals with the business partnership existing between Elizabeth and a Mr. Marlcroft, an inventor. "Co-Directors," although not a very attractive title, is an uncommonly attractive novel, and one quite out of the usual run.



From *J. Brierley: His Life and Work*
(Clarke).

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE OF DEAN ROAD,
WILLESDEN GREEN.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1915



From *Indian Memories*
(Jenkins).

By Sir R. Baden-Powell.

Recently reviewed in *THE BOOKMAN*.

WITH OUR RUSSIAN ALLIES.

By CAPTAIN F. S. BRERETON. 6s. (Blackie.)

Boy readers have long since learned what a capital spinner of yarns is Captain Brereton, and they will surely hail with delight the story in which he sets forth the thrilling adventures of young Hugh Hurcombe during the earlier months of the Great War. Hugh is an Englishman whose



From *India's Fighters*
(Sampson Low).

SIKH OFFICERS WITH
VICEROY'S BODYGUARD.

mother was Russian, and he was on his way to visit his maternal relatives in Warsaw when the war broke out. A horribly slow journey brought him near to the Polish frontier, but he was not yet clear of Prussia when war was actually declared, and he provided one of the first "incidents" of the conflict. An arrogant Prussian officer, having asked for Hugh's passport on the train, proceeded to insult him when the quick Englishman promptly knocked him down. Thereafter, it need scarcely be said, Hugh had

some difficulty in making his escape, and thereby he made of his assailant an implacable personal enemy, sworn to have his life. Reaching Warsaw, Hugh joined a regiment of Cossacks with his Russian cousins, and proceeded not only to win distinction with those fine fighters, but to have a series of thrilling adventures, including capture as a spy, a wonderful rescue by aeroplane, and finally being inveigled by his arch-enemy into besieged Przemyśl materially assisted in its capture. It is an absorbing story.



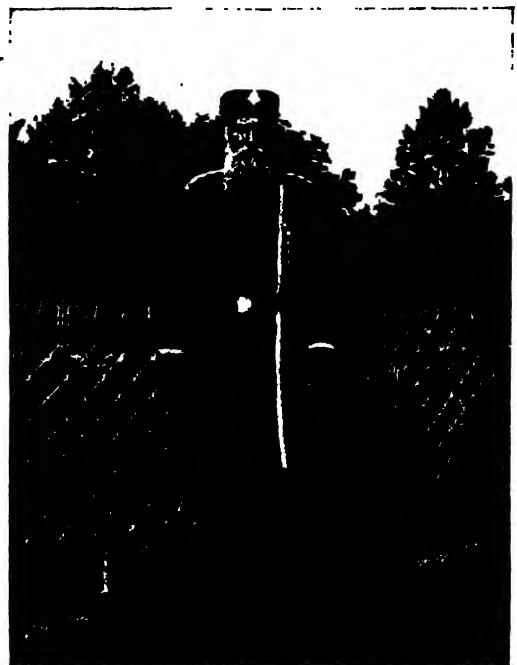
From *Petrograd*
(Grant Richards).

THE FORTRESS
CHURCH OF ST
PETER AND PAUL.

EVOLUTION.

By J. A. S. WATSON, B.Sc. With Illustrations and Diagrams
5s. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack)

This is the first volume of a novel series of books on science and art. The general title of the series is "Through the Eye," and the excellent object seems to be to present a sort of cinema of information, with a valuable text a companion to the pictures. Mr. Watson's first chapter is a clear and reasoned putting of the case for evolution. He goes on next to a study of the lowest forms of life. His book is well calculated to leave the general reader with—if not exactly a scientific mind—at least a scientifically inclined mind, long before he has reached the last page. If the "Through the Eye" series continues at the high standard at which it has begun it will form an invaluable group of volumes.



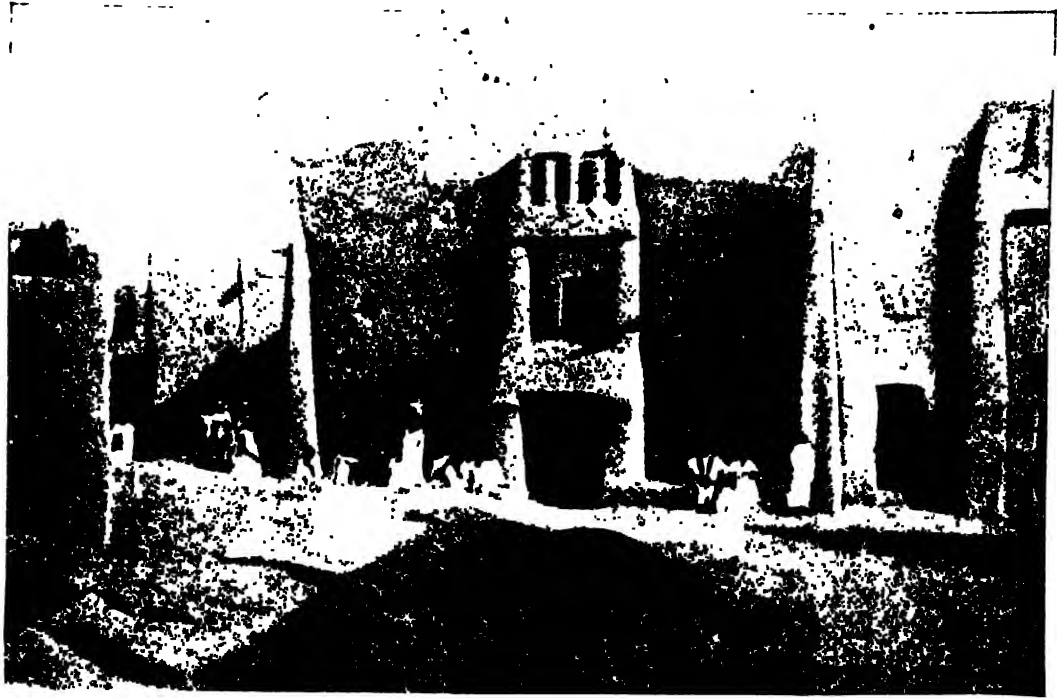
From *Petrograd*
(Grant Richards).

RUSSIAN RAILWAY GUARD:
PURE GREAT RUSSIAN TYPE.

**SPORT,
TRAVEL,
AND
ADVENTURE.**

Edited by A. G. LEWIS. 10s 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

From volumes in Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Modern Travel" series and from various books of sport and of adventure written by American authors, including Colonel Roosevelt and Mr. Richard Harding Davis, Mr. A. G. Lewis has compiled an excellent anthology for adventurers, and for all who love tales of sport, of hunting, of climbing, and of exploration. Lion hunts, buffalo hunts, elephant hunts, and bear hunts all find their place in the section devoted



From The Tropics
(Grant Richards).

A VIEW IN DJENNE.

to big-game hunting. While those parts of the narrative which are given over to stories of adventure among strange tribes are concerned with pygmies, with cannibals, with cowboys, and with natives of Tibet. Nor are marriage customs, camp-fire yarns and carnivals exempted from the scope of Mr. Lewis's work. Speaking of carnivals, it is interesting to note that the singularly unpleasant Easter-Monday custom of emptying basins of water on your friends and neighbours which the author of "Recollections of a Royal Governess" describes as very popular in Lemburg, is also held in high esteem in a country so far distant from Galicia as Peru.

MR. BROOM AND HIS BROTHER.

By MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

If one is reminded vaguely at first of "Princess Priscilla's Fortnight" on reading the first few pages of this book, the likeness is soon seen to be unreal. It begins and ends in Prince Torquil, heir to the non-German Dukedom of Katavia, throwing aside the shackles of royalty and fleeing to England to take up a position under the name of Mr. Broom, as secretary to Sir Joseph Looper. Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick works out the theme on lines that are entirely her own. There is much humour in the book—Lady Looper for example, is a delightful character—but there is something more. Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick has introduced into her story two characters that are almost terrifying—Miss Jones and Dr. Pratt. They are perfect types of evil—cruel, pitiless, devilish. The scene in which they attempt the murder of Miss Dimsdale by direct violence, more insidious methods having failed, has about it an atmosphere of horror which makes the lighter part of the book stand out in contrast. The story is in two parts and when these two characters appear again in the second part the authoress succeeds wonderfully in rousing the reader's sympathy for the two children upon whom they are engaged to practice. It is a remarkable story, very cleverly told and the interest is maintained until the end—in fact the scene at Berlin, on the night of the declaration of war with England, where the doctor meets with a just fate, is one of the best in the book.



From With Our Russian Allies
(Blackie).

"A MESSAGE, BARIN," SAID THE
COSSACK, SALUTING.



From Champney's Old Belgium
(Putnam).

**THE STATUE OF VAN DER PEERBOOM,
INSIDE YPRES CATHEDRAL, WHICH IS
AS PERFECT AND UNSCATHED AS IT WAS
BEFORE THE OUTBREAK OF HOSTILITIES**

(From a copyright photo by the Topical News Agency).



From The South Americans
(Methuen).

BELGIUM THE GLORIOUS: HER COUNTRY AND HER PEOPLE.

Written by well-known Authorities. Edited by
WALTER HUTCHINSON. Vol. I.-III. With 651
Illustrations, 10 Colour Plates and 8 Maps.
10s. net each. (Hutchinson.)

These are bound volumes of the history of Belgium and her people that Messrs. Hutchinson have been publishing in periodical parts. "Belgium," as Mr. Charles Sarolea says in an Introduction, "is both a fascinating study and a perplexing problem in the mysteries of nationality," and the well-informed articles in the book by Demetrius C. Boulger and Clive Holland, on Brabant and West Flanders, East Flanders and Namur, bring its fascination home to you and help to make that problem clear. As a history of Belgium and a description of the country and its people it is unrivalled. Among the numerous illustrations are some very beautiful etchings of Belgian towns and scenery, and reproductions in black-and-white of famous Flemish paintings. The colour plates were specially painted for the volumes, and add greatly to its attractiveness and interest.

THE SOUTH AMERICANS.

By W. H. KOEBEL. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen)

The average Englishman regards the various South American countries chiefly as centres of political intrigue and general violence; places where the people live in a state—delightful or otherwise, according to temperament—of perpetual unrest. Also he scarcely troubles to distinguish between the characteristics of the various countries and their peoples. Their differences, social or anthropological, are not recognised. In this book Mr. Koebel demonstrates these differences and gives us a complete picture of the strangely mixed and complex peoples which inhabit the republics. He has chapters on the home life, the labour, the literature, the defence and civil services of the various States. He traces the influence of the foreigners who have persistently come into the continent. The natural resources and

industrial opportunities are explained at length; and the value of the different races and types of emigrant is commented upon. "South America has, I know, excited no little interest of late years in the British labour market. Nevertheless, saving two or three Republics, I think it may be safely said that South America is no place for the average British working-man." The book is written by one who knows, and is excellently done.

RIO DE JANEIRO FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

EVERY IRISHMAN'S LIBRARY.

Humours of Irish Life. Edited by CHARLES L. GRAVES, M.A.
Legends of Saints and Sinners, from the Irish. Edited by DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.
Thomas Davis: Selections from his Prose and Poetry. Edited by T. W. ROLLESTON, M.A.
Wild Sports of the West. By W. H. MAXWELL Edited by the EARL OF DUNRAVEN
Irish Orators and Oratory. Edited by T. M. KETTLE.
The Book of Irish Poetry. Edited by ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES, M.A. 2s 6d. net each (Dublin: The Talbot Press) (London Fisher Unwin)

The attitude of the Present to the Past is always a significant thing in any nation. In England the significant thing is that there is no such attitude at all, and in the hand-to-mouth existence, enlivened by alien immigration (largely Irish) that results, the sense of nationality is extinguished,

living things—they cannot be treated as a student's elderly escape—they must appeal, not, to the spirit of avoidance, but to the most venturesome spirit of youth, with its problems, its maturing interest, its ripening understanding. Incidentally also—no small point!—from the publisher's point of view this is good business; for on the stage with which he is interested youth is just advancing noisily enough, whereas the point of view of twenty years ago is only to be seen in a last disappearing heel.

For instance, to the Irishman to-day Charles Lever is an unrecognisable, and even a somewhat offensive, figure. Charles Lever will put a healthy Irishman into a more healthy anger than any writer; for Lever evolved a funny man suited to the demand of an English audience who wished to forget the wrongs of Ireland in easy laughter, and nicknamed him Paddy, whereas Padraic is a taciturn



From *The Little Towns of Flanders*
(Chatto & Windus)

YPRES, LA PLACE DU MUSÉE

and patriotism, which is a continuing current, stagnates, drawing on immediate issues. In Ireland the interest branches into two main varieties: there are the young men who desire to know the past because of the dim perception that the present cannot be explained, or even understood, without it, and there are the older men (sometimes, to be sure, only elderly in mind), who either escape from the present in the past or desire to escape from the past in the present. There is infinite tragedy in both past and present. In the past Ireland had to endure a brutality that is without parallel in all history. In the present her governance is a grotesque bungle: vindictive often enough, on the one hand, and a paternal interference not less offensive on the other. Both are parts of the one thing; and books hand on the continuance, and explain one in and by the other. Only, to do so, they must be treated as ever-

being, close and reserved, despite the courtesy with which he puts off the inquisitive, and with a fine dignity that is even at times repellent. Therefore, to see Mr. Charles Graves' collection of "Humours of Irish Life" done in the spirit of Charles Lever is not a very pleasing thing. It is a subject of very fine possibilities; and many of Mr. Graves' selections recognise those possibilities; but the book is not of Ireland, or if Ireland, then Ireland very much from the outside. There is one great stroke of wit in it, however. I notice that George Birmingham is referred to as Cannon Hannay. It has been suggested to me that the artillery spelling is a misprint. I do not believe it. I take it as the neatest reference I have yet seen to the fact that George Birmingham these days is a very big gun indeed.

Dr. Douglas Hyde's "Legends of Saints and Sinners" is of another order. Few men have more patiently



From English Coast Defences
(Bell).

SOUTHEAST CASTLE
Temp. King Henry VIII.

collected stories by turf-flame than the late President of the Gaelic League; and in this book he puts together translations of Irish folk-lore than can definitely be related to Christian influences. The distinctive mark of all Irish folk-lore is its loving acceptance of all good things. It is not insistent, as it certainly is not exclusive. All the good world enters. Its Christianity, to this hour, is saturated with a spirit towards Earth that the foolish call pagan, meaning condemnation by that; even as its pre-Christian day was marked by the finer spirit of Christianity. In this collection neither Saints nor Sinners are enskied or "be-helled." Fun is poked at one; and the other gets human kindness.

It is just that kindness that has always endeared Thomas Davis to his nation. But it is time to face the fact that much of what he wrote in prose has no sort of reference to us. There is great need of a collection that will give us all of Davis that does so refer, and bravely cut away the rest. What purpose is served, for instance, by giving us such things as his "Hints for Irish Historical Paintings"? It is just such things that put people away from reading a gracious and scholarly writer; and it is surely part of an editor's function to make such excisions, and to make his subject bear sharply on a later time. Arthur Griffiths did something of that in his recent edition; and with much success. In the place of such temporary things we could have had Davis' fine essay on Curran, perhaps the best thing he wrote. Yet Mr. Rolleston's edition contains the Poems and his defence of the Irish Parliament of James II.; and we are glad to have both.

One of the raciest books on sport written in English, with much in it also of great value to the historical student, is Maxwell's "Wild Sports of the West." Inaccessible for many a day, it was a good idea to include it in this library. Lord Dunraven's introduction seems to be under some misapprehension as to Maxwell that the publisher's own Prefatory Note might have corrected for him. He also states that the book was "the forerunner of such stories

as . . . 'Castle Rackrent,' " which unfortunately for him happened to be published some thirty years before. But the book itself is full of good things; and those who come to it for the first time will find a good feast awaiting them.

The two best books in the half-dozen are T. M. Kettle's "Irish Oratory" and "The Book of Irish Poetry." The selection of the oratory is not as well done as it might have been; but the introduction is a thing to rejoice over. It is quite the best thing that Professor Kettle has yet done. As he himself says, the hardest thing to relate to a younger day is the speech of the politician; and it is to his credit that the one book that does translate its subject to the understanding of another generation is the one that was given into his charge. This is done by his introduction, which happens to be not the least eloquent thing in the book, and full of splendid passages in which fine understanding is mated with beautiful prose writing.

There have been several selections of Irish poetry lately—or rather, Anglo-Irish poetry, which is not at all the same thing—and Mr. Graves is so catholic in his inclusions that it is not easy to accept the reviewer's unpleasant task of picking holes. The assortment of his selections into Love Poems, Wonder Poems, Nature Poems, etc., does not, however, seem very happy. Would it not have been better to have placed the poets in order of time? That would have had other advantages beside. Yet there would have been disadvantages also. For instance, looking through Mr. Graves' introduction, the present writer discovered to his surprise that he belongs to "what we may call the Irish-Georgian school of writers." That is such an astonishing bit of self-discovery that he closes this review at once with it.

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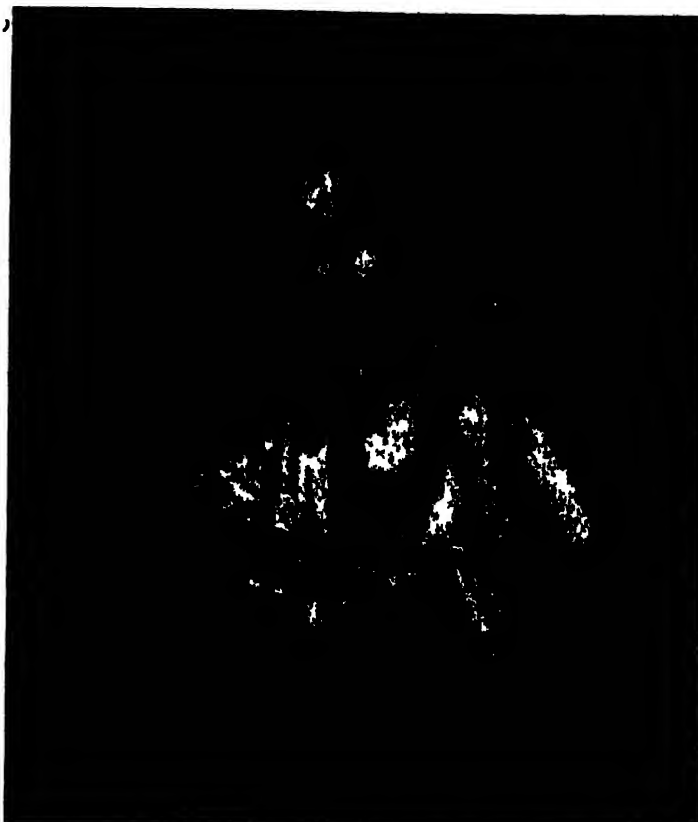
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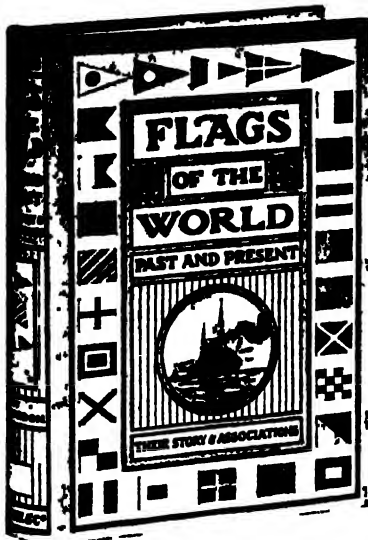
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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1915

describe the mating fights or the otter's battle with the ice or the fight with the conger. The book is finely illustrated with pictures that are worthy of the letterpress.

CHRISTOPHER MONCK DUKE OF ALBEMARLE.

By ESTELLE
FRANCES
WARD. 12/-
net. (John
Murray.)

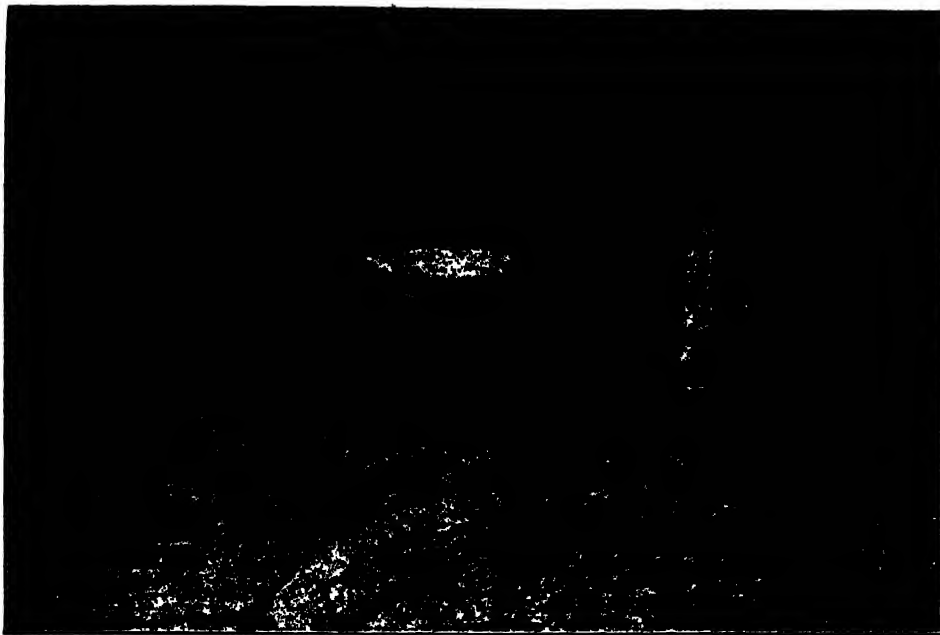
"A few disconnected words written on a piece of old parchment, forming part of a dispatch-case, once the property of Colonel Joseph Ward, of General Washington's staff, first introduced the Duke of Albemarle to my notice. This fragment proved to be a part of a royal warrant granted to Christopher, Duke of Albemarle, and his five associates, the Gentlemen Adventurers. It gave permission for the use of two ships with which to make search for a lost Spanish galleon. From this slender beginning this volume has developed." So writes Miss Estelle Frances Ward in her preface to the story of the Second Duke of Albemarle's life. "It would be a matter of intense surprise to the Duke of Albemarle," she adds, "could he realise how completely he has been forgotten." But because he has been forgotten his history comes before us now with a pleasing freshness. It is undoubtedly a real life romance. "Born in an attic over a tailor's shop with a shadow on his birthright; at the age of thirteen he was a member of Parliament; at sixteen he inherited his father's titles and great wealth, and took his place in the brilliant circle surrounding King Charles the Second. His enjoyment of rough sports and pastimes, his gav hours at Court, his earnest attempts to embrace first the statesman's then the soldier's life, are tastes and ambitions shared with a dozen other of his contemporaries; but his connection with a successful treasure hunt, and his experiences as Governor of Jamaica, distinguish his career from that of the many."

It is a book that cannot fail to interest, for truth is always interesting, and Miss Ward has a most engaging way of weaving her facts into a very enjoyable narrative. The book is illustrated from old prints and paintings.

THE GRAFTON PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE.

By THOMAS KAY. (Partridge).

Everything about Shakespeare is uncertain. The Baconians and others deny that he wrote his own works. If it were not for his baptismal certificate and a few legal documents, that he ever existed at all would



From *The Life Story of an Otter*
(Murray).

ON HIS WAY UP THE CREEK.

probably have been questioned before now. We have several portraits of him, and no two are alike, and now Mr. Kay has discovered a new one which is not like any of the others. The unlikeness in this latter case is not absolute; Mr. Kay shows by careful diagrams that the face-measurements are precisely at one with those of the Droeshont original, and that the features are not the same in

both is sufficiently explained by the fact that the new portrait, which is dated, was painted when Shakespeare was a very young man, the Droeshont when he was in his last years. Mr. Kay gives an interesting account of how the portrait came into his possession, and makes a plausible case for its authenticity. We should like to believe it authentic, for it is the most pleasing portrait of the Bard that has yet emerged; and we are not disinclined to believe that it is. We recommend Shakespearean students to get the book and weigh the evidence for themselves. The interest of it is undeniable. It is supplemented with an excellent record of the sack and destruction by the Cromwellian forces, on Christmas Eve, 1643, of the Manor House of Grafton Regis, whose occupier was then the possessor of the portrait. The book is illustrated with reproductions of the portrait in colour and in black-and-white, and with other portraits of Shakespeare and of certain of his contemporaries, these latter serving to illustrate Mr. Kay's dissertation on the style and methods of painters of the period.



From *Sport, Travel and Adventure*
(Fisher Unwin).

PYRAMIDS OF UGANDA WITH
THEIR BISHOP.

THE
BOOKMAN
CHRISTMAS
SUPPLEMENT



FICTION
AND
MISCELLANEOUS
LITERATURE



THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1915

SINCE FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE.

By KATHARINE TYNAN. 6s
(Hutchinson.)

Mrs. Tynan presents us in this pretty story with a model hero. In fact he strikes us as being a creature almost too good for human nature's daily food, and we find ourselves cherishing an unholy desire to witness just one lapse from virtue. John Brett, for such is his name, is taken by his mother from a coal-mining district after a grim colliery disaster to a charming country seat in Worcestershire where in days gone by Mrs. Brett had acted as lady's maid to "the family." Mrs. Brett, it should be stated, is Irish, with all the charm of the Irish character. Our hero, apparently purged of original sin, starts at the hall by being a model gardener's boy, and it is not long before he engages the villain of the story in mortal combat in the presence of the winsome little heroine. That the astute proprietor of a monster American store happened also to be an interested spectator of the scene was one of those fortunate circumstances which occasionally happen at the right time. Having won the day on the field of honour, John proceeds to school and achieves equal distinction in classics and mathematics, while in games he is the envy of his fellows. When John leaves school to make his fortune with the aforesaid American, Mr. Sweeney, his schoolmaster observes that "he will not find his like again; he has been a delight to work with." With such a testimonial we did not expect that failure would attend John's steps in New York, and to be sure, it did not. Partnerships and fine settlements



From *The Spirit of the House*
(Hodder & Stoughton).

THE HERB GARDEN.



From *Black Beauty*
(Dent).

SHE CHOSE ME FOR
HER HORSE.

are soon the talk of the day, but John comes home to rescue the heroine from the villain's clutches as the result of a dream (his mother was Irish, you remember). Riches and honours crowd in upon him in embarrassing profusion as the story draws to a conclusion, and little mysteries about our hero's birth are solved with the happiest of ones.

results. Perhaps it is worth noting that the director of a well-known London store receives from the author a most flattering tribute. It will not tax his ingenuity to unravel the disguise in which his name is cloaked. Without being up to Mrs. Hinkson's highest level, this is a bright, very readable romance.

ANNE OF THE ISLAND.

By L. M. MONTGOMERY.
6s. (Pitman.)

Miss Montgomery completes the trilogy of her "Anne" books with the story of Anne's college career and matrimonial settlement. Honesty compels us to admit that this is our first introduction to Anne, although her praises have often sounded in our ears. We have the feeling that Anne must have been more arresting as a child than she is as a young woman. When she essayed to write stories,

a candid critic to whom she submitted the manuscript, advised her to "cut out all those flowery passages." We share the critic's feelings when we find Anne, a girl of eighteen, in the woods with her lover "with her face upturned to the sky" rhapsodising in this strain: "The silence is like a prayer, isn't it? How I love the pines! They seem to strike their roots deep into the romance of all the ages. . . . I think, if ever any great sorrow came to me, I would come to the pines for comfort." The picture of college life which Miss Montgomery draws is strangely unfamiliar to an English reader acquainted, say, with Girton. Anne, we are told, partly owed her rapid social success to her friendship with a girl who was the daughter of a rich and well-known man who



From *Black Beauty*
(Dent).

M. MOTHER AND I.

BETTY GRIER.

By JOSEPH LAING
WAUGH. With
Frontispiece in
Colour by HENRY W.
KERR, R.S.A. 3s. 6d.
(Chambers.)

The quiet humour and homely pathos of this charming story will make it sure of a welcome from all readers who delight in the tales of Ian Maclaren and Sir James Barrie. Betty Grier and her husband are genuine creations, and deserve a place among the best-loved characters of recent Scottish fiction. Mr. Waugh depicts present-day Scottish life intimately and with the finest sympathy, and in "Betty Grier" touches an even higher level than he did in "Robbie Doo"—which, as all acquainted with the latter will know, is saying a great deal.

FANTOMAS.

By PIERRE SOUVES-
TRE and MARCEL
ALLAIN. 6s. (Paul.)

"Fantomas" is a definite creation. He is the best figure in sensational fiction we have had for a long time since—to the present reviewer's way of thinking



From Betty Grier
(Chambers).

BETTY GRIER.

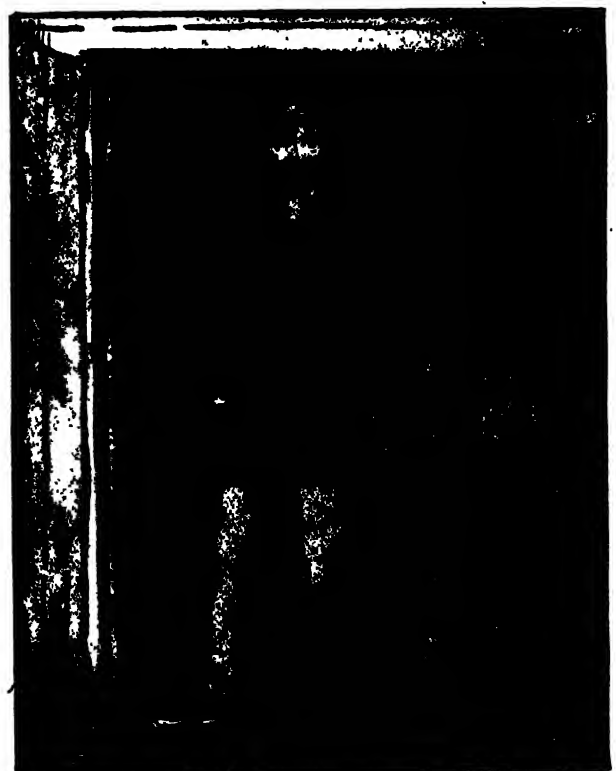
—Sherlock Holmes. Fantomas of course is a French creation, and may prove too subtle for the English taste, but in the light and shade which the authors have given to their story, in the psychology and observation they have lavished, we have—for the kind of fiction the book purports to be—something out of the common. Fantomas, as one may suspect from his name, is chiefly distinguished for his elusiveness. His crimes suggest rather than cry aloud the terror of his name. There is a strange and startling affair happens somewhere which presents a mystery no one is able to solve. All the detectives are puzzled, but the chief, M. Jouve, says, "This is a typical Fantomas case." Even when Fantomas is brought to justice and forced face downwards under the knife of the guillotine he remains true to his name, for when the head is taken from the basket, the police see it was not Fantomas at all whom they killed, but a substitute. Vive Fantomas!



From Countrymen All.

COVER DESIGN.

By Katharine Tynan (Maunsel), recently reviewed in the Bookman.



From Mrs. Martin's Man.

COVER DESIGN
By Jack B. Yeats.

By St. John G. Ervine (Maunsel), recently reviewed in the Bookman.

Illustrated
by
Arthur
Rackham



From A Christmas Carol.
(Heinemann).

COVER DESIGN.



From More Belgian Playmates
(Gay & Hancock).

BACK FROM THE WAR.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

By CHARLES DICKENS. Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM.
6s. net. (Heinemann.)

Few of the Christmas volumes will be more generally welcome than this most popular of Dickens's Christmas books illustrated by one of our most popular artists. The art of Mr. Rackham is in its way as unique as the art of Dickens, and in "A Christmas Carol" he has a theme that is exactly suited to his genius. "Pickwick" might have been too beefily real and robust for him; "Oliver Twist" and other of the novels would have called for a more conventional realism than would have appealed to him; but the Carol, with its mingling of the fantastic, the supernatural and actual life, gives natural scope and play to his peculiar powers, and it is not too much to say that never have those qualities in Dickens been more sympathetically or more imaginatively interpreted than in the delightful series of drawings that illustrate this book. The genial humour, the grotesque ceriness, the pathos and graceful fancy that are in the story are faithfully mirrored in Mr. Rackham's pictures; they could not have harmonised more completely with the atmosphere and feeling of the tale if the very spirit of Dickens had entered into the artist while he worked. The result is a beautiful and ideal edition of the ideal Christmas story.

THE SON OF HIS FATHER.

By RIDGWELL CULLUM. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

There is really something very infectious about Mr. Ridgwell Cullum's racy vernacular. After reading his latest novel, it seems the easiest and most natural thing in the world for the reviewer to describe it off his own bat as a story of grafters and ground sharks, with a get-rich-quick guy for a hero and a dandy piece of prairie goods for a heroine. Having undutifully lectured his father on graft, Gordon Carbhoy, son of an American railroad king, gets notice to make a hundred thousand dollars in six months or quit, and the story relates in the breeziest manner how young Gordon succeeds in out-grafting his astute parent. Snake's Fall, where Gordon is deposited for a fight with a gambling sharp, is a budding town near the foothills of the Rockies, and Gordon arrives in time to learn something of the dark and devious ways of land pirates, railroad agents and coal-mine owners. How he throws in his lot with Silas Mallinsbee and daughter, a delightful combination of the backwoods-highbrow genus, is told in the author's best manner, and the story swings buoyantly along to an exhilarating finish.

THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.

By MARY GAUNT. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

This is a collection of excellent short stories, vigorously written, dealing, as the title indicates, with adventures in far lands and on strange seas. There is a story of a "hell-for-leather" ride through an Australian bush fire; another of a fight with Filipinos "when the Colt jammed"; and one of an adventure in a ship's boat adrift south of the Horn. Sixteen there are in all, of strife and fight and rich, red life and black death at the ends of the earth. The last yarn in the book, "North of 53°," is the best. It tells of a Scotch skipper of a sealing vessel, and his Swedish-American mate, rivals for the hand of a half-caste Japanese girl in a drinking den in Hakodate; and of their struggles with each other and fate; of their raid on the seal rookeries and the fight with the companies' men in which one rival is killed and the other wounded. Mrs. Gaunt tells us, in a preface she calls "A Scrap of Biography," that she never writes a successful short story unless she comes across an incident that interests her deeply, or some scene that cries out to be illustrated. We can well believe it. These stories are as real to us as if we had ourselves lived through them.



From Some "Frightful" War Pictures (By W. Heath Robinson
(Duchworth).

GERMAN SPIES TRAINING CARRIER-
PIGEONS IN THE FASTNESSES OF A
LONDON BOARDING HOUSE.

THE BOOKMAN
CHRISTMAS 1915



From The Melody of Death
COVER DESIGN
(Arrowsmith)

THE
MELODY
OF DEATH.

By the AUTHOR
of 'FOUR JUST
MEN' 3s 6d
(Arrowsmith)

Readers on the look out for sensationalism will find goodly entertainment in this strangely-named tale concerning the doings of a gang of super-burglars and their unmasking by the boldness and ingenuity of a certain Foreign Office clerk, Gilbert Standerton. Gilbert is believed to be the

heir of his wealthy uncle, and as such becomes engaged to Edith Cathcart thanks to the intriguing of that girl's mother. His uncle, however, has something of a hobby for making new wills, and when the marriage comes off Gilbert is a poor man—much to the indignation of Mrs Cathcart. To make matters worse the young man gives up his post in the Foreign Office and is occupied in most mysterious fashion on nights. There have been all manner of safe burglaries at banks and other places and it certainly looks for a time as though Gilbert was concerned in them—he is, however, only concerned in unmasking the



From Jerrold's Jest Book,
for 1916.
COVER DESIGN
Drawn by Dagmar Jerrold
By Walter Jerrold
Published this month by Messrs Spon and Marshall



From Songs from the Trenches
COVER DESIGN
(John Lane).

gang, and how in the course of doing so he manages to restore the stolen property to make himself wealthy, and to win the love of his young wife combine to form a thoroughly readable yarn of the improbably sensational kind. Coincidence as is not unusual in such tales plays a goodly part especially in the case of the mortgaged stolen and strangely recovered necklace but the long arm is one of the most valuable aids to the story writer who treats of crime.

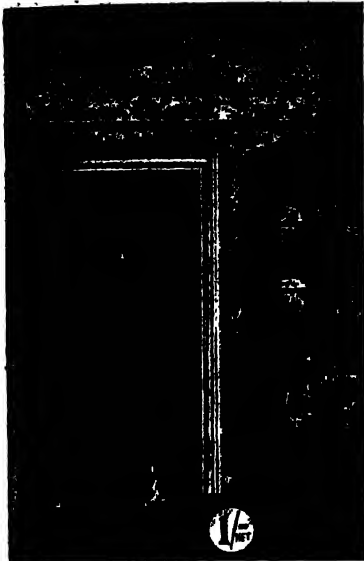
H. A
VACHELL.

(1) Quinneys. (2) Quinneys, a Comedy. 1s net each (John Murray)

The novel "Quinneys" has deservedly attained great popularity. It sets forth how an appreciation and search for the beautiful ennoble the soul, while emphasising human affection as the strongest force in life. Most of us know the pleasures of a collector, or can appreciate the excitement and the "odd incidents" of



From The First Hundred Thousand
COVER DESIGN
(Blackwood).



From Quinneys' (Murray). COVER DESIGN.

the "aristocracy of the profession." The daily temptations that assail every dealer are sympathetically portrayed. The final incident of the *chairs* is intensely thrilling because of its ingenuity and the excitement of the human drama. Here Quinney conquers, and by his victory saves his own soul, confirms the love of his wife and child, realising to the full what are in life "his most exquisite gems."

It is difficult for a popular novelist to resist the temptation to turn his novel into a play, to him the spectacular appeal of the drama with its easily seen stirring of the emotions of a crowd makes a special appeal. "Quinneys, a Comedy" has attained popularity. But we fancy that Mr. Vachell is a sound enough critic to feel that he has sacrificed much to attain that popularity. For

the chase, and admire the cultivated, yet partly instinctive, knowledge of the connoisseur. Yet it is not often that a *dealer* such as Quinney is made the hero of a novel. Money values add excitement to the collector, but are unfortunately responsible for many sordid features, yet Mr. Vachell is human enough to see that even these features add a certain charm to the chase. Certain incidents in the careers of Mr. Lake and Mr. Pressland will be recognised as characteristic by many, even such as have dealt only with

THE WAY THEY HAVE IN THE ARMY



BY

THOMAS O'TOOLE

From The Way They Have in the Army (John Lane).

COVER DESIGN.

the purposes of the stage the story has undergone many significant alterations, which detract from the subtlety and the truth of the picture. The comedy will be best enjoyed by those who do not know the novel, but the novel is the truer work of art, and will ultimately give more and greater pleasure.

JOFFRE CHAPS



From Joffre Chaps (John Lane). COVER DESIGN.

THREE GENTLEMEN FROM NEW CALEDONIA.

By R. D. HEMINGWAY and HENRY DE HALSALLE. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Here is a capital first novel of the swell-mobsmen type, with a cosmopolitan theatre of action giving glimpses of New Caledonia, London, Paris, Rotterdam, and rural Worcester. The three "gentlemen" of the story, André Gaspard, Kit Polliter and Jean the Rat, are better known to the police of Europe as a clever gang of cracksmen whose exploits have earned for them the nickname of "The Invisibles." At the time the story opens, the trio, thanks to the treachery of an accomplice, are serving a life sentence in New Caledonia, and the first part of the novel—a really vivid piece of writing—deals with their dramatic escape from the island after twenty years' confinement. In the second part "The Invisibles" are seen plying their favourite craft under the hypnotic leadership of André and plotting a fiendish revenge against the time when they shall discover their erstwhile accomplice. For readers who do not relish for their hero a cracksmen, be he never so polished and well-groomed, the authors have provided a most respectable and (as befits the times) democratic rival for their sympathies in the son and heir of Lord Janesford, whose good-humoured love-making relieves in an



COVER DESIGN. By Starr Wood. From Tales of Temptation (Angold).



From Bible Battles
(Oliphants)

JONATHAN AND HIS
ARMOUR BEARER

agreeable manner the atmosphere of hate and cunning, which of necessity gives the dominant colour to this latest but by no means least thrilling of thief novels

BIBLE BATTLES

By MRS LATTICE BELL 6d net Illustrated by
WALTER S. STACLY (Oliphants)

This is an up to date book for children in that it deals with war, but deals with it in such fashion that no boy or girl reading it can fail to see the sad significance of war from the Christian standpoint and to be urged on the way that shall save the future from its scourge. The stories are divided with series gathered round the heroic figures of Joshua, Gideon, Saul and David. The lesson of the book—a lesson that cannot be too strongly inculcated—is that there is all the difference in the world between soldiering for mere self aggrandisement and the lust of conquest and going to battle in defence of human rights. Mrs Bell has made numerous friends with her other books and 'Bible Battles' is so full of interest and so charmingly written that it is sure to add to the number of them.

THE PERPETUAL CHOICE.

By CONSTANCE COTTERELL 6s (Methuen)

With vivacity and power Miss Cotterell here relates the history of Morgan le Fel's struggles and love affairs. Morgan is the warm-hearted, masterful daughter of Humfrey le Fel, who disappoints his second wife by not making money, her first husband having been a genius and gathered a store out of nothing by simply shouting on the Stock Exchange. But Humfrey, with his gay, wise words and thoughts, is too much of a philosopher ever to be a rich

man. He quickly follows the second Mrs le Fel out of the world. Before he goes Humfrey confides to Morgan that "illness can destroy pleasure, but that work can destroy illness, and that while a man is the best thing for a woman, and a woman for a man work is the best for both." Morgan and her stepsister the damp Georgina, are left to the care of an aunt. The aunt speculates with Morgan's small patrimony and loses it. Morgan rather welcomes the loss as it brings to a crisis her determination to be a writer. She joins a girl friend a musician in a squalid Pondon street. Their joint menage is unlike the usual Bohemia and both are glad when a fire gives them the opportunity of getting back to the country. Morgan and her chum after many vicissitudes gain the love of worthy men. Humour relieves the gloomy and squalid parts of the story.

STORIES FROM THE EARTHLY PARADISE.

By WILLIAM MORRIS. Retold in prose by C. S. IVANS
(s. Arnold)

There are peculiar difficulties in taking the poetical works of a man and retelling his stories in prose form especially when the poet was such a man as William Morris with his rich embroidery and sensuous imagery. True the stories here dealt with have been often told down the ages, but Morris brought his own rich individuality to all the themes he touched upon and recreated something he was entitled to call entirely his own. For 'The Earthly Paradise' Morris had gleaned his subject matter from Greek myth and Norse Saga. There are twenty-four stories in all only ten of which have been used by Mr. Ivans in the volume before us and in these ten he has given us as much of Morris as was possible. I have considered that there was no point in presenting the stories baldly and shorn of any indication of the poet's peculiar method in treating them. We compliment Mr. Ivans on his achievement and heartily recommend his book.



From Hal o' the Ironsides
(Hodder & Stoughton)

COVER DESIGN.

WARS OF THE OLDEN TIMES.

By ALFRED H. MILES. 5s. (Stanley Paul.)

A book of topical interest in view of the many comparisons it offers to present-day warfare is "Wars of the Olden Times," a history, compiled by Mr. Alfred H. Miles, of the wars of the world from Abraham's time to the days of Cromwell. It sets before us the evolution of war and weapons of war, giving a description of all the great battles that have made history, and linking them together by synopses of intervening events. "It is not a book in praise of war and contains nothing calculated to inflame the war spirit," says Mr. Miles in his prefatory note. "It records the struggle of the world for the liberty which it values more than peace, and which it ever demands that peace may be made the more secure." Mr. Miles is to be congratulated on producing so instructive and attractive a book—a record of great events set out in an interesting manner, which makes all the difference. A continuation of the history is promised in due course, "to the close of the Anglo-German War." This volume is generously illustrated, containing over a hundred pictures.

LOST FACE.

By JACK LONDON. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

The tremendous vitality that stamps all Mr. Jack London's stories shows no signs of flagging. The grimly realistic tales of the Yukon that make up the present volume are characterised by an almost brutal intensity of observation and imagination. They are stories of superlative situations—situations requiring superlative cunning or superlative endurance. To the ordinary reader, a temperature of "seventy-five below" may not sound very terrible or very exciting; it probably leaves him cold—nothing more. But there is a simple little story in this book written round this degree of temperature that literally numbs the imagination and transforms one's thoughts into icicles. Again, the story of Churchill's superhuman feat of endurance in his race to overtake the Yukon boat is an equally vivid piece of writing, and holds the reader by its sheer tenacity of purpose no less than by its dramatic denouement. Here is a picture of Churchill when he reaches the coveted boat: "On deck he became a centre of horror and curiosity. The clothing in which he had left White Horse was represented by a few rags, and he was as frayed as his clothing. He had travelled for fifty-five hours at the top notch of endurance. He had slept six hours in that time, and he was twenty pounds lighter than when he started. . . ." Another story, "Flush of Gold," tells of a fickle maid and of her six-foot-four lover, who swore that he would rise out of the grave to claim her—and kept his word. In some of the tales

the Yukon Indians figure prominently, and altogether Mr. London's latest book can be warmly recommended as a magnificent example of the art of telling a live story, concisely and well.

THE IMPOSTOR.

By DAVID WHITELAW. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)



From Wars of The Olden Times
(Stanley Paul).

JOAN OF ARC.

Breathless intrigue—an atmosphere reminiscent of the cinematograph with its quickly shifting incidents—a plot that is both ingenious and daring—that is the admirable receipt of Mr. David Whitelaw's latest novel "The Impostor." The story tells how a certain Richard Vane has gone to prison to save the son of his benefactor, Sir Christopher Detmold, from disgrace—how Sir Christopher on the death of his son, engages Mr. Ernest Nicol to effect Vane's escape from gaol, in order that he may establish him, under the guise of a ne'er-do-well nephew who has died in America, as his heir. The average novelist would have been content with this elaborate machinery. But not so Mr. David Whitelaw. With an unexpectedness which in itself is original, he produces another character, who, finding the clothes and the money and the letter of instructions to the escaped convict on the downs near Brighton, dons the disguise and goes and claims the inheritance. It would be unfair to betray the details of this thrilling story any further. The most bored novel reader will welcome the book with pleasure. We have only one fault to find with Mr. David Whitelaw's telling of the story—if he would omit his favourite *cliché* of making

"syphons hiss" with dramatic effect here and there through his pages.

TREASURE.

By W. DANE BANK. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Once again the old moral story of the rich man who counted his stores of wealth only to find that those acquisitions of his failed to bring him happiness, is told in a new and original setting by Mr. W. Dane Bank in "Treasure." There are two parts to the book; in the first we see two cousins, George Harvey and Thomas Ewins, living together in rooms. Harvey is an idealist, a charming character, who marries where he has given his heart. Thomas Ewins on the other hand is a type of a very unpleasant, North-country business man—the type of man that Yorkshire pretends to be proud of producing—the product of that Yorkshire motto "Do nowt for nobody, and if tha' does owt for anybody, do it for tha' sen." Ewins also marries—for money—and the story tells of the results of these two marriages. The author paints his scenes with a sure hand.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1915

His character drawing is excellent, and he passes from the sombre picture of the Ewins household to the charming home life of the Harveys with perfect naturalness. Mr. Dane, too, has a great gift for narrative, and the story never falters in its hold upon the reader.

A LION, A MOUSE, AND A MOTOR CAR.

By DOROTHEA TOWNSHEND.
6s. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

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COVER DESIGN.

the record makes them suspect that she has in her possession "another Record No. 33 which contains a valuable secret formula which is missing from the factory. Suspicion thickens about her, and events follow each other rapidly, until the mystery of the missing record is finally cleared up. While she is in New York Amélie meets her French professor of the fascinating voice, but whether he is like his voice, or brings disillusion to her romantic day-dream we must leave the reader to discover. We congratulate Mrs. Clarke on this charming and refreshing story. The illustrations by Stockton Mulford are exceedingly good.

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SOMETIMES ATHALIE LUNCHEONED THERE
IN THE GARDEN WITH HIM.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1915

partly because the name is so entirely local, but still more because the bird in question is a "Warbler," and could not, therefore, be much further removed from a "Wren." The chapter entitled "The Scent of the Willow Wren" particularly appeals to us because it expresses so accurately and clearly what we have ourselves observed and felt.

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with rare insight and knowledge. A short lull, and then the storm of the plot bursts upon us in full blast—plot and counter-plot. Notice the rare dramatic instinct twice revealed. Besieged in his hut by the maddened Kanakas, with little hope of escape left, the pearl-fisher yet cannot but notice the strategy of a great spider attacking its victim. And at the end, in working the counter-plot, the same pearl-fisher and his friend hiding in the stuffy caboose feel the intensity of their watchful attention called away for an instant or two by the antics of a family of rats. Rare knowledge of human nature combines with first hand knowledge of the Pacific, its colour and its immense charm, to create an impression, to paint a picture, of which the tones are all in admirable harmony.

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BELL. 3s. 6d.
(Black.)

Mr. Warren Bell's breezy school tales are always popular among boys, and "The Secret Seven" — more tales of Grey-house—include some of the best short stories he has written. He knows exactly the sort of thing a boy likes to read, and his tales are thoroughly alive with excitement, mystery and humour. "The Secret Seven" itself is an amusing yarn, telling of a boy named Fender who, being anything but popular among his companions, is made the victim of a practical joke by the Secret Seven. Bent on retaliation and on discovering the identities of his tormentors, he plays jokes on other fellows under the name of that mysterious band. The confusion that arises from this is all cleared up at last, and in the end Fender gets his deserts and nobody is sorry for it. The story of Big and Little Brown is equally entertaining, while "How Savatard Got Back," "The Return Match," and indeed each and all of the others are capital stories with plenty of movement and fun in them. Mr. Warren Bell's skill at character drawing, and his intimate knowledge of boys are too well known to need the statement that all his boys are "real" boys, and as varying in disposition as real boys naturally are. Any schoolboy would be delighted with the book.

THE DAMPIER BOYS: A SCHOOL STORY.

By E. M. GREEN. 3s. 6d. (Blackie)

Frank and Douglas Dampier were brothers who, with their younger sister were left in England for their schooling

when their mother returned to the Far East. Fortunately, Mrs. Dampier was able to leave them in the charge of an old friend of her own, whom they came to know as Aunt Bee, and their story, as set forth by E. M. Green, deals in part with their home life with that charming and understanding lady, in part with their life at a school kept by the excellent Dr. Lester, and in part with their visits to the ancestral home of Linfield Grange. Colonel Dampier, the father of the boys, should have inherited the property, but the will under which he would have done so could not be found, and so it had gone to a younger brother in accordance with an earlier will. That younger brother's widow and son occupied the place, and Frank and Douglas found themselves welcomed there. Their cousin seemed a bit of a duffer at first, but came to be greatly influenced by them, and proved a brick when a certain prophetic distich concerning



From Valentine and Orson
(Warne).

ORSON HAD BEEN HUNTING, AND CAME
WITH A SWIFT PACE BEARING A BUCK HE
HAD KILLED UPON HIS SHOULDERS.

the family was realised. The many people of the story are admirably presented, and there are plenty of incidents to please the youthful reader who likes to hear of school exploits, as well as others dealing with a smuggler's cave, a secret panel, and so on, and a touch of romance in the aged "miser" friend made by Douglas. It is a hearty, wholesome and attractive story, of the kind that always has appealed to boys who like a tale of real people better than a wild romance. One must add a word of special praise for the illustrations.

THE LOST PRINCE.

By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

If there is a girl or boy of your acquaintance to whom you wish to give an extra special Christmas present this year, you cannot do better than buy her, or him, a copy of "The Lost Prince." It is the kind of book that will

story opens Stefan Loristan and his son Marco (a boy of twelve) lodge in a dingy house in a poor quarter of London. There is obviously some mystery surrounding them, the bearing and manners of the father suggest that he does not "belong" to his surroundings, and he tells Marco that he is training him for some special purpose. What that purpose is and how the Lost Prince's descendant is found and returns to his own country is told in an arrest-



From Blackie's Popular Nursery Rhymes By John Hassall.

MY LITTLE OLD MAN AND I FELL OUT.

appeal equally to boys or girls, and is a fine, inspiring story, picturing big ideals which fire the imagination; no average girl, no average boy, could read it without feeling stirred to do bigger and better things. The plot deals with a five-hundred-year-old legend concerning a Prince of Samavia (a turbulent little European Country) who is said to have mysteriously disappeared, and whose descendants, supposed to be living at the present day, are the real heirs to the throne of Samavia. When the

ing, skilful manner by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett. The adventures of Marco and a little crippled street-arab, known as The Rat, make uncommonly good reading. The characters of the two boys are admirably portrayed, though the dominant personality is Marco's father. Those who read the book will feel his influence, even as Marco did, even as The Rat did; and will wish that men in his position at the present day would act as he does.



From *Bill, the Minder*
(Constable).

FAR SOONER HAVE THE MUMPS.

again, we have the foxes and the hares and, of course, the bears and the cock and the goat and the wolves once more indulging in their quaint, jolly adventures. We were curious to see the Russian version of the Kids and the Wolf—you remember, that the wolf ate the kids up and that the mother goat, finding the wolf sleeping after his meal, cut him open and released the imprisoned kids, cunningly substituting in their place a number of paving stones? But the Russians will have none of this conclusion. They end the story abruptly with the tragedy of the wolf eating up all the kids. No mother could go wrong in buying this book for the nursery.

BILL THE MINDER.

Written and Illustrated by W. HEATH
ROBINSON. 6s. (Constable.)

This is a cheap reissue of a delightfully humorous Christmas volume that first made its appearance three years ago. In "*Bill the Minder*" Mr. W. Heath Robinson is his own author, and tells a joyous and lively succession of stories that young readers will unfailingly enjoy, and illustrates them in colour and in black-and-white, in his own inimitably whimsical manner. "*Bill the Minder*" is the opening tale, and there are fifteen others, and they are all good, but you will perhaps be as much tickled by "*The Respectable Gentleman*" (metaphorically speaking, of course, for he was too genteel to do it literally) as by any of them, and the picture of the respectable gentleman out for a walk with his wife and daughter is more than worth the price of the book if there were nothing else in it.

STILL MORE RUSSIAN PICTURE TALES.

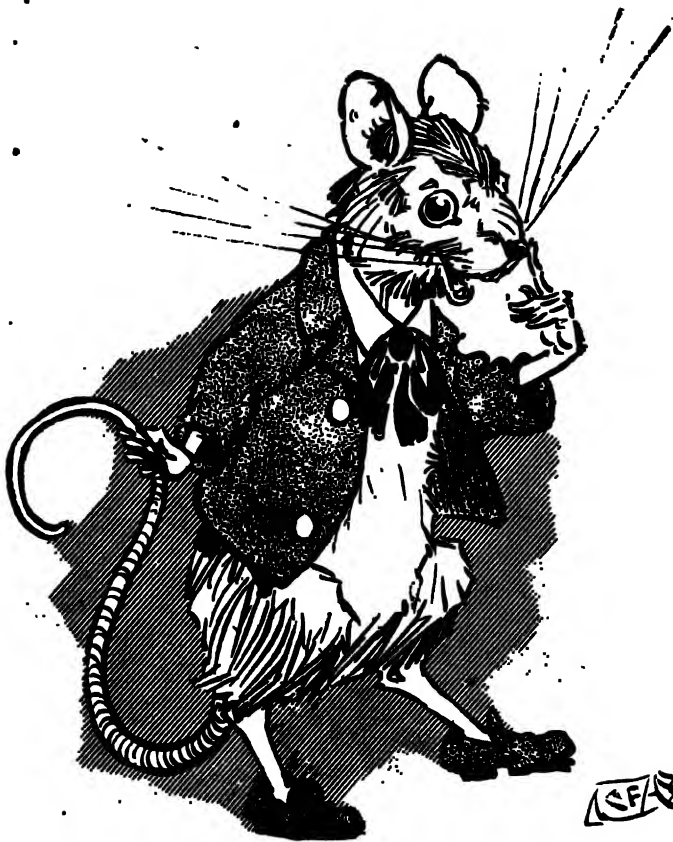
By VALERY CARRICK Translated by NEVILL FORBES
2s. 6d. (Blackwell.)

Last year we remember welcoming a collection of picture-tales from the Russian. They were delightful stories; the remnants of that book lie before us at this moment—torn scattered pages, lovingly thumb-marked by little fingers, belonging to readers who have eagerly conned the tales over and over again. When "*Still More Russian Picture Tales*" appeared, the book, issued in exactly the same form as its predecessor, was hailed with a chorus of delight. And, after all, a book for the nursery ought to be appreciated by the nursery; there is no better test. And here,



From *Still More Russian Picture Tales*
(Blackwell).

BEGAN TO DRIVE HER HOME.



From *Teddy Tail of the Daily Mail*
(Black).

TEDDY TAIL

Fairy Tales," For this book, which must have delighted the hearts of countless children, will be as surely welcomed by the new generation of children who will have grown just old enough this year to appreciate these ever-popular tales. And as he is a wise Santa Claus he will add, after the title of the book, "the edition pictured by Monroe S. Orr., and published by Messrs. Harrap." For this is indeed an attractive "Grimm," lavishly illustrated with coloured and black-and-white pictures—delightful pictures, drawn in a bold, original style. The book is altogether an artistic and well-finished production.

THE ADVENTURES OF TEDDY TAIL OF THE "DAILY MAIL."

By CHARLES FOLKARD. 1s. net. (Black.)

Teddy Tail, having already made his appearance in the pages of the *Daily Mail*, has no doubt won for himself an extensive popularity, but now that he has come out in book form he is likely to have an even larger circle of friends and admirers. His amusing adventures with his companion, Doctor Beetle, and the comical drawings by Mr. Charles Folkard will keep children amused for hours. The narrative is very fresh and genuinely funny. Children will delight in reading of Teddy's endless pranks, and the manner in which he is constantly getting himself into trouble and out of it, and they will unanimously agree that he is the most impudent and at the same time most entertaining mouse they have ever heard of. It is something new in the way of picture books for children, and will probably be one of the most popular published this Christmas.

A BOOK OF THE SEA.

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS. 3s. 6d. (Nelson.)

Every boy with an interest in ships and sea-going, and a desire to know more of the wonderful laws of the ocean, should be given a copy of Mr. Archibald Williams' "Book of the Sea." It is packed full of useful information, with many diagrams and illustrations, and a helpful index that will quickly tell the reader where to find anything he wants to know. Mr. Archibald Williams covers the ground thoroughly, and his concise style of writing makes the book of particular interest and value. He touches on all sorts of ships and everything connected with them, such as the mariner's compass, lighthouse-lighting, tides, and ocean currents, icebergs and icefields—and in such a way that one grasps a perfectly clear knowledge of them with no difficulty whatever. No better book of its kind has ever been published, and like the author's other productions, "Things to Make," "How it is Made," "How it Works," etc., it is a most instructive volume and will prove invaluable for reference on all the matters with which it deals.

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES.

Pictured by MONROE S. ORR. 7s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

If Santa Claus should happen to read these lines when making up his list of books for the children's stockings this year, let him be sure to put down on his list "Grimm's



From *The Redcaps Annual*
(Kelly).

OUR PONY JACK.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1915

FOUR AND TWENTY BLACKBIRDS

By EDWARD THOMAS With Coloured Frontispiece
2s 6d net (Duckworth)

Mr Edward Thomas has written four and twenty miniature stories each of which has a proverb for its title. To tell the truth the proverb is a quite unimportant part of the story, it seems neither a necessary peg on which to hang it nor a point made when the story is told. The thing that matters is Mr. Thomas's charm of telling. No story in the book is more than about three or four pages in length and wide margined pages too, but in the four and twenty he shows us hills and meadows, blossoms and birds, kings and peasants, glamorous romance and everyday happenings, hints of philosophy, and plain men's words. Scotland, Wales, Wiltshire, Cornwall, Gloucestershire, Hampshire, these are some of the backgrounds for his "black birds." In "It's an Ill Wind" for instance where the wind kills George Gammon the father in law and blows a fortune to William the son in law, and in "He who Laughs Last" where the honestest of three beggars gets the best of the fortune, there is a certain half humorous, half cynical twist in the story to impress the proverb. But in many cases the proverb is almost a *non sequitur* and those readers who care for clean concise writing will find the simplicity of the style and forget and forgive the implied promise of the title. Mr. Thomas is one of the select writers who love Nature in good writing for the sake of Nature and good writing, and if he were set to write cookery recipes we know the recipes would be a pleasure to read.

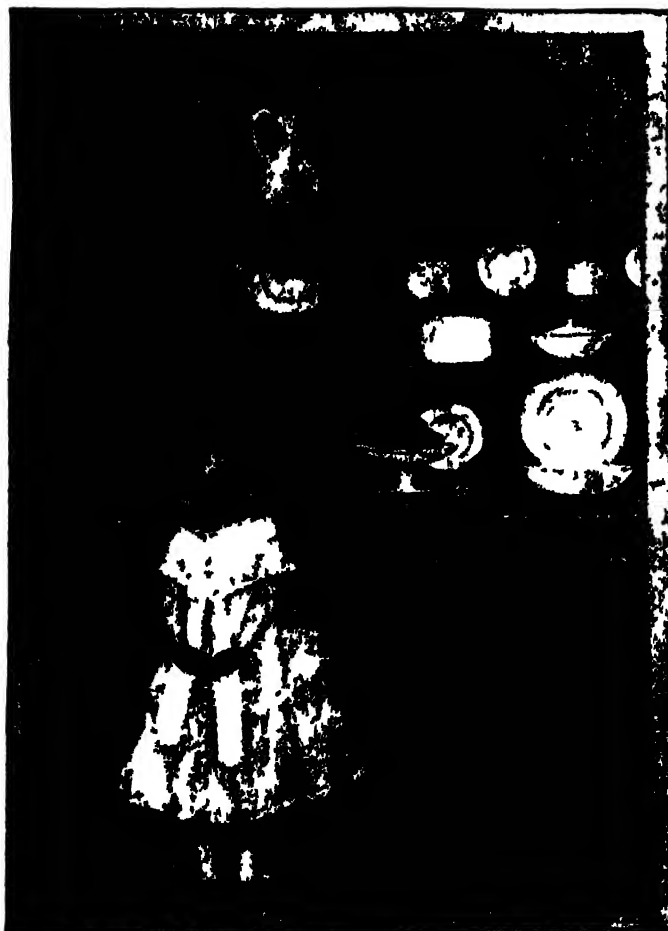


Illustration by E. & B. H. H. H. H.

From Four and Twenty Blackbirds
(Duckworth)

WHITTENBURY COLLEGE

By ANNIE M. CHESINGTON
With Coloured Illustrations 3s 6d
(Nelson)



From Whittenbury College
(Nelson).

THE REAL FOUNDER WAS THAT
OLD LADY IN THE PICTURE.

One of the best book bargains of the season to speak in a crude commercial sense, and from the point of view of a reader's pleasure, is this story for girls. In a bright thoroughly interesting and unaffected style the authoress shows us an original idea in the working. Miss Whittenbury, aided by the advice and purse of a dead grandmother, founded the college for girls who had left school, to be trained in all that makes for health and pleasure and comfort in home life—a scheme that ranged from dusting to dairy work, from gardening to a simple knowledge of architecture, from the arranging of flowers to the nursing of babies. The group of girls presented to us (mostly brown-eyed, we notice), gives the writer a good chance for her skill in delineation of character, and as this group, too, shows a wide range of age (from fifteen to twenty-three), we have enough of plans and ambitions, and love interest blended with the tale to make its appeal a wide one also. Life at Whittenbury College is wise and cheery, amusing and practical, and the reader becomes a little envious in noticing the smooth way in which the domestic wheels go round. The illustrations have a real charm of their own, their one flaw being that the girls are not quite old enough. It is a handsome, delightful book, and again we say, a bargain in every way.

MOTHER GOOSE.

Pictured by MONRO S. ORR. 5s. (Harrap.)

This is a most complete collection of nursery rhymes—no rhyme of any standing has been left out of it. After all, nothing pleases children more than the dear old rhymes of children that have delighted little people for generations and will go on delighting them for many generations to come. Mr. Orr has illustrated the book both in black-and-white and colour, and it makes a very attractive volume indeed, one that children will be proud of and will treasure among their most cherished possessions. No nursery book-shelf should be without a copy.

THE RED BOOK OF THE WAR.

By HERBERT STRANG. 2s. 6d. net. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

Everything a boy wants to know about the war he will find in Mr. Herbert Strang's Red Book. Starting with its origin, he describes the work and mechanism of the Army, Navy and Naval Air Service, showing the splendid parts they have played, and painting thrilling word pictures of some of the most important battles that have taken place. He quotes largely from letters written by men who were actual witnesses of the fray, and much of his information has been procured first hand and is consequently doubly interesting. In these times when life itself is so full of stirring events, boys weary of fiction and will much prefer to learn more about the great war on which their minds are always running. They will read and re-read every article in this book, and gain a wealth of useful information, and the book itself will always be an interesting memento of these historical days.



From Mother Goose
(Harrap).

MOTHER GOOSE.

THE KIDDIES.

By M. E. LONGMORE. 3s. 6d. (Shaw)

The kiddies—Maidie, Gordon and little Doris, are three of the most lovable children imaginable. And that is because they are so absolutely natural. The story of how they were sent to their grandmother's when their soldier father was ordered abroad, their mother accompanying him, makes most delightful reading, and their adventures will keep children thoroughly interested and amused. The author has a charming style of writing, and knows just the sort of thing that will appeal to juvenile readers. As a Christmas present nothing could be more suitable for a

little girl or boy, or bring them greater pleasure than a copy of this attractive and entertaining book.



From Plants We Play With
(Wells Gardner).

DANDELION.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1915

THE MYSTERY OF THE ISLANDS.

By E. G. MULLIKEN. (Wells, Gardner.)

A thrilling mystery tale is the "Mystery of the Islands" by E. G. Mulliken. It has a first-rate plot and rattles along in a way that will appeal to boys who revel in stories of exciting adventure. The author has a most interesting style of writing and his hero is a lad of admirable courage and honour. The evil cunning of Dutch spies and the clever strategy of a young Britisher who gets on their track, but finally falls into their hands, form the chief theme of the book. It is one of the best stories for boys published this Christmas.

JILL THE IRRESISTIBLE.

By L. T. MEADE. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)

Mrs. L. T. Meade's books are always popular at Christmas time, and the mischievous, impudent little girls she writes about never fail to please. Jill, as can be guessed from the title, is no exception to the rule. She is one of the most mischievous and most impudent little creatures one could meet with anywhere, but in spite of this, or more likely because of it, she is everybody's favourite, and the reader cannot help loving her either. She and her sister Paddy are up to all manner of pranks, and one is every bit as saucy as the other, but Jill has a twinkle in her eye that makes conquests wherever she goes. The plot, showing how a selfish, jealous girl, scheming for her



From *A Singer of the
Kootenay (Partridge)*.

HER ARM WAS ABOUT ITS NECK
AS SHE WALKED, ONE HAND
TOYING CARESSINGLY WITH THE
GLOSSY EAR.

own ends, so works it that Jill and Paddy, as well as some others who come into the story, are sent to a certain boarding school, and what happens when they get there, is quite as good as one expects from this ever popular writer. But little need be said to recommend her plots or her heroines, and every girl who likes a well-written tale with plenty of action in it will probably have learned from experience that she cannot do better than select one of Mrs. L. T. Meade's.

THE LITTLE RAJAH.

By E. HOBART-HAMPDEN. 2s. 6d. (Nelson.)

This is the story of the adventures of two English children in India, their friendship with the little Rajah, and of how they discovered hidden treasure. It is absorbingly in-



From *The Little Rajah*
(Nelson).

KRISHNA PLAYED AND THE
COBRA SWAYED ITS HEAD.

teresting, full of excitement, and, as with Mrs. Hobart-Hampden's other books, the novelty of the setting lends it a certain freshness. The author's concise manner of writing, her sympathetic style, and her intimate knowledge of childhood, all serve to make it a tale that boys and girls will thoroughly enjoy reading. Frieda and her twin brother Michael are very natural children, and the little Rajah himself a most lovable character; while Duttia, "the Famine Child," is a pathetic little figure that will win everybody's heart. Those who have read "Tota," "The Taming of Tarn," and Mrs. Hobart-Hampden's other stories of Indian life, will make a point of securing a copy of her latest one. For there is no doubt about it that her books are always out of the ordinary rut of children's books, and have a charm that is entirely their own.

THE WORST HOUSE AT SHERBOROUGH.

By DERWENT COKE. 6s. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

You will hear elderly men say that the boys' books of to-day are not as good as the literature with which they were provided in their youth. This must be because they do not read the modern boys' book. Take "The



From *The Child's Treasury*
(Partridge).

Worst House at Sherborough"—it stands comparison with all the old favourites of thirty years ago, with the "Willoughby Captains," and even with "The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's"—and that is no mean praise, as any old boy who was reared on these classics, turning to them with delight from "Eric," or "Little by Little," must admit. Mr. Coke writes with real charm, and every boy will follow the story of Dick Hunter's uphill fight to make the "Worst House at Sherborough" into the best house, with breathless interest. It is a strong, clean, healthy story, never failing in incident and movement.

MARGERÏ DAWE.

By KATHARINE TYNAN. With Illustrations by FRANK E. WILES. 6s. (Blackie.)

Mrs. Tynan is an adept in writing a story which will thoroughly interest girls, and women too, and "Margery Dawe," is such a story. Poor Margery, her life for many of her young years was rather of the nature of the see-saw life of her namesake. Margery's father was a handsome farmer who had married a lady, the only daughter of the vicar, and had loved her devotedly till she died. Margery



From *Margery Dawe*
(Blackie).

MARGERÏ WISHED SHE COULD
GET THE BABY TO SLEEP.

was the eldest girl of the little family of five left motherless, and the one calculated to suffer most in mind as well as body, when her father married the coarse, common Betsy Franklin from the public-house, and set her over his children in their mother's place. The life at Dawe's Farm is sympathetically described, and the passing from misery to relief is keenly realisable. All the pretty, intimate touches, all the revealing details which make Mrs. Tynan's stories so much like bits of real life, are here to impress the heroine's charm upon the reader. It is a simple story of hardship and squalor and sunshine and love, and in closing the pages at the end we feel as if we had said "good-bye" to a circle of real friends.

THE JOLLIEST TERM ON RECORD.

A Story of School Life. By ANGELA BRAZIL. 3s. 6d. (Blackie.)

Miss Angela Brazil has a long and growing list of school stories to her credit, and this addition to it will be found to deserve in the fullest degree the welcome which has been assured to it by its predecessors. Where many writers can tell a story of adventure in which the interest is quickened by a succession of exciting incidents, there are comparatively few who can hold the reader's engrossed attention by a narrative of school life—and of schoolgirl life perhaps more particularly. Miss Brazil has a very definite place among those few, for she has an undoubted gift for rendering schoolgirl life and character, without making her people pronouncedly of the nature of prigs or of "villains." There

THE BOOKMAN
CHRISTMAS 1915



From *The Jolliest Term on Record*
(Blackie). "I BELIEVE I'VE BROKEN MY
LEG," HE MOANED.



From *Sheepy Wilson*
(Nisbet). "I'M SORRY, OLD MAN!
I'M BEASTLY SORRY."

is a charming note of naturalness about her work, and it is very marked in this capital tale of the experiences of Katrine and Gwethyn Marsden as pupils for a single term at Aireyholme. There are escapades, jealousies, and unusual incidents during the memorable term, and a simple thread of romance which helps to give unity to the fascinating record of "*The Jolliest Term*"—for so the two girls looked back on the period which in prospect they had dreaded.



From *The Outlaw of the Shell*
(Chambers).

STANDISH WAS HURLED
FROM HIS FEET.

LORDS OF THE
FO'C'SLE.

By MORLEY ROBERTS. 6s. (Evelleigh Nash.)

A cruise through this cheerful collection of short stories introduces the reader to many kinds of captains in as many kinds of ships. There are mean captains and moral captains, cautious captains, unscrupulous captains, incontinent captains ; and their ships range from the wedge-built Dundee whaler to the dirty ocean tramp and the *Mesopotamia* "wot 'ad the motters." There is for example the bibulous Captain Joseph Bandy of the full-rigged ship *Kedron*, who once upon a time shipped a real Irish peer before the mast and whose subsequent mania for lord-hunting in the fo'c'sle is traded upon to the advantage and delight of the crew and the very deep disgust of the mates. Another good yarn tells how the melancholy chief mate of the *Star of the East* signed for trouble when he made out the receipt for "one three-parts-grown clouded Manchurian tiger, shipped in good condition, with the end of his tail in doubt." Written in a light, breezy, anecdotal vein, these stories and sketches are full of good things and make capital reading.

SHEEPY WILSON.

By GUNBY HADATH. 3s. 6d. (Nisbet.)

One knows Mr. Gunby Hadath as a writer of many talents—as the author for example of some of the most charming song lyrics—but we think that, as a writer of school stories, he excels himself. "Sheepy Wilson" is an admirable school story—unexpected in its treatment and quite original in its subject. Usually in school stories, the hero is a budding "blue"—the boy who makes good on the football and cricket field. But Mr. Hadath has departed from this tradition. His hero, Sheepy Wilson, is one of those big, sleepy, mediocre boys, simple and humble-minded, who, in the hands of a far-seeing master, can be roused to great things. His young brother comes to his school, and his young brother has all the shaping of the stereotyped hero—a brilliant scholar and a brilliant



From A Sub. of the R.N.R.
(Partridge).

athlete—but he is vain and self-assertive, easily flattered by the attentions of Cathcart, one of the leaders of the school. He declines to mix with his own year, and he is developing into a spoilt petulant youth when Sheepy Wilson takes hold of him and saves him, and in the process of saving him drags himself out of the rut. It is a first-class school story which not only boys, but older folk, will like to read.

NATURE'S WONDERLAND.

By W. PERCIVAL WESTELL, F.L.S. 2s. 6d. net. (The Pilgrim Press.)

Nature is inexhaustible, and not half the books that may be written about her have been written yet. But in every book there is something new, some fresh discovery, some novel aspect of the most wonderful of all Wonderlands that is with us and around us wherever we go. All nature lovers will welcome Mr. W. Percival Westell's new publication, for he ranks foremost among



From The Dispatch Riders
(Blackie)

KENNETH HAD A MOMENTARY
GLIMPSE OF THE UHLAN'S
PANIC STRICKEN FACE—THEN
CRASH!



From Sheepy Wilson
(Nisbet).

YOUNG SHEEPY WAS OFF.



From Russian Fairy Tales
(Harrap).

THE BEASTS OF THE FOREST
CAME RUNNING IN BANDS.

as well as older folks, will treasure his volume, with its concise explanations of many of Nature's mysteries, and its profusion of excellent photographs, and will become more intimate with the varied wonders of Nature's Wonderland because of it.

RUSSIAN FAIRY TALES.

From the Skazki of Polevoi. By R. NISBET BAIN. Illustrated by NOEL NISBET. 7s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

With a few flaming pictures which are a red glory of colouring, and much wild illustration of the black-and-white order, one is drawn here into the strange realm of the Russian land of Faerie under far higher warrants than when these tales from the Skazki first appeared in English, some sixteen years ago. The original preface again reminds us that the collection was preceded by that of Mr. W. L. Ralston, to which we are therefore recalled, and to the honour of both translators. But the stories in the earlier case are imbedded in a treatise on Slavonic folk-lore, while the present selection is simply a pageant of tales. There is nothing in the whole world of legendary lore which is quite like the Russian legends, nothing that belongs so little to the beaten folk-tracks, though naturally one is reminiscent there and here—usually at a far distance. Mr. Nisbet Bain's rendering is from the "Popular Russian Tales" of Polevoi, who drew from the great store-house of Afanasiev, softening the original crudities and roughness, as required in a volume designed primarily for

students and lovers of nature, and what he does not know about plant and bird life, it may safely be said, is scarcely worth knowing. His book is divided into twelve sections, representing the different seasons of the year, and boys and girls who are interested in natural history,

the young. The style of the stories may be therefore compared with the tales translated by Mr. Ralston, who drew mainly from the same source, but had other audience in view. Reading over each, a heart of pious envy is turned towards their fountain-head, wondering

whether it will yet be with us in an English vesture at full length. It is impossible to read such stories as "The Tsarevna Loveliness-Inexhaustible," and "Fenist the Bright Falcon"—to select almost at random—with-out longing for the whole and the freedom of its great wilderness. It is impossible to dwell on these without envying those children who, in this beautiful edition, will read them for the first time.



From Still More Russian Picture Tales
(Blackwell).

THE FOX AND THE HARE.

JACK THE GIANT
KILLER.

Valentine and Orson. 1s. net each.
(Warne & Co.).

• These old fairy stories, published by Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co., are indeed masterpieces of modern art. They contain some of Mr. H. M. Brock's finest colour and line work, and there is a picture on every page, besides several beautiful plates. Nobody could wish for more handsome picture-books, and an added attraction is the amazingly low price at which the publishers are able to offer them to the public. "Jack the Giant Killer" and "Valentine and Orson" are also issued under one cover and entitled "The Old Fairy Tales," for the moderate sum of half-a-crown. Children will be immensely pleased with these fascinating productions.

THE CHUMMY
BOOK.

3s 6d. and 2s 6d (Nelson)

This is the "Chummy Book's" third appearance, and it is even better than it was last year or the year before. It is "packed full of fun by Edward Shirley -and lots of Other Folks," and, as its opening verses declare:

"There's a charm that never fails
In the magic 'Chummy Book.'"

The influence of the war has inevitably crept into its pages, and there are plenty of "playing at soldier" stories that the little ones will love to read. The print is, of course, very large, and the words are very simple, so that children can read the book for themselves—which adds greatly to its attractions. It has several colour-plates and a quantity of other illustrations to amuse those who are not old enough to understand the print. Already this splendid annual has won its place among the Christmas books, and there are many little people to whom Christmas would not seem like Christmas without it. And it can be safely predicted that after this year that number will have considerably increased.



From Jack the Giant Killer
(Warne).

JACK WAS HORRIFIED AT THE SIGHT OF A
MONSTROUS GIANT, HAVING TWO HEADS,
WHO WAS NOTORIOUS FOR HIS CUNNING.

MODEL ENGINEERING.

By HENRY GREENLEY. 5s. net. (Cassell.)

Any boy with a taste for engineering would revel in this book. It is a splendid guide to model workshop

practice, with working drawings of engines, boilers, rolling stock, cannon, electric machines, etc., and contains eighty-five photographs and seven hundred and twenty-four line drawings. It is a most exhaustive volume, packed with practical information and concise instructions that a boy

can easily follow. Mr. Greenley possesses a thorough knowledge of model making, and the book is specially addressed to amateurs desiring to learn how mechanical models, chiefly prime movers, operate, and how they can be made in the home workshop. Edited by Mr. Bernard E. Jones,



From Still More Russian Picture Tales
(Blackwell).

EACH OF THE VILLAGERS TOOK WHAT HE COULD,
AND RAN DOWN TO THE HOLE IN THE ICE.



*From Spider and His Friends
(Duckworth).*

**HE SAW THE TWO FRIENDS
MAKING THE BEST OF THEIR
WAY TOWARDS THE SHORE.**

it is published in uniform with "The Furniture Maker," and other volumes of "Cassell's Handicraft Library," which will be ready next year.

THE LITTLE LOST BEAR.

By FRANK VER BECK. With Coloured Illustrations
(Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton)

Theodore of Bruintown was, as anyone might guess, a bear. But when we go on to say that Theodore was Teddy to his familiars, and that when he wanted to see the wide, wide world he began the Grand Tour by following a honey-bee, probably everyone will guess that he was young and trustful also. Mr. Ver Beck is one of those happy beings so blessed by Fate that he can illustrate his own stories, or write to his own illustrations. The result is that the story of Teddy's wanderings is a record, by picture and word, entirely satisfactory. The slyness and the punishment of Mr. Fox (the first person Teddy met after he lost the honey-bee); the passive assistance of the scarecrow; the meeting with Mr. Coon; the sorrow and deliverance of Mr. Rabbit; the question of the owl; and the final discovery and accomplishment of the way back to Bruintown, are revealed, page by page in this daintily produced little volume. All children love teddy bears, and undoubtedly all children will rejoice over the real biography of this Teddy Bear. It is a valuable addition to the Bruin Library, and will solve the difficulty of a Christmas present for any child who has not already seen and demanded it.

SPIDER AND HIS FRIENDS.

By S. H. HAMER. 2s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

Children will be delighted with Mr. S. H. Hamer's book, "Spider and His Friends." There are four stories in all, but the story of Spider, a little dog, and how he and some of his animal friends are wrecked on a desert island, is by far the longest of the four. The adventures of the domesticated animals and fowl among the wild animals and birds of the island will keep children enthralled. The idea in itself is so novel, and the story is written in a style that will appeal to all youngsters—for there are fortunately very few boys and girls who do not love animals and are not interested in their doings. The other stories, "The Four Glass Balls," "The Old Stone Cross," and "The Youngest of the Three," will be found equally charming, and Mr. Harry Rountree's pictures—several of which are in colour—combine to make a story-book that is altogether attractive and one that strikes a note of originality.

HERBERT STRANG'S ANNUAL.

6s. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

This popular and ever-welcome annual for boys maintains its splendid standard in spite of the war, and is just as good this year as on any previous occasion. It is full of good things for boys of all ages, and the list of contributors is, in itself, uncommonly attractive. Captain Charles Gilson, Claude Graham-White and Harry Harper, Captain Desmond Coke, Leslie Beresford, Frank H. Mason, R.B.A., and many other prominent writers are among the authors, while such men as Cyrus Cuneo, C. E. Brock, N. Sotheby Pitcher, Montague Dawson, and others of equal fame and merit figure amongst the artists. The book is extensively illustrated, and as usual, stories and articles of every kind imaginable are to be found between the covers, and every taste and interest has been magnificently catered for. No Christmas gift could give more pleasure or profit to the average healthy-minded English lad than this excellent annual of Herbert Strang's



*From The Little Lost Bear
(Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton).*

**THE POOR LITTLE BEAR
BEGAN TO CRY.**



From *The Ibex of Shā-Ping, and other Himalayan Studies.*

BLACK BEAR AND CUBS.

THE IBEX OF SHĀ-PING, AND OTHER HIMALAYAN STUDIES.

By LIEUT. L. B. RUNDALL. 10s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

These mountain studies have a particular interest attached to them, for the author, who has illustrated the book himself both in line and colour, was killed in action on December 10th, 1914. He has captured in the sketches the majestic grandeur of the Himalayas, and his book is one to take up at the end of a weary day, for there is something restful about it, and the reader is carried "out across the seas, over the parched sand, across the arid plains of India, and up into the everlasting snows where the chill night winds are sighing." As Lieutenant Rundall has infused the atmosphere of lonely places into his writing, so, too, in his pictures there is a subtle vastness which makes them very striking indeed. It is a handsome volume, and the reader will grow to love and to yearn for the mountains and the wild mountain life—because the author himself loved them, knew their magic, and heard the music of their wondrous silence.

PIERROT, DOG OF BELGIUM.

By WALTER A. DYER. 2s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

The adventures of a Belgian dog in peace and in war, told sympathetically and with genuine pathos, make

excellent reading, and "Pierrot, Dog of Belgium," is likely to be a very popular book this Christmas. The more so because although he takes his part in the fighting, like a good soldier, and gets wounded and goes hungry and miserable, everything ends happily and he finds his own people at last, after countless adventures—the people who love him and who will nurse him back to health again. It is a book both children and grown-ups will enjoy reading, and gives a vivid idea of the home-life of the Belgian peasants before the tragic days of the war, and of the sorrow and suffering that swept suddenly over the country. Topical and well written, there is a tender charm about the book that will appeal to all hearts, and inspire the reader with an even deeper pity and greater admiration for the gallant little Belgians.

THE WONDERS OF ANIMAL LIFE

By W. S. BERRIDGE, F.Z.S. 6s. net.
(Simpkin, Marshall)

A fascinating book by Mr. W. S. Berridge, on "The Wonders of Animal Life," is illustrated by excellent photographs taken by the author. It is a book that even those who profess nothing more than a casual interest in animals will find arresting in its appeal to their curiosity, for Mr. Berridge certainly knows how to make his readers want to learn still more about the wonderful creatures he writes of. To animal-lovers the book will prove absorbing in its revelation of the curious and little known characteristics of some of the inhabitants of the animal kingdom. It makes delightful reading throughout, and whether it is the chapter on "Nature's Peter Pan," or "The Courtship of Birds," or "Fish that Walk, Fly, and Live out of Water," or "The Grotesque in Nature," or "Animal Worship and Superstition" the author has always something entertaining to tell us. The book deserves wide popularity.



From *Wonders of Animal Life*
(Simpkin, Marshall).

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1915

THE WONDER BOOK.

Illustrated with 12 Coloured Plates and Hundreds of Other Pictures Edited by HARRY GOUGH 3s 6d (Ward, Lock)

This popular picture annual for boys and girls has become almost a national institution. It belongs to Christmas, and to many children Christmas would scarcely seem complete without it. The new volume is every whit as good in every way as the volumes of other and happier years. There is the usual excellent miscellany of stories of humour and adventure and verses of the dainty, or fantastic, or laughing kind that children love. And the pictures—even the editor seems to have given up trying to count them and is satisfied on his title page to put them down as hundreds—are not only a large miscellany, but a most attractive one. It is rare to find a children's book in which that art and the literature are of such uniformly high quality.

THE HOLE IN THE WALL.

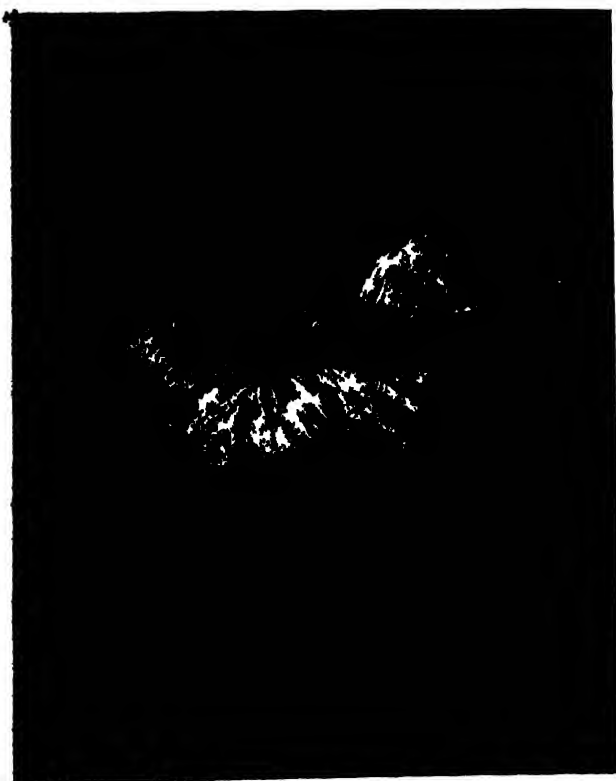
By MAY BYRON Illustrated by ERNEST AINSWORTH net (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton)

A story for very little people is "The Hole in the Wall." It tells about all the wee folk who lived there—about Mouseykin Grey and his mother and brother and sisters, and of the adventures he had and how he got married and was nearly killed over so many times but always managed to escape. It is full of the sort of fun children appreciate and there are several full page coloured pictures and a host of illustrations in the text. It would give any small girl or boy an infinite amount of pleasure to have such a pretty little picture book that has been written specially for them and one which they themselves can easily read.

WONDER STORIES

By BALDWIN S. HALVEY (Duckworth)

These "Wonder Stories" are the most delightfully refreshing stories imaginable and have a distinct Lewis



From *The Hole in the Wall*
(Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton).

IT WAS A HOLE WITH
A NEST IN IT



From *Wonder Stories*
(Duckworth)

Carroll touch about them without resembling, in the least anything Lewis Carroll wrote. Mr. Halvey is not afraid of dealing with magic and under his pen the unlikely things seem not merely possible but very probable indeed. In the story of the Magic Dragon he explains that all sorts of wonderful creatures reside in the centre of the earth and he describes how one of them comes to the surface and takes a little boy on an amazing journey. The second tale, "Gervais and the Magic Castle" is equally fascinating and so is the "Hobgoblin" and "The Princess Ultima." Both shorter tales possess in common with the longer ones a strong note of originality and in every way are enchanting as they are. The humour is delicious throughout and the verse scattered here and there through the book decidedly amusing. Mr. Harry Rountree's illustrations are, of course, masterpieces and his beautiful colour effects leave nothing to be desired. Anyone who can read and enjoy *Alice in Wonderland* will certainly be charmed with the *Wonder Stories*.

THE ROSEBUD ANNUAL.

Pictorial Boards 3s Cloth 4s (Clark)

This year again the *Rosebud Annual* is a delightful production, and will bring joy to the heart of every child who is fortunate enough to be given a copy. It is, as usual, full of pretty little stories, and amusing pieces of verse, mainly about animals and birds, and there are two hundred illustrations, many full-page and some attractively coloured. Everything a child likes has been provided—though, indeed, to say that it is in every way as good a volume as it ever has been in previous years is in itself sufficient praise and recommendation. It is quite one of the best presents to give a little girl or boy, and will afford them countless hours of enjoyment.

PARABLES FROM NATURE.

By MARGARET GATTY With Illustrations by ALICE B. WOODWARD 3s 6d net (Bell & Sons)

There are certain books which should be in every library, nursery or adult, and one of these books is "Parables from Nature." Every child who is old enough to have stories told to it will love to hear Mrs. Gatty's little tales of birds and animals and flowers and children. The grown ups love the same tales because they are already old friends, and because of the simple, beautiful style of their telling. This edition of the "Parables" is a most desirable volume to possess, it is handsome, tasteful, and generously illustrated. Miss Woodward has evidently found herself quite in sympathy with her subjects, and her frontispiece illustrating what is perhaps the best known of all the Parables — A Lesson of Faith gives the keynote to the whole. It is original, natural, simple, and without violating the limitations of bud and insect life gives just the right suggestion of thought and speech in that life. As a gift book for children this collection of stories is perennially suitable, for not only does it captivate the child mind by its intimacy with the animal and vegetable world but the nature lessons being always accurate they inform without tears so to speak

and the happy child learns scientific facts while drinking in romance

HOME MADE TOYS FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.

By A. NEELEY HALL With over 300 Illustrations etc. by THE AUTHOR and NORMAN P. HALL 6s net (Werner Laurie)

Mr. Neeley Hall prefaces his book with the words

"Constructive ideas expel destructive ideas



From Parables from Nature (Bell)

EIGHT DARLINGS MUST COME OUT OF THEIR NEST.

from the juvenile mind." A most hopeful statement in itself, and with this toy making book in one's hands, a comfort and encouragement to all who have had to grapple with the juvenile mind in its wakeful moments. Dr. Isaac Watts, a couple of centuries earlier, realised something of the same truth. "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," he wrote. And we feel sure he would have welcomed Mr. Hall's volume to help his juvenile friends to emulate the busy bees. There are one-and-twenty chapters in the book, and the glorious things that may be made by following the instructions given in them, range from a paper windmill to a toy motor boat from a kite to a model aeroplane. Here are joys to be obtained without money, made from what the author terms 'pick up materials' and joys to be obtained by the saving of pocket money. Doll's furniture may be made from cigar-boxes, carts and carriages may be made from cardboard, a doll's house from a packing case. Then there are clockwork toys and electrical toys and mechanical toys. And the numerous drawings and illustrations save the toymaker from failure. It is a fascinating book for boy or girl.

OTTOMAN WONDER TALES

Translated and Edited by LUCY M. GARNETT Illustrated by CHAS. FOLKARD. 6s. (Black)

Miss Garnett has already edited a volume of Greek Wonder Tales, to which this is a good stable companion. The term "Ottoman" is used to cover not merely the Mohammedan subjects of the Turkish Sultan, but



From The Wonder Book (Ward, Lock)

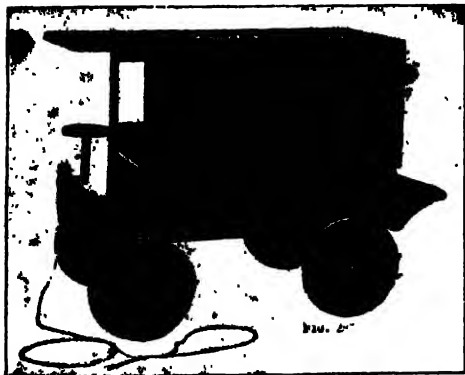
THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.



From Ottoman Wonder Tales
(Black).

OUR HERO MOUNTED WITH HER ON
THE FALCON'S BACK, AND DESCENDED
FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

all the other races and creeds that make up the Ottoman Empire. The Osmanlis, or Turkish proper, have a very rich and varied stock of tales, largely concerned with legends of Mohammed and the saints of Islam, with the magical exploits of David and Solomon, with Djynns, Peris and the like superhuman creatures, guarding treasures and playing pranks rewarding virtue, punishing the wicked. Kurds and Albamans have their own tales, and the fourteen chosen by Mis. Garnett may be taken as representative. Kings, and the beautiful daughters of kings, who marry bathboys or younger sons—the tools of their family who become heroes and Viziers—Djynns like our Giants or Ogres who steal children or treasures or princesses, and live mainly to be outwitted and slain by gallant youngest sons. Wicked princesses who envy their beautiful sister, but



From Home Made Toys
for Girls and Boys
(Werner Laurie).

AN AUTO DELIVERY-
WAGON, BUILT OF
CIGAR BOXES.

whose persecution ends only in discomfiture for themselves and triumph for the hated one. All these are familiar, and indeed their adventures run upon familiar lines. So much so, that we could wish that Miss Garnett

had annotated the book just a little, given us a hint of the story's origin, whether true Turk or Kurd or from another quarter, and possibly a word of comparison with Northern fairy tales, though that would open up too wide a field for expatiation. For some details are more Northern than Oriental, and the intermingling and interchange of folk tales has gone on from the beginning of time. Mr. Folkard's twelve coloured illustrations are very dainty and sweet, and suggest the jewelled illumination of the old Persian manuscripts.



From A Fairy Council
(The Woodlands Press).

A CHILD'S DAY.

Verses by WALTER DE LA MARE.

Pictures by CARINE and WILL CADDY.

2s. net. (Constable.)

This is a very welcome reissue of a book in which Mr. de la Mare's charmingly simple and simply charming verses combine with the photographer's art to tell the story of a day in a child's life from getting-up time to the hour for going to bed again. There is a photograph on every right-hand page of the volume, and the little model who posed for these photographs is as dainty and delightfully childlike in them as the child of Mr. de la Mare's verses. The photographers have been more faithful to their text than artists usually are; their pictures accurately illustrate the verses, and this in such a book is of the first importance, for children are quick to notice any error in this respect and to be disillusioned by it. This is really a children's book, and children will love it.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND.

By LEWIS CARROLL. Illustrated in Colour by A. E. JACKSON.
7s. 6d net. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

It is one of the most difficult of things for an artist to illustrate "Alice in Wonderland" successfully. He has got to run the gauntlet of those myriad critics who have grown up in the Tenniel tradition and are firmly prejudiced in favour of Tenniel as the ideal and only possible illustrator of this delightful nursery classic. The present reviewer is one of those biased many, and yet in spite of a natural predilection for the earlier drawings, that have the added charm of old association, he is reduced to the necessity of fairly admitting that Mr. A. E. Jackson has achieved the almost impossible in this new and beautiful edition of Lewis Carroll's masterpiece. He will not supersede Tenniel—nobody can do that, or wants to—but he gives us a fresh interpretation of the scenes and people of the story that many young readers will prefer to the older one. For his Alice is undeniably a sweeter and more winsome little person than Tenniel's quaint youngster, and perhaps the humour and fantasy and grotesqueness of the pictures even gain something by contrast with the attractive, very human little girl on whom they centre. It is enough, anyhow, that this is a beautiful and wholly desirable new edition of "Alice," and will give delight to any child who gets it among his or her Christmas giftbooks.



From Alice's Adventures in Wonderland
(Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton). "IT'S A VERY GOOD HEIGHT INDEED," SAID THE CATERPILLAR, ANGRILY.

THE STARS AND THEIR MYSTERIES.

By CHARLES R. GIBSON, F.R.S.E. With Illustrations and Diagrams. 3s. 6d. (Seeley Service)

Probably during this past year more children have been asking pertinaciously searching questions about the sky and the stars, and more parents have been failing to answer them, than at any previous time within the memory of man. Our eyes and our thoughts now so naturally turn skywards, it is not to be wondered at that everyone wants



From The Stars and their Mysteries
(Seeley Service)

A COMET

to know something about astronomy, and know it quickly and easily. For each and all, except the astronomical experts, Mr. Gibson's new book about the stars will come as a help and guide. It is written in clear and simple language to suit the young, but it tells the big facts that we all want to know, and tells them without any foolish "embroidery" to catch the fancy of the children. Mr. Gibson is too genuine a scientist to descend to exaggeration, and his subject is quite alluring enough in itself,



From A Child's Day
(Constable).

BUT THIS LITTLE MORSEL OF
MORSELS HERE—
JUST WHAT IT IS IS NOT QUITE
CLEAR

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1915



From *The Boy Electrician*
(Duckworth).

A BOY'S WIRELESS APPARATUS MADE UP OF
THE APPARATUS DESCRIBED IN CHAPTER XIX.

The Junior Dynamo and a Colpitts Outfit can be seen on the lower part of the table.

it needs no over-elaboration. Intensely interesting are the chapters about the moon, about the planet Mars, about meteors, comets, and the telescopes that bring them all to our eyes, and, perhaps chiefly, the pages that tell us about the wonders of the sun. Undoubtedly this is the book for the Zeppelin season; it is as interesting as a story-book, and is warranted to set right those sky-gazers who have mistaken the Pleiades for an enemy airship.

THE BOY ELECTRICIAN.

By ALFRED P. MORGAN. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)

This is a really excellent boy's book. All boys are interested in science and invention, a world of marvels tempting the strong exploring instinct. And above all things a boy wants to do and see for himself. Mr. Morgan aptly quotes a boy who was given an elaborate railway system, engines, carriages, railway circuit-switches, points, signals, all complete. The train ran automatically, propelled by tiny electric motors, the signals went up and down, the station was reached, a bell rang, and off went the train again to complete its journey. And the boy first looked on with delight, and then his face clouded, and he cried out, "But what do I do?"



From *Grimm's Fairy Tales*
(Headley).



IN AN INSTANT IT WAS BURDENED
WITH GOODS FAR BETTER THAN
ANYTHING THE HOST HAD BEEN
ABLE TO PROCURE.

Mr. Morgan's book takes this feeling as his starting point. A boy wants to make, to create, to do with his own omnipotent hands. And so Mr. Morgan's book not merely explains the principles of electricity on which motors, batteries, telephones, and telegraphs depend, but he shows how they are to be made, and with materials and tools that are at any boy's command. The joy of making a cylinder electrical machine is one of the present reviewer's most vivid memories. Mr. Morgan's directions are precisely the method he adopted, and if he would offer any criticism on the book, it is that at eight years of age he found it took a darn sight more than an hour to drill the necessary hole through the bottom of a largest size sweetmeat bottle, brought in triumph from a small sweet shop—the tendered help of a sympathetic father having been refused, and tactfully not re-offered. Mr. Morgan teaches his subject well, from compass needle to dynamos, and his book is a fascinating gift for any boy with an electrical curiosity, a little pocket-money, and controllable hands.



From *A Nursery Book of Science*
(Jack).

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES.

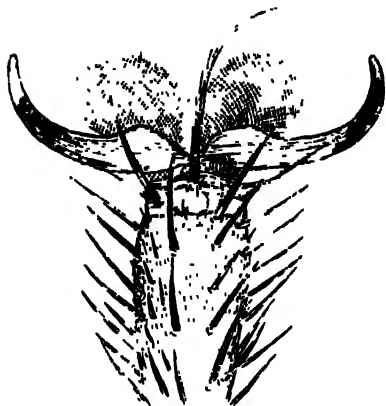
Illustrated. 5s. (Headley Bros.)

We are glad that the war, which threatened at one time to deprive us of all German music—as if great art was purely a local affair—has not eliminated "Grimm's Fairy Tales" from the nursery bookshelf. This new edition includes a selection of thirty-six of the more familiar tales. Here we have Hansel and Gretel and the Twelve Brothers, and Little Snow-white, and the Tale of the Singing Bone. We have always believed that Grimm was a much bigger favourite with children than Hans Andersen—that Andersen was rather something that the parents pressed upon children, just as they tried to make them read "Eric, or Little by Little," in preference to the gorgeous old-fashioned penny dreadful. At any rate, in this edition the children will find everything that is best in the tales, which have been newly translated by Ernest Beeson. The six colour drawings by George Soper are delightful, and the pages of the book are further enhanced by some three dozen charming line drawings by the same artist.

**FAVOURITE NURSERY
TALES, CHILDREN'S
PICTURE BOOK,
RED RIDING HOOD, ETC.**

(Petty & Sons.) 1d. each.

Messrs. Petty are publishing a series of toy books at a remarkably low price. The price is lower, and the quality better than anything else of this kind on the market. They include, as well as the above, "Favourite A.B.C.," "Cinderella," and "Nursery Rhymes," and all have coloured pictures in them and will prove most attractive in the nursery. Messrs. Petty are told that their toy books are more popular among children than are those of the German make, and they are certainly quite different to, and



HEAD OF A FLY (ENLARGED).
From A Nursery Book of Science
(Jack).



From The Wonder Book
(Ward, Lock).

"MRS. JUMBO"

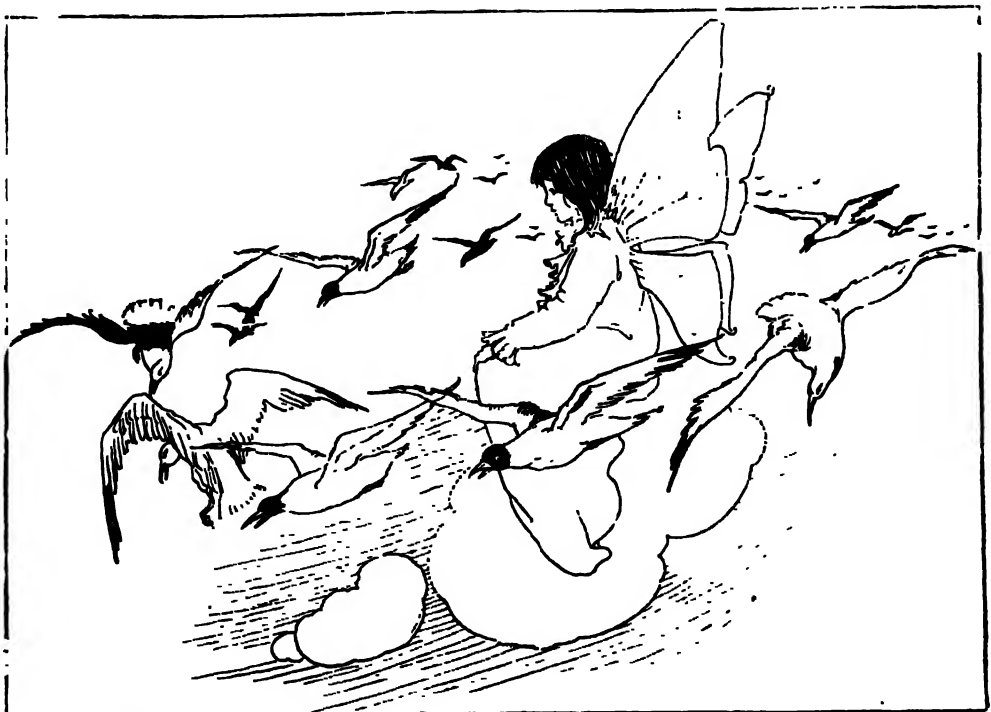
a great improvement on, the old foreign books that used to control the markets. This enterprising firm is to be congratulated on their venture. There can be little doubt that their enterprise will meet with universal success.

R. Power Berry, will be found remarkably interesting and of exceptional quality. It is impossible to mention here all the allurements of the contents; but they are just as good as usual, which is, of course, very good indeed.

OUR DARLINGS.

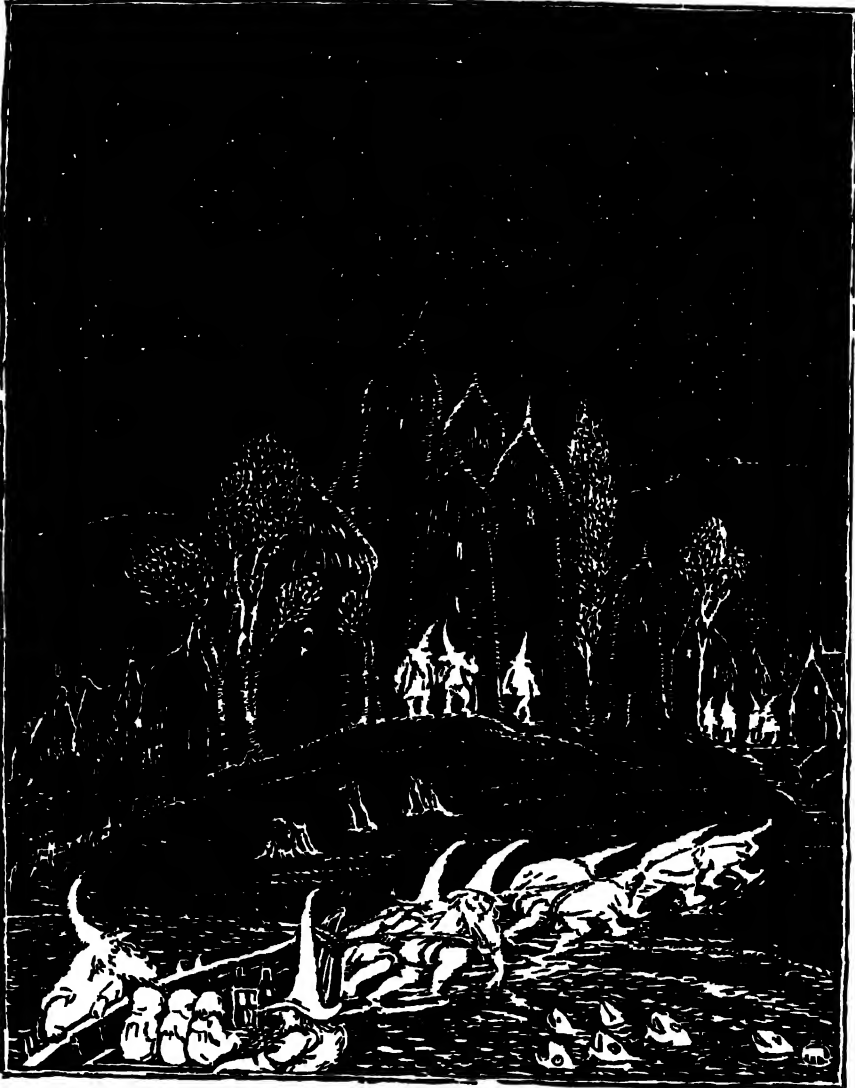
2s. 6d. net (Shaw & Co.).

The very title of "Our Darlings" is, in the opinion of the average child, sufficient to recommend it. It has already won a vast number of admiring readers, who declare that every year it seems to get nicer and nicer. Undoubtedly it is a fine annual, and there is small wonder if a multitude of boys and girls clamour to be given a copy for a Christmas present in preference to any other book or toy. There are stories to suit every fancy, a profusion of illustrations, and a quantity of pleasant verse. Mrs. George Corbett's serial, "Little Miss Robinson Crusoe," gives this year's bound volume a particular attraction, while Miss Norma Saxon's "Hobbies for Girls" and "Stories of Brave Deeds from Britain's Roll of Honour," by



From Our Darlings
(Shaw).

"THE SUNSET LAND"



From *Granny's Workbox*
(The Woodlands Press)

DWARFS ENTERTAINING BABIES

THE TINY FOLKS' ANNUAL

Edited by Mrs. HERBERT STRANG n t (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton)

Mrs. Herbert Strang's Annual for Tiny Folks is a charming volume and one that very little boys and girls will be simply delighted with. It contains several simply worded tales, a quantity of verse, and a host of pictures—dainty black and white drawings and many coloured plates as well. The smallest members of the family will be proud to possess such a beautiful book all to themselves, and they will find plenty in it to keep them good and quiet and happy for hours. It is to be hoped Santa Claus will get in a liberal supply of *The Tiny Folks' Annual* this year, so that very few tiny folks just beginning to read or just going to begin to learn will be without a copy on Christmas morning. It is certain that no gift could better please any one of them.

MRS STRANG'S ANNUAL FOR CHILDREN.

(Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton) 3s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. net

What would Christmas be to many little dwellers in the nursery without Mrs. Herbert Strang's Annual? This year it is as full of fun and frolic as ever, with a budget of stories and charming verses by writers who know just the kind of thing that children like and are amused by, and a host of lovely pictures, many of them coloured, and all guaranteed to bring joy to the heart of every small boy or girl who peeps between the covers. And what small boy

or girl who got the chance could resist doing that? This fascinating book fully deserves the reputation it has won of being one of the best and most popular annuals published for children.

IN KHAKI FOR THE KING

By I SCOTT LYNN With 6 Coloured Illustrations by NORMAN AGNEW
(W & R Chambers)

This story for boys will act as a stirring, recruiting appeal to those whose turn has not yet come to fight for their country's honour. The setting of the story is not fiction but fact, and the adventures of the two youths who are the chief characters are adventures that are happening constantly in Belgium and France. Oliver Hastings, son of a former Military Attaché in Berlin, knew Germany well and several friends in that country, and happened to be in Frankfurt when war broke out between Austria and Serbia. A quarrel with a German officer in a public garden led to a hasty and risky escape from the land of the Hun, and in company with an old school fellow met with by chance, he reached the Belgian frontier after many hairbreadth escapes, and was able to carry important tidings to King Albert of the German soldiers' presence in the country before war was declared. Oliver and his friend Vivian are then given commissions in the Belgian army, and are among the first to taste the excitements of war. The rest of the story must be read for its own sake, and there is no doubt that it will be among the first favourites of this Christmas boys' like adventure books, and the biggest adventure ever known is taking place now, and this is a spirited and breathless account of some considerable part of it.



From *Mrs. Strang's Annual for Children*
(Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton)

'WHAT'S TO BE DONE?'

THE PEEK-A-BOOS IN CAMP.

Drawn by CHLOE PRESTON. Told by
MAY BYRON 3s 6d (Frowde and
Hodder & Stoughton)

"The Peek-a Boos in Camp is a most amusing story with many quaint pictures to illustrate it. Miss May Byron knows just the way to make children laugh, and the ridiculous Peek a Boos will cause endless merriment. Unable to enlist in the regular army they form a battalion of their own and joined by their young friends and relations they have all manner of comical adventures. It is just the funniest book imaginable, the best thing of its kind and children will certainly want more Peek-a-Boo books when they have read this one."

THE ROMANCE OF THE SPANISH MAIN.

By NORMAN J. DAVIDSON. With Illus-
trations by S. S. SEELY-SMITH.

The title of this volume is not free from a suspicion of tautology. For to every boy, at least to every boy, "The Spanish Main" areonymous terms. But few boys, whether old or young could offer a very exact definition of what they in mind by the words "The Spanish Main." They have a vague idea of pirates in constant quest of pieces of eight, picturesque ruffians who flew the Jolly Roger and had in awkward habit of mutinying against superior officers, whom they made to walk the plank. Mr. Davidson's volume corrects these vague impressions and gives us a careful account of the evolution of the buccancer, from the Indian hunter who ate *grande boucanne* to the merchant and

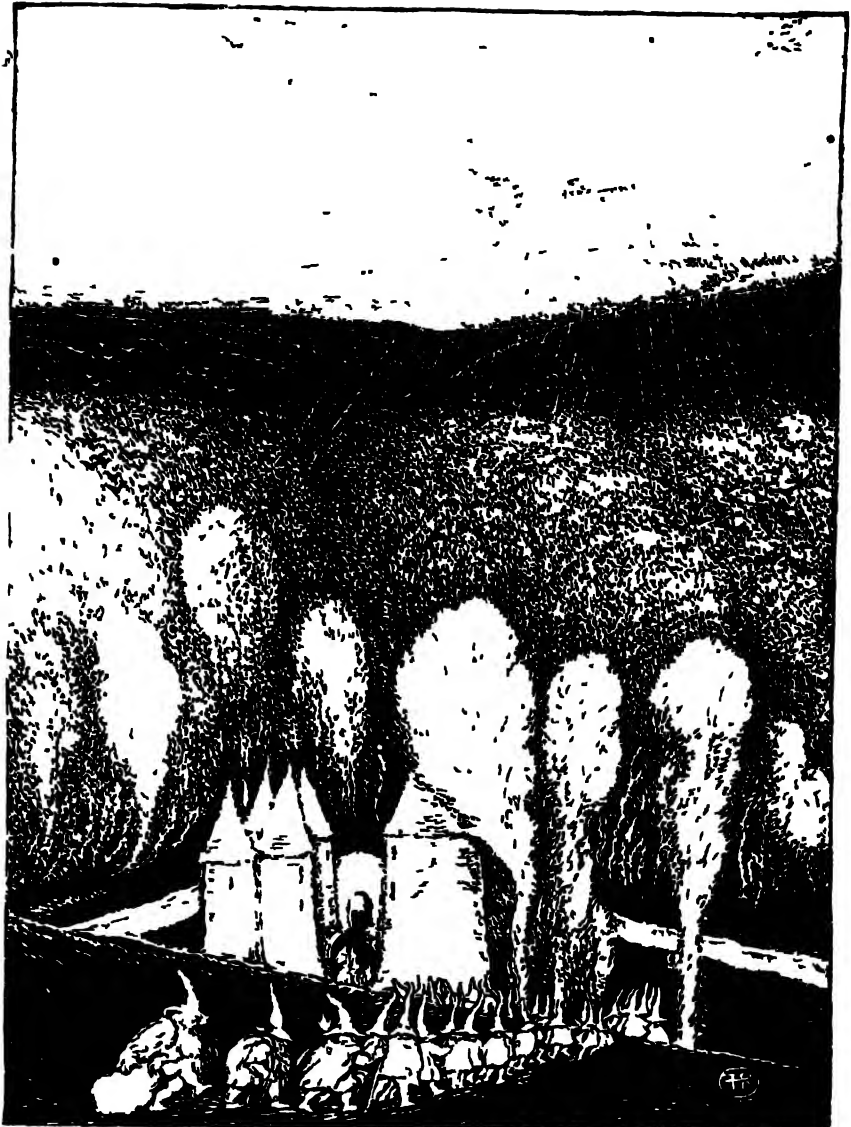


Illustration by S. S. Seely-Smith
(The Woodlands Inc.)

smoked in a hut or *loma* for that purpose down to such descendants as those seamen of fortune Hawkins and Drake or immortal ruffians like Morgan or Leach. The glamour of these names is irresistible. Grown up boys, such as Stevenson and Henley, attest it. In countless generations of boys to whom poetry was a thing of ridicule the mere words "The Spanish Main," have quickened a dormant imagination, and have given them, at least a fleeting glance.

From magic casements opening on its foam
Of perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn

This volume is an excellent addition to a series of recognised excellence. It is a wonder that "The Spanish Main" had to wait so long for inclusion in "The Library of Romance." Every boy of normal instincts will recognise that Mr. Davidson has filled a notable gap in official school histories.

FOR BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

By ISCOTT LYNN 3s 6d (Cassell)

For Bonnie Prince Charlie is a thrilling romance, full of exciting adventures and momentous happenings. "Bonnie Prince Charlie" the theme for so many books—still serves to inspire rattling good plots that both boys and girls will pour over with an unflagging interest. Undoubtedly Mr. Iscott Lynn's book is one of the best that



From The Peek-a-Boos in Camp
(Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton)

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1915



From The Romance of the
Spanish Main
(Seale Service)

A FIERCE DUEL BETWEEN
BLACKBEARD AND MAYNARD



From The School of Arms
(Routledge).

A RASH SHOT

has been written around the stirring experiences of those who supported the cause of the prince, and Mr Lynn's name on the cover is in itself sufficient assurance that the book is in every way the sort of gift boys and girls will thoroughly appreciate

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ONE WILD SPRING WAS
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will appeal to *la jeunesse* of France. These two with which the series opens being offered by the present reviewer to a French girl were accepted graciously. "Robinson Crusoe" was laid aside as an old friend, familiar since she was eight years old. "The Black Arrow" was new, and she seized upon it and was presently engrossed in it. After half-an-hour, she declared more or less that she liked it but it was *un peu filandreuse* (a bit tough) you had to chew it, it didn't run. At the end of an hour she liked it less hesitatingly, but found the writing *un peu enfantin*, rather childish, and meant for "twelve year old children." Well, perhaps the book has been 'adapted' rather than translated, but even so—poor Stevenson. This particular critic revels in Anatole France, who has affinities with Stevenson, we may wonder if English translations of Anatole may not be like the French Robert Louis, *un peu filandreuse*, even *un peu enfantin*!

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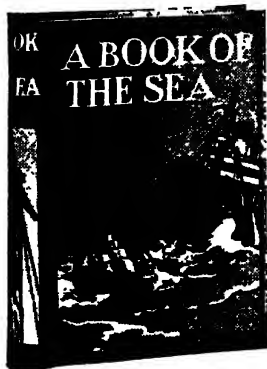
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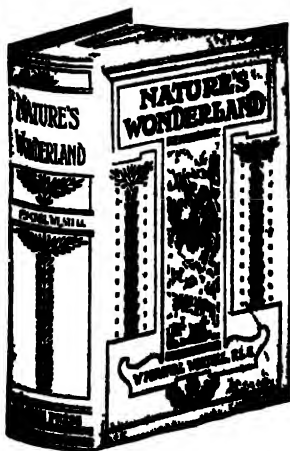
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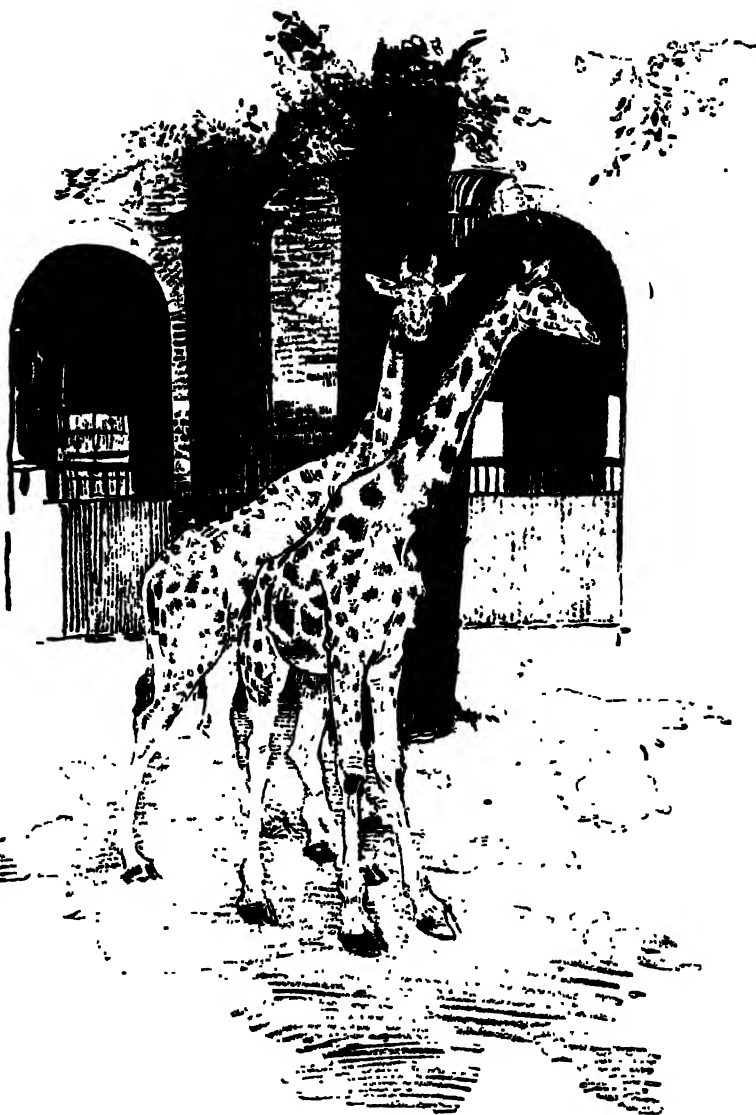
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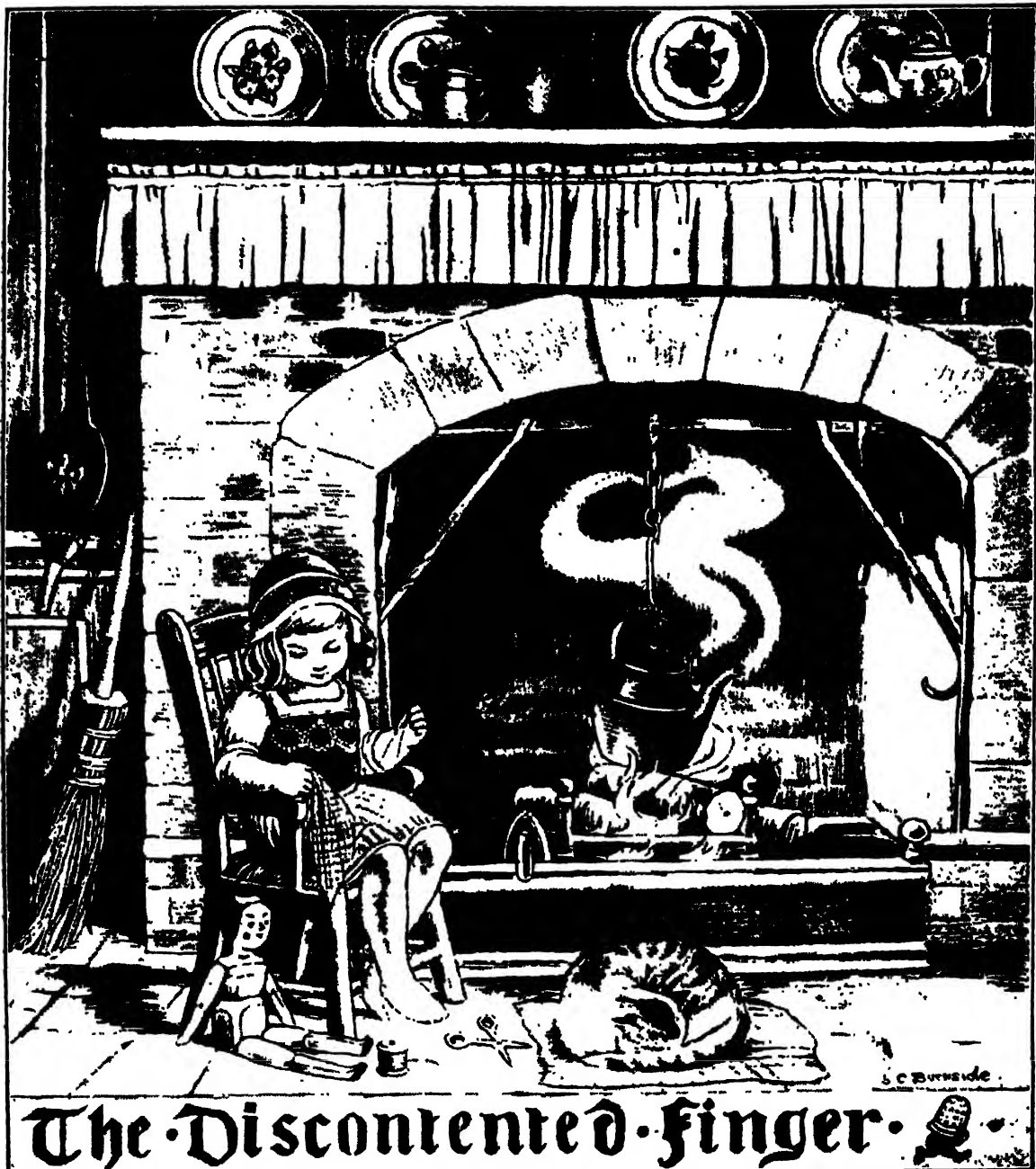
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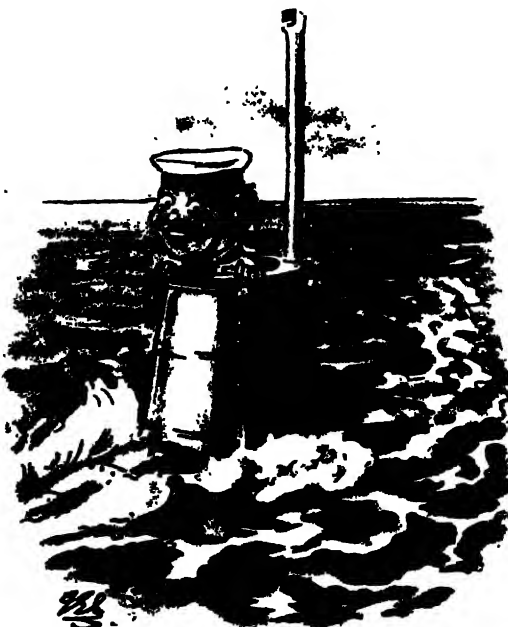
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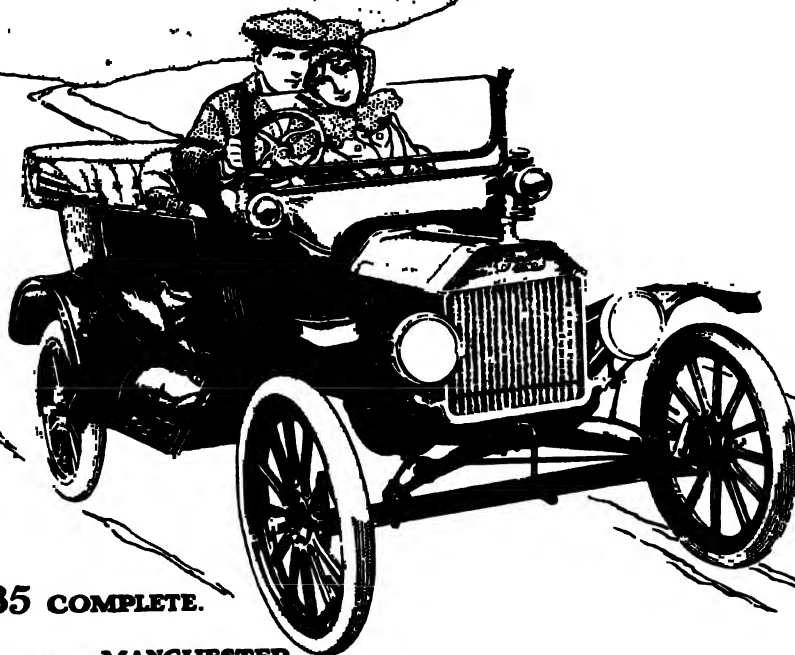
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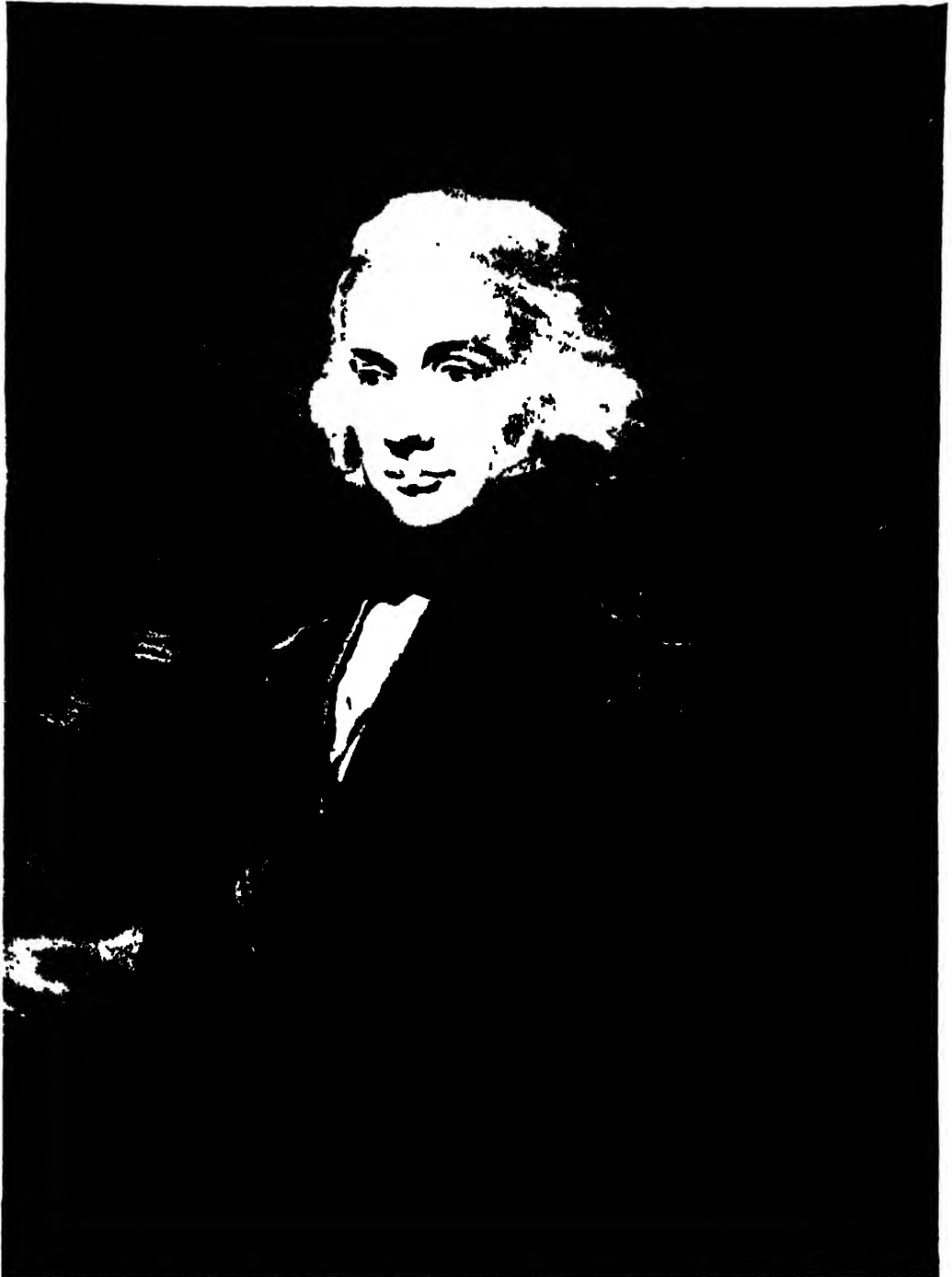
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